

The Best of Bugged
Selected from submissions up to July 7th

Tiny poet on bus
Helen Addy

Mother,
Big sister,
Little sister;
shoulders lulled together by hills.

"Moon, moon!" ,cries Little Sister.
Mother leans but cannot find.
Big sister follows dimpled finger to nothing;
her voice sweet and clear.
"Maybe the circles of rain on the window
are tiny, tiny moons from far away."

They quieten;
chewing sweets and pulling on coats.
We get off together;
the sickly sky emptied of rain.

To carry it now
Andrew Bailey

If, within your brown paper,
whatever it is wriggles,
it is alive, a moth in the cage
of your hands. That is
a heartbeat, a countdown,
the clasp of a birdcage
breaking. Time then,
whatever your levels
of preparation, to own
what it was you wanted.
How it wriggles. Let it go.

[overheard: "Yeah, I don't want to carry it now and have the responsibility"]

Cool Box
Lucy Jeynes
I have a cool box
That used to belong
To the Bay City Rollers.
It is not tartan
Nor even check
It's very plain.

In those days
Owning a cool box
Was cool.

I bet they drank
Double Diamond
For its wonders.
Or Irn Bru
For its girders:
Icy cold.

They left it behind
After the gig
And I took it home.

At first I showed it off
Everyone wanted to see
But now it's ordinary.
It lives under the stairs
With a broken record player
And the Betamax.

Been a Lot of Ferret Theft
Jo Field

They slink like a sleekness of water
silver and sable past the mind's eye,
hob and jill and kit flowing easy
under lintel, across sill.

They're picking over the family plate,
scraping its polish with spiky claws,
passing it back along a chuckling queue
with practised paws and wicked grins.
They're stuffing sacks, making good
their masked escape.

A dark-eyed white is in the driving seat,
scouring the tarmac, scorching the night
with the hot spoor of rubber, trailing
a disorderly flounce and hitch of tails
from flapping doors.

They crack their sharp triumphant smiles.
No more tinned food, no litter tray, no trousers
to be thrust into and thrashed around in
like a bag of snakes. No more manhandling
through rabbit holes, or miles of plastic pipe
or cardboard rolls.

At Dover, an albino waits with passports.
The loot is portioned: to each as much
as he can carry. In the musky mist of dawn
they're doing the weasel war dance,
bopping and barging and bumping
on the Dunkirk ferry.

“And every time they flush the toilets in Norwich.....”

Brenda Ray

Be careful when you flush a loo in Norwich.
It may not be as simple as you think.
Be careful when you flush a loo in Norwich,
And don't make a contribution that won't sink.
The baby may be happy
Without that gruesome nappy
But it would be so much better in the bin.
That baby alligator
May be back to haunt you later -
It's just au revoir until the tide comes in.
Be careful when you flush a loo in Norwich
Though you may think this is just a load of tosh.
But whatever you put down a loo in Norwich
Will come out very shortly in The Wash.

It's all up in the air

Ruskin Brown

Alright Mush, how's it going? Said how's it going? Yeah not bad mate not bad. Just off to me sister's, nowt special. Yeah. What you up to? Good idea. Don't blame ya don't blame ya. Ha ha ha ha. And the rest. Sally? She's a dark horse int she? She's always real quiet but Christ almighty. Dan bought me a triple whisky and she just like reggae danced over and picked it out of his hands and downed it in one, unbelievable. I said oi that was a triple whisky that and she went oh sorry and went and got me a single, real innocent like. Yeah weed in the car park! And oh yeah I'm just remembering these little miniature absinthe bottles in her bag these little green bottles Jesus Christ. Oh my head's like a vice man, fucked. Hopefully get some fresh air, clear it up. Yeah. I know, I know. About Rufus. Well I'm worried about it but he just won't listen anyway so what's the point? I told him straight he should knock it on the head completely, just stop now and come home. Ten days! Mate, he met her ten days ago, no I swear on your life mate, ten days he's known her. Student. One of his classes. English yeah. And now he's like all this we're in total love and I'm meant to be with her and all this and I'm like oh for fuck's sake, get a grip of yourself man, she's married! Yeah married Mush married. No proper married, she's like from this strict muslim background. Don't know, don't know but like, he's saying oh it could be so dangerous for her if her family find out and all that, you know. Yeah! No, it's serious man, serious. I said I don't want to make assumptions about her culture and all that but I don't think they do amicable divorce in Turkey. What like come and find him and cut his head off or something? Ha ha ha. No but you can't mess about though can ya? Jesus. Ten days. To her, yeah, definitely. He's like I don't know what to do I don't know what to do I said just stop being such a fucking prick, that's what. He rings me from a phone box in Istanbul at one in the morning going now she can't get a passport without her husband finding out and we're gonna have to do this and we're gonna have to do that and I'm thinking this is just off the script. Joe's telling

him follow your heart and everything will work out blah blah blah Yeah. All that. Peace and... I know it's, true, in a way, follow your heart but Joe just... yeah. He doesn't know what's really going on. You can't just follow your heart follow your heart. Just cos you want something.... yeah that's what I mean, forbidden fruit. I bet she's gorgeous and it's like when something's in front of you and you want it but you can't, and it all goes mental. Anyhow I've had enough of it now to be honest, I'm just like, I can't be doing with it, someone else sort it. I think either Holland or Germany to be honest. No not Argentina. I wish I'd put a tenner on Germany when I thought it back in the groups, six to one in was. Ha ha. Yes ve are so vell organised our defence is impenetrable. Ve are a force to be reckoned vith. Ha ha. Ok bud see you at Joe's later then, sort me bike out? Yeah nice one. Cheers mate. See ya. Later. Ok. Bye.

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