

Young Lady



by Ariane Parry

cup

I picked something
for you
out of a
line running
over
like a cup
like fruit under
fingers cautiously
soft
wants to trust you
knowing
you'll eat it



flour

He has dust on his fingers:

flour from the paper bag at the
back of the cupboard that he reaches into
habitually

He rubs his hands absentmindedly on his jeans
Smearing white across indigo

So I wrap my fingers tighter
in the tea towel behind my back

let him rub harder
the flour roots in deep,
coating the hair on his thighs

The loaf he has produced is like a rock, inedible

high tide

She was a teenager
with a book under her pillow
moonbathing

She heard the night
paddling down to the sea

a slumber party

holes dug in the ground
and then cast in cement

orange light
remembering
disarming

the sea untethered
rises to meet the hour





falling out

she moved away
from witnesses like me
foals on shaking knees
laughing to fill a hole
in the conversation

when I miss sleep by about an inch
I put my unquiet thought in
that hole, shaking with hunger

not sure if it
did happen,
anything
yawning,
mid-sentence, autumn,
eighteen, dark out, mind you -

and the sun is brighter now
in purple and blue
further away,
me and you, a drought
opens up over tarmac mountains

that unwieldy pearl
sitting under the crush
of slow-spiralling light
into thick, dark dust



quick chat

Something from my life
that I haven't forgotten yet,
but you have,
and I can remind you
like brass instruments
on the deck of a ship
or something I never told you,
a bag of decisions
I made before we met

I'll explain
to you only here
only once
in the kitchen where
condensation forms
on the skin of the mirror



Capricorn

Where did you say that you saw my brother?

On holiday walking on fat, bare feet,

And the future clawing out from under.

Where did you hear that about my brother?

A Capricorn thawing in the summer

Gathering rocks that rise to pierce bare feet.

What did you see in old pictures of my brother

In plastic sandals, running down the street?



eclogue

I know what an eclogue is now
because I went up a hill with a book
in my lap and no possessions

because I was hungry and I remember writing words
like *banana* in the middle of something otherwise serious

because I stopped wearing clothes that are not black
and picked a fight with the stub-faced accounts department
and also treated myself to a new yoga top

I heard rumours in Spain, everywhere, it's so loud and gentle,
it's so riddled with towers of rock like old candles
the sky is very naked between the hills

I know when it's summer, I know when it's autumn
and I mind the sheep in my own backyard
and it's so nice to laze around, to watch ripples run through the flock

Maybe pebbles are gods or buses are poems
or my parents are not just idiots but the kindest idiots in the world.
I like to call and tell them about the movies I have seen lately.

Maybe shoes should be made of suede
because if there's no rain then fuck the clouds,
we will wear softness on our feet and build more houses with flat roofs



air freshener

I thought of you when the taxi driver had
an air freshener shaped like a red jelly bean:

I thought, *that's a kidney*

And again because you used to work
near the yard where they crushed cars into cubes,
I realised that I do that with my memories too

Ariane Parry is a poet from Wales. Her work has been published in *Lighthouse*, *adjacent pineapple* and *Poetry Promptly*. She also writes short fiction and makes films. She lives in Bristol where she runs a writing group called *After Words* (currently on hiatus).

