

Business As Usual

Hot Nights

What were the odds, Spain wasn't it ?
He saw her first, stepped forward, polite,
civilised, charming as ever.

They couldn't believe it, had it
really been that long ? They'd
both moved on, of course, down
different paths, formed new and
imperfect circles of friends and
lovers.

They talked over dinner at the casino,
Sardinian fregola, tiramisu, bottle of Vermentino,
stood on the terrace in the moonlight watching
the fireworks display, a spectacular of roman
candles, serpents, cascades, Chinese rockets
above the bay.

She said she had to depart for Morocco,
business. They exchanged cards, promised
to keep in touch, kissed on the cheek.

He went back to his world of import/export.
The next time he heard her name it was on
the TV News her body washed up on the
shore identified only by her red dragon
tattoos.

The memories flashed by: their first time,
in Hong Kong, the skin on his back etched
by her nails; those hot nights in Malaga, how
she always made an excuse to leave early;
the way she would describe her husband's yacht
as a floating prison.

He remembered with affection her
tendency to dramatise.

Smiling ironically he lit the
fuse with his cigar, dived

overboard in his wetsuit and nonchalantly ignoring the debris and the sharks, swam strongly to the shore.

Cold Showers

Alone on the sofa, the snore jolted into his midnight swim. The novel slipped from his hand. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, belched, farted, scratched his backside, lit another fag, and slouching carelessly through the litter of crushed cans and empty crisp bags to the all-night pool party of the kitchen, dived into the fridge for another Red Dragon beer.