

## Woah Black Betty

(Leeuwarden, De Gouden Leeuw, 24 May '23)

I detest these hordes of craven drunkards  
clad in black hoodies and balaclavas fancying  
themselves the emperors of the stadium

almost as much as those rotters with tiny gardens  
in which they plant one of those mosquitos  
to deter cats and insects

    tiny boxes of horror that torture  
    children's ears with their high-pitched whine  
    it starts with a click that sounds  
    like something snapping in your head

cats

just doze off next to them by the way

so, I hope they cover those flower boxes and ornaments with buddha statues  
and other garish ostentation in shit. fuck you show gardens and  
cat haters with your mosquitos and black hoodies and drunk as a skunk

in moments of weakness, I revel in the fantasy of an aeroplane  
filled with hooligans crashing into one such mosquito furnished garden

and from the heavens the angels stare down at me  
and in the butterfly bushes the ladybirds shag themselves silly  
and in the windowsill a buddha statue topples over  
and some broad on a scooter  
sings with a sputtering voice  
    whoa black betty!

in moments of weakness, I stroll into the city  
and see the worn-down placards  
for the derby that was lost:

    in the morning: beer for breakfast  
    then in procession to the stadium, torches in hand  
    dress code: black

I stroll into the city on the sunny side of a melting road  
and the girl that cycles against the traffic shouts  
    "Why is everyone in such a foul mood?"  
and all the dogs bark  
    "shut the fuck up"

should I not read the news?  
should I not go outside anymore?

“I kicked that cretin to the curb”  
says a mother in the thin shade of a young tree  
to a crooked man with cheeks of leather.

this poem is like an ex you're completely over  
but who keeps hanging around and

fuck you, you buffoon on a bike  
cycling onto the roundabout against the traffic  
fuck you chairs and tables on the pavement  
at the pub so I have to walk on a bicycle lane filled with electric devils  
fuck you half eaten hamburger drenched in whatever  
lying next to the bin of the snack bar

it reeks of dead fish, seagulls screech like mosquitos  
as insects are eating *our* strawberries in the back gardens  
and justifiably so

and the workshop *How to get away with murder*  
is cancelled this evening due to  
too much interest

and the broad on the scooter sings with a sputtering voice  
whoa black betty!  
bam-ba-lam!

and the sun claws its nails into the red necks  
people shelter in the shade as if crawling into an open mouth  
something snaps inside of me and my ears howl  
woah black betty, fling your window open tonight  
and your bedroom will suck itself full of blood

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