

Antennas To Heaven

"734"

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He's just ordinary. Almost deliberately so. Hair's a bit greasy, wearing a slightly old fashioned looking grey padded anorak as he walks. He passes shops with shutters still closed. He passes the road sweeper and nods at him. Silently. The whole time morning frost clouds his face as he swings a sports bag with a phased out logo on it. She's not happy that she has to get the train. That George won't give her his car while hers in the shop. So while he's dropping her at the station she absent-mindedly fiddles with the air conditioning button. And when he leans in to kiss her goodbye she turns. Just slightly. Giving him the edge of her cheek to show that she's looking elsewhere. She's getting the train and looking elsewhere. The queue at the fast food place. He's there every morning even though he knows you shouldn't have that shit for breakfast. He's wearing a cheap, slightly untucked work shirt, one that you can see his vest through. He's got one of those ruddy faces that looks like it's blushing when it's not. Placing his tray on the table he smiles at a well turned out woman who he hasn't seen there before. She leafs through an article on Ronan Keating with her coffee and ignores him. She doesn't know that he's like this every morning. Always first. Always early. Perched on the edge of the platform. The frayed briefcase dangling from his arm. The nose, the moustache, twitching. She doesn't know that the toilet attendant likes to shake his head as he watches him, not believing anyone to be that keen. And because she doesn't know, she doesn't realise that stepping in front of him while staring at her phone is the last thing she'll do by herself. And as her legs corkscrew between the arriving 0734 and the platform her torso stays upright she'll feel the imprint of 6 hands on her back. And when the paramedics ask who pushed her she'll only be able to say they were all keen, all blushing, all ordinary.

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