

Oh, you scared me...

No, I'm not lonely.

It scares me when the land disappears, the lights.

When it's just black - black water, black sky, black everything.

I've been up here on deck since we left Portsmouth, I was watching us leave,  
the docks blazing, lighting up the undersides of the clouds,

then the lights strung out along the coast...

I used to always want to write it all down,

but tonight there weren't words in my head, only -

caffeine, and the burning insides of stars

and I knew all I could do was stand there and gulp it all in,  
swallow it fizzing in mouthfulls of rain -

feeling sort of helpless and insecure when you can't pin things down into words

it makes me laugh and scream, - no, not having the SKIN,

- like standing on top of a cliff, staring up at the sky,

that makes me far dizzier than staring down at the waves

everything swirls around you -

- I'm not scared of heights, just the height of the sky -

and I'd start to think what's the point, if I can't put it into words,  
if I can't communicate this wonderfulness, this spinning in my head,

what's the point?

The New Forest this evening was an eerie unreal frosted thing and

I gulped it all down then just wanted to die feeling terribly alone

thinking what now, what now?

But now I'm thinking - so what? I AM alone!

Alone, on high, and high on - pure experience!

that I need to define for NO-ONE.

All these guy-ropes to hold my world stable when I'm a gorgeous spinning gyroscope

- I'm too young - it's my birthday today,

no, not really, don't fuss, I mean like -

Cambodia, Year Zero, this is my DAY Zero

- tomorrow morning - we can watch the sunrise over Le Havre with a last English breakfast,

- look at all the darkness, making the stars shine!

- Cassiopeae, the Pole Star -

Why let others define what you are...

scattering ropes and prescriptions...

and where are they now, screwed-up in numbered chairs,

with a P&O complimentary blanket, or drunk in club-class -

waiting for some wonderful scary grey French dawn to come shivering over the waves

- that's why I'm scared, I'm scared by my own possibility,

raging somewhere out there in the dark... if only it wasn't so cold...

I'm not dressed for the part, this silly thin skirt, look at me -

some soppy flustered sopping - kitten? KITTEN!

No, I'm a tigress, prowling the decks, catching flu

- is it warm over there, away from the rail?

Thank you.

You see, I have all I need, my eyes, my ears  
- I'm young, I can't write any more but I don't care,

it's my birthday today and oh please warm me, I don't need my tongue for these words but

I can still kiss fluently in at least 10 languages...

# NIGHT CROSSING