

BLADDER

Marc Forster

Lids flick at the pages' unwanted lives:
Bored, unwashed sailors and their tyrant kings.
The bullied pillow sighs and never sings.
The church-bells fade, and swell neglected wives.

Sundays drain, and dribble randomly.
Yet I, as though unable to emerge
From port into the green and roaring surge,
Reach for my pen, the siren of my sea.

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