

This girl has been calling me for weeks. Telling me that I owe her something. A nice night on the town. Flowers from the market. A trip to the city. Some kinda response.

She calls always after 8 at night. When she knows I'll either have a few beers under my belt, or an old whore on her knees giving me some lame blow job, while I stare at my wooden ceiling counting the water marks and the moments till I cum.

She always calls and sits silent for a while. Waiting for me to say her name and when I don't, starts screaming the past at me and all kinda of images of the night I picked her up down the street and took her home to fuck her on the kitchen table last month. Where it was all sullen and dry and taking in the late night smells from the bin next to the fridge.

And she keeps screaming, and I keep sitting and listening and waiting for her breath to run out and turn to tears. And it does.

And I hang up and wait for the next call to come. Turn on my stereo, roll a cigarette. Tell the whore, who's still in my bed in her cheap underwear and yellow sharp uneven teeth, to get out till I call her again. Not to steal my tobacco like she always does.

And the next call comes, and rings out my hallway. All sharp and insistent and wanting. And it comes after the whore has left. Shoes in hand running out my back door, and when I'm cooking up a packet pasta or opening a tin of tuna to have on my toast. And like she always does, she's crying. Telling me she could have loved me, like she's never loved before. Telling me the night that she spent with my Vodka breath between her legs, and her heels pushing into the base of my spine, was the most beautiful night of her life. Tells me she remembers the moon on my back. All pale and smooth and waiting for her ashen kisses. Tells me she found some romanticism in the night.

And this keeps on, and I still can't remember her name or how she took away with her, my number and a different version of the night.

And I think to myself, as I'm sitting in silence sucking back a long neck beer and playing with the warts on my legs that I've had since a child, that tonight when she calls again, of talking to her. Telling her she's not the first crazy bitch I've taken home to fuck on my kitchen table. How the fat on her thighs made noises when she straddled me. How that night, I went through her small sequined purse and looked at her driver's license when she went to piss. How I noticed she was 10 years older than she told me she was. How the redness she is now probably getting on her arse, is just like mine, and how she really should get it looked at. That the doctor on Main Street bulk bills and looks sweetly at you when you're bent over taking her gloved hand at the base of your groin. When she's looking for all those nasty sores and cuts that women like you give men like me.

But I don't. I never do.

I just sit quietly and listen to her tears and her lighter striking up another smoke. Listening to her young children crying for warm milk in the kitchen she's sitting in. And it's echoing like an empty collage cafeteria. I'm guessing is all veneered and stacking up with dishes and has dirt cracking in the corners.

And I sit here and listen. Hear the faulting in her voice from all the past bruises she's had under her skin. *And I wonder if she has ever been loved.*

And I know that I'm not the only one she calls. And that one day she'll meet some other sad dirty bastard like me, in her usual fashion. And he'll take her home and make her sit on his face, and she'll think it's fucking glorious as her thighs swallow him whole. He'll remember her name when she calls and ask her over to sit in his lounge room and hold her hand in some sappy love affair way. Ask her to stay, all night.

So I quietly hang up, as she's going on about the way I kissed her. Slowly go to the bathroom to wash my face. And I'm standing here under these fluro lights that show the grey in my hair, and say to myself - *this old man's fucked way to many a broken hearted woman, whom he could never love.*

And the light starts to flicker. I walk out to the pen and paper on the old table and I start to write, some poetry about things that others won't hear. And the night sits quietly and patiently outside my door and doesn't ask any questions about my habits or the beer bottles stacked up against my garage windows.

And as my tall neck beer is sitting empty at my feet, I decide that I've had enough of her calling tonight and maybe forever. That this calling my unit at all times of my night to make me love her, is making me tired. And that in these times she calls there is writing to be done and pots to be scrubbed. I wonder if any man has found those thighs sweet or remembered her name.

And I look at my watch and the phone starts to ring. And it keeps ringing and I sit silently in my old plastic chair with the half a page I have written. And I'm writing about the way I cried, many years ago. When, with artists' hands and storm clouds, I brushed my only love's hair into straight lines one afternoon before she left.

*And the phone.*

And I look down the hallway into the dark where the phone is screaming down my walls. And I sit. One hand holding the edge of the table and I finish my beer.

