

colour blind

Another sweet morning from the tower block.

Soured,

by the rattling of the domestic alarm clock.

High hands,

cast the shadow of human rot,

The cock, calling, stalking, walking,

cracked glass sequinned paths with a glowing fists.

Well after all,

drugs are the only thing that cover up the smell of piss!

Breath it in, make a wish,

Let it fester, Cling looming mist.

The clouds crack and clap,

They never did miss.

Walls trembled like lips never kissed,

metallic chewing As ears twitch,

gears switch.

"Man the fuck up, you little bitch!"

"You fucking butterfly you don't need a stitch!"

"How many times I have to told you not to touch my shit!"

Is all you hear, from these colourful walls made of Lego bricks.

Built to see if full grown children can share,

Hiding in smoke,

playing who doesn't care.

the most,

"Who ever blinks 1st loses!",

Maybe if they saw dawn,

She wouldn't have so many bruises.

Scott Healy