No pain whatsoever
The cheap songs

In the back kitchen on a close, grey summer morning, he drinks from a can of ESP Pils. The garden’s peat and privot musk drifts through the open door and he nods at the wall, hearing the neighbour talk himself through his plans; accusing, crying and singing before throwing dulled possessions around the room.

By one o’clock the windows are open and wind bellows the nets in over tobacco, plates and papers. Nodding, smoking, looking at the wall again as the Stones start:

You can’t always get what you want
You can’t always get what you want
You can’t always get what you want
But if you try sometimes
You might just get what you need.

Like a child searching for early words, he mouths in time, lost and level in the drink into the late afternoon, into the night, swaying with the cheap songs.