

Killing Time

After 'Ace of Bass' by Fiona Benson

Today you organised the loose sheets
on your desk until everything had a home, then drank
a little coffee in the afternoon, but tonight
you are foaming over inside, every fizzing feeling seeping
out of your pores like a dangerous chemical reaction
between sweet excitement and bitter fear, like a kid on sugar,
because tonight you are just old enough
for the darkness to tease you with who or what
it may bring along with its formative kiss
to wear *that* dress, to be infatuated with the idea
of touch. There is a sense of mystique
about the pub that can be smelt
from any location within a two mile radius
and even though everything in there is sticky,
you let your friends' faces guide you
like the neon blobs in lava lamps, the friends
that think this is the epitome of life,
who are foolishly in love with one another,
only because you all have a shared feeling
of something heady, that launches every hair on your body,

of something earthy, the alive, intoxicating, arch,
addictive, bawdy feeling of simple teenage lust,
everyone having a go of everyone before morning turns around.

So when your friend wants to kiss someone, let her.

Because that is her thing, she kisses people
to anoint them with the pearls of desire that slide
off her lips, slick with dizzy spit – and she has her eyes on you,

she has her hands on you too, and in between gulps,
she drapes herself over you like a statement necklace
made from flesh, like she could hang there for eternity,
as if this will all last, set in stone, never weathered,
because what else exists when you think
you know every sensation in the whole world.