

**Hannah Lindsey**

## **Aubade to Girton**

We must not speak now of etherised spread-  
eagle evenings fading skin histories  
from violent to -et to rose-risen blush.  
We must not rush now past the wee hours of  
waiting on fronted news, the foreplay tense,  
the hot slit in a letter, the shriek.  
I have never treasured the fingerprint  
sonic resonances of a snore.

We shall not sever hydra stalks for fear of fresh  
blooms: already one says: "*mankind* cannot  
bear very much reality (wink here)";  
next head: "bet you were a difficult child";  
the next: "getting so drunk is a waste of  
my time, the college's time, the porter's time," etc.  
To some other wide-eyed labour-eager chosen one  
I shall leave this garden instructionless.

I will slip off the window of her lily-ridden house and  
pursue the sunrise with a net of silver crunching aphids.  
I will char those swatches dotted with herds of woollen teeth.  
I will close your goddamn curtains for you.