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## F L A T S

Thankfully, you're staring into the washing machine's glass-eye when I walk into the communal laundry. On command, the machine's eye stings with Spree, water, and a bruise-coloured load of filth and slang.

You speak and I compress the words, hurl them, unaddressed, into the clothes drier. Following you up staircases seemed far easier than freestyle or butterfly, my muscles never able to memorise swimming strokes.

On my cement platform there is room enough for two plastic chairs and a skeletal pot-plant (this used to be comforting). Leaning cheek on hand from a Juliet balcony was far more romantic when I was too immature for sex and operating a washing machine.