

Get Up

By Katie Lewington

And yawn feel tired new day I was up at dawn anyway lips wet have a scratch
need a drink what's the time time to move bed creaks water runs tap drips I
drink and sway –

Almost tripping on the cat cold tiles and no hot water mould in the corner toast
to eat feed the cat read a poem feed the mind there's interference all lies pull
the curtain's bright day get a move on try not to be late get your shoes on sway a
flamingo

On one foot hopping hoping steaming lets go wind whistles the milkman's van
has gone milk reduced for 30p from down the shop bet it's off cynical don't
blame me it's the TV doors shit closed locked opened in hi out bye lips dry
drinking sober sit have a glass nose around other peoples lives look better in the
mirror than in the flesh perhaps I should join her then I can watch you sleep
angels window from afar nothing but grey walls crayons on the floor I'm a guest
an alien investigator my spellings poor ride the hoover across the floor drive the
tractor the table like a dog bark roll over careful split a drink hear a message
answer a call eat

A banana

Take a selfie press the bruise doesn't hurt you are good at pushing buttons wet
wet wet has it been raining bound to rain this is England, Britain, UK that's what
they all say

Sit wait think nothing think of writing best to wait 2am when minds alight gets
worse more you scribble watch couple fuck best leave them to it
And end here.

Fan Girling

By Katie Lewington

His face is printed onto a dozen different products
Made in China, Hong Kong and Taiwan
And you want
Want Want
Want Want
Them all
In multiple quantities.

You think he is the one by the songs he has sung

You listen through your speakers
And like to think you are a grown up

Have you even started to menstruate yet
Let alone masturbate

You write his surname next to your first name
And create gif's, captioning them his cutest moments
He does what you instruct
Just like a real man does.

He is at home
Drinking and smoking illegal drugs
This teenage pop dream
With a girl in the crook of his arm
Fucking her
She can feel him all

She ain't fangirling

She's coming

Haha
Must be great to be a teenage girl and fangirling.

Addiction, What Addiction. I Love You.

By Katie Lewington

Smoke a cigarette and now I am calm
Drink a glass of fiery alcohol and now I forget
Take a hit and now I am happy
Haven't eaten for eight hours and now I am proud
Fucking in a car back seat and now I feel loved
Cut my wrists and now I am numb
Sleep and now I can't feel a thing
Stumbling around, blind in a hall of mirrors
Hall after hall
Trying to find the way from my brain
An exit sign in neon lettering
But it is laying on the floor
Where is the door?

Cage

By Katie Lewington

I'm a crumpled up forehead
Beginning to frown

As I think back
Many moons ago

It swallows me up like the tide

And I try to crawl in deeper
Shutting in all of the creaks in a plaster cast

But they won't leave like loose flies and moths
They want a whiskey and lime
And maybe then a game of poker

There's no harm in watching them, seated in an easy chair
The tigers and men
To see what it is they do
They are in their enclosure
Ten by two

I can be in control from the wire
And tell them
Enough is enough tonight
Be quiet.

Choo-Choo

By Katie Lewington

The one trip and that short queue of punters
Slowly losing interest, glancing around
As the chuntering train
Skitters at a slow pace
Across the floor
The children wave and hang over the carriage sides
Destinations blurry, shop fronts too far above to see
Flurrying people
No one stop
Around in an oblong
The glasshouse interior
Of the shopping centre.

Katie Lewington bio: Katie Lewington loves her boyfriend, bacon sandwiches, poetry and reality TV. She had her first poem published in the after the Pause literary journal. She has since been published on the winamop.com, breadcrumbs magazine, potluck magazine, quailbell magazine and fuckfiction.net websites, among others. You can contact her through Twitter @Idon'twearahat or Tumblr at klluniverse and read more of her work at www.katielewington.blogspot.co.uk.