

# The Rubbish Tip Alien

Sitting on the tip,  
quite quickly.  
Choosing bit by bit,  
quite slickly.

*Hip hop hap  
It's the alien rap*

Tractor wheels for eyes,  
turn lazy.  
Dustbin lids for ears,  
creak crazy.

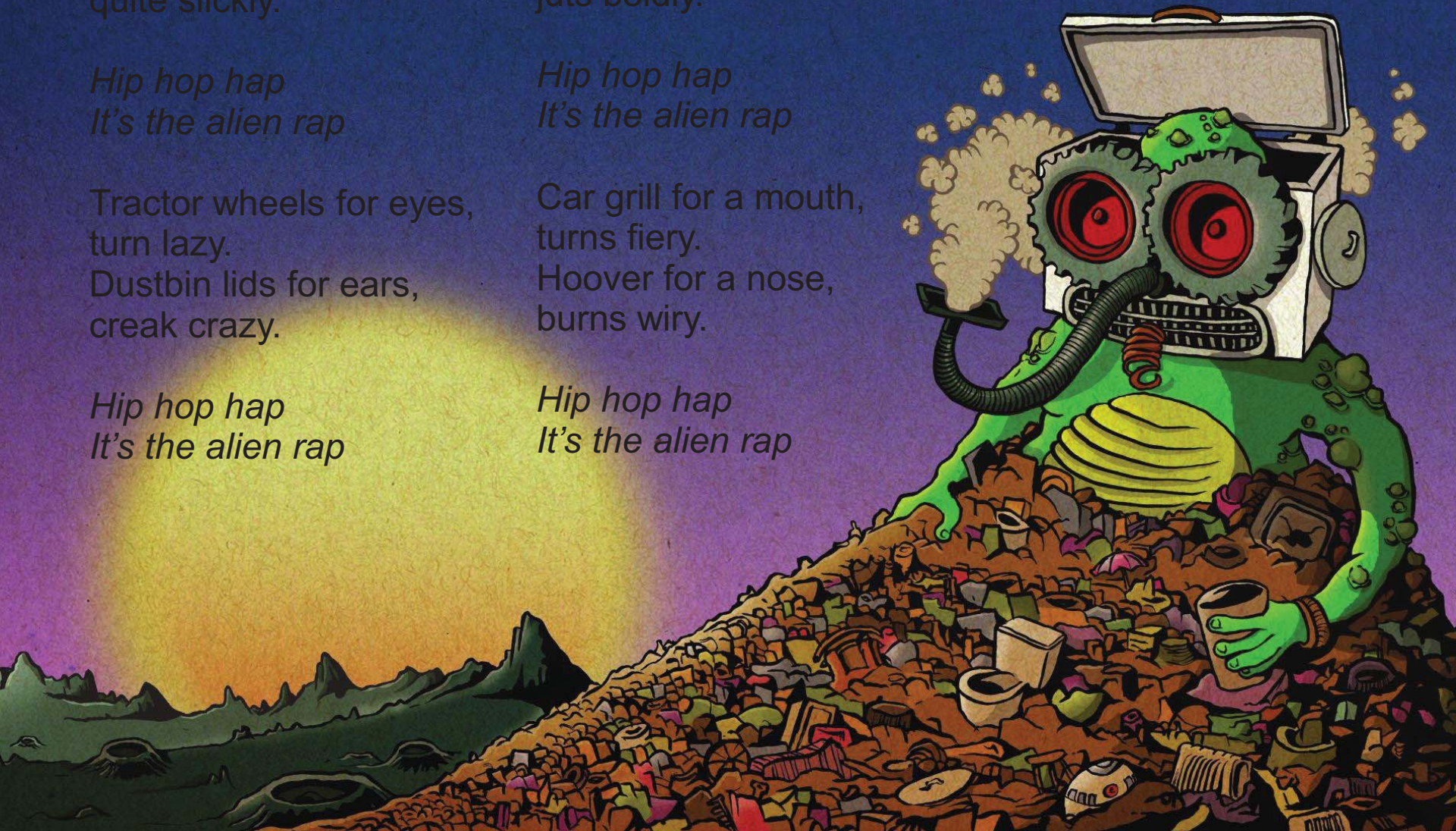
*Hip hop hap  
It's the alien rap*

Freezer for a head,  
stares coldly.  
Bedspring for a tongue,  
juts boldly.

*Hip hop hap  
It's the alien rap*

Car grill for a mouth,  
turns fiery.  
Hoover for a nose,  
burns wiry.

*Hip hop hap  
It's the alien rap*





## Six Ways to Look at the Moon

The moon is an Olympic Stadium for intergalactic races - planet jumping, star throwing and meteoric vaulting.

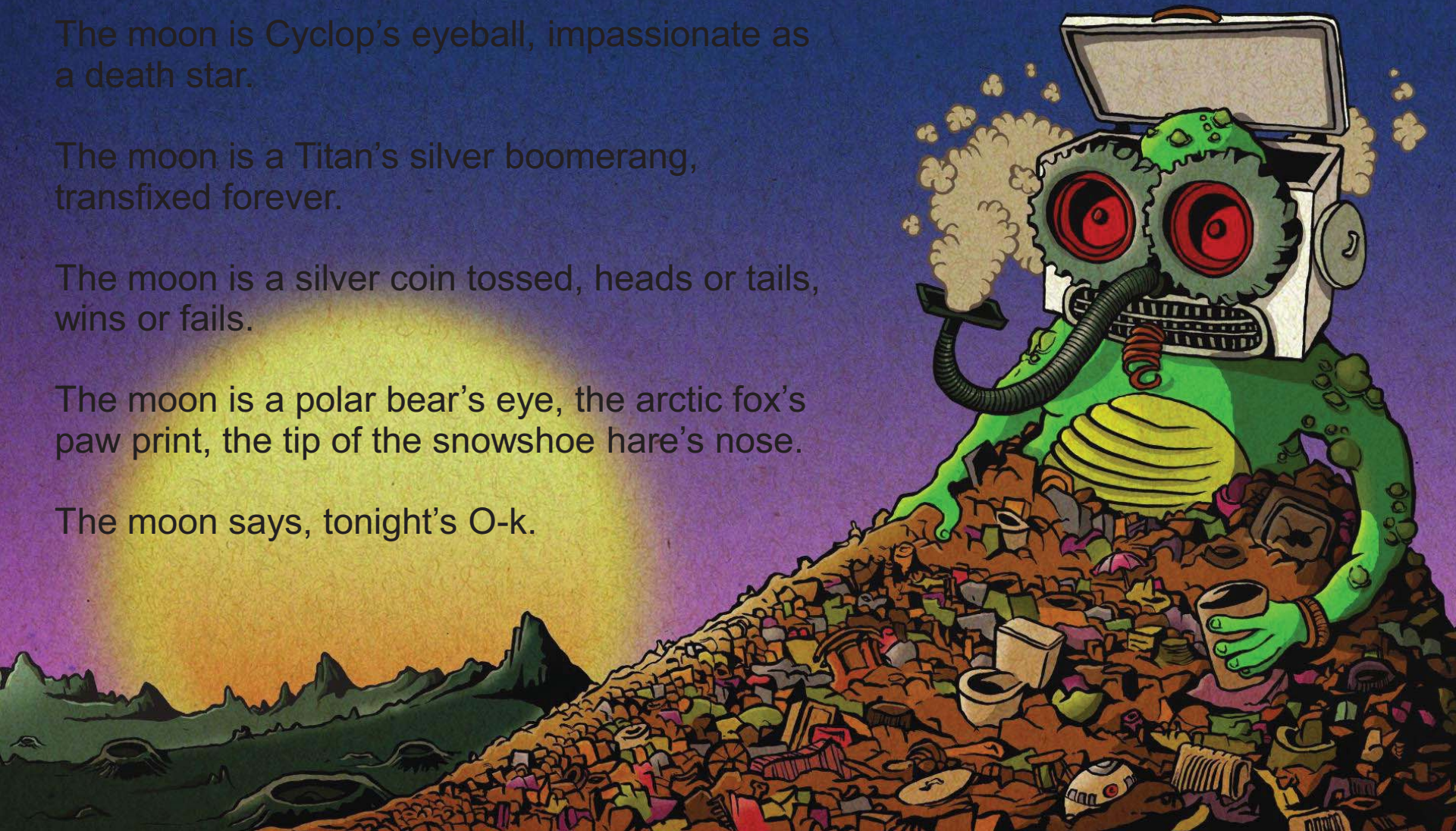
The moon is Cyclop's eyeball, impassionate as a death star.

The moon is a Titan's silver boomerang, transfixed forever.

The moon is a silver coin tossed, heads or tails, wins or fails.

The moon is a polar bear's eye, the arctic fox's paw print, the tip of the snowshoe hare's nose.

The moon says, tonight's O-k.





## Space Staring

At night,  
I lean out of the window  
and sip cool darkness.

Speckles of starlight  
freckle the night's face.

The moon casts  
bone-white light.

A fox nudges a dustbin,  
hunting for scraps.

Sleek cats sneak  
down back alleys –  
a lone car accelerates  
up the empty road.

Late night city lights glare,  
glowering on street corners.

I whisper a wish into the silence.  
A planet blinks its tiny red eye.  
The space above me yawns forever.

Shop doorways settle down to sleep.  
Dawn is a cup of coffee away.

*All poems © Pie Corbett 2011*

