

Penarth: The Other Side

Walking Penarth is a thankless task
and a miserable way to die
gasping out the breath of life
beneath an uncaring sky.

With angular, crablike movement
I creep across the sand
and watch you charging forward
to the tortures of the damned.

With aspartame words you lured me
to this hellhole of a spot;
Heaven on earth you promised --
that's precisely what it's not.

I've chipped a nail and barked my chins,
and these rocks, they jab my toes!

My hair's been mussed, and I can feel
sunburn creeping 'cross my nose.

The wind off the sea is putrid
and reeks of rotting fish.

Oh, the torments you will suffer

If I ever get my wish--!

How could I have listened
to your sacchrine phrases sweet?

I must have been demented,

or followed you in sleep.

Of all the places on this earth

where I could choose to stay,

frying on this forsaken strand

is not where I'd be today.

Kites and gulls will pick my bones

'tween cliffside and the sea,

and kittiwakes scrounge through the stones

looking for bits of me.

Should I survive this death march,

I swear by what gods there be

I'll leave Penarth and ne'er return –

and on your grave I'll pee.

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