

WOMAN DISPOSED OF

by Lucien Quincy Senna

"Don't pester me with your rubbish!"
screached my cruel cockney neighbour
whilst a squadron of wild hounds howled
at the door of my bolted shed door.

That's where I found her.
His "steady" or wife
had been left with frosty pails and kettles
heaped up like a rusty nightmare
He sent her out to catch her death
Was she already dead or too weak to call for help?

All she needed was to be fostered
with another child
but his lemon galaxy of cinema beauties
who survive merely on a diet of cigarettes and fruit
eclipsed what should have really mattered.

"Love me long Parson." echoes her ghost
"Spin with me in that cathedral of Architectural prose.
Soothe me of those rotten diseases I caught in Thai
raw eyes, lepered feet, HIV."

They checked the temperature
of her liver to gauge
the time of her demise.
But I know that long before Dawn
he tossed her wings
upon my property

The purpose of all this was to rid himself
of a remembrance he once harboured.

A bride for sale.

