

Arab Strap, Loch Leven

The rain pissed down on Leven's shores.
The sane rain would rain on superstores
and set off car alarms in our street.
Let's burn our clothes and hunt our meat.

A day of skies, a day of feasts,
we fell to bed, to grunt like beasts.
We could live in your wee car,
we could never go too far.

A flash of sun between your thighs,
a perfect black shape to protect my eyes.
A swooping hawk, a dying tree.
"Fuck me," says he, "fuck you," says she.

If i'm a clown, then you're a mime
but I'm sure that we'd be friends in time.
The selkie put her skin back on
and swam away, back to her own