

THE GIRL WITH THE NEEDLE IN HER ARM

By Louis Kasatkin

The Girl crouches
by the railings at the
Tube station entrance ,
her knees together
mucus running down her chin ,
watery eyes
sticky pale skin ,
vomit stained hair
hanging down in two
big tangles over her forehead ;
The Girl massages her calf and thigh ,
her right leg feels bloodless and numb ,
her mascara streaked face a mask
where tears were forced out as she spewed ;
Above her rainbows strobe across
the tourist postcard skyline ,
proclaiming the nomenclature
of aspirational desires ,
Apple , Cartier , Chanel , Mercedes-Benz ;
The space around the Tube Station
entrance railings is opaque ,
no - one sees
no - one wants to see
the Girl's life exchanged

for an emptiness of nights ;
Nights illuminated by gleaming giant screens
all evangelising how ,
the Financial Times stock market Index
has just ended the day ,
higher .

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF EDUARDO GOMEZ

In the year of the death of Eduardo Gomez,
he abandoned those routines and metaphors
to which others had become accustomed:
absconding without paying
he left his life vacant.
The Patroness,crippled intellects,stranded
on the axis of meaning mused over
his debts at the baccarat table
and considered them inauspicious;
Perhaps it was all a ploy,
simply that,an elegant trompe l'oeil,
an adjective that describes deceit
but cannot apprehend it;
without "corpus" there can be
no "habeas" and without the
corporeality of Eduardo Gomez there
is only the year of his death and

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the strangely mute "vacancy" sign
spluttering neon pink.

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