

By Jacob Bouyer

***After Not The Furniture Game* by Simon Armitage**

His arms were like the M5 motorway

Their laugh was a wildflower meadow

Her brain was a discarded letter

Burnt like an early autumn hillside

His body was a pathway of tears

His anger was 5am phone calls

Their hands were like grenades and mortars

His flat was a lurking seascape

His car was a hailstorm of fingers

Their breath was the Twin Towers

His face a gateway to a crumbling estate

His wrists were knitted with ivy

Her eyes were starlings in formation

Their love was a speeding Wurlitzer studded with stars

Their love was towering bodies

Their love was a second Blitzkrieg