Lighthouse

A person gone. Ros Allen. Lost in the danger. Where? A hunderd thouand difrent places. And I’m just here, livin it.

Recently the world has spun towards her. The trees in the orchard are nothing,,, it’s not an environment-world-love thing. The leaves gathered into a pile and we burned them, with eyes over the smoke, and back into the farmhouse in Little Leighs while her dad’s coming back from Singapore, mother holding a new apple, guess the weight, she held the globe in green and red “it’s 16¼ ounces of cox orange pippin crossed with, with… jona…”. She saw and felt it perfectly, as she always did. It’s not the falling drunk out of cars, vodka a given, and honey footprints in the morning. It’s not the sailing sister, why aren’t we doing that, cos we’re always too wasted. It’s not the memory of the guy watching us against a wall, your knees over my shoulders. It’s not the witch in the field who sat there and the dust spun up in a tornado spiral just before I met you again. The stolen cigarettes, the .. the.. the way I was always too fukin inadequate for your potential, your wonder. When you threw rubbish in the street, we walked and heads turned, on a roundabout in Leeds we stopped traffic and, through nothing more than you and me being the most beautiful thing in the city, got applauded by the truck and car drivers we’d stopped, cos you were so beautiful and I was so beautiful……. a… and.. and now you’re gone. I should cut my throat right now.

 A day in Bristol. Like they care.

 I will make it right.

 I’m way too self-supportive, when

I dunno. You’ve gone. How do you feel, now you’re gone? We say “Katie Jane Garside” and “Soko” and “Richey Manic”, but they’re the ones we see, while your power is neat unpol-looted spirit. The tree that curves a certain way that somehow makes me think of you. Your face over the flames of a bonfire we made in the orchard, and the parties when it was really just you and me at the end of it all, as it was through every chatty party moment we were talking with other people and we looked at each other from sides of the room knowing we’d be back together with what we wanted at any moment, when we knew.. The nightclub window that shattered and fell two stories. How you are the only person I ever instinctively protected above myself, when the dogs came. How I grew up thinking that it was normal never to see each other asleep, cos we ALWAYS slept and woke at exactly the same moment, came together, woke together and saw each other’s eyes at exactly the same moment of tiredly, exultantly, lifting our eyelids on a new section of time that was ours, and we always always did exactly what we wanted with it. How can I ever get that back? Caught in oral sessions at parties, and it was only ever you and me, I know what they made of it, it was “It’s them as usual, doing what they do. They do ‘them’”, cos we had so much more than anyone else. At the time.

And now you’re gone.

Pots of honey. Damp footprints on carpet. Fearless - which came from you, not me. And the times I rejected you, told you it was over, and you ran, in those moments I don’t know what, but I imagine eyes aflame, though it never occurred to my thin blood. That time I said so, and you hurt, and soon after you left I chased you in the Beetle, you in that mini twelve-seventy-five, through roads I knew, and when I got there your mother said you’d gone for a walk. Found you in the woods, and we looked at a tree, but it wasn’t the same. Then, when in Leeds, you told me. And I cried my heart out, went down the street in Liverpool where the bands and karma went, and all that sshit, and I bawled my eyes out, gasped and hyperventilated. Curled on the stone wailing my guts,,.. An old lady asked me if I was alright, while I had lost my existence, leaving a shell of skin and a stream of tears, , ,… , . Like as if I’d ever hurt you less. You should fukin come back and kill me.

 I cannot believe it is possible to feel that and move on.

How you are the only person who ever embarrassed my dad, falling out of the car in a pool of such mangled beauty that only you and I knew, staggering anyone else with fear, terror of what you were, where we were, where you lay and got up, as I picked you and held you, and you loved me for it again as you always did. How, the night we met, caught breaking the only rule. How we laughed and dipped our fingers in the crumbs in the papers when a warden in greenwich park got out of his van and told us that we had to stop our picnic in a tree. The festival where I saw you again, walking lean with friends through the dusty sitters, a year after we’d both moved on, but not so far it would seem, cos our own potency ran differently and the moment we saw each other again was a heartbreaker, heartmaker, . . how gaspingly off-the-map beautiful you were… Your stunned look, stumbling to speak, and after a while you said you had to go back to… you said a name, not “my boyfriend”, not now, and as always I missed the point, didn’t see it, didn’t fight to make you mine instead. And you left behind a friend’s sister with the , oh, what’s the point, stolen jacket with pockets-full……she lay there while her spirit was out of body up there with the band, I lit a fire, chatted with those who gathered, stole all her cigarettes, her body cold on the floor, and a crowd grew while it didn’t then enter my mind that you’d returned to a tent with that someone who suddenly meant less to you… a year into uni. I didn’t realise you’d have given that up if I’d only even tried to claim you as mine, would gladly have joined me where I slept cold, tentless under a caravan.

 Together again almost instantly, though I cannot remember how. You told me you didn’t like it when I’d introduced you in the field as an old flame – stood up to me for once, though I meant the flame rather than the distance. That was when you took apart buses, moved the seats forward and made fires on top decks at the back, while I made pyres under municipal statues and the black scorches stayed so long, forever it seemed. We always talked. Except that one night at a Southend club when the school-like edges cut our tongues and we sat on the stage after tinny dancing, you wanting to make the choice right, and I didn’t see or care how much you wanted the night to make us happy. I was happy with you, and you knew I was not happy enough to keep me. Cracking open a car park with braces and wheel wrenches with a friend who wasn’t you, and never would be. The air was a feeder for pyromania or for bubbles spread along a train that I’d never have forged tickets for if I hadn’t lived you. Exploring life’s potency through testing rules - while you ran beyond them, creating a vacuum, stole and broke and strutted without meaning to, and made awe and paradise, as you hadn’t when you were growing and I was so much of your hope, uncertain whether you would always have me to come back to. Because that’s what I was. And that’s why you… or was it just time. Despite my speed, you became faster, then in a different place, that never held the same charge again. Canisters exploded from a fire. Your feral focus. My…

 ignorance of what you yearned for, as you lit fires

I have lived you

I can grow that way again.

 If I ever stop believing that, I am as dead as you are gone.

“Good morrrrrrning”. Max rolls his Rs. His eyes are red, and I’m not sure it’s just because he’s obviously barely slept. Why are you rolling your Rs, Max?

“Because if you want something done properly, or at all, you have to do it yourself.”

And within the galaxy of his eyes I now see the black hole. Rolling his Rs as if trying to say a name that’s a barbed hook in his throat. He smiles up at me and stammers “It-It-It’ll be ok.”

He misses her so much; the reason he crunches crystals of Ecstasy, to feel closeness, to feel ‘What Time is) Love – ooo-ooooo’, when it just makes darker his train tunnel soul, ooo-ooooo, and makes wider the black hole of his eyes. From which now leaks a star-sparkle tear. He shuffles and wipes his eyes with a filthy sleeve that makes him look like a school kid, except, Gods bless him, he does it with strength and conviction. I hold his wet fist. “You won’t always have to do it yourself.”

Enuma Elish, the Sorceress of light, prophesised that, when a tear was born that reflected pure starlight, the Great God N’foor Uma would raise up the earths, and thus it was that on that day the earthly half of the Goddess Ti’amat, where we walk and sleep and love, …thus was the earth raised high. And N’foor Uma poured the seas through the wings of angels to find one lost love, and Paolo Googled her, but never was she found, and for a week Max’s eyes became saucers of blackness, and his speech became a rrrrrrrrrumbling motorrrrrrrr that we used to power a prrrrrinter. rrrrrr.

---- “Rrr Rrrrr, You wanted the same as what everyone else wants. Same as Rrrrrrrrr Rrrrrrrr, Rrrrrrr Rrrrrr, Rrrrrrr Rrrrrr….

 Artists can believe they use clay to make and convey Desire and magic and care, and not realise that…. Desire and magic and care is Love. Love with a big L. Amy said it so clearly, after we danced on tables. Everyone I’ve known. The same with me, mostly, when someone decides they are making me theirs, and leads me by the hand, from desire to magic. It’s the ‘care’ part I’ve struggled with, and maybe always will. I don’t know my Rs from my L-bows. Think I’m so righteous when I say “people don’t own each other”. As if we don’t all love an unspoken “I WANT THIS ONE!” as someone takes us by the hand ,,“YOU’RE MINE!”, to make it true by break of day, and make it truer before we turn to clay

Through care.

 When I, who am already half earth, and crafted no worse than others, save pride, cannot grasp this as others do. Caring for the one who needs it most, does not make me the most caring person. It just shows how much is needed to lift my selfish fist from the earth.

Now I know why I lost Rrr Rrrrr.

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!” ---

 --- “A lighthouse. Be a lighthouse, Max. If you cannot find her again, make yourself seen. Though you feel lost in a dark sea, who knows how lost others are. Grow big, and maybe they’ll find you” ---

We printed pictures of the things he’d done, and would do, and believed in, and covered the walls, the floor, the ceiling, pasted them on the front of the house, Paolo climbed the roof, and Max laughed.

And he grew.