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Poems

Eveline Tindale

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Poems

Abstract

FLAT HEAD, ODE TO CHILD PROTECTION WORKERS AND THE CULTURE WHICH GAVE RISE TO THEM

Eveline Tindale

FLAT HEAD

I saw her walking down the street
to meet her lover boy. She had
no head, no brain, was flat where her head
should have been. Although,
her face was in tact.

Lover boy was a bully who laughed
at the flat of her head. But he kissed
her face and said she was cute
for her age. She smiled and said,
he wasn't as bad as she thought.

I saw them drinking at the bar.
He was drunk, she was nearly so.
He laughed at the flat of her head,
asked the barman to give her a hat.
She took it well, on the chin, they said.

They left in a car, a black limousine.
They sat in the back and his friends
piled in too, for laughs, they said.
He put his hand up her dress, to get
a feel for the lay of the land, he said.

She said it was time to go home,
but they booed and said, not yet.
They took off her pants and held
her tight, while each had a go
at the girl with no head.

All done, they dropped her at home.
They weren't so bad those lads.
Mother said, dear, what have you done?
They raped me, she said. Have you lost
your head, mother said.

I saw her coming down the street
to meet her loverboy, who was a bully.
She had no head, no brain, no legs.
But her shoulders were big, her arms
were strong, and she longed

to kiss the bully boy.

ODE TO CHILD PROTECTION WORKERS AND THE CULTURE WHICH GAVE RISE TO THEM

When I was a little girl,
my father fucked me.
My mummy said,
it wasn't true.
Now I walk on broken glass
and my baby cries:
You fucked me, too.

And all the birds in the air
fell asighing and asobbing
and they cried: Me too! Me too!

Me too!