



Pamphlet of poems:  
*My buddy and I*

Capucine Trotignon

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*My buddy and I***“Stardust this, Stardust that”**

Springs to mind when I try to destroy  
My French Canon

When I wonder who the scars on my thighs  
Belong to

When I let my fingers disfigure  
Foreign borders on my tummy

A lover used to say  
The lines on my hips are those of a tiger,

Hiding

But that was once,  
Long before we met

Before my breasts stole space  
Around my heart

Before my hips reminded my grandma  
Of the girl she lost when she gave birth

At my age

I used to play Pretend  
Long before we met

I pretended to hate by heart  
Movies I'd never watched

The issue with self-love  
Lies with the self, distant,

Hiding,

One forgotten staircase  
In a house collapsing

## Capucine Trotignon

*"Inside" is a poem written in response to Rachel Long's poem "Inside".<sup>1</sup>*

**Inside**

Mamie's bedside table  
 Cup not emptied because it's not  
 Hers. Slutty knickers for Saturday,  
 Self-help self-love books but it's not  
 Hers. Blue pearls searching for a daughter  
 Not quite happier. Pink proud leggings  
 Mamie says to mummy they're too old to wear

Them

Slightly lighter collared woolly jumper  
 Will take her to the Young Wives  
 Meeting. That is Sunday we know.  
 Leaflets leaflets leaflets never meaningless  
 Never meaning Left but whispering fears of loss in navy blue

Inside the drawer  
 A note in pretty fifties letters  
 Not to empty his coffee cup  
 Not now not never.

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<sup>1</sup> Rachel Long, *My Darling from the Lions* (London : Picador Poetry, 2020), p. 49.

*My buddy and I***“Gay Dream”**

What's lying on the sofa

Grasping your mind like a wasp maybe has stung you in the heart granting you very little time to stop reflect what's love what's pain because it's here now and your brain is ablaze

It's a picture book packing up your childhood

Throwing it away somewhere you'll never know where until it stings you in the brain

Now you're stretching your fingers like perhaps fingers can sting too

You sigh like sighing is not universally common

Like you are universally common

But only I can hear you sigh

If you were like a Young Adult novel it'd be different

I'd read you up no problem no poem no je t'aime

It'd be different I'd devour you in a week maybe like this is life and there is nothing else to do the world is so common I know it by heart only I don't I just let my heart fall and fall and bruise and bruise and bruises never make me stop

This adult fiction now running out of time no one has time to read no one has time to sting or be stung or be clung no one should wait in the dark waiting for another dream to fade but no one dreams like I do like you can only exist if I let you sigh on the sofa like it's so common but only I can hear the sound of your book cover opening and I want to I swear I do want to but I can only come out, like in a coma, half asleep in my dreams sleep walking into failure

**Burying the soul.**

When someone dies do you miss the body or the soul  
Do you bury the soul and mourn the ashes

Do you miss sushis with them or do you weep for sushis never eaten  
Like mourning her tummy

Do you miss her small hand in your hand trying to escape  
Do you feel like that hand isn't yours to mourn in the first place

Is it her tall purple coat lost in the London lights  
Do you feel you should have spent more time looking back searching for one purple night

Do you think she misses you back

Can you ever comprehend a book if most pages have been torn apart by a much bigger  
hand  
And you are left alone without the neatly crafted body of text

*My buddy and I***Happy Poetry**

Is there such a thing as Happy Poetry

Soothing your skin like a blissful memory

Like a first love so horny

Comforting your soul like chocolate in your tummy!

Or is it all cheats and broken lines

Raging doom sat in the dark

Like burnt milk in a tart

Pretty words glittering the lies

Like blooming flowers on a planet left to die

Perception.

It seems as though he doesn't see  
     Flabby bits of belly  
     Or bold scars in line  
     Ghostly kilograms  
   When he looks  
 Not even the black of my lashes  
     Burdening my eyes  
     With biased blinds  
     Pinkish bumps  
     Neatly resting on my breast  
   Does he see  
 Uncertainty plunging bony feet into  
     The ground  
     Hairy patches hiding under  
     queerish armpits  
   In the mirror  
 Twisted curves twisting the mind  
     Tender butt cheeks studied in  
     Silence  
 In the back of a brain painted in  
     Black  
   White  
   Can he really gaze  
 And observe complexity in the  
     Back  
   White  
                     Of my hand  
     The blue in peril of my veins  
   Could he guess  
 Obsessive possessive dismay  
     Border dysmorphia  
   Me.

*My buddy and I***My buddy and I**

My body and I  
only swear by good sex

because we are young and queer  
and that is how we exist

when my body's drive drained,  
I was left with scars smothering my throat

and noone to help me cover them  
with thunderous makeup at 4AM

Does it hurt more to lie about sex  
and pretend like your body behaves

like your mind would expect or  
for my body to bear its breasts. Though

an illness which cannot find a name  
cannot exist. Where does she live?

perhaps my body is a cherry tree  
whose blooming branches only grow dead berries

and my soul a hollow house  
which cannot capture light

whose sole window  
a cherry tree obstructs with all its might

perhaps they are ONE not three  
tied like one stem cherries

are you really in good hands  
when yours are tied in the dark