FINDING MY VOICE, WHO IS BIG,  
BISEXUAL AND BALD,  
BUT STILL MANAGES TO LOOK LIKE MARILYN

My voice and I  
we don't sing each other love songs.  
All the money's run out  
and the words aren't so friendly anymore.  
She says she needs some time  
I'll hear from her solicitor.

My voice and I  
we're seeing other friends.  
I'm hoping something good  
with wings and brazen Bassey lungs  
will sing for me  
from the iron branches  
of the harpy tree.

I perched above the grating  
like venus on a shell  
newspaper petals hugged my shins.  
She was size eighteen, my beauty queen  
and she signed yours truly  
on my abdomen.

Tell her  
she can keep the money.  
Tell the words I love them  
blonde and fake  
and burnt out as they are.