

## Anamia by Stu Hennigan

Straight after dinner,  
he heads upstairs to his  
cool tiled sanctuary  
and bolts the door behind him.  
The ceremony is about to begin.  
There's piss on the seat but the smell  
helps him retch, spit-wet fingers  
touching tonsils to trigger the purge –  
an acid backwash of food twice-tasted,  
rotting the teeth from his head.

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## Gary by Stu Hennigan

He had little love left for life  
when the army spat him out.  
It was the only place that ever  
felt like home – except his  
aunty's house where he used to stay  
when his mam and dad split up,  
surrogate brother to two young cousins  
who hung upon his every word.

It was his mam who found him  
that morning,  
black-faced and shit-stained,  
choked by a chain collar,  
twisting slowly in the woods  
a stone's throw from the psych ward  
where he swore on his life  
he should be locked up  
for his own good.

He proved all the doctors wrong  
when they refused him.

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**Bio:** Stu Hennigan is a writer, poet and musician from the north of England. His work has featured in *Lune Journal*, and in the anthology *The Middle Of A Sentence*, published by *The Common Breath*. He's currently finishing a narrative non-fiction work about the extreme poverty he encountered whilst delivering food parcels during the pandemic.

**Favourite Poem:** *Palms to the Moon* by Jim Dodge