

## Nobody Accuses the Scene

I'm meant to love you, everyone says  
you're good for me, but

I'm scared of seeing you and of not  
in case I miss your rainbows and your snowdrops

Posing as a Christmas card, you blanket your wrongs with snow  
Your crimes are rarely unearthed; nobody accuses the scene

What am I meant to think of myself  
when you get all dressed up in stars and sunsets?

Our communication has broken,  
you're trying to tell me something  
in the small song of robin

Pretending to close your eyes each night,  
your crickets stay up to criticise  
your mice peek through cracks in the walls  
your bats are always listening

Your sun keeps rising  
And I never do

You trick me, make me think  
I'm going mad – parrots in Bradford

People say that I get too attached, like a barnacle on a boat  
And you could easily erupt at any time

You act all innocent  
but stir yourself into wine

with intentions to intoxicate, you whisper seductions from your beck,  
your murmurs are enticing, I get drawn in

but then you turn rough

You've coloured your river copper like industry  
and I don't know what you stand for anymore

People that have had you before me have littered your skin,  
maimed your face with moraines

You've changed: if you love me, why do you hurricane?  
You're going to leave me: you're snowing in May