

2 empty pipes rattling with passion

by Penny Goring

you were in a wheelchair in a courtroom
juddering vibrating
pipes rattling so loud
empty pipes rattling with passion
they threw you into my cell
to teach all madness a lesson
irate and shaking you were shouting
with passion
your wheelchair could not contain you
i took you down longhand
on the table over there
i took you into my arms
we fled down corridors with a posse of escapees
we unlocked gates and got gone
sane relaxed women
with bleach-nurtured quiffs
were urging each other to save me
from the hell bent cripple behind me
crying out he'd been abused
i would rather
take under-age swamp boys
those teens tortured by their own eyes
i could make swamp boys believe
under dust-sheets stiffened by ice
i could make sweet smells with
my lunatic fingers
and i will
until i reach the melting ice-rink
filthy slush shovelled by you

i believe only in swamp boys
i believe in my sense of smell
i trust in the grief of the night
became a rattle in the 2
empty pipes in my cell

