

THE QUARRY

Angelica Wright

**Trophies, Scars and Confusion: A four part retrospective of events and effects
some decades on**

Zipped

Moving down floating

Towards the drift

Of oblivion

Sleepless

Honing

Creating infinite parallels between this world and next

Continuing to be battered

By pressures plundered by a thousand souls

Hopeful of perfection

Ever striving for absolution in a place where

Absolution is obsolete

Defeated by minds that hum and drum and strum their static forever

Winding up and down, down and up forever the staircase to the void

Avoid mess caress, be less by being more

Hopeful of feeling less tired of it all,

I'm not really this small.

I am forever exponential, and Zipped

The Teacup

I wish I had not taken that drink
I remember only some things,
In the middle of the night I felt invincible and worldly
But I was a teacup and you drank me in slow sips

I wish I had not followed you
I remember their faces
And my friend's desperation like a sheepdog herding wolves
In the middle of the night I can still hear him crying outside my window

I wish I could forget but
I remember
In the middle of the night that strange pulling, as if I a canvas bag were unstitched by
strange hands

I wish I had not carried the shame
I remember feeling guilty, like a whore paid in ashes
In the middle of the night
I remember the unforgiving morning and your precious cushions stripped red upon the
lawn

I wish I could forget but
I remember
In the middle of my night, the surgery of my ego.

Tattoo Ink

I wrote HIM on my heart in tattoo ink.
Now unrequited love glues my lips and eyelids shut,
taught barbs to squeeze within sinews of dreams.

How did you stay close in a deliberate mediation of thoughts and warmth,
dreamed away and forever unyearning?

Oh I wish I could smite that hysterical ravenous gloat,
for the path stolen by ignorance disappears in golden milk.

I am hopeful you will fade away but you linger on,
screaming in that red satin dress.

My undying love,

My broken heart,

My therapy conversation,

My recurring dream.

Finally now, a heart impairment stained in tattoo ink.

Little Boxes

Memories of childhood

More vivid now

I've binned the little boxes

Of youthful collections

Even those seashells gathered

From the shore

Have seen better days

Their light lost the moment

You took them away.