

## Catherine In Heels

I used to be a slaughterhouse,  
a tannery, now I do yoga.  
Some of me smells like goat's cheese,  
the rest like semen and Dettol.

I wear a vintage coat — green,  
stitched from nettles  
and eviction notices.  
You come here for the markets —  
slow Sundays, artisan gin. Lattes that  
milk the idea of rebellion  
with added nutmeg.

I remember blood, thundering looms.  
Now I sell beeswax, hot sauce, and bath bombs.  
They call it gentrification.  
I call it piss in a ceramic pot.

My ghosts drink small beer.  
My gutters weep oat milk.  
There's a tattoo parlour where the chapel was.  
They ink memories in Blackletter.

I had a butcher's heart once —  
fat, red, beating.  
Now my heart's in a jar,  
pulsing behind boutique glass.  
Poxed, not pretty Kate.  
Call me Catherine now. A hill in heels.

Some nights I lie amongst Saxon bones,  
dream of his blacksmith's hands  
while the river whispers murder  
and baristas hum dissenting hymns.

You like my cobbles?  
You dig the scene?  
The last honest thing in me  
is a drain.  
It cries when it rains.