

Patricia Walsh

Viral

Perfected on track, the true misprisioning
Calling on handkerchiefs to prove innocence
Watering the gainsayers confident spike
In wrecking time, accosting out of turn.

What is left but to engender rancid themes?
Tattooing exceptions mainstaying through direction,
Killing moments like an operation loved overall
Store upon store transplanted from affection.

Not drinking, genuinely bragged against use
The lightened scaffold makes eventual function
Being quiet, wishful entitlement gone to a state
Second-guessing annoyance on an easy night.

Cathartic suspicion on a better team,
Annoyance over alcohol makes eventual use
Warned against prophecies awakening
Burning cosmetics on dint of discovery.

What does it all mean? Showered with duty
Criminally seated on a Sunday morning
More like the adult, elusive prerogative
Fine feathers for certain birds unsettling.

Not interested, however slight, poisoned association
Back-broken promise striking over again,
Permission to freak the fashionable curve
A luxury persuasion regretted by some.

Not Asking, But Telling

Requesting godly times, hardly askance
Finally revealed what was once misunderstood,
Proffered creatures, welcomed to a sound heart
Giving above a need, the evil eye faltering
Exclusively seated, kissed for broken attitude.

Good enough to save the world, but for what?
Ill for typical rain, the love ignored
The advertisement tintured under orders
The right to enjoyment on the hoof
Suffering through excellence, reasoned to favour.

The burning kip, confront with contempt
Informancy sweetened with naysaying light
Most precious depression entitled to travel
Many being worse off, a mantra for no one.

The archaeological imagination, different results,
Eating under threat of rain, there's a comfort
Not asking, but telling, under destructive tears
Watching the flames dance, a comfortable poison
No actual money for the abandoned profession.

Instinct to fight, raging against timeframes
Surveilling the good times to point of exclusion
Solitary seating childhood, avenging devils
Loud temperament recalling the jollification.

Health and Safety

Not regretting indulgence, I hope you don't
Let the battery run where it may, ice cold,
Specialising in wreckages none can hold a candle to
Editing the kickback on a solitary gun
Losing at pitch and toss, repeatedly at a loss
Summer around the corner, hits the gladly home.

The mirror emptying itself, in view of lightning
The lights dancing like no tomorrow
Pleading for space, for the paying market
Exacting in crystallised spite, comforted,
Not finishing a pint quick enough, for a profit
Desolate signage does a hard job, in perpetuity.

Elusive boyfriends catch the sardonic moonlight
Perfect coffee on a doorstep, gold-framed relief
Incremental pricing, the exclusive rights
More napkins than needed, a bum note
Not lying idle, going upon the parish
For future notice, catching the gist of purity.

Seated and greeted, knowing you exist
Letting batteries run dry, sage advice
Defenestrated along with the crippled gaze
Recharging the luxury of falling apart
Staring from concern, an act scolded finely
Stupid for years, gainsaying good and proper.