

Jessica Davies

[Hidden behind the candyfloss burps]

Hidden behind the candyfloss burps of hey and how are you,
Concealed beneath 'I don't know' defence,
Reflex that deflects skilful asking darts,
I wonder if I have no choice but to be selfish, presumptuous, breakable.
Do I need others' breezing breath to fill my happiness?
Glances, yeses, and the mystery of mustard yellow tights.

My bursting flight of spotlight laughing on the pavement
dries to sighs in seconds.
It's so easy
to deflate into lonely doubt.
Coloured creases of downy skin
and the tactless scratch of green biro.

I have to keep running to feel I'm going somewhere.
Reality eats
slow-moving prey.