

Sometimes he was playful and he'd roll a ball - she'd fetch it and she rolled. They'd ball. She'd grin, she'd bear it, closed her eyes and thought of processed peas, the price of cheese, the adverts on T.V. So he squeezed a little harder - 'til it hurt. And she thought of scars, she thought of burns; a bursting heart and burning hate. There's always hate. There's always pain. A creeping stain across the linen that she'd lie in. Night out, night in. Every night the same. They'd stay in - saying nothing. She thought of knives, of paraffine around his chair and a careless cigarette. Forget it! He said how she had to keep things clean... (lick the carpet, dust the dog) You have to keep things clean! (mow the windows, shine the socks) Oh you have to keep things