

Les Wicks

BUTTER ON SPUDS

We go together
like cotton/polyester.
We play like toys.

Will never be a song/
less than heroic,
we take the promise
from compromise/
build nests like parrots in a dying tree.

On the couch we roar together
while the TV set
has a ghost we are less haunted/
we are prime time/
no-one's demographics.

You & me
are tennis in a deluge
love all
drip & splutter.

We are brave little soldiers.
Cotton/polyester.
Toys in pain but
defiantly loose about the carpet
in hiding from the tidy.