

Saxby Pridmore

PAINTING

It's a lump inside her head
a foetus kicking out
her sleep contracts
she gets up in pain.

First stage, she doodles
clicks her tongue
slaps her pencil down
and walks off angry.

One night, at half past ten
she paints a canvas white
and goes to bed.
This time she sleeps.

Morning lead lines never stand a chance
going under to the colour
—from the blank vagina
comes the child that will live forever.

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