

You'll Have To Come Out Because I Won't Let You In

by Kirsty Logan

your hands on my back, sun-heated,
whispering under the tickle of long grass,
and the pollen of your kisses, and the
shouts of your love shaking the sky

made it worth it when you called me
colleague to your wife, neighbour
to your workmates, distant cousin to
your friends, college buddy to your kids.

