

GRIEF TRAIN

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You're Ok

every few days on whatsapp
mum's cousin J sends my auntie H piano pieces that he
plays for her in his living room on the wirral

H sends them to me
with pictures of my little cousin
in the park round the corner from their house in
south ealing

baby pink hoodie white reeboks
black trackie bottoms and a piece of
black cloth across her mouth
their small dark bark and sand dog
@ her feet looking
quiet

i cry

at the funeral, cousin J caught me
as i was going to get some
wake food

- when your mum used to come to stay
it would be great we would talk you know she was
so cool your mum and then
when we were going to bed she would
put the radio on very close to her head and play
radio caroline
very quietly & i would say
M! your radio's still on!
& she would smile say
i know
& she would go to sleep like that you know
with radio caroline on all night on such a
low volume very close to her head
it was so funny really -

he smiles with sadness
there is a pause

i get my wake food in (for the first time that day) soft
silence, think
me & mum what
mirrors

wherever they are
(even here, in vårberg - this new home u never quite
made it to)
the sound of seagulls
always makes me think of
looking across
the mersey

two poems written

from here
u look like rousseau's tyger
picking thru
ur track so careful
i think i see anxitey
but is that mine?

tyger tyger
i lost u
into the green u go
to find another rock
far off

the toothbrushes
touching
a lung like breathe formed
in between

this, otherwise
would be so much more brutal

i named the poems


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& feel happy w that

poem about grief online shopping for new swim shorts for swimming some of this off in the lake down there and the model's belly just along from their belly button i see there tattoo olde english font spells *grief* (lower case) they must know what i do now

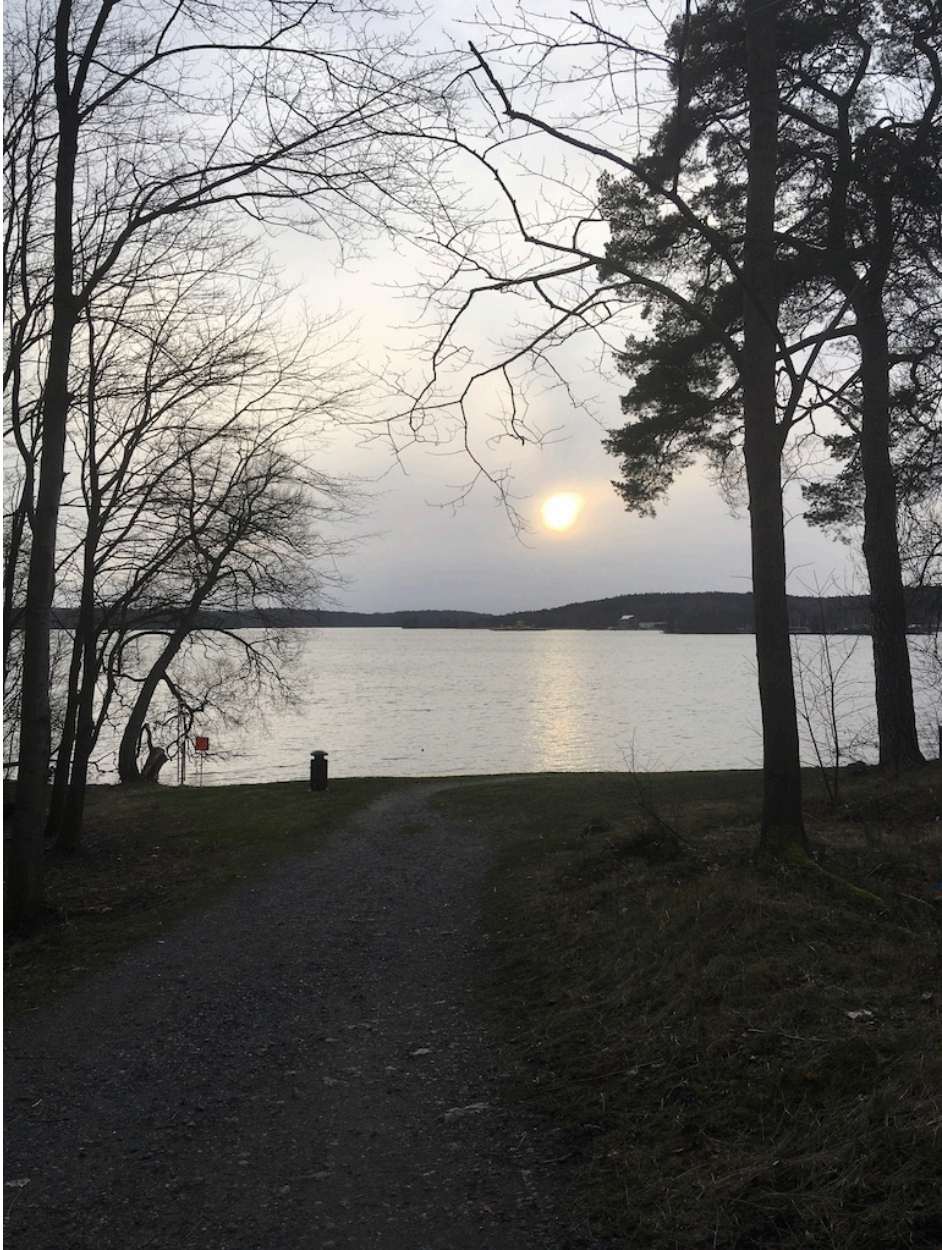
poem about R's msg on insta instagram notification my little cousin sends me a selfie of the 2 of us @ the arsenal women's final last year. i am shocked to see it. i go to reply, then pause think she's only a teenager maybe i - no. i write

"haha wow i looked so much healthier and happier before

 miss u"

i remember
me and mum, 2002
going to oxford for the
solo show of this artist
she liked, and me too now.
driving the old honda jazz
windows

then together we watch
WHY I NEVER BECAME A DANCER (1995), TRACEY
EMIN
i feel in love w the scene @ the end and the
music (sylvester, my first time)



vårberg, march/mars.
just before i came back
for the funeral