

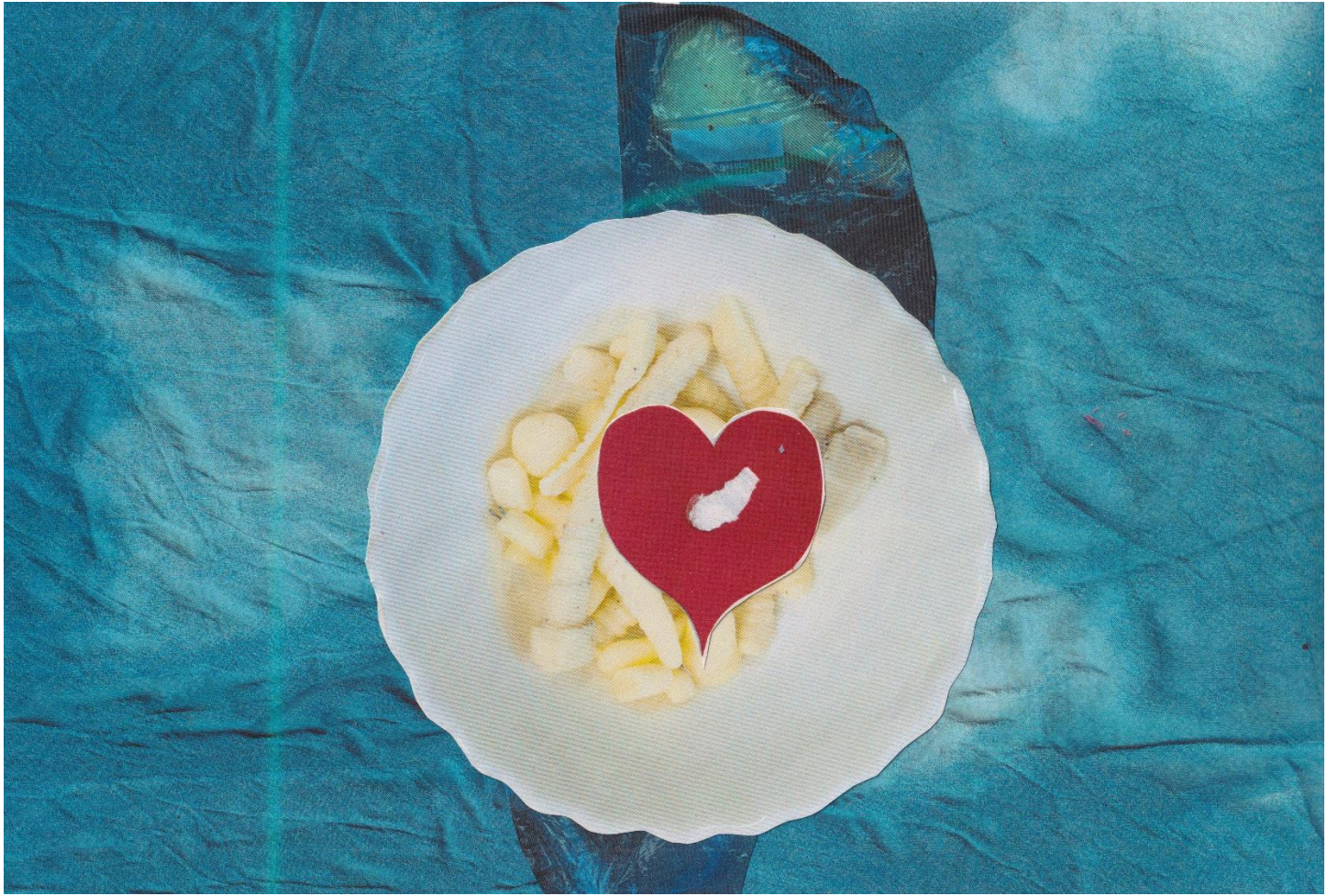


Poetry pamphlet

By Erin Ridgway

I've still got my sandals on;
Straps like 3 slices of bell
pepper,
Prickly on the arch of my
foot;
Green, Red and Yellow.





Bathwater pitch

Practicing my pitch through the door
until you let me in, I saw you
wading back from the latch
legs gleaming with bath-water.

School talent shows are about personality and confidence.
As you sunk yourself back in, pubic hair
puddled and darker than I could believe
and your armpits like kiwi skins.

The water looked lukewarm,
Maybe you and Katie could do that tap dance?
You didn't like Katie's mum much, she was
a bitch and you never swore,

you wrapped your torso in a towel.
The rate it dampened at was theatrical,
I watched the stain spill from
the pocket beneath your breasts.

Your bluest bra by my feet,
pearly with embroidered shells.
Maybe, you could practice it at double tempo and you and Katie could both do a solo?
Maybe a Times Step? Or a Spring-Ball-Change?



Grey

Good for minding space

Good for mimicking clouds

Good for splitting hay

Good for twine and wool

Good for knitting but not for newborns

Good for mornings old

Good for looking clean

Good for keeping plain

Good for pavement slabs

Good for blending thin

And holding pipes in wall-gaps

Good for painting with to make

white paint stick

Not ideal for wrapping paper

Not ideal for cake

Not ideal for inside mouths

or gums or lips or teeth

Not ideal for racing cars

Not ideal for a statement piece

Not ideal for feta cheese

Not ideal for swimming in

Quite ideal for

Grey.



Princes Street Gardens:

The daffodils
are easy
thousands:

gold
saxophonists in
the public
gardens

erupting from
the
flowerbeds.

Atop a famous
mound of mud:

the flute keys &
the waistcoat
buttons

reflect off one
another. A
breath

for all the
orchestra:

their
instruments
thrum gold.



Love me the height of this room,
Higher - the height of my silk scarves tied to each other!
Plait each tassel into your tongue,
So they catch on your teeth with the tooth gems on.

You counted 8 meters of silk by eye, while I
took a shower, my voice stiff,
an open door with a painful hinge,
I reached for the O in H-O-T-T-O-G-O





Press down, press up. Press! Press!

Press your knuckles into mine!

Press the spaces between your fingers
into the gaps between your toes,

Connect your body like a Hot Wheels track

Fill all the gaps that make it possible
to see the sights behind you.

Evan is on the phone,

Rocking his toes back and forth

Pressing her voice in through his ear.

He wants to make his skeleton into a ride with no end point

So her voice can't slip out yet

Just keeps going round and round and round.

He sits there for a while after she hangs up,

Riding it out.

Sat on the wall of the beer garden,

Market-Weighton locals, indulging in the crisp special.

All you can eat in an hour and a half on a Sunday between 3 and 1,

5 pounds per person.

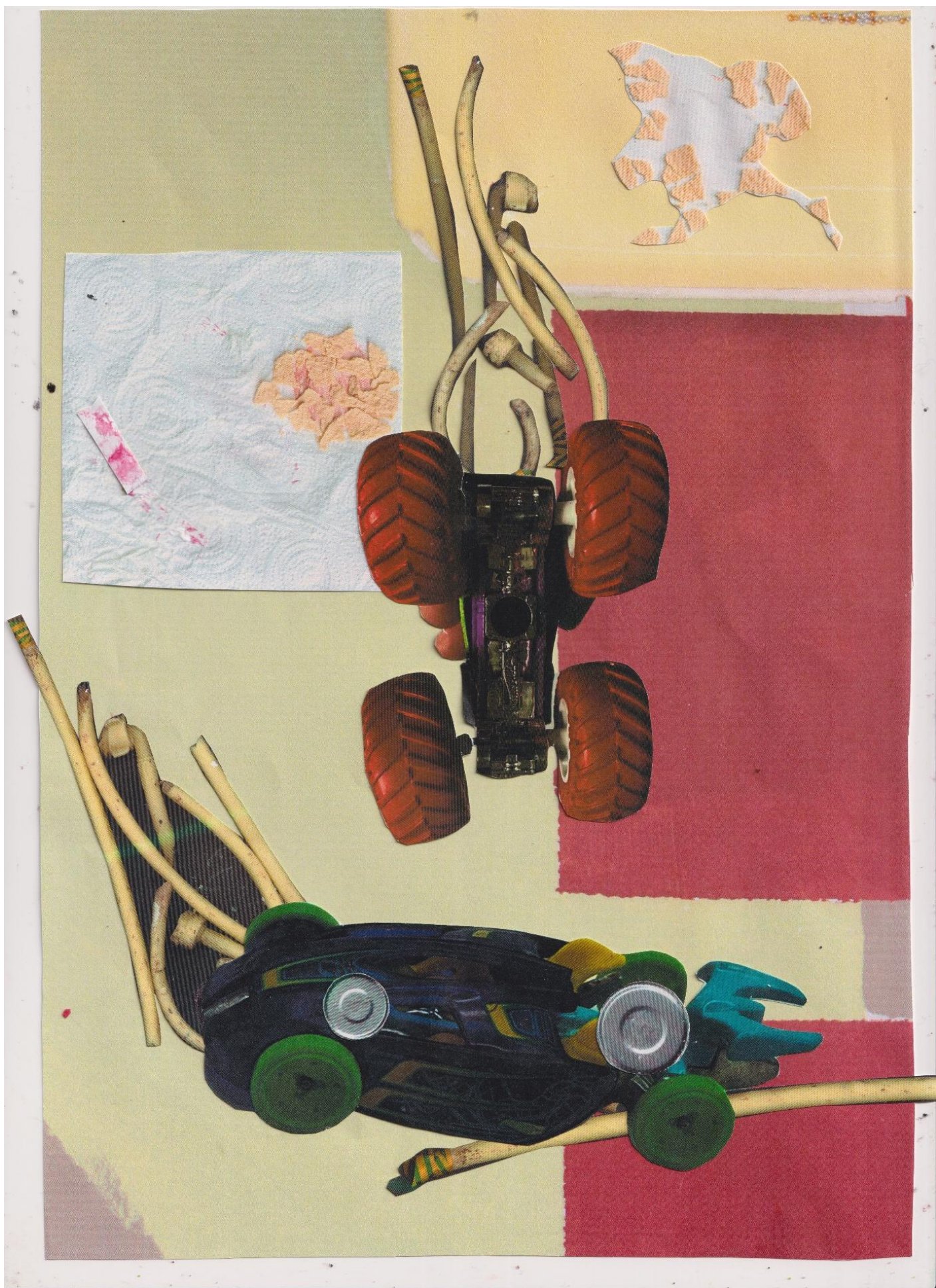
Look at him like the BFG landed in the astroturf .

His pinkie strokes the side of his arched foot.

He almost unhooks and looks over, 'I want to go home'

His left ear piercing glistens in the sun.

Only if you want to. We can go home.





(A poem for kids)

Schkof Schkof Schkof

My granola has coco pops in

I wasn't expecting that!

Lets get a brioche now

Hmm, I feel like I'm doing all the work here

Chewpf Chewpf Chew

Let's add some blackcurrant sauce

And a sugar glaze on top

Look, now, there! Even if it's still not nice,

at least it's shiny like a window pane

or a lake that's iced over but is too thin

to skate on

Creak Creash Crack kshkshkshksh

The lake is shaped like a tear drop

and your feet just broke it!

Oh, look, my skirt has toothpaste all over

It's set like our icing.

Maybe we should make a boat to race in the tear drop shaped lake.

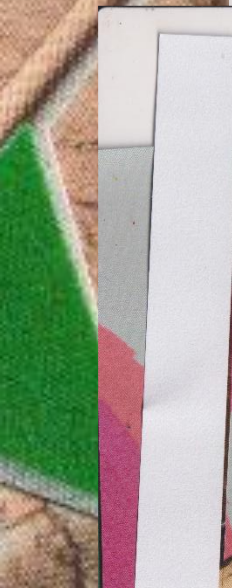
On Sundays, they race boats there

Pshshhshshshsh wooshshshshshsh

But the wind only hits their sales

In sailing season
That's April to September.
Higgledy Piggledy Schkompf Schkompf.
Oh, you schanppled that up. Ghee whiz.
Not a flake of lake left
The sugar high will hit you now
And it will soon be October
Lets leave it for another day to make our boat.





Naming game for cysts and growths;

She has a grape in her throat,

or is it a sherbet lemon?

Tomorrow it'll be round liquorice,

On Wednesday a small pebble.

Thursday's a peach pit

And 2 pieces of chewed gum.

Saturday a rosehip,

Sunday - still not gone.

She has a bee in her throat

but she still sings;

I hear it over the hairdryer.

And she swallows past it,

Especially bread, butter.

And honey. Every morning -

watches the birds eat the rosehips outside.



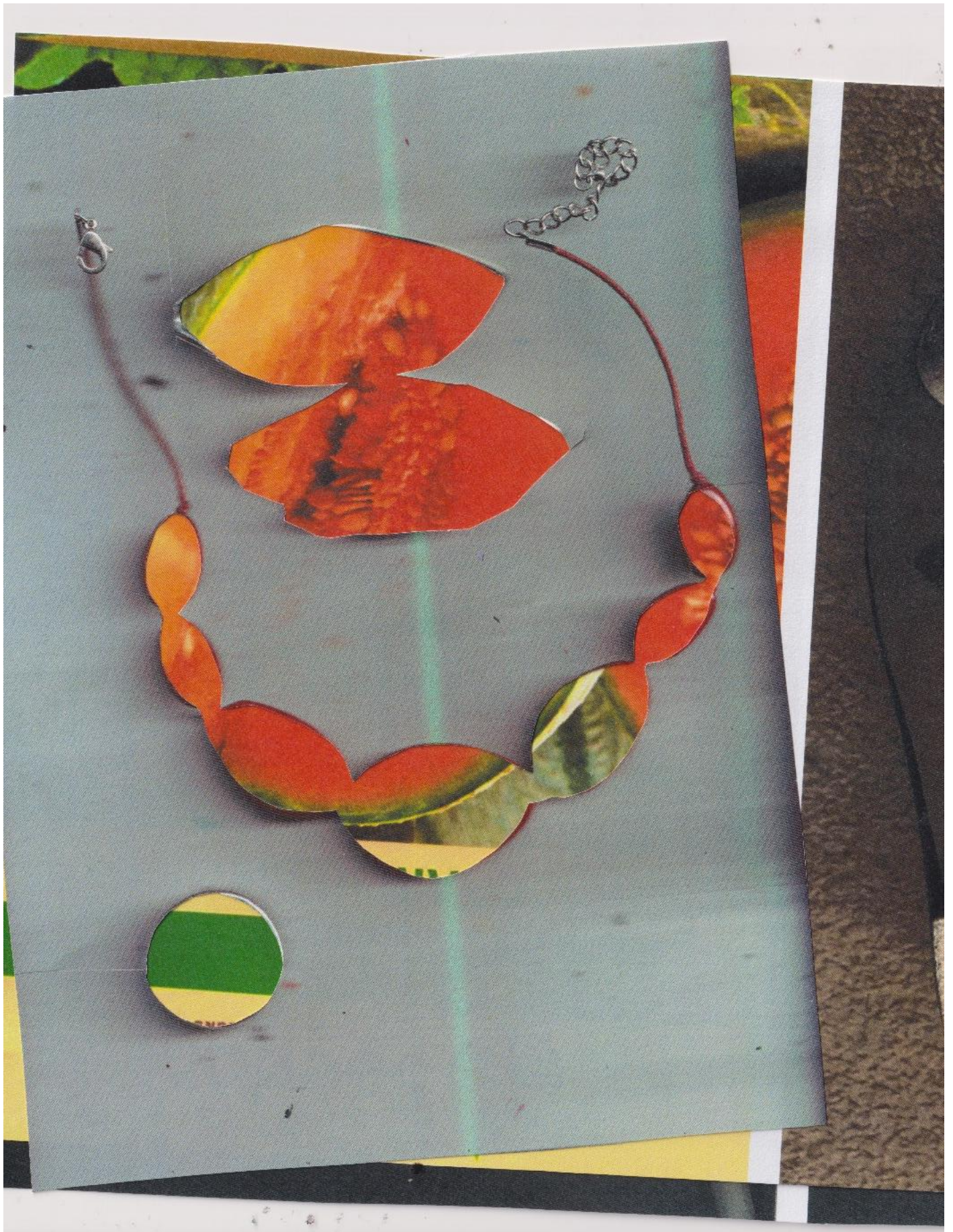


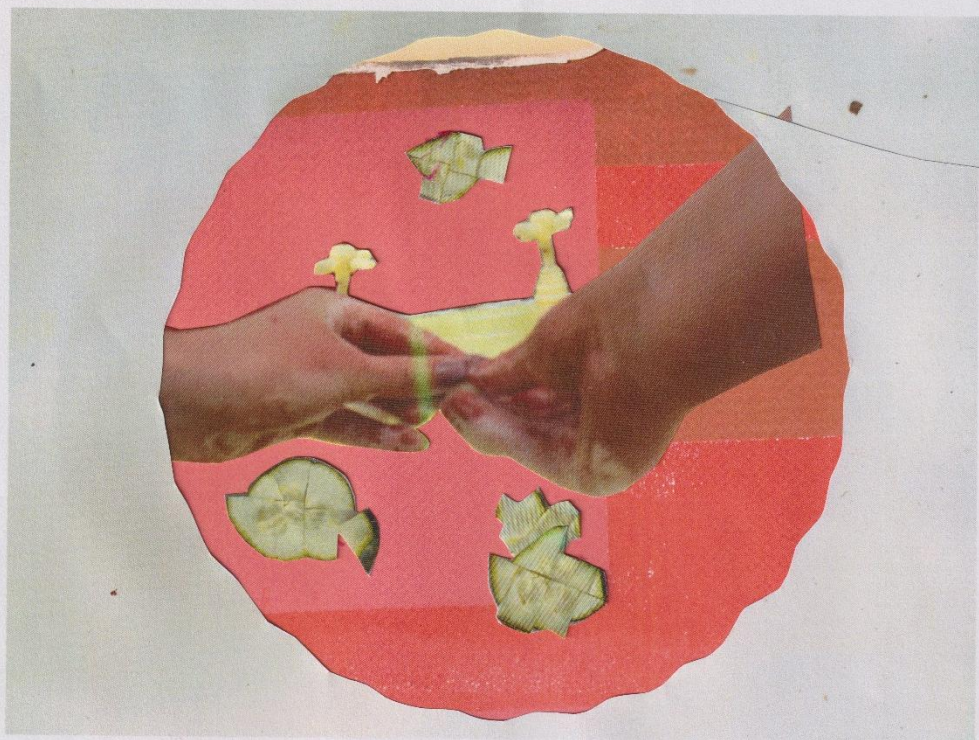
Eating watermelon and nocciolata,
the powdery bite and thick indulgence.
Sat, with the chopping board between us -
so I watch the polka shed its coat.
Each slice as slow,
as a deep-tissue massage.

I'd let you take the biggest knife in this Italian kitchen to
my back.
Tits down on a tea-towel,
I trust you without bounds;
I don't pity the melon between your hands.

In Berlin, I tried hard to explain ecstatic dance to you,
over the phone -
you sighed a lot.
I could hear each time you painted over the line
of your toe nail.
It was a different release to when I said something stupid;
I shut up, about ecstatic dance.

The rinds of melon were getting redder,
as we'd begun to chat.
I went to pick one up and suck,
but realised what an insult you would take it as.





Annie's reading fortunes from the salad bowl
again..

Got her big hoop earrings out the jewellery box
again..

'When the rocket circles the leading lady –
You need to be careful.

When it lies atop her head like a muppet's wig –
The next Dr's appointment goes well.

When it falls mostly beneath her feet –
Something is soon to be unearthed.

When the bowl is empty –
We'll all feel full'.

