

Too Much Mirch

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the poetry business

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For Mum and Abu

Home Invasion

Salaam, come in! Please could you take off
your shoes? Don't mind the shrapnel
studding the carpet, we keep slippers for guests.

Careful – we're always tripping over
landmines on the staircase. In fact,
we've blown ourselves to bits

so many times, we started hanging
our limbs on the washing line.
Here's the fridge, feel free to help yourself,

there's pilau rice in ice cream tubs,
and fresh hand grenades in cling film.
If you want to dry your hands,

use the caliphate flag next to the oven gloves,
we're out of kitchen towel. You probably
can't even hear me over the bloody vacuum,

someone's always trying to Hoover
another war from under the carpet.
If you're cold, I can bring you a vest,

but remember, no sudden movements!
Sorry about the alarm, it's automatic –
goes off every time there's an intruder.

Debbie

Debbie follows the pampered cat when it comes to love. She pulls the skin taut around her temples, tells me to train as a plastic surgeon every time she sees me. The envy of Rumpelstiltskin, her scissors spin split ends into silk. She once gave the moon a blue rinse for free. Botox is scaffolding for her surprised eyebrows. Some pearls only Debbie can gift: *all colours are a matter of opinion, especially caramel. You only get one lightning bolt love. Karma will get that nail technician, believe you me.* She is clearing her afternoon to attend a Brexit rally. She is closing the shutters to give her hijabis some privacy. (Debbie knows layers better than most). I think she's f*cking up my fringe, but who am I to tell her? This is Debbie's world, we're all just living in it.

Dissection Room: Reproductive Anatomy

The demonstrator is
using a kebab skewer
to scrape past strings
of yellowed muscle,
tissue-paper intestines
and shredded labia.

He's hovering above
ovaries made raisins
by formaldehyde.
I am trying to focus
on fibrous ligaments
and their attachments,

but those wiry hairs
are really disconcerting,
and imaginary names
for her haunted eggs
jingle in my brain
like tiny bells. Poor thing,

I wish she had been
gifted to the maggots.
They know how to butcher
a body with reverence.

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