

# 'Play With Me' by M. Pedersen

Review by Jacqueline Thompson

[ ] a poem is like a bomb,  
a bomb like a poem; assembled correctly, both  
explode, they don't arrive, become  
instantly important as she did and could again.



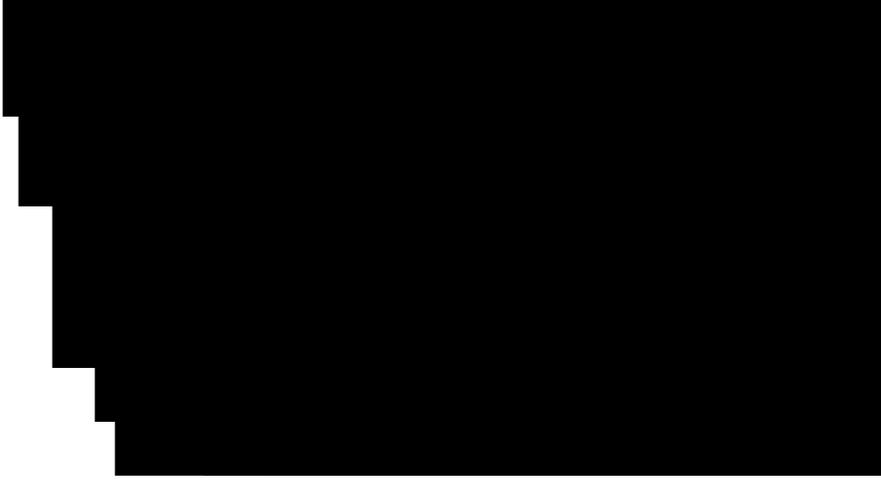
*This is the way to walk  
when in love with your new shoes,  
still blistered  
by the old pair.*

*next time  
I wield a conversational pickaxe  
with mistimed velocity*

*or head off on a squint orbit,  
bear in mind, I probably ruined my*

*erudite elders: folded skins  
and muckle beards they re twizzling  
constantly, each a bard of handsome  
a hoarder of cadged chronicles.*

*As for the rats,  
gremlins and even more sinister  
goings on they host well, we can t  
all choose who comes to visit,  
or at what hour they call.*



*A seventy-strong siege  
of swipes and stamps  
leave him writhing  
a crushed worm.*



*I ve forgotten  
the old regime [ ]  
My monuments await  
restoration, half my population  
is children.*

*limps*

*to the bank's edge and spurts*

*triumphantly*

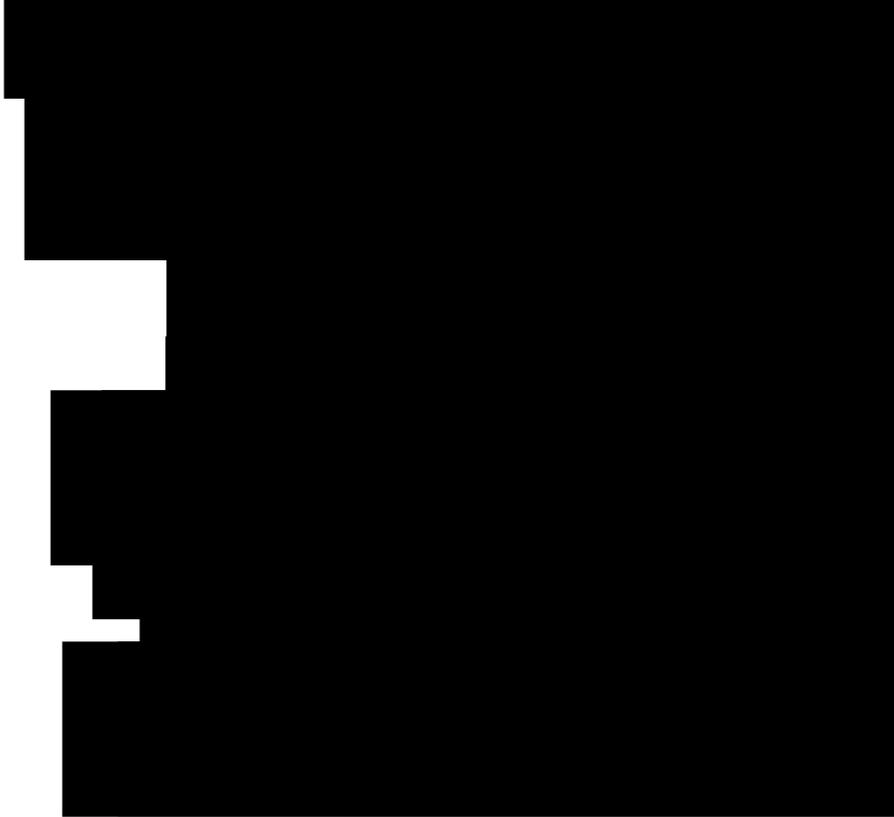
*out into the current*

*like a rogue pup, as the moon, gidd*

*gawks from above.*

*Play With Me*

[ ] a poem is like a bomb,  
a bomb like a poem; assembled co  
explode, they don t arrive, become  
instantly important as she did and could again.



*we  
feasted on each other, spinning  
the conversational equivalent  
of a roly poly.*

*This is the way to walk*

*when in love with your new shoes,  
still blistered  
by the old pair.*

*erudite elders: folded skins  
and muckle beards they re twizzling  
constantly, each a bard of handsome  
a hoarder of cadged chronicles.*

*As for the rats,  
gremlins and even more sinister  
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*Play With Me*

*limps  
to the bank's edge and spurts  
triumphantly  
out into the current  
like a rogue pup, as the moon, giddy  
gawks from above.*

*Play With Me*

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*(c) The Bottle Imp*