

M.M.L. Bliss

## BIG DAY OUT

sad old fuckn' no manners umbrella slut,  
binoculars, somebody's mum with enough  
cash, just copped a free feed from some  
jesus mob "there's no obligation,  
your love offering ..." yeh right. take-away they  
bring it & feed her with a spoon like she's helpless

fifteen cents in a corner of my jacket pocket  
dropped that in the basket knowing they'd know  
it was my small change, but hell, it's more than a busker  
gips me for. there was the singing. pins & needles from  
nevermore to evermore ... forevermore  
bach requiem & some german trance like angels  
sing to those who want to hear past the techno  
pass the peace peace be with you & also with you  
want to tell her that's my gran groovin the vibe  
how come she doesn't loosen up a bit or chill  
in the room. seven types of water over the bar  
non-alcoholic cider. it's a blue light e-scene for chrisakes  
that's something to confess to before mass  
on Sunday because nobody else'll go in the morning  
went out raving with my gran last night no booze  
laid an E on her, heh, she had a groove  
better than a night on her own with her tv  
the rest of the crumbles snoring like an avalanche  
an earthquake building on the richter scale  
she's cool, my gran.

hail mary's & absolution make me want to  
do the time on the farm. we pass the peace & it feels like it's  
true.

peace be with you. we'd love that. wouldn't matter who we were  
who'd look after gran then — not my mum  
somewhere over with crack or a crack or a rainbow  
the world's too fuck'n small

when my gran dies, don't expect me to stick around  
those shares in sailor moon paid off big time,  
there's a unit for her if she wants it. bedroom apiece  
better than the bedsit  
don't want a life without having someone to love

she kept grandpa's rifle & ammo with the halters, saddles  
combs buckets in the tackroom dad said  
would make a great double garage  
you only live once