

Irrepressive Nostalgia



Everyone does it differently

Though I have not eyes I have grown to know all that goes on

Predict all that will

And bear the scars of what has

Like a blind beggar I have not repressed a single memory

As they are all I now possess,

I wait in stark idleness for my next flick

To either illuminate or extinguish

Why is it that I am always the one to be overlooked

Never cleaned or appreciated?

Once, where I was born in Cheshire I had an Edwardian finish of outstanding providence

But since then, with every flick, every fumble or brush from an arm

Or undeniably solid pound from a shoulder my oil-rubbed-bronze thins and thins,

Like a balding man savouring every follicle I cling to every last pigment

But not tightly enough

My core shines through like a brilliant bronze

Dangling on an athletes torso

But medals aren't fondled as I, having to taste the sour, acidic taste of fingers and palms

Accumulating all that coats them.