

CORPORATE KILLER

It was as if the room had suddenly stopped being homely.
Three clocks still brutally counted out; the cosseted cat sprawled
 Dreaming murder and milk; the kettle screeched
 And a shirt button burst, lost on the carpet
Of children's toys where children have long gone.

Then I saw these things swarming, high up, droning and crazy.
 And sang a song to ease my fear:
 Who'd choose life in the brain if offered again,
 Or magenta cats or sex with bats?
 Who'd choose husbands or wives or anything live?

 Slopping milk on to cat and 'weeties', I read
Of mergers and acquisitions. Then the smell of memory shocks.
Bergamot and burning toast; her housecoat I cry into each day;
 Her ghosts of breakfast words.

I kiss no-one goodbye and limp into life with briefcase
And insect troubled head; ready for suburban stations.
In front rooms, I glimpse sofas piled high with harvests
 And in my favourite gnome-garden,
 A friendly dog shrivels down.

In the square, Council workers wash down the dead,
 A marble memorial of pointless names.
And in the green sward by the lake, children
Cut throats and swear to die before the game is up.

(cont.)

*Hey Mister? Who'd choose natural selection
Or cave painting in the dark,
If the end results just some daft old bugger
Dancing mambo in the park?*

Near the office, I put on jacket and tie,
Polish fingernails, get ready for the meeting, ticking off
Brutal redundancies. Worker bees paid out with:
‘Think of it as a new challenge.’
Knowing I shall kill another day.
Killing is my game.

*Who's choose having a heart
In Wild Wonderland?*

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