Temptress

Helen Burke

Ignoring instructions

Is the only way to live, boldly Waywardly. A little wild.
They give us the guide book as We arrive in Rome.
The way to the catacombs, the chapel Of five wounds, the way of the rosary Are all laid bare. Step by troublesome step, And point by point, it suggests We head straight there. We shall be Absolved of all life if we only follow The do or die instructions. Instead, you and I are random
In our wanderings, we arrive unexpectedly At dark alleyways where artists Sit and paint. We drink wine in sudden Outbursts and pour ourselves into the Sunset at every given moment. Except for the sunset. We shout Constantinople at strangers And remove our clothes in anticipation Of fountains.

In These Stranger Cities

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We profess to speak Italian we shout
Va bene e ciao, and wave
Our arms a lot, and brandish happy
Faces in the face of soot and danger.
The guide book is a guide to false
Eternity, we have no use for it.
The following of instructions may lead To death and worse.
We kick our heels,
In our small front room.

We made the odd right choice.

We were always strong-

Our arms a lot, and brandish happy.

Our arms a lot, and brandish happy.

We were always strong-

We may move to Rome. It may be
The Freedom of Youth

For years, my parents were problem kids.

We were always strong-

We may move to Rome. It may be
The Freedom of Youth

For years, my parents were problem kids.

The house itself built over an old orchard.

Neighbours mad as yelping dogs.

Stones thrown at me.

I often felt like Eve
The shiny fruit
Always wanting to know
If there was more out there,
More to it than this. Must be. Has to be.
Up and down the world we went
For all those years.

Me and the problem kids
And no
Until dad
And mam spoke the final word.
Two problem kids were mine.

And nowhere near these
And the problem kids

with all the answers.
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rated.
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s horse at last came in.

one seeing sense.
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