

Why I Want To Go North

by Kirsty Logan

we all want to go down

because nothing north can be good.

up here we're always wet

and cold, and bare branches give no fruit.

we don't look good in puddles

and no-one likes to fuck in drizzle.

going down means warmth. it means

sun turning our eyelashes gold. breakfasts

of fruit and the glint of coins. it means blue and white

and never grey, never shivers, never sighs, never too tired or old
or bored or sad.

you'll never have to drink tea again

and you'll always be in the mood.

what's north of here anyway?

icebergs and drafty huts, moose and geese and secret isolated
labs.

no half-price mojitos consumed while costumed in hammocks

no girls going wild or boys with shiny chests.

nothing north can be good.

I like the sun.

I like to come.

But I prefer the way her cheeks go pink in the snow.

