

Exhibition

Chris Holloway

Applicant, I am
Clean young flesh
Cubicles, we merge
And me so decent Lock up my vehicle
Crack my walls
I'm stealing new words
And me so honest Someone took pictures
Just look at her go
Her presence exhausted me
Like spectators we are I have no address
Who are you?
Kiss my arse goodbye
The show goes rusty Simulate phone call
Face to face
Newspaper loose talk
You wreck my dreams Exhibit 'A' dog
So few of them left
Exhibit 'B' God
The problem of death Old sex, unclean
Do you still need the moon?
Recall no names
Don't ask me, how are you? Where's my attendant
And where is my wife
Wait in the doorway
While I say goodnight He looks like me
He looks like me
He looks like me
He looks like me He looks like me
He looks like me
He looks like me
He looks like me

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