

## Extended Procedure

Did you remember how we got  
there?

I remembered sailing,  
but, you know I think we flew  
Invisibly early into Luton,  
cloaked with our hard won sub-  
terfuge

Did you enjoy the pub lunch  
dear?

Oh! Remember I tucked in,  
and each hoovered  
eucharistic spoonful,  
oiled my grin

Did you know I slept then?  
Well..Drifted and that  
Interminably waiting,  
Sinking under, waking.  
Dreamt of you weeping out

While above,  
in some hygienic womb,  
rough hands played out the  
tongues  
of rough vacuums  
Deep draught tabernacle  
Sweet uncalloused lips  
whose whispers calmed your  
fever,  
whose steel chalice whet your  
hips

Whose truth should I tell dear?  
Not yours, sunk eyed and paling  
still

Composed, but empty  
Quiet, after I'd worried your till.

Not hers or his  
Our mewling elfin katydid;  
Who'd be now two,  
maybe three years

By Gareth Stack