

H A R K H E R A L D

1. *little omens*

these days, no one starts fires falling asleep smoking
that's more of a twentieth century thing, i guess
still, it's nice to imagine:

our ikea curtains beginning to split and melt,
litres of black gas smouldering out from inside,
smog drooling across the floor, from the cracks in the windows
we're wrapped up in the trauma blankets outside

everything inside the fridge is rotting in slow motion
little ghosts drinking all the moisture from your peppers, from your sprouts
soon enough, every vegetable will be dry, crumbly, grey

let's drink gin in the shower
you play mitski on your stereo,
you throw back your head and laugh each time she sings something sad
im laughing too but i don't know why

board games until the pieces go missing
dishes until there's no more soap
candles until the wicks burn out
karaoke until the throats are raw
doomscrolling until the batteries die

every little omen deserves attention:
next time you cross the bridge in fairview park, look down into the canal
can you see the little fish swimming up to the surface of the water?
they stay very still. they want the gulls to catch them and eat them.
that's how you know it's going to be a weird day.