

I Just Sighed. I Just Sighed, Just So You Know

Los Campesinos!

First and foremost,
Let it be said,
I am writing this at 7:10am,
On the hard dry tarmac of a vacant forecourt.
Astronomically speaking it's the first day of Autumn,
But the sun is hanging round like summer's hungover.
They'll knock the garage down and build flats where I sit.
The traffic's so persistent it barely registers and it smells like a mix between petrol and dog shit.

Just let me be the one that keeps track of the moles on your back.
I just sighed,
The universe replied:
"Let this pass you by".

Sometimes it's just enough to know I keep him on his toes.
Is he as sympathetic as me to the untimely demise of your synthetic clothes?
I've displayed marriage proposals on the Jumbotrons of ballgames you've not been at,
I've written eulogies in guestbooks at galleries in the hope that you might pass.

Just let me be the one that keeps track of the moles on your back.
I just sighed,
The universe replied:
"Let this pass you by".

She;
Nervous and barefoot,
Chats to me at the front door.
He;
Boyfriend,
Inside's a saint, becoming a martyr.
Me;
Rolling,
Writhing on the floor,
Stared daggers pulled from my thoracic wall.
When I hold sea shells to my ears I'm pretty sure I can hear you.

He gave a gift of the Faber book of love poems,
Annotated the ones he thought applied the most.
Not gonna win you round with prose;
If anyone should know,
Then it's I should know.
Girl,
There must be the reason you let it slip,
Went to the point of sending the message.
Six months of visceral catherine wheels,
Kissing carnivores to make you seem less of a deal.

Just let me be the one that keeps track of the moles on your back.
I just sighed,
The universe replied:
"Let this pass you by".

I promise after this I will pick up the phone book and choose the name that my eyes fall upon on their first look.

Aim all of my poorly composed declarations there in the future.
I'm so sorry to have put you through a lifetime of dedications that you never desired.

...But this one sentence bludgeons me over the head...
I'm a little bit drunk and I mean just a little bit,
No lush in denial,
Only rather coquettish.
I'm fifteen years old and my parents' only son,
Like I barely survived a girls' school education.
Even prettier now that you've grown your hair long,
I'm a slip of a man since I cut mine all off.

Please just let me be the one to keep track of the freckles and the moles on your back.