

The moon they say, any day now, the moon.

escaping blood then you don't feel anything.

Fingers tingle with static potential then

Words falling like ashes after a forest fire.

cramping, ignore this faint smell of petrol.

and be grateful, your spine compressed, your neck

Drink it all down, the metallic tinged water, drink it

You've heard the
sound a dream makes when it
pops, you've heard the city
groan at night when girders
settle. You've listened to the
scripture of complex
hydrocarbons. You've heard the
morning scream

Up to your stomach in
industrial by-products now,
it's better this way. Out in
the harbour, machine mountains
are churning day and night,
trying to force the ocean to
remember land. Watch the
colours shimmer and merge on
the surface, the neon red bleed
into the blue. Breathe in the
salt and solvents. I hear
funding will be cut soon.

Another oil spill smile,
another distracted now
forgotten coastline, another
melody sung from one server to
another, another ice cap turned
legend, another eyeball turned
to glass. Headlines offer
prayers, increasingly rare
jackpots and continual
helicopter crashes.



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drill

baby,

drill