

Concubine on the Ginza Line

by Kirsty Logan

so I tighten hands with my castaway and say
you failed to impress in your folded peacock dress
and she smiles like a girl from a song and says
you're still a wastrel and I curse your secret name

we've had breakfast weekends and chaperones
lips like fermentation and the logic of sex
and now, and now, we're chased by the moon
to drinks at the mausoleum

clustered by frustrated mothers & shoed spouses
the train is a feeling focused on flames
we're stuck in the flue with oil from the catacombs
lying in grey and left to morn

she's a fullgrown slip of the lip and she fulls me filled
with the wonder of parapets and the joy of snug and shove
the concertina collapses, the saviour bends the lens,
and I make sure her slip catches in the automatic door

it's time, my paperdoll,
for drinks at the mausoleum.

