

Lucinda Shaw

Look.../Vale Street/Ode to Joan

↳ **Look, about that moment...** ↵

Look...

about that moment when

I kissed your thumb

I know it was impertinent

some would say it was

kind of dumb

and there was no excuse

but the thing is that

given a second chance

even with the supposed wisdom

of hindsight

I would do it again

and

while we're at it
honesty that is
well honesty about thumbs anyway
I cannot stop thinking about
my thumb just hooked over the top
of your jeans
and leaning against your hip
like it belonged to that rock hard
place

and how

for a few steps we walked like that
that's all

↳ **Vale Street 1975 (Carol Jerrems)** ↵

I remember you
The girl from the first erotic photograph I ever cared about
Remember?

The ankh around your neck
Two boys behind you
Rough boys with bony attitudes

Your obedient shadows

Cheap suburban tattoos

One with his hands on his hips

Easy

The other, arms crossed

Harder to get

Whilst I

Flat-chested and vainly self-delusional

Imagined myself to be more than a little like you

Ha!

I wish!

Your gaze,

Aloof, engaged, separate

Quietly defiant of any camera

Any voyeur

Any adolescent's daydream

Your arrogant bare chest

All three of you

Just in jeans

And now thirty years on

On a day off on Oxford Street, I see you in a gallery store

And I buy you

For one dollar seventy five

You haven't changed a bit, Gorgeous.

↳ Ode to Joan (Prologue to the song "Poetry") ↵

Writing time: I am not a housewife. I am a human being as she/l/she hangs dirty washing on line. Back inside *Karma Sutra* - scan for sicko stuff. Page 170, part 2.

Amorous advances - virile behaviour in women.

Perfecting the art of making smoky eyes at traffic lights. Heart racing, scamming, cramming every thought, every thing, into screaming busy-body shoulders; smoulders, tired, bats her lashes, trying to be sexual but all she really wants is one true touch upon her cheek this week.

1. Late great leading literary fag figure William Tell (not his real name) accidentally kills (common law) wife with gun at party. Discuss.

Or

2. Transparent dyke uses poorly written nouveaux porn poem as superficial stalking weapon attempting reign of terror against ex armed only with cliché. Discuss.

Red died dough rising in her chest - pounding with so much smother-love it really makes no sense at all. She'd like to be dead for just a day. Just long enough for everything to go away. Wake up sixteen again and do a few things differently. Give doctor death's fresh French kiss a miss anyway.

Not got married that first time. Not walked down the aisle; not with that smile. Both doing chicks on the side - what a ride - all the while. Lay down, lay easy on a bed of torn back snail-trail fingernails and pout-sulk/shout. Cut up a beat

Violence blaring exultation (slick ironic relaxation – or something even rougher) on the street, to the ear to the eye - My ooooooooooh my, what a pretty piece of paper you turned inside out to become more than just a tree. A Burroughs for you and a Plath for me. Cut up a beat. A beat for you and a beat for me. Cut up a beat. A beat for you and a beat for me. Cut up a beat - a beat for you and a beat for me; cut up a beat.

A beat for you and a beat for me; cut up a beat.

A beat for you and a beat for me; cut up a beat.

Everywhere I go, someone's reading poetry