

7-24 September 2011

Small goods

Izzy Roberts-Orr

She dreamt, last night
That there was meat on the walls.
Nailed to it.
Sacrificed? Canonised?
Martyred.
She was salivating in her sleep,
Woke to find a trail of dried spit
Whitening on the side of her face.
I am always so hungry, still
So hungry,
She thought, leaning in to lick the walls.
They tasted of dust and age,
Cracked and cool against her tongue
But not enough.