

DAWNS ARE DIFFERENT

My skin is ashen.
I spend my days doing laundry.
I burn, I vomit.

I know it is a Sunday
because they hold a rally
every Sunday.

I miss the theatre.
They stroke my hair
and pluck them.

The president's left;
it's like a new perfume
I burn, I vomit.

I worked quickly,
tasting time.
I wake up tired,
fired

lying
on the side of the road.
They eat people like ghosts.
I burn, I vomit.

Adrian Harte

IMAGE: Stefana McClure, *Gag Order For Japan: Our Reliable
Friend Pluto*, 2011, cut paper, leather straps, 12.5 x 25.5 x 5 cm