

Whitby Goth Weekend

She's daubing on eyeliner thick as the 1990s
hairtips licked with dusky pink
all buckles and DMs and PVC straps
she's climbing the steps to the ruined abbey
God is blaspheming his fucking cock off

she's corseted tight as the 1700s
all buckles and lace and petticoat folds
she's spoiled her skirts with whale oil
she's boiling the blubber in fat vats
she's flensing the flesh from the bone

she's gutted and skinned and raw as the 1940s
a spectre in the fish market
she's slapping her flanks on the ice banks
she's ogling the boggle-eyed punters
as her blood pools on the flags

she's swindling the arcade sharks
she's scarred as Draculas's fangmarks
all crinoline hoops and bodice and sleeves
embalmed with candy floss and chipshop grease
she's hourglass-curved as the 1890s

Zoltar's fortune machine is warning her
not to let opportunity knock in vain
opportunity is knocking on her veins
hopeful and rosy and bogus as the 1990s
Zoltar is spitting out tickets like a sickness

she's listing her victims by lamplight
she's lifting the mist with her wingtips
she's harpoon-sharp as the 1700s
under the whale-bone arch
the ghost of a bowhead's mouth
wishing he would gulp her down
in a gallon of brine
so she could slip out to sea
through a hairline crack
in the baleen sheet
dissolve
herself
in
salt.