

GRANT COCHRANE

*Two Lives*

i am in a different caste so  
well You might scorn me like  
that the urge to squash unborn but  
blatant lies within you like  
moss in a well

friends don't need to ask they just  
take some time adjusting to the  
new-you flipping burgers for the  
M-crowd round a burning at the  
seventeenth take

rose stem visions of our sad past  
bleed like rabid homeless dingos'  
paws before the altar of some  
godless virgin statue that  
weeps  
but does not bleed

\*

leisured ladies lounge and butchers  
skin dive through the murky depths  
too callous with their smoking fingers  
pointing at the many folds of  
fat beneath your skin

sad to hear about your mother's  
killing comes but once upon a

time I'd feel a whole lot worse than  
you could ever think about

before I started killing

I leave you with the worker ants on  
leave alone too poor to take a  
trip along the Murrumbidgee  
shore to please the inner ant that

vows to never leave