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My mum when, she's
worried because she's not
heard from me for ages
or when I don't reply to
her messages, or emails,
or answer the phone she
always says *for all I know*
you might've been face
down in a ditch somewhere.
I think she says that
because her mother said
that to her. Her mum was
from Portsmouth and was
the daughter of a publican.
Lots of watery ditches,
ancient waterways,
down in Portsmouth
you might trip into.

If you don't answer the
phone I'm going to call the
police.

For we like sheep
Have gone astray

And there she is bubbling
her last breaths. Close
your legs darling theres
a breeze. I was in the
bathroom and my mum
apologised to me for
having given me her knees,
until that point I hadn't
realised. For we, like sheep,
have gone astray, tumbled
into the ditch and poisoned
the drinking water. Kate
Moss returns to form
a scum, a skin on top of the
milk I think, ok, so the first
time I saw him was when I
was doing a job in Warsaw.
He went over your head,
strung up above your head
you had to duck beneath
him decorated with
bruises, blisters and bows,
festooned with ribbons,
pinned at the cross-overs.
My grandmother told me
to not walk on the grass
because there could be dog
mess. Violent and armed
dog shit hiding in the grass,
praying on young girls.

Beth Collar
Face Down in a Ditch
22nd May - 5th June, 2022

