

The Plough

Roy Harper

The demons catch me
On the stair
And I don't know where, I am
I don't know how I got there
Where was I going?
What was I doing?
Before that same thought
Reached down and caught
Hooked me in the gut
Cursed me from every angle
As I was pulled out
Of the water again
And began to suffocate in pain
Desperately grappling
To untie the knot
That I can't even get hold of
That I can't see but only feel
What am I doing?
How the hell did I lose her?
How could i?
Why did I say things I didn't mean?
Where have I just been?
The house creaks
In the silent parting
Of the day after day
Of no one
Not a sound
Why was she so mean?
Was it because she felt she could be
Because she felt she was right?
O what a prick I am
What a shite
And what am I holding?
O... Yes, it's a plug
Why can't she understand?
Because she's never been left
She's my drug
And now cold turkey
Where was I going?
To put it on the lamp
That's right
I wonder whether she's looked up
And seen the plough tonight?