

SEAN TAIT

The girl from the scree hills & the girl from the red city

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'She dances headlong in the **stars**,
chasing dreams in stolen cars...'

back on tyneside

three wheels **spin** in a circle of **fire**
the streets are ridged like a lizards **back**

gleaming cars **ROAR** thru yellow *smoke*
green bridge stretched over black water
features pulled hard as a coal face

three times he went **under**

& **came** up coughing flowers.

foul words *scratched* in the **dust** & blood
of the concrete veins of a city.

touching the **warm** body w/ electric
fingertips

thru the exhaustion of many days

travel in the sluggish heat

we race toward a climax.

two magpies dodge invisible objects
on top of a black chimney **stack**.

sinking into the soft upholstery

of a super **Nova**

w/ a girl from the red city
& a girl from the scree hills
when they **smile**
it's like the **first** golden sunlight
across the wet grass of dawn.

Got to get *back*
to the **purple** hills of the border.

I lay down this wild curse
on the grey suited men in BMWs
that have invaded our *homelands*.
"the orange flames shall roar
thru the tortured frames of yr soft flesh
the crows shall peck yr eyes from their sockets
i have returned w/ **sunburned** skin
to stamp on yr throats w/
boots encaked in building site mud.
to wrap yr heads in barbed wire,
to infect yr PCs w/ weird viruses."

i demand a *mexican* rug.
you can keep yr space age hoovers
yr pension schemes, yr **shitty** jobs,
yr platinum credit cards.
i just want to fly.

Full of vodka
took ten tokes off a **coke-can** bong
& fell spinning *back*
into the void.

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dim headlights flashed across a wall
& the girl from the **red** citys smile
illuminated the dark & stormy sea
in one huge swinging arc.

a chemical plant in Cumbria
in the weird cigarette-smoke blue light
seen from high speeds
Of a flashing carriage.

the girl from the scree hills
dissects the space
around my consciousness
like a **sleek black panther**
stalking the night...

cranes
boarded up shop *fronts*
left the mogadon
on **botchergate**.

the girl from the red city
thru a careless sideways hex
as he strode aimlessly
thru the dawn city **streets**
to the fleeting applause
of a **startled** pigeons wings.

got to get back
to the purple hills of the **border**.

the girl from the scree hills awoke
to the sound of sparrows
pecking putty from the windowpane.

wide-eyed as a shaman
stumbled thru **Wet** moss
clawed at calloused bark,
how can i see thru these dancing trees
with white fog in my eyes ?

the girl from the scree hills
& the girl from the red city
nurse my broken spirit
w/ chardonay, w/ jack daniels whiskey,
bottles of rolling *rock*, horse linament,
olive oil, wd-40, rosehip,
microchips & clockfaces,
test-tubes & chemicals,
drowned by the moonlight
& the certainty of chance.

the damp earth
soaked into the fabric of **my jeans**
as i fell to my knees,
a decorated veteran of the *psychedelic* wars.