

# DRIFTMINE

SUZUKI'S  
SALPIA  
TEL. 774060

OPEN  
SALPIA  
RESTAURANT

FISH  
CHIPS  
Cafe

CAPE TAKE-AWAY  
77222

ITALY

Don't touch!

We step down into the dark,  
into the sudden stale reek of cigarettes, alcohol, hash -  
each further footstep jars more; this isn't how it should be.  
Outside, bank-holidaymakers clutter and annoy,  
faces flushed to a furious ripeness by tired incomprehension,  
they traipse doggedly back to Avebury, ice-cream, and the A4.  
We turn aside:  
2 miles north along the Ridgeway,  
the evening suddenly sighs, exhales, opens its eyes; enfolds us softly:  
"Let me show you the error of my ways..."

Shadows seep out from the east and the sky pricks with stars.  
- out there, in the violet half-light, where the rape trembles over our heads,  
you are charged, wired, and shivery, fixed on a breathless high -

But, walking back, the smell of wild garlic disarms us, lulls us:  
"I'll forgive you if you explain the meaning of 'I love you'..."

It means, I guess, that I'll fling my arms around anything small and shivery  
that's still scared by what life has to offer  
- rain through a broken skylight,  
these cold, prehistoric stars,  
or the dark calm undersides of motorways -  
and find rapture in that awestruck terrorised glitter of your eyes 5 moments ago;  
sometimes I am hopelessly moved by the simplest of things.

That first weightless kiss and the soft cool inside of your mouth.

We crouch below the Wiltshire skyline.  
There are snipers patrolling the inky rim.  
"I can think of people I'd rather be in love with. I'm just not..."

Unbroken, undimmed, we rise and cross the field.  
Barbed wire melts into strands of spun sugar that prickle inside our mouths.  
We run and capture weird shrapnel souvenirs for  
"the mantelpiece of old-age" - your phrase.

Two miles back.  
Lie with me again now upon this man-made hill.  
Bury your face in the face of the soil.  
See dead faces stare back in mutual disbelief -