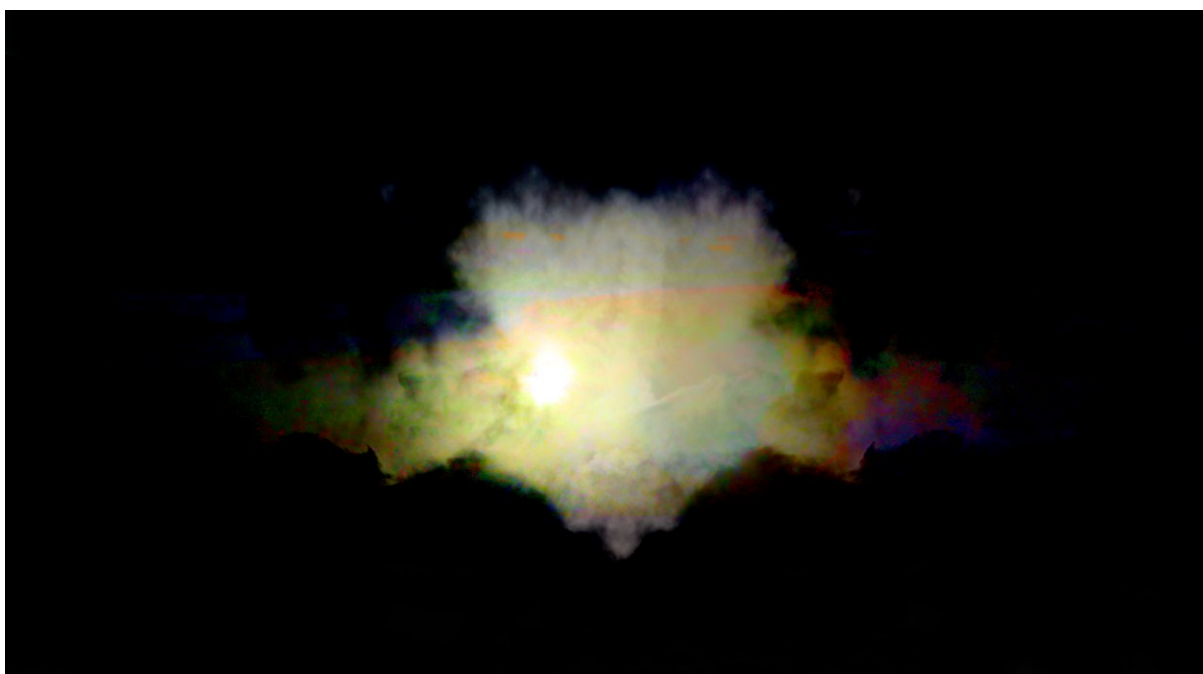


## 3 poems

February 2013

Ashley Bovan



## **Fido**

Loyalty

like a dog always

hungry

unbrushed

damp

pulling at the neck-chain

straight-tailed

patch-eyed

fucking rubbish

You face into the mud

bundle on top

dodge

alert for the first sign

of a moving hand

prop up your spirit

with laughter

scan the trees for pictures of missing persons

remember

tunnels hacked out years ago

feel them start

to subside

It doesn't matter

It doesn't matter now

## **Icicle**

Nice icicle catches  
rainbow sun:  
a spike to kill with.  
Bridge 71,  
Monmouthshire  
and Brecon Canal.

A wound from  
a previous life  
weeps, wets my crotch.  
Maybe I was Jesus once,  
born to heal the sick.

Jesus sells sex  
to the impotent,  
the innocent,  
the sleepwalkers.  
The prophet of love  
sharpens your snout  
on the whetstone,  
the grind for bread.  
You buy what  
you'll never possess.

Just one bomb.  
A useless old woman  
in gum boots  
stamps through snow,  
lays a curse on  
the filthy, the sweet.  
Just the blood  
of a lamb  
in the wilderness.

**outside**

Me and Alice have tea

with balloons

red pink green

tied by tinsel

to bone

My walls are flat black toffee like Persian carpets

The oak tree

(stumps for cricket)

the parkland and the buildings

are now miles of grey

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