

Steve Cartwright

Our Kitchen

Our kitchen's not mucky but its not clean -
There's bits of leftovers on plates
Meat in chunks chopped out of bodies,
Sweating like motorway ham in cling film
Put it in the bin with a shudder
Onto the tea bags oozing brown
And sticking it all together in clumps.
Nowadays you can't burn it -
Everybody's got gas fired central heating
It's cleaner
So it gets wrapped in plastic bags
And put in dustbins for the men to fetch away.
When they come up our way,
They drop the rubbish all over the place
Or it blows about.
Doggies eat it.
In posher places they make you wrap it up
In big plastic sacks.
Husbands do it.
Outside our back,
The bits the dustmen drop have stuck to the path, A
nd been ground in.
It looks a right mess.
The perforated bit of a Persil packet
A festering loop of tatter peel
And the chocolate-sticky wrapper of a Kit-Kat.
A stained tissue flapping,
One wet dissolving ear preventing its escape Draws attention to itself
Gobbed in or not you think it's gobbed in