

Domestic Performance

Condensed entrance

It is all
reliable distinctions

Sometimes
your fists are like
humour and reason
binary floor-tiles
forgiveness
the hall makes
of them

Owe more demeanour
than solid
counterparts

Letting crowds
see within
36 hours

Hours unfold
are stage-frozen
& otherwise

Your hard-headed
shoulder Who said that
more brought control?

Contours define
contours like
longings Taken
as yes or because

In the narrow hallway sounds of your return are
unmistakable as you knock over things such as
the phone off its hook (to the outside)

Can't help but notice parallels between the
floor patterns & our differences

in arguing or 'taking out'

At least this ground beneath me is solid
Somewhere to lie for a while

Now I can't leave the house for a while which
is partly your intention?

The drop to the floor seems to take ages Like
falling off a cliff in slow motion only I dont
mean a Love Story

except that with my imagination I can twist
anything round
Can always find 'proof' of your love for me

The option to leave
opposed
consequence

Hours that slip
between freedom &
need

Range through 360
degrees up to
no wonder

Who had
warned me of these
piles of dumb
bodies, the effective
history between case
studies All let

As the floor spins round I suppose I am lost &
unhooked But that seems to be fitting
somehow

Friends told me the police wont take you
seriously until you leave The police told me
the courts dont take you seriously because
most judges are guys & err (on the side of the
repentant boyfriend)

The history of domestic violence convictions
proves this

off because time moves
on - guilt is
temporary - spoken to men
judge that true
like empathy

in hitting In contrast
 crowds see

but
the hitting
the big
slow eye-bruise

Anyway by the time you get to court external
wounds will have healed Noone believes where
there is a lack of external evidence Even photos
are not real enough to recall People need 'proof'
to smack them right in the face