

A slight encounter

He could remember the song. Addicted to love. He moved in tune, did a quick dance across the kitchen floor, not sure if he was the singer, whose name he'd forgotten, or one of the girls pouting in the background. He fell into bed. Could hardly miss. It was a one room apartment.

She'd always taken care of him. It was nice of her to phone. She said she'd call in and see him. He used to pull her hair and make fun of her. He could remember doing that. Long time ago. He was looking for the time: but had no idea where a clock or a watch might be. It was today, wasn't it? Sometime like noon. He was on a high.

He'd make her some coffee or something. She'd like that. He phoned her now and again when he could find her number, one of the few he still had. He'd like to have Sean's. But sons are like that. They fade in and out. And their mothers don't help. She'd left and taken his son. He didn't seem very interested in returning.

It would be nice to see his sister. He could still pull her hair. Maybe her leg even better. Second thoughts. A flight of reality. When you are nearly seventy the hair comes out too quickly, too thin. It isn't that funny any more. And pulling a leg could become a hip replacement.

Keith Richards knew how to do it. It wasn't the hiding, but holding the measures just right. Keep the quality and quantity finely tuned and it will all work out: you could last for years. It was a science. The goal is to make everyone think it is normal and then they stop noticing. Always have that fag in hand, that glass slightly too full. Another trick is to give up one addiction so that people stop noticing another. The glass tipples as the smoke fades away and they all think you are great. You can't fool yourself of course because that would mean failure. Then you would have fallen into the trap, overdose, die at the wheel. No, you have to be smarter than that. You need time by yourself to

really indulge, carefully blending, faking and pretending you are not just being unsocial but working, or with the kids, or being charitable. Something that looks useful and provides a perfect guise. Even a disguise for not being present.

She looked a bit nervous. They both smiled. He offered coffee. He couldn't find a clean cup. She tried not to notice. They smiled again. Her hand touched his. Almost a stroke.

We can go out. I'll buy you one.

He hesitated. He didn't go out much. He had his drugs delivered.

Or we can just sit here and have a chat.

They hadn't that much to say after all. Her hair wasn't fit for tugging and he wasn't up to pulling her leg. But it was nice to see her.

He wasn't going to give up. Suicide was the ultimate hit. It was nice of his sister to remember him. He wished his son could. Offspring. Another addiction you just can't kill.

By: E. F. S. Byrne

CONTACT:

Enda Scott

José Maluquer, 15 Blq 7 3-D

41008 Seville,

Spain.

efs@scottboardman.com

<http://eflbytes.wordpress.com/>

<http://www.scottboardman.com/lit>