

Holiday Snap

He is walking slowly across the hardened dirt in the plaza looking down at it and stamping on it as he walks. The sun is dazzling. I can see him from the shop but he doesn't see me. The situation is desperate. It's as though we've been tied up and can't get loose. The situation is not in hand.

Initiation into waiting and doing nothing or doing meaningless things – having to put up with it without objection. There's no way to object. There's no way to get out of this.

I thought at first when I looked into the future that to avoid that situation in that village would have avoided going through this episode. But it was unavoidable. It was there in the future no matter what we did. It wasn't that village which contained this future. We felt rotten about what might happen and now it's happening and we're feeling rotten.

What can I do for you. I look at his big head which looks heavy and at the way he walks around easily and energetically like a lion which is caged up. I want to smash the situation and let you out. I want to get out. Why do we have to be bound like this. We could do things but we've been tied up.

I look at his head as he walks round the plaza. You are self-conscious, you are desperate and you believe you don't show it. You don't know what to do. You are so intense about me but we only come together because we're so desperate. It's not love which wakes you during the night and makes you hold me so tightly. It's not love which makes me cry about the future. I want to sleep for a couple of years until the future goes away. The horrible and lonely cold nights without you.

I am strolling down to the shop, it's like every other day except there are only 30 of them. I could cry and hug the greengrocer because he's your cousin, because maybe I'll only see him 20 times.

I am sitting in the cold stone room learning your language. You think I'll never come back. You are sitting in the wooden barracks. The life is bearable.

–He is alright, he's looking very healthy. I think army life suits him.

You are walking across the plaza. You turn around to say hello to someone. You look in the shop, see me and walk over immediately.

–You are here early. Why?

You ride the motorbike along the waterfront, you see me. I am strolling down to the shop. You stop the bike suddenly with your feet on the ground.

–You are walking to the shop early. Why?

My days are not free, there are only 30 of them. It's not love which makes me hold you so tightly.

I am walking along the concrete pier with Roberto. The sun is hot. The beautiful bay. I am desperate. You are riding the bike along the waterfront. You don't see me.

–I must walk back to the road quickly, something is wrong.

Owls. The owls are sitting everywhere along the road. In the sunlight.

–There is something wrong with this day, what is it?

–This is the last day, there were only 30 of them.

We are miles away but no safer. There is a cigarette lighter on the road.

–Where is the pin for the clutch lever, it's slipped out.

I jump off while the bike is going so I can look for it. There's no clutch. This part of the road is in the shadow from the hill.

–I can lean down and get the lighter while we're moving.

–No. I'll jump off again.

The bike stalls. We are miles away. My knees are shaking against your legs.