

*Wasted*

There were nights dancing so bright  
with the half laugh  
and your eyes hurt. You were smoke  
and I breathed you deep until the white lights came  
and we waltzed through treacle

barefoot on the street with broken glass we ran  
from everything and made our faces strange  
until we lost ourselves in taxi-backs and bus-backs  
and railway tracks rolled in circles.  
Every day was a blister that we popped,  
we, the torn skin, the scab roughed off,  
the slow, limping weed on rocks at low-tide; gasping,  
waiting for Gaugin or Dali  
or a simple impress on the sand  
with our toes and our hair.

When the pier burned we were there,  
slow-walking, hand in hand;  
and the band played on and on  
through the storm of sparks  
and blistered victoriana;  
and I danced  
while you burned;

I remember smoke  
and the taste of smoke  
and the sting, the smarts.  
the tarts of smoke.  
Your face  
disappearing.

*Gareth Alun Roberts*