Elephant & Castle

Carl Kennedy

Around the bed frame hollow cans
and rings from coffee cups line the pages on the desk
monday spent mourning the sun
while taste still lingers from something lost along the wayand you're the worst
at what you love the best
and up till now:
an experimentaround the staircase pools of dried blood
singing you to sleep
the dishes will know to do themselves
I can't remember places but I do recall the name
of something lost along the wayand we used to know where we all would go when where gone
and whispers of doubt that escaped our mouth carried home
and as the night kept our parents in bed we burned new york to the ground
and we used to know where we all would go when were gone

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