

A Fraction of a Bounce

By Patricia Walsh

White bones under skin
carved like a multinational
does on its staff, logistical suicide
bleeding for attention, stanced as required.

I wish you wouldn't run like that.
Circles of concentration burst like soap
knocking trinkets to the ground
hollering like the damned, for entertainment.

My favourite catcall lies unanswered.
Some rabbit's foot fails in its mission
to bribe the gods, a harbinger of luck
dissolves like an infatuation, a job undone.

So much for experience, cheap though it is.
To sugar-coat otherwise is elusive stuff.
Some pale orgasm bolts the door.
Dissatisfaction all round, a bed undone.

Nothing succeeds like excess, like freedom and tears,
a fine wine ablated, pale bones laid bare.
Slicing through circumstance, a thing to savour
once the token foot slams the door.

Served Cold

By Patricia Walsh

Impossible, at the best of times,
Intransigent at best of knowledge,
I stand alone, minding your business,
over a cold pint, chilling the night away.

I won't speak, until spoken to,
and wait forever, exchanging glances
less than a second apart, always amiss
my hopeless agenda doesn't resonate.

A source of inspiration, so I think
feeding of rejection in a sorrow's eye
a fortress of silence wells up around me
no one looking my way, however briefly.

I cannot get arrested, the rosaries I
recite every night put paid to that.
Receiving communion of the tongue all day
keeps me safe, a sterile patch of land.

Is it instinct? Is it a darkened knowledge
that calculates creatures for good or ill?
Am I not the genuine article, objectively speaking
playing on chance to sleep elsewhere?

So much for a dream. I lay broad waking.
Crunching on cigarettes to pass the morning by,
sleeping is king, but not to wake, suddenly,
realising my limits as a minion.

Suspect Device

By Patricia Walsh

I mill through the weekend, unexploded.
An incendiary ignored, even in passing.
A weapon defused before it even opens its mouth
taking hints from the cliques, a bomb sheltered.

Not even a shattered dialogue breaks the ice.
Stiff drinks all round, a code unbroken.
Not even a desirable looks my way,
stealing kisses for the opportune moment.

The fireworks bombed, the lanterns escaped
past injury, tattoos singing the narrative
at once unspoken and outspoken too,
sinking alcohol into your vessels.

The obligatory pizza does its whip-around,
only to the invited, the rest play on Facebook,
the noise is foreign, ultimately futile
as I struggle with conversation, picking up joints.

They don't have to laugh, I can do it myself.
Gesticulating oddley to no-one at hand,
lips move to the invisible, holding an audience
falling asleep at an earlier hour, esconced.

Maybe a detonation will bring us together.
Distill my kindness over fashion and attitude
how more incendiaries bring out the best in me

Writing Raw

All work appearing below is copyrighted by the author.

Patricia Walsh bio: Patricia Walsh was born and raised in the parish of Mourneabbey, Co Cork, Ireland. She has already published a collection of poetry, titled Continuity Errors, in 2010 and since then has published in a range of journals, including: Revival Magazine, The Snapping Twig, Narrator International, Ink Sweat and Tears, and the Evening Echo. In addition, she has published a novel titled The Quest for Lost Eire, in 2014, the story centering around a set of twins and their nefarious adventures on their first archaeological excavation. The web address for this novel is: www.questforlosteire.com . It is available to buy on Amazon.com.