

# Three Sided Coin

Kae Tempest

Retell the old tales  
Retail's complete hell, we need some detail  
That's why I've been staring at the stem of this plant  
For like the last day and a half, the last day and a half, the last  
Now the three sided coin buys the bow legged calf  
And we've been sucking out the milk  
From its mother's teat incessantly  
So come on, pump us full of nothingness  
And hear us sing the melody  
And watch us dance the thin line  
Between the in thing and integrity  
Vacuum-packed, shrink-wrapped, wartime spam-bots  
Following the stories of the day  
In a hands-off, dandruff-in-your-sandwich kind of way  
Infinite distraction  
Now the distance between objects  
Can be measured out in fractions  
But the distance between people  
Is a scale that we can't balance  
We're frail, our hearts haven't had time to try fathom  
The scales of old dragons are nails in gold coffins  
This island of England  
Oh, England  
We set out from this place  
For murder and murder  
And then we squared it away like it did not occur  
Now when people are lost, they need people to join  
But beware of the three-sided coin  
And when people are hurt, they need people to blame  
But beware of the fear you can't name

I take the bins out, it's raining  
The kids are on the pavement with their hoods up  
Waiting for buses  
And on the radio, someone's complaining  
Saying until now, they never discussed it in public  
Same thing as yesterday  
Careful with the hot tap, cold to burning in a second  
Clothes on, stare in the mirror  
Aware of the process of life slipping out of the eyes  
Deodorize  
Mentholated paste on the bristles  
Scrub the enamel, now shoelace  
Hands like somebody else's  
Where are the hands from before?  
I was 10 years old once  
Life got quiet last night  
Station platform  
Coffee from the man in the hut with the stutter  
I see a friend from school, but we ignore one another  
I flick through the papers instead  
Aching legs, pounding head  
I can't wait for the weekend  
I'm staying in bed  
In the mouth of a breaking wave  
In the mouth of a breaking storm  
Shaken, thinking something is coming

The sky's an unusual colour  
The weather is doing unusual things  
And our leaders aren't even pretending not to be demons  
So where is the good heart to go but inwards?  
Why not lock all the doors and bolt all the windows?  
All I am are my doubts and suspicions  
I against you against we against them  
This is how it begins  
And this is how it will end