

Aborigine

Pulp

"A real kitchen sink drama. This kind of thing happens all the time and it leaves a nasty stain on the shag-pile." Starts so slowly, just a place to stay... Somewhere warm where they can spend their days. Air is stagnant and he feels unclean. Hair hangs greasy and he smells obscene. Something's happened and it's not so good, broken bottles in the face of love. Mottled flesh under the harsh strip light. Nylong sheets to keep them warm at night. Once it's started it can never stop, fills his head with a dark damp fog. In the distance is a constant cry, growing louder as the years go by, days get longer and he starts to drunk, spews his stomach in the kitchen sink. Tells his children they should have respect, tells his wife she's a nervous wreck. He hates his wife and he hates them all. He hates his wife and he hates them all. Can't be bothered when it's all the same, leave it long enough; it goes away. In the meantime stomach turns to fat. She tries to tell him but he can't have that. She's only jealous and she's telling lies. Standing naked in his flesh disguise. It took him years to get her into bed; now he's got her he just wants her dead. She wants excitement and she needs romance, all she gets is dirty underpants. Stupid animal that can't know why, something's wrong so someone has to die. The wind is blowing and the rain falls down, sends his family on a trip downtown. Sees them die in a burning wreck. Sees them burn, smokes a cigarette. He hates his wife and he hates them all. He knows he's finished but he can't stop now and he wants to end it but he can't see how and it's all in pieces, thrown it all away. Ih, but he's not ugly he just looks that way. And he wants some quiet and he needs it now but the scream he started's getting far too loud. He still pretends he does it just for now; his day will come he'll lose it all somehow. Killing time until his ship arrives; been dead 10 years but he's still alive. And the time is wasted and the ship has sunk but he hasn;t noticed and he comes home drunk. He's just dead weight he'll never leave the ground, he tries to stand but he keeps falling down. It's hard to know he doesn't count for much. He's not a has-been; just a never-was. He hates his wife and he hates them all.

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