



Creative Writing in a Contemporary Context — Autumn Semester Portfolio One.

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Perspective

there are so many things

like the way one glass of wine will hold
you when he forgets how to
in its bitter tongue and stolen smile,
one glass of wine is just as good as an embrace
with their hair resting smooth against your neck

like soft oranges and blooms of roses in a hedge,
the things that you will miss
when the sound of rain spattering against car tires becomes
familiar, you will become a pluviophile.

the thrum of fluorescent strip, lighting
the places your feet trace
so often you don't even know where you once belonged and yet,
these rooms will disappear before you have a chance to love them.

no one teaches you that,
the world owes you nothing
more than the glazed wonder of a fireworks display
the crisp of an ivory page
will still bring you joy.

in this world that owes you nothing,
you will give everything.

The Lab Assistant

A pensive rock in the middle of a quiet, bubbling ocean.
Freckles on the back of warm, honeyed thighs, like
long drinks of root beer and sun-silted lemonade -
The froth of ice cream, slipping down your fingers
and meeting milky foam, as it stirs around primeval creatures' homes.

A non-consequential work day.
Gold leaf overlaid on vanilla buttercream,
like a Labrador, groomed to perfection
only without the saliva; Drips bloom
chin over dish; consume, exhume, her popped powder room.

Like a mid-November rainfall,
amber in the corner of your eye
and the loss of your patience. This
undulating road is quicker than

the nano-virus that starts the zombie apocalypse
and the withering of the last buttercup - the
banana yellow of the rucksack
on the back of an eight-year-old Alexander Fleming.

The night nurse comes to take you away.
Froth on a pair of rabid lips
and the padded palace walls where you hang your coat.
The disconcerting stirring in primeval creatures' homes.