

Beat McGuire

STACK

Property investment is booming in Portugal.
Right along the edge of a lithospheric plate.

She dropped a sock and I can feel it
through 100 mattresses.

Remember the neolithic times:
She wasn't sure she loved me.

There are fault lines in the Céide Fields
when you have been Dún Briste.

YOUTH

I could have been a mermaid in my sleeping bag
but somehow you knew, your father said he was

born with webbing between his toes. In photos I
smile the broadest wearing my cardigan sleeves

on my legs. 'You're going to be a supermodel',
my teacher said as she slipped her hand through

the gap between my thighs. I don't really mind if
the dress looks different on me than on other

girls. I play tennis every Saturday, breasts
are beautiful. And actually that white stuff around

my mouth is toothpaste, thanks for asking though.
I wasn't supposed to let you plait or style my hair.

Once I wanted a high ponytail like Clarissa Explains
It All, but all I got was spit in my eye and trauma.

I wanted to be Clarissa! I wanted to be a mermaid,
Splash! I wanted to be Jenny who stood on the

ledge in her shaking silver stilettos, coked out!
I wanted to be Pamela Anderson! I wanted to be

Niamh with the golden hair and walk back across
the water to Tír na nÓg! I wanted the biggest

plate and the smallest, to pet dogs with plates for
eyes! I spoke to grandad's beard in the clouds in

the sky: *I want to be your prince! I want to be
grandma! I want to know how it feels to die!*

DECAY

Micropia,
you cling inside my teeth
with your impossible semiotics.
Fuck.

Pilostyle,
you ignore
your gag reflex,
stigmatic disk:

You just tell me
to shut up.

Kiwano guts,
I try, I tried
to soak up all
your acid:

You found my cavities,
we dissolved,
I gave up.

CRUSHING

Rend my flesh, use your strength,
palm firm on bone.

I feel the pull like an iron-full lever.
All I ask is that you

release me. Bound by your mechanics,
I push hard to get free,

to feel the pleasure of your weight.
Oh, crushing.

LOVE HEART

When I sunburnt my ankles
I kept checking for your lesions;

acrid, volcanic, dying
from the toe.

Might I manifest your symptoms
by thinking of you so much? Like dying

of heartbreak.
Might I develop heart failure

from over empathising,
inherit your dilated

cardiomyopathy:
Your big heart which kills?