

Magic

Amy Blakemore

I found magic scrunched
between the pages of my poetry book.
An insect; species unrecognisable,
it's broken body
an explosion of gravy
and tortoiseshell bone.

I would hate to die this way -
something disgusting -
a tea-leaf in a teenagers diary.

From the dead little beast
I divine that I must be lucky.
After all, it was him and not me.

I am powerful!

I circle the corpse, and write 'magic!'

white of waves

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Word on the street is
rain's coming. Going to fall
on tulip hybrids,

on acts of hard
polyamory,

the slim nosed less-is-morers,
those who blow smoke
in our eyes.

It's going to fall like earth on a grave
on the vending machines that hiss all night like cats
outside your window
in the dark and fighting, like only cats can fight.

(your teacher holds her Coleridge
above the white of waves.)

See, it was forecasted,
and we assembled by the waters -

the green waters that supported the shrieks of birds
who skrut and skanked, chugging like pace-makers.

(your banker holds his Adams
above the white of waves.)

Fish and birds and refugees and you, and me,
the only animal I could find

a cricket,
closed in my palm like a button.

(your mother holds her Bronte
above the white of waves)

and you may be sucked under,
and you must not panic

and you must hold your heart
above the white of waves

and you hold your breath beneath the
white of waves

and hold your tongue
waves

and your cards close
waves

and silence
waves

and always waves

and waves.

and waves.