

SATAN & MEGASTAR

It felt like I hadn't left. For a moment or two I convinced myself it had never happened. But I was drifting through Arrivals and then out into the crisp evening air and then into a Taxi. ***I came back to London.*** Why did I leave? How did I get here? ***And when I came to there was a knife in my hand.*** "Good flight?" Small talk? At a time like this? It is never a good flight. It is unnatural. I ignored him and stared out the window as the sun was disappearing below the horizon. It looked like ***the city was bleeding...*** a song came on the radio: "***let them die, let them all die...***"

Where I have been is not important. ***The blood runs deep.*** History seems so pointless it starts to hurt my brain. I ask the taxi driver to stop outside an off license. I go in. I say hello to the off license man. He does not answer and that suits me fine. I buy what I have to buy and go back out and into the taxi. ***And then, I start to sway.*** We drive to my house. Our house. I pay the driver. I walk up the stairs. The door is not locked. I open it and you meet me in the hallway. "***Is it cold outside?***" I can't really tell.

You don't ask me where I've been, which is just as well. Bloodshot eyes. A Marlborough droops from the corner of your mouth, two thirds ash. I mechanically open a bottle to break the silence. It doesn't register. ***I know that you have mountains of sadness in you.*** "***We all do.***" You can read minds now? You turn and shuffle into the darkness of the flat, like nothing has happened. Like nothing ever will. ***We don't believe in magic*** but sometimes I think it would be better if we tried. The song from the radio in the taxi is still in my head: "***I can't go on ...I'll go on...***"

You used to say "We need to talk". You said it a lot. We talked a lot. Somehow, us talking always seemed to me more like you talking and me not listening. It is different now. ***We've got things to organise, like our lies.*** I go into the bedroom. You're in bed already. I don't know if I should be surprised, because I don't know what time it is. ***The last glass of wine, the last cigarette*** sits on the bedside table. Your eyes are closed and you look so fucking innocent although I know you're not but I also know neither am I. ***I'll sit here and watch you whilst you sleep.***

All of a sudden the silence becomes too much. I look around for something to occupy my mind. There's a paperback on the bedside table, I open it at random: "The invention of the ship was also the invention of the shipwreck..." I put it down again. We used to understand each other. We've tried but ***we fell wide of the mark.*** I guess everything eventually passes ***into the void.*** I think about ***our friends,*** those we made and those that we have lost. Or maybe they lost patience with us. I look around the room again. There is a pack of cards on the desk, I cut the deck. Of course, it's a Joker.

The morning is broken. I am broken. We are broken. We had a deal but I cannot remember what it was about. ***Sign on the dotted line.*** I didn't sign in blood. That is probably why I cannot remember what the deal was about. You make me coffee. The fact that you still do that amazes me. ***Last night was the worst night of my life,*** and now you bring me coffee in bed. You don't look me in the eyes. I say "thank you" despite that, or because of that. When I've finished my coffee I ask you to come back to bed. ***I will finish you off if you close your eyes.***

You wipe the sweat from your chest, reach over me for the half cigarette in the ash tray, light up and exhale slowly. Or maybe it's a sigh. How long have I been gone? "I love you." ***Do you remember what that used to mean?*** Suddenly I'm uncomfortable. I'm lying on something: mascara. Not our mascara. I am confused for a moment and then things fall into place. I scream but there is no sound. ***I'll tear you apart.*** And then I do. But we have already done so much damage to each other it is hardly worth it. Has everything already been said? ***Do you have any last words? I want to see you talk your way out of this...***

I drag, or possibly push, you out of bed. Down on the floor. It is like you have given up, because you don't resist. Are you dead? It would be just like you to be fucking dead all of a sudden. And I guess that ***now winter is here, things fall apart and die.*** I just did not expect it to be you. Then, you move. You whisper something. "***Put down the knife.***" The knife? What knife? There is no knife. Stop ***playing your game,*** your little game, your cheap, dirty little game of making me feel guilty for what you have done.

How did we let ourselves fall apart like this? I cannot tell anymore whether the pain is real or whether it has become a comfort. Abstract. I am afraid of what lies beneath. Within. I close my eyes and think back to the beginning. ***It started with a graveyard blowjob.*** Who knows where it will end. I want to run, leave everything, ***all my equipment... my clothes.*** I want to start again but I know there is something I can't leave behind. The whole scene, every second, every word, every touch unravels like some kind of Kafkaesque nightmare. If I can't leave it behind I will have to take it with me. ***I will keep your heart.***

Deep teeth and dried blood. Clothes scattered around the room. Stains on the floor. Stains on the sheets. I lie down on the floor next to you. You put your head on my shoulder. ***Upside down it all looks the same,*** and we both realise it at the same time; there's nothing left. So I stay. You stay. We stay. We always stay. You ***lick your lips*** and I think you breathe in, it is hard to tell, it sounds like sand paper on glass. We lie on the floor and you take my hand. ***There's nothing left.*** "I love you too". ***What have you gone and done to my brain?***