

## Feeding a Habit in Woolworths

By P.A. Levy

We were both full of self-loathing in East Ham High Street. Actually, thinking it over, we should have swapped this disposition with each other, a psychological exchange and mart: me hating you, you hating me; clinically healthier.

I'm out in the cold kicking a crushed Benson and Hedges packet against Woolies window, waiting, kicking my heels, forever waiting for you to come out, a radio or two under yer coat, pockets stuffed with lavender piss perfumes and gold coloured rings.

I'll be ready to stumble the cod-faced security guard floundering at yer soles until me and he collide and we both take a tumble, hit the pavement with all the gravity of discarded pie and chips; squashed stake and kidney with a trickle of gravy.

Me and my bruises will meet you later down the pub, knock it out cheap, divvi-up for at least a bag each, then rush home for a real self-loathing treat.

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## First Game of the Season

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Men in green and dull dull brown  
stomp the muddy furrows down  
to take-up their positions.

Both barrels loaded - click -lock.  
Eager trigger. Safety off.  
Stock engaged into the shoulder.

Patient. Finger flexes. Be patient,  
for the beaters advancing  
from the rear, to shout and cheer

like Saturday afternoon terraces.  
Be ready gents and take your aim  
tree top high; oak and chestnut quiver

wave bare-armed surrender.  
The air of iced November cracked  
and bloody broken.

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## Arcadia Bombshells

By P.A. Levy

Why struggle with rucksacks stuffed  
with organic ingredients, when you can  
get a Marks and Spencer's bag for life  
full of bargain two for one offers;  
cherry bombs or bonbons. Not just food  
more like suspiciously sweet devices.

Dynamit-ee the lawns of middle  
England, weed Avenue rose beds  
with Sem-tex. When planting bombs  
to change the world, detonate  
the pampas grass, monkey puzzle trees  
and shatter the fucking mediocrity.

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