

**Dolores**

Waiting – bar drifting at midnight  
First time Lewis calls me ‘friend’  
Sticky tables and tequila salt  
(House? Sharp; warm; cheap)  
Tipsy seat – damp coaster wedge  
and news on the TV.

Sounds of my childhood  
fade in a London hotel room.

**On His Shoulder**

I breathe, cradled  
in his tendon-stretch  
between head and neck  
(distantly dreaming  
of lying upright  
against clangs of lockers;  
the 10:52am emptiness  
of school corridors),  
drifting in that hiccup  
of drum-skin flesh  
where tension rests  
with softness.

**Nursery**

Honeyed sobs, saliva pops,  
deep dream snuffling

as he sleeps, snuggled  
to a pink, wet thumb.

High-rises dazzling,  
like static television

through windows, over skin  
(meek as milk, bright as bone).

Held, cradled, lifted by song,  
but when he’s loved, he cries.

He cries.

