

Antennas To Heaven "The Wall's End"

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She says that they're nothing but chancers where I come from. That she doesn't know how I've survived it without being beaten or killed or worse. She says she heard on the news about all those guns they found in that pub, and how that gunman was from there, and how she's seen them on that waste ground by the shops, drinking cheap cider and swearing at the tarts who walk past. And when I tell her I've never even seen a gun, she says she's connected and could get one. But she wouldn't recommend that school I went to for her niece. And I don't ask which one because I already know. They tore all the others down. But then I just read a one of those annoying comedy emails you get at work and nod like I'm listening. And when I get off the bus on Bonfire Night the High Street is like a breeched hive. I can only tell the difference between the firework smoke and the clouds by which is green and which is purple. And there are still pops and flashes in the distance, and dogs barking beside me. In the subway the tiles are still twisted and the ceiling still black from the fire last week. Even though they've painted the side walls there is still the smell, new smoke mixed with the constant of piss. But at the end of the passageway there are huddled shapes crouching on the floor. And I know I can't turn back, I know that this is the only way home, so I put my head down and try not to look. But as I pass, I can't help but be drawn to a metallic flash. A silver claw prizing up the floor tiles. And as my heart drowns out the noise from my headphones I feel hands on me. I feel them grab me and turn me. And as I raise my eyes and my hands and prepare for the claw and the smoke and the piss, one of them holds a greetings card in front of my face and asks me if I know how to spell appreciate. There is a vase of pink flowers and the countryside on the front. It says, Birthday Greetings.

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