

The rain pissed down on Leven's shores.
The sane rain would rain on superstores and set off car alarms
in our street.
Let's burn our clothes and hunt our meat.
A day of skies, a day of feasts, we fell to bed, to grunt like
beasts.
We could live in your wee car, we could never go too far.

A flash of sun between your thighs, a perfect black shape to pr
otect my eyes.
A swooping hawk, a dying tree.
"Fuck me," says he, "fuck you," says she.
If I'm a clown, then you're a mime but I'm sure that we'd be fr
iends in time.
The selkie put her skin back on and swam away, back to her own