

# 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.

