

Tessa Theocharous

SILICON PEARLS

Your sweat is sweet
Manna from the sky
I swallow with each dawn

A bird-beaked man
With old-granny glasses
Watches the world through
His chipped, free-from-the-State lenses

Words slice quick
With a surgeon's skill
Relieve my heart's pressure

Neon-sick, skew lip-stick
In tottery heels and silicon pearls
She swigs from a slippery bottle
A faltering, adult gesture

Mouth of fire
Your volcanic kisses
Melt too many layers

Yesterdays news is the best
For the myopic man
Who shrugs under its rustle
Finding warmth in waste

Will you remember to feed the fish,
Water the fading house plants,
Love me?

There is release in her
Booze-soaked breath
The mascara scarred princess
Has found her next make-believe