

Alice Fraser

Diary of a Shetland Pint

Sitting at a Coffee Shop

The perfect cherry

I'm not sure if there is someone across from me

Two liked-minded cherries?

Inhaling and exhaling validation and time

A prudish hedonist in her bustle, huffing and puffing, her nose planted in the air, the lady carried with her quite an obvious lack of spatial awareness but alas t'was fine, she had her chaperone, aka "prince charming", aka her beloved communal narcissist to support her.

She wore a baby sling on her back in an attempt to dominate her avant-garde whilst remaining upfront about her priorities, for the last man she wedlock wore a balaclava to confess his love to her! What a weasel! Our heroine was not the type to be cast off as some kind of side chick.

Are they seeing each other? Cooed the echo chamber

Their best shelves hugging the table they drank over

An ecosystem with phantom limbs

Inhaling and exhaling validation and time

Welded together with what "feels right". I guess that is the sentimental bit that you can dress up or down in your head and will differ from person to person

Prince charming mourned his dead wife - with whom he shared a matching birthmark, something our heroine felt she could never compete.

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Protectively, playfully dangling my plaits

Cherry like moon, smirking and omniscient

You karate chop in the mirror me onto your bed

We shared a takeaway off a skateboard once which I liked

Posh rebels 4 child bearing, oh how you would contest me, pigeon in a hole you

No chill but still

Lying in bed staring at the back of you

Obviously a manipulated cherry will lose nutrients
Cherries reaction to burst out their skin producing whimsical tornados of cement and ties

Anarchy and bricks, anarchy and bricks
Vertigo spirals like tumbleweed
In the same way every time I think I love you I need to pee
Pretending your body isn't pathetic, will make for a less dignified fall
– Cherry like moon, smirking and omniscient

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Swooning helicopters spiraling in
to the safe, open arms of their shared bungalow
prey man t'is mobile without a map and entertaining without a cause
for this man is the incubated one

not so abruptly kicked out the nest
ce la vie rolls off his tongue
and not in the morbid sense

Cherries will wrestle over men who love their mothers
Cherries that hate their fathers are the shiniest. Your reflection bounces off.
Cherry like moon, smirking and omniscient.
Shiny cherry moon is fixed to the right-hand corner of the page.
There's also a swirly pathway that leads nowhere and everywhere.
Twilight sits comfortably with your mood for as long as both can sustain.
The twilight of your career: a period or state of obscurity, ambiguity or gradual decline.

A bunch of cats in a circle
all on their hind legs
Observing the cat of the month
moan about capitalism
Perpetrated by involuntary goosebumps
Intrusively floating amongst them
Like a backdrop of Monet stars
Like imaginary elephants parading the room

Like an unwanted boner
Incriminated faces playing hot potato with salt brimmed lips
The evolving tumbleweed hairball becomes erratic
Fixating us away from awkward glances
For they all know too well the story of a hose and a flower
Squirm for me, sorry squirt for me
If I laugh, will I appear funny
I wish I could focus on what this cat was saying

Always plant and water your seeds
Cherry like moon, smirking and omniscient

I've learnt to curb the onset of panic by caressing myself and evolving into my own foie-gras.
I finessed in every inch of your grey tracksuits a year after you
Scrabbling fingers and quivering loins tenderly intertwined into a naive web
that was before oOOoo inked leathery gristle
Tiger marks and smile lines later
leading to a chronic diving dolphin in the crevice of your back
Remember I'm smirking - you wouldn't handle that
My crown is dispensable, my smirk crucial.

Alice is an artist/writer currently based in London, whose artistic practice coincides with studying an MA in Social Work. Her work is a combination of painting and text, taking on double word meanings in an attempt to humour and expose hierarchical divides in language, often drawing on slang and lyrics, playing with interpretation and perspective. The subject toys with emotional and romantic themes from an irritated post-modern perspective.