

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