

New York poem (for Polly)

My mother and father come to me in visions
And I can feel their arms of love stretch out across
the sea, across time, across divorces deception
and death, I know that I am their daughter.
And I know that they love me, despite the damage.

We walk past the hotel where we nearly died,
a kind of, passive double suicide,
Wave at the ghosts of ourselves,
Cold and still inside
Run screaming into the street

THIS IS THE NEW SHIT
Heady with pagan worship
of water towers,
fire escapes, ever reaching,
high as hope.

Then we are dead.
And we are together in 'other' New York.
Which is both heaven and hell,
and we have coffee, and ice cream
and aching hearts.

