

## David McLean

there is night

there is night and times  
full of life and goldfish,  
the fluid scent of dead things  
like love in a smoky bowl;

and sorrow drops from us  
like scales from a dead snake,  
like flames in a desert,  
like home.

there is night and a bowl  
of light, there are smells  
who are heaven, and fish  
of gold - they swim best

alone

**David McLean** has a BA in History from Oxford, and an unconnected MA in philosophy, much later, from Stockholm. He also has a new chapbook *of dead snakes* and another chapbook called *nobody wants to go to heaven but everybody wants to die* (Poptritus Press 2009). A novella *Henrietta forgets* (Isms Press 2010) and a large 250 poem anthology called *laughing at funerals* (Epic Rites Publications) as well as a chapbook *hellbound* (Epic 2009). For Epic Rites he edits the chapbook series and the e-zines *lines written w/ a razor* and *the thin edge of staring*, as well as selecting work for the radio network. He also writes reviews for Heavy Bear.