

It was a bit funny being back in the kitchen again. Staring through the double glazing and feeling warm. Looking at the grey sky and snow just about to fall. I decided to ignore the smashed crockery and put the broken teapot in the corner still full of warm, steaming teabags. My sister had finally gone out. She'd given up on dad, like I had years ago. Poor kid, I suppose she'll learn sometime. But it's nice to be warm when you're feeling cold. It had happened anyway. She knew it would. She was afraid for ages, but now her fear had grown gigantic. She tried to tell him, you think I want more than I do, but I don't - I only want to see you. But if I never see you again I'll die. Shit. But she saw that he hated her for making a scene and that his caution and distance... Is this too personal or natural? She fell back into the water and drowned. The dream ended and she didn't care any more. She would never care again. She ran away from the flat taking his... where she had gone. Oh well, anyway I never sang no beginning because you never want - ow! - find no beginning. It's already gone and past. Whatever you're after, you'll never find the beginning of it. And that's why you'll always be too late. 'The only thing you'll ever find is the end of things. Whatever happens, it'll be what you didn't want to happen. Whatever doesn't happen will be the thing you want. Take your choosing how you like - you always get what you don't want. Now you're talking just like me. It's an eye for an eye as we move over the darkness. The garlands I bind are but gathered and strewn in the wind.