



Source: Dan Eggen and Robin Wright, 'Records back author's claim that CIA warned Rice about al-Qaeda', *Washington Post* in *Sydney Morning Herald* online, 04/10/06.

Tags: [animals](#), [intimacy](#), [food](#), [home](#)

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I slept half the night on the lounge, woke up bothered and wanting to piss, pissed, poured a glass of water, drank it, and stomped heavy yet docile steps upstairs, collapsed beside him like a chalk outline, and began to snore.

But this morning, the very day of his leaving, my neck feels broken and is aching. I slither out from under the bed sheets, leading with my legs first. He laughs and thinks this to be funny. It is not funny; funny is a sore tummy, not a broken neck.

I cook our breakfast, a favourite of ours: poached eggs, crispy bacon, steamed spinach with a knob of butter on two slices of sour dough, washed down with a medium glass of orange juice, a strong cup of coffee, finished off with a cigarette and small conversation about our latest romantic crushes: he has a current one named Scott. The day has begun, and will begin to end.

Early in the evening with the sun only just having downed, I kiss him goodbye. He jumps into the cab, his luggage in the boot of the car. He waves farewell from the back seat. I smile and turn away: I walk all the way home. I stop in at a bakery and buy a jam doughnut. It is a happy moment that goes slowly. My doughnut crackles in the white paper bag. I continue to walk home, and fight sheepishly with myself, as to when and where I should eat my latest desire. I think that I will take a little bite now—a little tester, something to energize my walk home, should I suddenly collapse from fatigue in the roughly two minutes it will take to walk from the bakery. I bring it out deliberately, and feel like a child. It is great, and I chuckle to myself for a second, chuckle at all the attempts to lose weight for the summer.

The doughnut is a definite weight in my hand, soft to the touch, and warm like a cliché of sex. The saliva runs thick in my mouth, ever-ready to break things down and get broke. It hurts my teeth. It is delicious. It is dusted with fine sugar, it is full of sugar. It is full of jam. There is so much jam I have to discard some onto the ground. Pigeons fly to it, but are confused and fly off, a little disappointed. The sea gulls wish for better things and ignore it completely. The ants will come soon, very, very soon and it makes me happy to think that there will be fewer ants in my kitchen.

I finish the doughnut before I enter my house. I pull out the keys from my pocket, insert them into the lock, twist, pull, push, I am inside and the doorknob outside is sticky (a present for the stranger who will touch it late in the

night.) After rinsing my hands with a hard soap and a run of water, I turn the lamps on, creating a mood. I open the sliding door that leads to our balcony, and look outside, down onto the pool, lit blue and framed by the silhouettes of the surrounding garden foliage. It creates another mood, and I suddenly find myself in a pathetic state of jealousy.

I move back into the house, into the middle of the lounge room floor. I am circled by three single chairs, a coffee table placed by the wall, a cabinet left discarded from a move out (or a move in, I can't remember), a monumental television that can swallow the world and articles of clothes strewn willy-nilly just to show ourselves how still very young we are. I have a cigarette in my hand. I smoke all of it. I light another and I am completely lost for words. I am restless without him. With him gone, I have no sense of myself.

I pick up newspapers, read an article for a minute or so, and then move to random pieces of paper, misdirected mail, junk mail, fliers for local pizza stores. I fold some clothes. I turn the television on. I turn the television off. I think about dinner, and walk into the kitchen. I think about dinner, and see our morning's breakfast, left remnant and finished on the kitchen bench.

The ants are having a festival. I concentrate on one ant. I decide that this ant is a male one. He is young, I can tell that by his size, but also his ambitious steps. He moves on the plate like a dance. I wish many good things for him. I lure him onto my still sticky finger, and give him an early treat. He walks on with consent. I open the door to my house, and place him on the sticky doorknob. I imagine that this is a world of delight for him: the sweet scent of jam a call only for him. I anticipate his joy. I imagine him on his hind legs, yelping from pure ecstasy. He is a beautiful creature, and I wish him all the joy in the world. There is a blob of jam. I see him marching towards it. I am overwhelmed and smiling and no longer thinking of my lover overseas. He runs with force straight into it, I am rooting for him and laughing with such love. I blink. I finish my cigarette. I am a proud parent, and then, all of a sudden, I notice my friend. Still. He is stuck. He doesn't move. I stay there for a minute. Two minutes. Three minutes. Four. Five. He doesn't move. I can't help but feel a little disappointed.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Brian Fuata.*