



■  
IF LUCK  
EVER  
COMES, LET  
IT BE  
BACKDATED


Daisy  
Thomas  
■



It was all so urgent before, mopping the cafe floor  
quick enough  
to unlock a different door, kettles to boil,  
surnames  
to locate on a list. *O key fobs. O passcodes.*  
*O timesheets.*  
I've always been so violently employed, forever  
on my way,  
my many moods dripping through the city.  
*O bus hopper fare.*  
*O paper jam.* Which boss is watching me today?  
*O overlapping rotas.*  
*O effective file names. O pigeon holes. O leave it*  
for the cleaners. There are customers I hate,  
cameras I hide from,  
questions I avoid asking. *O doctor's note.*  
*O nostalgic playlists.*  
*O fag break. O banana bread. O out of date*  
*abundance.*  
*O unwanted proofs. O all day my bag gets heavier.*

On the blue bed I was hot and leaking  
I had made a dangerous decision  
and landed stupid in a ballpit of hurt  
my hand ballooned and so purple  
so pitiful I couldn't look  
when the curtain ripped open  
I had no answer  
I just sat there embarrassed  
& blinking  
like a toad





Each day I arrive on time with my stench,  
my swarm of honesties, my water bottle.  
Someone asks if I have a flannel at home,  
suggests mouthwash, screaming into a pillow.  
A doctor to adjust my doses, my sick note,  
my records. Another analysis nobody asked for.  
Can my sweet tooth have a second to dance?  
I'm full up on my warning signs: hopelessness  
about yoga ability, visions of annihilation,  
a growing smell of Germolene, long walks  
on the beach. Before I leave, the same, safe  
questions, lanyards, fire doors, letters, hands  
helpful at my ankles.

I pull endless anecdotes from my sleeve,  
ritual dance around the printer, protect my archive  
of appointments. My big red nose, my skittles,  
I am not hiding anything. I can reveal my urges  
blindfolded. I can tightrope from one assessment  
to the next. My points are adding up. The nature of  
my condition is daytime television real, I join new  
waiting list. So many voices I won't hear again,  
& fingers crossed  
I've charmed them all.

