

Loch Leven

Arab Strap

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