

True Love

I met him in the education block
at the youth training centre

he had a mop of blond hair –
dull lifeless eyes & lay slumped
in his seat like a seal

i've got nuffin ta write about
he mumbled

write about what you're in here for
i suggested

he rolled the puppy fat resting on his
shoulders & said

it's juss fer robbin a store

you're kidding me son
how old are you

i'm furteen

& how did all this go down

i wen inta a servo wif a pair
a sizzers & sed
givvus ya money

but th bloke he juss laft at me

*it made me angry so i fort
i'd try en kill im
i swung at his froat
but he moved back & i couldn't
get me arm in far enuf
cos of th bars*

*then i had to back off
i had ta go fer th door*

*the coppers got me juss down
th road*

*i reely didn't no wot i was doin
i'd been on th ice en booze
fer five days*

*i juss reely wanna get out now
so i can get back on th ice
i luv it.*