

## Alan and the Hag - Andy Crosby

Alan sits in vapours sweet enough  
to

Sugar air to candy  
Watches TV  
Sips at his tea.

Mesmerised by drunket films a-go-go

La-la (Flick lips like a child)

The room is a stage for pipéd curtains,  
Drawn to billow over losses sweated over  
Threadbare tyres.

[That's his job you see.]

A woman taps the front-room window,  
Framed amongst the mock-stained frames.

A Harlequin  
Appeared to be the sorceress of lore  
or love  
or  
(from Alan) - "What do you want, luv?"

(He goes to question her that Wants.)

So close, the light beams interact  
And words traverse the thickness in-between.

"Give us some money."

- "Uh?"

"Give us some money!!"

.....?

The TV drools and spreads its high pitched gore.

Gore or woman, gore or woman.....?

Gore or or or ... ?

(She will not go whilst light beams dance and words play in-between)

“I need the money

I need the money to get me home (!)”

The wily hag has clothes of rags  
To keep her secrets safe.

Her harried face and hunched-up bod  
makes Alan shrug and take account of this  
Poor Soul’s predicament.

“Where do you live?”

The line repeated makes her squeak: “Cleethorpes.”

His energy inbibed through sitting still - and soaking up old films

SWELLS up!

He casts a thumb. “Fuck off! This is Leeds!”

And sits and waves - the hag goes off and curses  
To another window and another day-drained prince.