

Sunset Stroll

A thick, shapeless cloud appears, descending gently from the east.
Swollen when not brought back to its initial level by the moon, the tide rises and falls.
The moon is coagulating, it trembles with a dark orange-red hue.
You gazed at the sky, that torn sky. But it didn't return the favor. (The lampposts on the port quay are insensitive to electrical vibration.) What we are doing in this funereal areal?

Torchieres glow with a shimmering light. It's real, torches cannot provide light tonight.
Various vacation rental options were mentioned in the advertisement.

An eco-conscious writer, from my seaside apartment building I write on recycled toilet paper, and I let the wind unfurl the rolls.

A middle-aged woman approached me. "What is your name, lovely?" "Starla, Starla Gunter... Yours?" "Never mind, but call me Colleen. I need a stack to sleep tonight." "I see: everything's hush hush? Okay for the kip, but now please be kind and let go of my arm." I thought by myself: So I've got my topic for the day. A lady to sleep with!

Hey!

The next day, there I was, sleeping it off, totally disillusioned: she'd run off with all my cash! (All my cash!) Spending all day trying to relieve myself, running around to different stores. My arms laden with clothes I would never wear, I went back to the rental flat.
At dusk, the sky begins to turn purpleal. Torulose brushstroke, the sky retreat itself; the shapeless branches of the trees are swaying gently in the breeze. However, the beach is calm, slowly sloping down into sand that has changed from yellow-brown to dark green.
Streetlights shone with a dim light. You caught the sky today, the cracked sky. But it didn't reciprocate, not even a blink of a cloud.

Prayer wheel or barrel organ perforation, when we align by superimposing all the buttocks of the apartments of a residence in the western suburbs with all those of a council flat on the opposite side, without forgetting to beg for advice from a real estate agent.

I'm out of cash, I need to go to the ATM. The chick (*the chick*), a platinum blonde, grabbed my forearm and looked deep into my eyes. "Where are you going?" "Dude, it's only 5:17 PM and I still have five fingers to grab with! I *need* a beer." Or something like that, a bar where I can lose myself in oblivion. "I could do that for you, she replied, and it's not Dude, but Colleen." "Colleen what?" "Just Colleen." Okay Colleen, have a good evening by yourself.

I moved my arm away with a gesture, a soft one, I slowly freed my arm and let myself be absorbed by the darkness of the port. I returned to the rental apartment, all alone.
Never mind the chicks!

Lyrics : The Arsonists *

* Based on a poem by Starla Gunter.