

*Elayne Harrington (Temper-Mental MissElayneous)*

Wait.

Stall your thoughts, to call mine home.

My loyalty lies. Tight.

Flesh on bone.

That frays at the edges - let sleeping dogs lie.

Shifting sediments of the seas - paw print ever embedded.

Drown in the black depth of these and thine eye.

Howl at the moon, o'er the foam.

Hand over your heart, new tricks ripped and sewn,

To aged tapestries of happily tame prole prose and poem.

Quadruped legged, steadied 'til dead

Smell trouble? -necropolis is your bed.

Pulling of heart strings to draw it tight closed.

Imposing black magic, Macbeth tablature morose.

Fall to rise and falter wise, holy fidelity is your guise.

Worn with ribbon, lover, so long

Forlorn love unhidden - melodiless song.

So long. So long. So long.

She puts on old runners, wipes clown white off face. Admires the grime hard work's collected,  
thanks Our Lady for God's grace.

Samples a taste of colour to otherwise bland folk - her practical scheme, part of the wise crack,  
grand joke.

Stands beneath the sky for cover, can't understand anything less complex than 'love thee as thy  
brother'.

Rubbernecks at the roadkill and scoffs not to cry, believes in all and in nothing, the local catcher  
in the rye.

Sensible and still rolls her foot from ball to heal. Posture stiff structure with voluptuous appeal.

Curtains drawn, but your imagination is bare. Concrete caress, mutual meditative stare.

Girl next door - knick-knack, faceless boy - I draw you to life.  
Wishing on nebulae, praying to galaxies that I'll never be your type.  
She won't accomodate feelings of shame upon tilting her soup bowl.  
*Beg your pardon* is her fashion, wears it loosely when it's cold.  
Watching labourers collect rubel of the heart and spit the flavour off their palettes while spilling  
soul's quench and bad words like odes to their enemies.  
Sisters' worries as scarves and nephews do the puppet march.  
Tripping and falling and tripping and falling.  
For the sake of their own, spoiling others' fun because daddy's promises were undone.  
Blameless son, shadows catching up.  
You run. You run. You run.

Trickeries of the trade, citizen's polite lingo for slave.  
Too controversial for a knave. Her life's no story but a stave.  
So tick-tock, linear clock, just because I don't believe in you doesn't make you stop.  
Toe, toe, toe the line, destiny's your dream, verily, verily, verily, verily - life's not what it seems.  
My heroes are blind, they pluck the log out of their eyes and surrender their tear ducts to  
deserts of desolation that they witness from behind their own retinas.  
Scrolled far and wide, tattooed across the surface of their minds.  
Inward reflection.  
Navel gazers.  
Painfully thorough introspection.  
The most faithful believers.  
Scrolls and swallows, flights and gloves, pushes and shoves, rough and tumble  
Succumbing to camaraderie born of fear  
Suburban wood pigeons and rock doves are not exempt,  
Though no Children of Lir.