

## Dis-Affected

Kirsty Hawkshaw

Just hanging around  
Like a dis-used satellite  
Gathering space junk  
In her bigger disguise  
Life strewn landminestyle in her wake  
Clutching her ball of broken stardust  
Heating and squeezed  
Glowing so feebly  
Ready to throw into my eyes  
Stealla blowout  
Dust pouring from the vacuum  
Of her exploding mind  
Stealla  
I hide behind the calm moon  
I can't give her  
What she can't find  
Now I don't think she likes me  
I make it hard for her to find me  
Victory within defeat  
But opposites can be united  
Only in the form of compromise  
Between the light and the darkness  
Is a share in both skies  
Stealla blowout  
Dust pouring from the vacuum  
Of her exploding mind  
Stealla  
I hide behind the calm moon  
I can give her what she can't find  
Stealla hangs around the quasar  
Stealing illumination  
For her bigger reprise  
Juxtapose the boundary  
Heart like an asteroid  
Turning on that cosmic split  
Without delusion or regret  
But her repressed desires  
Stick like arrows in my flesh