

Erased

by David Martin

You took up residence on the dark side of things, a bolthole in a wind-flayed right angle of a tower block where pigeons and suicides tumbled blackly on the air currents. You set about drifting off from who you were on a tide of cheap whisky and bad poetry, graduating to recreational chemistry and the rhythms of pirate radio; ghost voices in the night which lead anywhere a sweaty mechanism of moving bodies can be summoned by beats and the burden of being a self surrendered to a ritual encoded in bass frequencies. You dissolve in the music as though someone has sawn off the top of your skull and let the universe flood in. But surfing the grey breakers of morning, you realise you're back in your head, stuck in a bony jar like a dried-out specimen flinching from the light, a metallic residue on your tongue, toxic and digital. The day stretches out ahead like threadbare carpets, the world worn thin. One of those desperate mornings you even cracked and rang her number, but no-one answered.

