

All those Leos who have been lying in bed for months clenching their teeth outstaring the wall can finally relax the jaws and shut their eyes.

Note: now that certain obstacles and anxieties are finally out of the way, the big question is this: can you handle the security that monogamy promises without the boredom that causes you to fall asleep at the wrong time?

He wakes.

Every day goes by.

Gone.

One would do some work, would meet a friend, some other people, one would stick to appointments, eat and drink. I drink tea, he contemplates, I eat vegetables in olive oil.

One would post some letters. Go shopping. Duties to be done. He rolls over to experience pain shooting through his right shoulder.

Every day there's something to be done. Every day will be gone, I won't remember turning over to pain tomorrow.

Exercise, one has to exercise, oil the bones.

The body must move. Move the body.

He rolls back on his other side, lifts both legs with the in-breath of a whale and from that whale he imagines he gains the momentum of an almighty swing that flings his limbs in front of his bed, feet land thundering on the wooden floor. Trunk bend forwards, he stares at his legs, sleepily observes hair and skin. Hairy legs, bushy and busy, pores widened.

I hate the banality of every day's beginning of every day's day. A banality. I want it to be as inane as possible. I don't want to watch my pores close up.

He's balanced, lifts his bottom to get up stands, and feels his weight distributed all around the middle of the room. The window frames the garden view. Grass, tree, fence and: a woman standing. Pushing, stuffing rubbish inside the rubbish bin. Wild. He swallows. Did I dream of a woman? A black woman stuffing rubbish into the bin. Relentlessly. He curls his toes and feels reassured by his bodyweight tilting backwards.

Tea. Everyday tea for breakfast. It's no struggle to get my cup of tea every morning. It's here. It's mine. Granted. Who shall I thank for what? Banana tea.

Should it run out, I'll get a new one. I'll consider the circumstances. Weather for instance.

Winter can be unpleasant. Awful to leave ones home – if home. Winter without a hot cup of tea beforehand. Awful. Pleasant in summer, sure; the mornings in bright sunlight, crossing certain crossings to walk, maybe drive, or be driven to the shop.

Quickly dressed because its warm outside. I get my tea for now. For today. Tomorrow.

I gonna buy one. This is my need. Everything is here, I can make use of it.

He strides from the bedroom to the kitchen, eyes closed.

Everything's safe, I don't have to open the eyes really.

I press the smart button to heat the water. It'll boil when the noise dies. That downtime, always a downtime of boil or noise. In the corner to my right, tea. He's pleased to maintain the dark of the blind. Kills the noise of dying.

Positions his body towards the kitchen window. The black woman still stuffing rubbish, thank god there she is. I changed the sort of tea. Mate doesn't smell me.

Sometimes weak, a watery yellow, he laughs. I'll finish with the cup when I've had my everyday's piss, I'll compare it with my urine in the toilet. Sometimes a dark yellow. Out of the body, every day. Down the throat, veins, innards.

He thinks of the woman and pushes the image away. Working flesh, throbbing. My flesh smiles. He's feeling something but doesn't know what. Anybody here to save me?

Open.

I need my sight. He stares through the window. The woman still absorbed stuffing rubbish into the bin. The bin sways, drops onto her feet, now covered in rubbish. Staring at her heavy breasts, heaving, he leads one hand towards the teacup and has a sip. Watery, yellow and hot, he laughs. Only the poor indulge in rubbish.

He looks at his hairy legs satisfied. He likes his legs but suffers the lack of a slender, well-shaped body, particularly resents his stomach. He digs his fingers deep into soft black

flesh. Squeezes. Disgusting. He pities himself suffering. Forget tea-cups, I am born the wrong sex. Turns around closing his eyes, walks to his bed blind and dresses awkwardly.

Dressed, he regains balance and darts for the bathroom, splashes his black hair, which falls curled, falls to his disapproval and the waters' molecules. Prepares the shaving tools, deeply absorbed in his morning toilet business.

Feeling very manly and stretching his body. Confident and strong.

The mirror's reflection comforts himself, an optimist's 'everyday's today'.

His waistcoat still unbuttoned,

he catches a glimpse of the dense hair forcing their way through two of the shirt buttonholes and panics. He closes the waistcoat. Breathes in anger, underlining his manly strength. Then he calms. A rueful grin to the mirror.

In the lounge, he examines his thoughts explicitly before he picks the shoes he's going to wear today.

He registers certain emotions and takes them seriously. Worries: I'm not going to question the source. Only God with me today, he laughs in liberation, slipping

into his shoes. A woman. He stands up and stretches again.

I must, hell, I must have dreamt of something.

Here we are, he grabs his coat, feather-stole and keys to leave.

He can hardly open his eyes when he walks down the street in the blinding sunlight, juggling his smart-keys. I juggle my home. Unlock everyday's home, any car and that smart one twinkling, that locks my scent. Again, he registers the image of a woman appearing from his thoughts. Did I give shape to the one by the bin?

He keeps walking along the pavement and wonders about the silence. No tree whistlings, no car noises, only the sun's warmth spreading the air. He tightens his feather stole around the elbows. What the hell.

I take opportunities.

Crossing at the traffic lights to the tree-lined street opposite, he senses his odour rising up, permeating his nose. Stomach, ever the stomach.

Why has he cursed me with such a hairy stomach, he almost yells in anger and pulls himself together again, frightened by his hysterical outburst. Ridiculous.

He squints eyes and stops. Rigid. Feels the light and heat burning his stomach. Experiences his chest hair growing right through his shirt, the waistcoat tightening. He feels the heat penetrating his throat and wakes in terror. For god's sake.

The sheets are wet, the pillow. Vomit. His chest hair sweat wet.

Why is the door open?

Because recently someone came in when you were asleep.

Why was someone here?

She wanted to find out what Lilian's doing.

Why did she want to know?

She was curious.

Why?

Because Lilian always tells stories.

Why?

Because she's silly and wants to frighten us.

Why silly?

Because she does baloney. Poppycock.

Why?

She wants to remain young.

Why?

She would lie in the grave otherwise.

Why would she lie in a grave?

She's so old.

Why so old?

She has lived so many years.

Why so many years?

It was God's will.

Why did he want that?

Because the kids had much fun with her.

Why fun?

She was sliding in front of old people.

Sliding?

It was funny.

Probably was. He thinks himself a big black beetle and crawled out of the window.

She had lost her driving license and for the first time we got a proper meal in San Francisco. She wrote four postcards only:

- 1 We are moody.
- 2 It's foggy.
- 3 Only the trees are a consolation: looking strong and powerful as the ocean.
- 4 We spend time in cafes.

None of it was a serious obstacle.

Crawling can be a relief after all he thinks, takes the garden hose and sprays himself wet. Water warmed by the heat of the sun certainly gives relief.

Consolation dripping off his skin, he crawls on and slumps into a patch of grass.

This patch is cut in half by the acacia's shadow in my garden. I will dry, but I won't burn.

She disappeared to get cigarettes and didn't return. Intended to go shopping.

She was gone. I was left alone. Felt like watering cauliflowers somewhere.

Plucking carrots. Strap her behind the counter in a thrift store. All on my own.

Shit cars and shit streets in the window and black rubbish bags everywhere while I'm suffering of constipation and smiling when appropriate.

I wonder where I booked my flight to. Certainly not to where I am. Where is Lillian?

Everything lingers just as it pleases.

Indifference. Lilies. Every little detail has its pattern to occur. Restlessness for example.

Restlessness. Restlessness says it all.

There it hit me, in the shade of the tree.

On the grass.

The mind produced something, threw up stuff similar to a 'taste of something alien' that I've had a long time ago, something buried that I had lived or imagined. The taste difficult to define, obscured, as if seen through ice frosted glass, assembled as a déjà vu of this particular past taste I feel familiar with and am sure about this former encounter being unclassified, indescribable, if not an altogether unclassified phenomena that my mind produced, cut in half, half of a former memory, half the déjà vu I vaguely recall and attempt to pin down, which, this time round, I could describe as something taste-thing-like, half knowing, half guessing it emerged a long time before me under the tree, blushed and blurred, half of a half-lost memory, maybe not behind the frosted glass analogy but a sun-

bleached drawing leaving behind a texture that transmits a sense of taste somehow, a tangibility, which after all that pushing and stressing leaves behind the hopelessness of description, a loneliness, a lame pendulum that I try so hard to hit, well aware that the harder I try, the weaker my reach until any trace of it withdraws into the taste of frosty winter.

.....Lilly-love,

Why does the horse eat grass?

It only likes grass

Why?

Horses eat grass.

Why are they eating grass?

Because to them, it's tasty

Why tasty?

They savour it.

Why?

Because they don't like roast pork.

Why not pork?

That's the worst for them to digest.

Why can't they digest it?

Because their stomachs aren't made for it.

Why not?

They can only eat grass.