

For Emma -
who made me
breathe again

Can you
see me?

ONE

Father

He was married to a single mother

&
made
it
his
aim
to
make
as
many
more
as
he
possibly
could
.

Like a one-man disappointment team.

The thing about killing somebody is that I'm not really killing anybody. It's the heart attacks, or of an apartment building. I'm just the waiter for the afterlife. No River Styx or boatman or que easier with time, and job security is pretty fantastic - people will always die. Kinda like hairdress will always rage.

Fire, now the
re's another r
eason for job
s e c u r i t
y.



BUT I DIGRESS.

The **father**,
that's the arc of this
chapter,
that greasy man
mourned by less than
the sum of **his** parts

the cigarettes, or the random mugger, or the air conditioning unit unsecured to the fifteenth floor tions at a pearly gate. Just me and my cloak - fulfilling the stereotypes and burning bridges. It gets ers, or gardeners, or firemen - hair will always need cutting, grass will always need trimming, fires

Job security, now there's another reason to start fires.

This wretched guy, so full of hate
for the export of **his** life from the inner city
to the suburbs - so full of hate for
a family **he** never wanted - so full of hate
for the women **he** never kept. Make
it look like an ongoing health problem,
as if **his** kidneys were working overtime to deal
with all that bile boiling over in **his**
gut.

I usually eulogise over
the slabs of meat, bring mercy to the murderous
but I had nothing to wax lyrical about.
No reason to bring sanity into a life
lead without sanctity. 60% of **his** known
children could care.

The other 40% would remember the lack and be grateful they had no reason to cherish **imaginary friends**.

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