

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

A Sign of The Times

by Lauren Holstein

Dead flies on the windowsill
Bumblebees struggling with carpet fibres
Fruit flies swarming my tea
I breathe in
Inhaling spider strings dangling from ceiling corners
A mouth full of dead flies

I will suffocate you in my own web
Or
More likely
Let you multiply
 veins coursing with red ants
 rivers coursing with red limbs

Let me love you
Please

The gold finch fledging smacked
Itself dead
On my window
 My Window

The truck drivers fling
Themselves clean
McDonald's on my garden
 (My Garden)

Sticky fingers cling to the mess

my god (My God)
Ants love plastic-milled chicken meat

Perhaps I should bury the fledgling in a McNuggets carton

Yellow wings plunging
Into my mouth
My garden
Yellow fever sinking
Its teeth
Into my petrol-stained skin

I inhale the cartons
I inhale the stench
I love you, petrol
I love you