



LONDON  
SERIOUSLY  
KILL ME  
MORE

Selected Poems 2017–18

Chanel  
Vegas





SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

The moon is an attention seeker  
A broken door lying on the roof

Two men are whispering about fish fingers  
On a red leather sofa

Macaroni cheese seeping  
Through my teeth

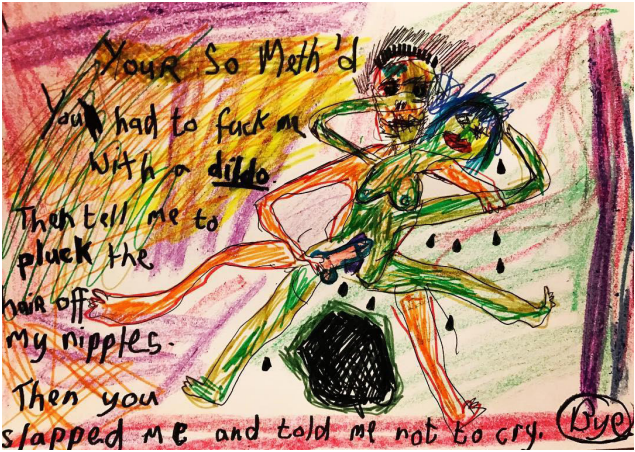
A woman is on a bench  
Underneath the stained glass window

The stars really aren't  
As needy as the moon

Eyes roll up thinking of her last orgasm  
Soon the bells and worshippers will start

She'll still be on the bench  
thinking about her next

Fuck





THE JUNKIE SOUL MATE

He knows  
He can't handle  
The closeness

It scares  
It's dangerous  
It's too good

Back in the pool of  
Not knowing hear him  
Chopping wood

*Just like he should*

Run away from all feeling  
Looking for more  
White food

Here you are  
Left in the bed  
Typing poems on this phone

'Coz its keeping you sane

Girl  
Don't loose your brain

Not this time





YOU DO IT TO YOURSELF

Oh you are so sexy  
Your body! *Stop it*  
Why you laughing?  
Oh my god, stop it.

Are you for real?  
Fed up of this shit  
But look at you!  
You make me hard

Seriously...  
Is that it?  
Was nervous for this  
Piece of crap


Shut up  
I've got work  
You're annoying me.


Tears streaming  
Itching  
in bed  
Calling everyone I know  
But time's run out

Babe  
You've done this to yourself  
Walk through Kings Cross  
Alone.... shirt missing  
Keep walking  
Shoe like a horse  
Keep going  
It's all you got.

Don't look back  
Baths and cuddles  
And smokes  
It's all someone's joke  
They feel safe  
while you lie there  
shivering and aching.

In the dark  
Finding your stuff  
Leave like you never existed  
The night was just some excerpt  
From some trainspotting film  
No point looking for the gram  
Leave it for the cunt





I'll get back somehow  
Magic's on the radio

London seriously  
KILL ME MORE.

## HOSTEL DICK

aggressively smothered  
my shittest red  
lipstick all over  
my regretful lips

the words I wrote  
lying there on the table

static


my cracked lip  
stamp  
conceal half the words

fold the paper into four quarters  
like a game  
I notice more words

I don't read them  
I don't need to  
I don't care

I couldn't find an envelope





fingers make a wrap  
the words are my drugs  
Find the sellotape  
Frantically loop it round the paper  
paper now plastic  
It tears as I slash the letters  
Fire fire fire


He pathetically tries to hug me  
I shrug him off shivering  
And gave him this little plastic mess


I doubt he can even open it.

## I'M NOT A SPERM BANK

Finally inside each other again  
Perfect as I remember  
Let go and cum  
Hands freeze with mistrust  
Eyes peering through  
Searching for an answer  
Begin to shrink  
The tears come back  
Roll over and pray for someone  
To swallow  
You whole

How dare he think the thick juices aren't yours?  
He thinks you are a whore  
Fucking men endlessly  
Collecting their juices  
Like a pokemon ball  
Gotta catch 'em all!  
You've been faithful  
That loving bath an hour ago  
Meant absolutely nothing at all  
Well done, you  
Thanks a lot





What is the point?  
I don't think I'll ever cum again  
Welcome to the longest  
Ever dry spell

## CUM SICK

I'm sick of making myself cum to sleep  
When those hands are all over me  
They're here just for a while  
The lovers pile and pile

Nothing stays  
But stains  
On endless sheets

Self-induced  
Or you slinging in  
Wake up thinking  
I'm yours but honey

I have this illness.





NO MEANS NO

Shower  
Try to forget  
Those fucking grubby hands  
All over you

You asked him to stop  
Pushed away numerous times  
But still he thinks he has the right  
To touch you hurt you  
“Do you good”  
Twisted piece of shit

Again

You're fleeing out some house  
Cause of some sick deluded soul

Being lost

The street a saviour  
An hour later  
“It could've been worse babe”  
While the cold  
Shower patters to another  
Day thank fuck

SAME OLD BROKEN RECORD

Keep playing me like a fool  
Repeat the record  
Stick the needle in make it spin  
Till the veins run thin  
Everything that was has now been  
Everything that we've done been seen  
Nothing but emptiness between  
Us two and our  
Cradle of mean