



Creative Writing Dissertation.

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The night before and the nights before that

Walking to the corner shop I thought of how you cried last night and how your eyes and drawn-up cheeks looked so unattractive, how all at once you seemed almost repellent, like when I saw a still-born baby bird on the gravel driveway.

I chose the wine based on colour and paid for it and I wanted so much to ask the girl out at the counter when she smiled, but I walked away, crossing the lights next to some nervous looking cyclists, me clutching the neck of the bottle, afraid it would shatter in my fingers.

I thought of how your hair, which normally made me think of Amelie or Indie girls from bands I don't listen to, now held a sort of dry, arachnid quality to it. The fact that you never wore make-up was only then becoming an issue. The fact that your smell made me half-wince every time you moved into my proximity signified to me that what I had done was inexorably right.

I stalked past the car-park, empty line grids, solitary pay-and-display boxes guarding the concrete, and turned into my road. Streetlights encapsulate, blocking the darkness and baring it on metallic shoulders; the small wooded area at the end of the road seemed distant, extra-terrestrial.

I remembered you calling me as I lay unclothed, gripping my toes, and begging me to meet, to talk, understand and me conceding. We sat in that car-park,

your knees disjointed, unhinged as if a child had pulled your wings off, and you offered me your palms like an inverted Messiah, pleading, begging hands, so I took them and tried to analyse your changing eyes, shadowed in the rim of your hood.

Behind you I saw a man stride from one end to the other, heavy supermarket bags in both hands, dropping his arms like an ape to the ground, and he was gone into the bushes. We talked about films we had seen and how each actor looked like someone you knew and you asked me for one more chance.

I left and sat at home drinking, considering facts, situations, watching programs on the computer screen sideways, the rectangle light, square, darkness. Outside the moon sat itself irresolute and a cat wandered the fences searching for the perfect spot, until tail raised and wobbling it stopped at a corner looking out onto the plastic dustbin formations scattered around the place like watchmen.

I remembered horrible lattes, expensive hot chocolates in the café opposite the cinema and how we used to evade family questions, talking instead about art we've never seen or the failings of our friends. Scorsese-light drug hustling was what we watched and explored each other's hands and wrists like two prisoners that had managed to break a hole in the dividing brick wall and finally touch. We kissed back at yours: me leaning down, neck straining, you puckering upwards mouth open like a goldfish or something.

Lightning forks split the sky like a pair of compasses. Feelings of resentment, longing, terrible aches of compassion, apathetic mumblings in the sub-dawn apertures made by the clouds. Saline sheets, wondrous and lonely coddled my porcelain features from the outside light. A burst in the right-brain, an overflow of inspected juice thoughts being blamed on the wrong conspirator,

bass layers and guitar over the tops
drowning out the shredding thoughts from
heads unsure. You're faking it to me. Or I am.
Occultist ramblings thought up, read in books,
leaflets, articles, on immortality, sub-generation,
changing the world with completely normal and
felt-before feelings that make sense to someone
who knows what I'm talking about.

The constructions of things start to disassemble
into pieces of rushing fluids, breaking apart
and unknowingly reassemble into something
different perhaps, or a special type of salt. Asphyxiations.
In this situation the mind is like a solvent,
a husk that picks up bits of substance
throughout its involvement and gathers
dust.

Again, unknown feelings, colliding
sentiments unwanted or put to death an
age ago. Thunderbeats, killings of Asian
minors in hotel rooms just because of sex,
money; these thoughts ran quickly and
unsubtly through my mind like conveyor
winds never-ending. Your face in normal
situations comes slowly to the forefront of
my imagination and I think of the times we
just talked about day-to-day happenings
like who I talked to or who you had to deal
with at your club meetings – it was a weird
one.

Sometimes I imagined your parents
and what they thought just about life in
general, like what about the new Bowie
album or the recent exhibition at the gallery
that they can't possibly have seen since they
live so far away from us, and of my parents
and what books they could have read since I
last saw them and what books they should
have read.

I love you is such a weird thing to hear
after such a long time and I actually feel
it's the wrong thing to say especially how
you lack a normal, understanding phase
of just being a person. In retrospect
it was the most meaningless thing,

like I miss my dead cat more than you.

The wet streets of rain and the shining ones
 in the daytime when I used to walk alone,
 not telling you what I was doing, just
 walking, going to the cinema without telling
 you. Like I wish I could just Google it and
 make everything seem normal, like the
 twisted, modern, infested contemporary
 being I know I am relying on the internet to
 solve my problems.

I look at the drops
 of water and how they change and unfocus
 yet stay the same, hear of people driving
 to America Kerouacing along the subways,
 dust roads and amiable motorway cafes
 that sell English breakfasts, eggs
 drugs, benz, touch it but that's up to you.
 I remember how we first met and how
 I asked you to a drink and yet you didn't drink
 and we fixated on the football game in the back-
 ground. The band started to play, a middle aged couple
 on keyboard and distorted guitar and I thought
 how sad it was that they were jiving to the space
 tunes like crazies.

The Christmas fair near the ice rink
 lit up the black town square, unwanted, unsolicited.
 The skaters glide and circle from wall to wall
 and I consider the quality of life, the huts with
 gourmet sausages, meat and gristle and mulled
 cider at four pounds a go. The pillars of the town
 hall reside sombre and incommunicative like the
 stone in my head – that's not what I mean.
 Feeling the eyeballs move jerkily beneath
 the lids like a bubbling soup, why the microwave doesn't move,
 try listening to vaguely happy music
 that inspired me in the past, but just
 makes me sad at night. I imagine the people
 walking home in the dark and the tall nuclear-power-like
 towers branch over their pocketed figures
 and bowed heads in a drunk depression.

I contemplated going to the shop again, to buy
 cigarettes, to write poetry about smoking,
 but the dogs shadowed in the city-washed
 moonlight under the suburbs of pubs were
 howling or else the students walk past
 their halls of residence to their dens.

The unattainable sexual desires of a culture obsessed with celebrity.

I WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH A PERSON WHO HAS THE ANXIOUS, ADORABLE SENSIBILITIES AND BREASTS OF LENA DUNHAM, THE CALMING TONES OF LEONARDO DICAPRIO, THE BEAUTIFUL CHEEKS OF DANIEL DAY LEWIS, THE BEAUTIFUL AND PUPPYDOG EYES OF SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR, THE COOLNESS OF KIM GORDON, THE TERRIFYING ATTITUDE AND VULNERABILITY OF MILEY CYRUS, THE PROSODY OF RIHANNA, THE SMILES OF JAMES AND DAVE FRANCO, THE IRASCIBILITY OF JUDE LAW, THE FLUTTERING EYELIDS AND TWISTED UNREALITY OF JUSTIN BIEBER, THE SWEET FORGETTABLE MEMORIES OF JAMES STEWART, THE BROWN AND ETERNAL UNTRANSLATABILITY OF EMILY DICKINSON, THE BEAUTIFUL SADNESS AND HELPLESSNESS OF ELIJAH WOOD'S FURROWED BROW, THE INCONCEIVABILITY OF KESHA, THE PROFILE OF VIRGINIA WOOLF, THE DRESS SENSE OF DAVID LYNCH, THE EQUAL GRAVITY AND NAIVETY OF KANYE WEST, THE INCOMPATIBILITY OF DANIEL CLOWES, THE MOUTH AND LIPS OF DAMON ALBARN, THE SELF-JUSTIFICATION AND GENITALS OF JAKE GYLLENHAALL, KEVIN SPACEY AND IGGY POP, THE STILL FACE OF LOU REED, THE MYSTIQUE OF NEIL CASSADY, THE IMPRESSION OF DOLLY PARTON, THE KNEE-SPLITTING EAGERNESS AND UNABASHED IRONY OF A YOUNG COREY FELDMAN, THE COMPLEXION OF MIA WASIKOWSKA.

Fight me, you say, punch me. Then: do karaoke with me, do these ridiculous things that you hate to prove that you like me.

You walk in with a folder and ask me to write you a story. No one's here in this pub because it's just after midday and the guy behind the bar just plays Jesus and Mary Chain all the way through his shift. I tell you I've been watching a lot of films and reading books lately where a character, alive and physically well, has been pronounced dead by another, usually his/her friend.

It was in that film where Winona Ryder plays a mental girl and Brad Pitt's wife looks like Britney on heroin. It was in that Jeffrey Eugenides novel.

You pretend not to hear and then say you don't know what to have and I say I was at the cinema when you phoned me three times and I just let it vibrate in my pocket. I say I've got a lot of work on. I explain that I don't want to go home just yet because of the spongy layer of hair in the plughole. Because of the boy in the room next to the kitchen who has his girlfriend over for the weekend and stands by the stove making the most complicated recipes with his laptop open on the side.

You start checking twitter on your phone and then show me a video of someone I vaguely know having sex at a party. You ask me why I ignore you sometimes. Then Abba comes on and you scowl and I look away.

I don't know how to tell you that sometimes I feel quiet, the way the air is after it rains when everything lightens a bit and that I feel sort of purified and clear. That the way I stand up or sit down in second hand boots is comfortable and that my clothes feel different and somehow new. I can feel my capillaries. I can read Charles Burns and feel connected. I don't know how to tell you that I don't care about your story. I don't know what I want to say so I list names of months that can be names for people: May, April, Miranda July, Augustus Gloop, June Miller who was the wife of Henry Miller. You ask if Toby is short for October and I didn't think it was.