

Sasha Newbury

Treacle.

My world is liquid
and I'm watching
through a foggy lens.
The earth turns
while I wade

- fully submerged
past the point of gasping,
numb and blurring
my life's a murmur
a blemish -
a beat I can't distinguish,

the world's thick
and unrelenting

- a sea of treacle,
my presence is a drudge
through viscous existence.
I'm making inaudible waves
that move in the slowest of motions,
they lose momentum
before reaching any shores

Yesterday's Donuts.

So far south
it feels like the end of the world,
discarded ideals and beer-battered aspirations
litter the shore line.
Yesterday's donuts sunbathe with
tomorrow's comedown – still warm and wet from penetration
and washed away with Glen's

so far east
the sun barely reaches,
a town filled with aged people
haunted by ever-present problems
that linger at every shop door.
You shall not pass
without the guilt of privilege
weighing – gently ebbing

so far detached,
this isn't home anymore,
not even the ghost of puberty past
or rosy mist of reminiscence
can fool me now

- but I'm tethered anyway,

to a town where yesterday's newspaper
gets printed with regret
and fingered with greasy intent -
where the self-perpetuating cycle starts at 15
with a broken condom
on a dusty sofa
at a shit party
with your brother's friend Dean –
a town where empty souls roam the streets
at the ripe age of 23.

They're starved of purpose -
and dehydrated by the sea

Morning Coffee.

My sweet nectar
lies warm and wrapped
between duvets and dreams
- sprawled –
naked, but not vulnerable

it's cold
and he's unaware.

The first hour is hazy.
Dusky, dull
– damp.
Dew rolls down the window,
a fleeting moment
made by respired delusions

I imagine him panting
wrists flicking like paws
chasing other birds –
but every night
we're out of reach

hairs curl
they're soggy from his body
and a few have wavered at the root
littering my pillow,
no space is left
untouched by his presence

-

My coffee steams
racing my breath
as it swirls down to an empty pit.
It's quiet right now
and the world feels still,

silent.