



Sarah Louise Parry

Bandwagon

She is a walking, talking clothes horse
wallowing in Kate Moss's shadow,
herded by shepherd designer force
her bone structure sucked-in all fallow.

She camps outside Topshop, pitched at dawn,
groping at the crap corporate morsels.
Shivering, to see the Moss line born,
worshipping her on a pedestal.

She listens to Babyshambles now
and goes to Glastonbury in Ugg-boots.
(But only since Pete dated that cow
and supermodels found 'indie' roots...)

She's an empty vessel floating by:
'If she buys Kate's togs, her life will change.'
Until the Moss brand starts to run dry
then she'll buy the latest biggest name.

The Grounds Man

The grounds man collects his graves,
collecting tombs like football cards,
fighting the bitter winds he braves.
He wanders proudly round *his* yard:
counting souls surgeons can't save,
counting souls at God's discard.

Christchurch clenched in Death's crisp kiss,
chasing Goths with his pitchfork.
Petals shrivel in the sun-bliss,
silence broken by the hawk.
Epitaphs evoke the missed,
revising them, as he walks.

Bedsit

She met him down the off license, one Friday night,
armed with a joint and attitude. He was "alright."
Her mediocre GCSE grades were due
and this Chav Casanova whistled her a: "Whoo-whoohoo."
She knew that the council listened to pregnant plights
and within weeks, that piss-soaked strip darkened to blue.

She said: "This is our meal ticket to a nice pad!"
(Cos' *with child* on a form gave you a brand new gaff)
It didn't matter that she hardly knew this lad
and that his counterfeit tracksuits were really naff,
that this junkie was going to be her kid's dad,
that her bulbous belly came from "havin a laff."

She now carts a buggy up double decker steps
and has lost count of the amount of times she's wept.
That pot of gold poised at the end of that rainbow
was in a bedsit block where all the crack heads go.
She carries her bastard child along with her rep,
wailing at the walls she got from her kid-in-tow.

Indie Boi

A bit of Winehouse warbled from the speakers
he sported a pair of scuffed Converse sneakers
his 'emo' floppy fringe floundered round his gaze
(he jumped on the bandwagon of ANY craze!)
People told me: "At uni, love is extinct,
all the blokes skulk around like they've bathed in Lynx."

But I would not have it! Indie boi was great!
We flew to cider/sex-soaked date after date.
Amidst the marijuana maze of sweet haze...
I could not spy the dead-end slammed on our days.
His stout ugly digits fumbled with his stub...
he delivered this unforeseeable snub.

Like his subcultures: I'd had my sell-by date,
and as soon as I put out, I'd sealed my fate.

Peter Pan

Downstairs there would be banging
and plates smashing like weak shells,
our Mum would be flames-fanning
trying to stop raging hell.

She said he couldn't help it.
She said he liked a few drinks.
But then he'd go, throw a fit,
before she had time to think.

I'd gaze out of the window
and wish I was Peter Pan.
So I could block out his blows
and over the skies I'd span.

Away, away, up on high!
I would take my sister, too.
Riding our carpet of sky,
whilst he beat Mum black and blue.