Tunnel

Conure

The tenth of July 1985 .... Don't ask stupid questions .... I had nothing else to do I was bored .... I had, I had not .... Fifteen weeks since the light has gone, fifteen weeks with the same shirt on, a thousand bodies stink and sweat and somebody's trying to roll a cigarette. Clean mister. Clean mister. Clean missed her. Just relax and enjoy it, it's nothing really. Let's get you out of those damp clothes, just life yourself up, get those dreadful trousers off. You'll feel so much better afterwards. Just close your eyes and let it ooze all over you. Trickling down your back warm and sticky. Isn't that nice? No don't speak, just let yourself

go, sink, sinking down deeper and deeper and deeper. At 3 o'clock that morning I awoke in an unfamiliar room .... in my hands like sodden paper ... a thick, glutinous pale green liquid .... sunlight through net curtains. 6,000 miles an hour into brilliant white light. There's a brass band playing somewhere. Roll on your back and wait for the talcum. But what's that? Pull back the linen sheets to find the shirt they peeled off your back only two hours before the bed tips sideways. No .... and to one day woke up in green fields with the sky blue above me. And to be clean again. But know I'll never be clean again.

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