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## Sun battles fog: fog wins

Hurley, UK

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But rather than try to wipe my mind with smoke  
I should just remember all the times I beat your arse at poker.  
When I was slim and you were soft,  
when you fell asleep with your face in my cunt,  
the time you shat the bed.  
Make the Satsuma shrink as though the juice  
had been sucked out,  
feel its skin slip sadly down my spine.

by Tamara Fulcher

### **Sun battles fog: fog wins**

An etcher has been abroad  
this night,  
burning ferns into windows.

Pigeons swarm around a slurry  
of rice and gravy.

He moves to avoid me,  
I move to avoid him:  
we touch.

Red cars line the gutter,  
one with smashed lights,  
paisley rabbit poised on dashboard.

The blue of distant mountains  
brought close on laminated  
buds.

Ursula Hurley