

Eleanor Hooker

By Longing

But I was always that person, even in early childhood.

Small, dark-haired, dreaded by the other children.

– Louise Glück

Some belong	some long to		some people never
let them	some survive	some die	of loneliness
some say	to belong wear		their armour – twin-set steel
Steinbeck's pearl	wasp-honey tweed	nettle-stings	you know
some lie	on the cold earth	searching	searching for a second sun
find only	winter bulbs soil	some lie	inside the cold earth some lie
some stand	in their birdcage	<i>tweet-tweet</i>	staring down a Jackal standing
in a rib cage	staring down a lion		
Some say	lie down splay – like this and this		play deaf play dead
██████████ is some people			██████████ is every Jackal
some say angel	say angel-dust	say black-wing	some say angels kill
some speak	with their mouths	they belong	some speak
say <i>malis corpore</i>	say angel dust	say run river run	run run river
say God	say p-p-p-pock	say little creature	say Irish cream liqueur
twice	say air-raid siren	say monkey-man	little woman say blood
say mantra – say raven-death	say coven	say thirteen	say fire say burn
say no say no	say no say say	say no say say	say no say no
<i>quidam dicere verum</i>	and live a little more		every solitary hour
every solitary day	until a fat man sends a text		'all fall down'
some say	'in the gutter now' some say		'they're in the gutter now'
some say	<i>rise</i> be <i>the dream and the hope</i>		some say <i>ssh</i> a warm spot reserved in hell
some say	this poem is about a witch hunt		some say the witch is dead
some say no	she's alive and well her hide		hiding inside you