

Wrecker Tommy

Privet on fire, we feel accomplished. Something had to be done. Ditching the garden, we'll have pints, later watch boys playing pool. Impatient, itchy weeks we've waited for this. We love planning these little events— instead of stasis, frantic activity — against the hysterical weather, disgusting air. Good work. Blinding. Cheers. We had to scarpers swift from the plot. The perfect hedge blackened quick. Prior to an event, we fantasise on the future feeling, the aesthetics of it all and groan and flutter. Sucking on the corner of our quilt and dreaming of a burning privet — it is the sleep of the innocent. The final creation was more affecting than we imagined. Heady, forty-storey-high stuff. Toppling, can't-get-enough-of-it stuff. Against the mock Tudor the colours were vast, the image will fill a small hole. These acts are our only ecstatic experience. The tensions, inhale it. Until our next event, our next image — the boozier.

All these ugly buildings are making me ill. This now — this now we're in. Panting. I can see two men in the park, the kiddie's playground at the horizon, slinky deformed climbing frames, metallic clunk and a high pitched electronic sound (sounds like murder). The men wear donkey jackets, dirty cheekbones, severe immaculately masculine hair. On their shoulders the lovers carry the only gifts they can give to one another. Railings, rubber, fag packets. Later they will coil in the bath water, knowing that the water is poisoned and watch birds overhead, but coil still, hold each other tightly.

Coughing it up. At night I explode on street corners, got nothing to do in the day. Running with condensation, I write and read the graffiti in the gents. *If you've got the time, so do I, I'll be waiting — Fancy a landmark in the dark or a screw in the loo?* I look down, jeans piss-covered, the porcelain dry, daydreaming. The crowd thinks, *poor cow*. Pub desires blood. But I don't embarrass easily. Pucker up! I'll drink the round.

Nothing's against me, not really. But still, petulant, snivelling under the Westway. I'm looking for a smack from God. A smack so hard it purges all the crap out of my mouth, leaving me dumb for a while. See, it's cheaper to invest in alcohol than a purpose. But, under the flyover I return, in this intimacy of concrete cartwheel, ribbons of plastic (rotting, though they say this stuff never disappears back into the earth, all this petroleum). I keep coming back to get my God-fix, my God-takeaway, my God-smack. It's something I haven't found yet, but I'll keep trying. Promise.

4am. Return to the privet, without the others. Consider a re-ignition. But the rain has everything. The world has gotten into everything. Gnomes were caught in the destruction, their faces are still ecstatic, more so now something has happened. This one's for England, for the pebble-beach, the pebble-dash. There's a face at the window. One of those men that likes being given a bad time. His skin blue, trickling, needful. Wants no peace of mind. Silly prick, can't help some people, come on. Even though its all been unplugged, that constant hum.

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