
*Susanna Davies-Crook*

Dull thud of
endings. Nerve sparks
Can't think
Imaging you
A forward motion. A swirl and stomach clench sick fall face first. Fucked.
Calm is for lives. Windows blind,
curtains
overlooking allotments
veil touched in
night breeze
Dinner table afar 4 legs.
‘Can you pass the salt?’
The walls. 4 of them.
Beating the bounds
thudding hours
Upright limbs
pin pricked neck to a gasp
To a sucking
air in.
She wants the breath so she sucks in.
Only ever in.
And in the still of the
pre dawn
walls leer
pressing walls
vacuum
A problem shared
4.48
Room is just walls.
4 of them.
And I wish the flowers
still came.
Waiting for blooms
bursts but
only the gasps come.
Intake and in again.
And without the box
the world falls in
And that’s why you can’t fuck with vertigo.
Imagine I’ve got 4 broken limbs”
she says
By way on on and of
lying in bed. Broken.

Beat.

Stick in the spokes.
Tearing to a still
World falling in caving 4 walls
but reality falters in the face of indecision
and doesn’t withstand touch
behind the 2 way mirror
Room keeps me pinned.
Beat Beat Beat
Bang Bang Bang Bang
Dustman outside clanging to a
15 to 4 rhythm
manoeuvring black square kipper cans
swollen and putrid fins flayed
7am every day
Can’t start before this, neighbours complain.
Not all of them. The ones who keep social hours.
Routines.
7am. 8am. 9am. 1pm. 6pm.
Cowering beneath the table hiding from planes
Nerve flushes
Craving cleansing heat and
contorting bones beneath absent
minds
Skin boundary, flesh pact
She says this is a boundaried relationship
so I am better at it and
keep my distance.
Body burns
an angry sun
before the dawn.
Swollen.

Beat.

Sharp breath to light
A love letter
built in the climaxes
waves and dots
walls torn down ripped like legs
Boundary skin tears
Hollow ducts
I Missing or
Finally a together
Body beat to a pulp a pulp
that grinds to a paste
and joins sprawls presses
skin on skin
Flesh creeps
And bodies apart minds apart
Unless no
Unless they’re not
Unless the waters and lakes and caverns burst
banks crash forward together
each other
One

I think often about the way you spoke of flowers when we met in January. I found a wonderful little quote in a book I was reading — I think it was C.S. Lewis *Surprised by Joy* — but can’t find it in my notes now. (Wait! Just found it — not C.S. Lewis — in fact(!) Paul Coehlo’s revisionist account of Mata Hari — *The Spy*).

“Flowers teach us that nothing is permanent: not their beauty, not even the fact that they will invariably wilt, because they will still give new seeds. Remember this when you feel joy, pain, or sadness. Everything passes, grows old, dies, and is reborn.” How many storms must I weather before I understand this?

Why should we be any different from the flowers? We are, and we are not. Our time is different, and our consciousness, but our energy flares and dies all the same; cyclical. Annuals. I wonder if this is the metaphor Kane was getting at in *Cleansed*. I picked up a copy on a friend’s bookshelf last night and turned to that exact page (where they declare undying love — before they are dismembered). Flowers pop up throughout, through the floor, through the staging to taunt, enrage, invoke and tease a romance that can’t withstand. It still hooks at my stomach, and makes me smile. Every time. *Love is war*. 