

She ate from these bowls,
surely she was there,
buying the sword, the cracked cherub,
and that chequered cloth on the kitchen table?
Suddenly I remember fifteen years ago,
when it was she who cooked the meal and sat

silent and shattered by the storm of talk.

Karen Pridmore

BLOOD GAMES

You had a body like a Greek God back in the 60's.
Thankyou, he chuckles nervously, taken aback by her statement.
They were never compatible in bed, they tried too hard.
She wrote a poem once about covering him in gold lace kisses and
him being the supermarket of her love and how she would never
stop wanting his products. But she did.
He feels a warmth deep in his bloated belly for this magnetic
stranger of twenty years.

He shows her a rug he has made of wallaby pelts. She is impressed.
She calls him The Great White Hunter.
She is laughing at him now. She says she is laughing with him.
The voices in his head are warning him not to trust her.
She suggests a brisk walk to ease the tension. He is almost
emphysematic, but he wants to please her.
They walk arm in arm so he can feed from her strength.
Your poetry coped a lot of criticism back then didn't it. I
thought it was uncalled for. (He is proud that he can
remember this).
It was total shit, she replies. I deserved all the criticism I
got.
She is laughing at him again.
In his head he shoots her with his 12 gauge. He buries her beneath
the compost in his back yard.
He is talking to her now without getting tongue-tied, but she's
not listening to him, so he's no better off.
He will stay out all night if he has to.
He will wait with his shotgun.
The Great White Hunter will shoot a rabbit for her.
He will skin it and chop it up into bite size pieces and present
it to her. And she might embrace him if he's lucky.
His space-suit body will feel like a Greek God again.
He will offer himself to her for a poem.