

# My Little Lovers

Marc Almond

A tearful tincture washes  
The cabbage green skies  
Beneath the dribbling tree  
With tender shoots...  
Your raincoats  
White with special moons  
With round eyes  
Knock together your kneecaps  
My ugly ones  
We loved each other  
At that time  
Blue, ugly one  
We ate soft boiled eggs  
And chickweed  
One evening, you anointed me poet  
Blond ugly one  
Come down here that I may whip you  
Across my lap  
I spewed your brilliantine  
Black, ugly one  
You would chop my mandolin  
On the edge of my brow  
Ugh! My dried saliva  
Red-haired, ugly one  
Still infects the trenches  
Of your round breast  
Oh my little lovers  
How I hate you  
Plaster with painful blisters  
Your ugly tits  
Stamp on my old pots  
Of sentiment  
Come on up  
Be ballerinas for me  
Just for a minute  
Ohhhh.....  
Your shoulder blades  
Are dislocated  
Oh, my loves  
A star on your lame back  
Turn your turns  
And yet it's for these mutton shoulders  
That I've written poems  
I would like to smash your hips  
For having loved  
Pointless heap of failed stars  
Crowd the corners  
You will burst in God  
Saddled with ignoble worries  
Beneath the special moons  
With Round eyes  
Knock together your kneecaps  
My ugly ones!