

Crooks lay in a weighted state  
Waiting for the dead assassin  
While the rust pure powder puffs  
A shimmering opaque red  
Papers spread, no one driving  
We hurled direct ahead

The windows dark-green tinted  
The hearse a taxi instead

Snowstorms forecast imminently  
In areas Dogger, Viking  
Moray, Forth, and Orkney  
Keeping cover in denuded scrub  
The school destroyed raised the club  
Panic spreading with threat of fire

Crowding beneath a layer of foam  
Refugees intertwined, alone

Within the institution walls  
In pastel blue, clinical white  
Slashed red lipstick  
Mercy nurse tonight

Seems like dark grey stockings  
In the raking torchlight  
With a 4 AM stubble  
A midnight transvestite

Moray, Forth, and Orkney