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Pippa Little

She's moving today
Windows got sieved steel on

She's moving today
Hustling twenty bin bags into a borrowed truck
With her scribbled-blue bare-skinned man

There's a pyre in the yard
Ten foot high
Squint-masted pirate ship
Nailed planks, slimy toddler trikes,
Bedspreads, bedsteads, skateboards –

Who's going to burn it now
Up on the hill

As the lights punch on inside the dusk
Who's going to flick it into life

A beacon to the Tyne
To the wet grey roofs of Vickers
To far off licky-blue IKEA

Left like a finger sticking up
A fuck you
To this shut-down shut-up shut-out place.

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