

We met and I heard electricity  
The pulse of murmuration  
Me, a groupie with coloured skin and slanted eyes,  
You with smudged charcoal around yours  
Standing in odd postures  
Ugly women who seem beautiful  
The decaying corpse of Marx  
Miserable genius  
Those beautiful clichés  
I, the mortician preparing the dead  
Anaemic girls playing snakes and ladders  
With my heart  
Making nothing out of something  
How long will you cry for when I'm dead?  
I'm trying to go south, you said.  
Taking the psychological angle.  
My internal migratory compass awry, sea border on  
the horizon  
But you were digging down, through earth, tyres  
squealing  
Down south, she'd find north,  
Undulating starlings  
Across skies  
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