

'L1'

Jasmine Gray

steam rises and falls encircling sitting
stationary
let's photograph girls enjoying life
white mist mistaken for thought
a penny falls somewhere behind
the inside of my mouth contains a sun
you can survive with only a brain stem son
remove all personal pronouns from –
sorry the apologies do not water
you like they used to
sorry there is so much wonder
but all you can see is feet sticking out
from someone's bed
that you call street
let us photograph girls enjoying life
a man in a still frame no sleeping bag
freezes to death in liverpool
the struggle of blunt finger behind
meeting flat penny
scraping against long floor
fresh drinks brought over
disarray of mist
drink through gritted teeth
i love you still falls hard against
feet that still sit still
photograph the ridges of my tongue
as they graze against
vibration saying okay
i forgive you no personal pronouns
for a man whose bed was not
so forgiving as –
not seen in pictures
just carved into ice
in bold street framed