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Three Urban Ladies *A Trilogy of Tawdry Testimony* *by a Terminal Timewaster*

1. Lady of Steel

The plane I'm waiting on has your face painted on the wings... (When it crashes, I'll eat the paint off...)

The jetliner's silhouette, a colossal steel crow, cuts the sky into shards. Air particles throb and weep in the slipstream, which lacerates the blue midnight in a holocaust of shattered cloud.

The glare upon the wing is not the sun but a psychic flare shot out from yr airborne dreams as yr sleeping head trembles upon my shoulder ...

Diamanda Galas continues to howl unheeded from yr muted earphones, her apocalyptic chant merging with jet engines in a sonic parade towards that timeless abyss where all skies dissolve ...

Two rows diagonally in front, that dark-haired girl you'd said you'd like to fuck chews on a ragged fingernail. Her eyes stare unblinking at a silent screen where Hollywood, terrified of a psychic mutiny in heaven, plays out the now irrelevant myths of a dislocated planet ...

I squeeze yr limp arm with tight cold fingers. The beat of the blood in yr thin veins ploughs its juggernaut of memory remorselessly through my bones ...

Beyond the window a second plane reflected in the vista of cloud carries my younger self across other oceans to an entirely different continent where you await with a new face, a different name ...

The vacant sadness of airports is this journey's terminal disposition ...

The glazed-eye dull ache dislocation of duty free outlets and cold plastic-seated benches has oozed out of the building to claim the landscape of Florida ...

This whole state is an enormous airport. In the spiritual home of the Space Age, each building, balcony and balustrade points fatalistically to the open