

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Arrival

by Saffron Swansborough

He landed in London on a wintry autumn evening
Feet first
Nurse in a halo of gold
Tugged him
By the mink heels
Pillowed him into her elbow fold
(Dettol scented)
Sparkly silver dewy nose-end
Then bottom-slapped, he screamed at both ends
Amniotic projectile bile
Deep space black syrupy shit shit.
'Cuddle me
Someone!' he cried from
Pastry swaddled chill blankets,

'Hand me down like an apostrophe
To unblock her ducts'
Creamlumps she'll have like overflowing saucers
Dotted with cinnamon.
He, snuffling piggy rosebud
She, still tobacco breathed,
For that was the breech shock.
The year turns the right way
Days begin.