

1989

Friendship

Mark Kershaw

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FRIENDSHIP

This poem goes out to my friend Chris
Who lives a few blocks down the street
Standing like a statue in his room
Surveying the damage he has wrought
Whilst remodelling and demolishing his room

Then clearing a space in the middle of the mess
He sets out his enormous bass amplifier,
And pumping up the volume high
He plays Metallica to calm himself down
Whilst bringing the house down around.

Then he puts away his bass and clears his room
And with an impulsive thought, he takes out the car,
A car held together with rust alone,
And Chris goes out to pierce his ears
So I sit alone at home hoping it goes no further than this.

Mark Kershaw