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

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?

Hours unfold are stage-frozen & otherwise

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

The drop to the floor seems to take ages Like falling off a cliff in slow motion only I don't mean a Love Story

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

Contours define contours like longings Taken as yes or because
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 contrast
in hitting
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