

Fix Me Fine

Idious Buguise

You said:

‘A bubble, on the top of her tongue,
the rough side,
exploded.

Like an old woman
drooling words down the front of her pyjamas,
dropping letters where buttons used to be.’

They said:

‘Pre-war pearls now tarnished and broken,
chipped and tattered.

Tired, hanging on by a thread,
they fell to the floor
and disappeared.’

She said:

‘Sew me up and find my words,
fix me fine.

Link together all my fears
of times to come.

String them on a rope
and make me strong.’