

Come here... come over here

Why?

Because..

Because, why?

Because I want to tell you something

Yeah?

yes..

So what is it,

If you come here I'll tell you

But I can't

Can't what?

Come over there?

Why not?

You know..

No, I don't

Yes I think you do?

I can pretty much assure you that I don't....i don't!

Think about the last time we were together

Which time?

The last one!

Which last one?

Well there can only be one can't there..

Why?

Will you stop

Stop what...

Fuck!

Christ!

Shit! Ok, so you don't want to come over here because of last time, the last time you came over

Yes

The last time being the moment you...

Yes

But I enjoyed it, that's why I want you to come here so I can tell you a story about what happened when you came over here

Ok, ok, hold on - two things.... Why would you want to linguistically reenact an occurrence that I was a fundamental part? I assure you, there is nothing that you can add with your words that hasn't already been painfully chiseled into my memory. The other thing, why on earth do you think that I would want to hear this?

why would I want to hear it again - go through that again? Think about it, show a bit of ...compa...

Do you think it would be insensitive of me?

Erm...yeah, yes I do

Even if I perhaps twisted events so they formed a new chapter, I mean there has been some time, there has been quite a bit of time

Not enough

Wow, I didn't realize, I didn't see that you were so affected.

But you were there, you were apart of it...

Yes I was

if I'm honest I think I blame you a little

I couldn't help it

You could

I could? How

Thought, words, actions... a combination of the three perhaps

Clever, yes I see you are a little angry with me, as if it was my fault or something, but...

But you should have looked after me

I don't know about the word 'should', I found it difficult too you know...

Hold it there...For some reason I don't really believe you right now, right now, what you just said, the way you said it, your words, their timing, your gesture. I mean, they are still floating in the air space where you just left them, they haven't made contact with their meaning...fake words. This is the whole thing..

What are you talking about?

Just that I don't believe you, what you said...I don't think you believe you either if you think about it...what you just said it isn't true.. it's not...and it's how you don't give words there full meaning, that you, you pull them back so they remain in that territory, the territory of being suggestive - they don't mean what they should. And it is here, it is in this place that you live. This is why we could never really get on you and I. This is my problem with you. You are fake. You are an illusion, a suggestion of something...but to be honest even that description is generous. Because a suggestion means that there is something, the something that is suggested, you can't suggest a suggestion. But that is what you are, if such thing can exist. Well, it can, wow, yes, you exist, even against logic, you manage to exist. Amazing...unbelievable

Yes....amazing...ok, all right you've made your point, I heard you, and it's a shame because I like you, I thought we got on but I was mistaken I guess, and now I feel a little stupid

Well, come on, look I stand by what I said but I don't dislike you, we cant be friends, but I don't dislike you. You are a good person I think. You just need to be less suggestive and more meaningful

I'll bare it in mind...

You should...

This guy sat in a park listening to the wind breeze past his ears. He sat and thought about his ears. About their hollowness, their space. The wind picked up ever so slightly. The rhythm grew a little faster. Then he realized that there was rhythm, a rhythm that had appeared. He thought of his mother. He thought how he loves her. But how this love for her wasn't secure. love didn't breed security. He thought how it bred fear, fear of loss. Perhaps there was security is hate, maybe not hate, that seemed controversial, a little strong, and he thought himself quite a likeable person. But he had shocked himself to how easily he had justified a valid, purposeful reason to hate.

Then straight away something came, it overlapped, it interrupted a perfectly melancholic moment. But these are the moments he waits for. Sitting there on the bench. Waiting, thinking even dreaming at times...

Every Tuesday afternoon, at around 3 30, he knows something is going to awaken, something is going to shudder. And it does. To himm it does anyway...