

City & Poems

Lloyd Robson

isbn: 0 9524251 4 9

first published 1994 by black hat

contents



poems



sense of city road

the radar bleep's gone barmy

laundromatarama

domestic thought #1

one woman weaves to a lover

incubus

"poem written on st.valentine's day"

joke. ha ha

me and a mad dog



city



laundromatarama



inside
aphrodites renew their virginities in a sea of suds
grapple with interlocking legs arms & smalls
linen-lined bodies joined at the waist
combinations gathered & flushed with the juices of limbs or bound by the joys of co-operation

spins bring together
washing draws nearer

an inferno of deodorant delight.

an umbilical is dragged from the depths sodden & panting
a pouch & peep-hole identity line heavy with guilt.

dante & bosche load without care
bouncing ovens sit & wait
clothes bolt with the roll of the wheel the spike of the gust the throw of a loaded machine

a shirt arms raised pleads at the door for hell to stop
sheet sprites tug cottons & solo socks escaping brazen jets at their heels

humidity accompanies rhythmic scrapings on the barrel floor
zips poppers loose change & unknown metal screams

clunk.
cycle ends.

enter & deflate in time to the coins in the slot

domestic thought #1



tuesday past eleven the candle behind the clock
watching the box of banality with wine a spliff sticky cream eggs on the table and sally
somewhere between NEWSNIGHT and AND GOD CREATED WOMAN with subtitles and watching thoughts
me
she

our feet bridge the gap
sock hanging ambassadors to our regular armchairs resting on cushions so comfortable
they hurt your arse after a while
touching a thigh or a hip touching but barely reaching there's a lot between us tonight.

i say this to her recite into the one green eye i can see behind her one protruding
knee
and we smile knowingly for each other
lovingly we smile and let go still comfy regressing to the telly
then before you know it wednesday just a shorter candle lit behind the clock

joke. ha ha



the stammerer
reeling from his (or her) own punchline splutters blunders the hit
while eyes all around slide gleefully

better than they hoped, the listened long enough crowd wrinkle in delight
reload their mocking lips with fleshy shells
burst snigger-blisters with swooping seagull teeth
chase stinging wasps of spit that swarm from throat hives

their **burly** lungs **bury** spent **barrels** **deep**
splicing giggled-out skin with shameless caustic laughter

pierced, the stammerer's armour blackens with **backfire** and recoils
the **butt** humility of the telling bettering what's told
defiles