



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:2:00

Glass Masks and Hot Tubs

By Alan Goodchild

The shock stopped my heart as I hit the locked door, shit
the wine store was closed and there's people who saw
me head-but the sign that says 'Please understand
that we must close, rules, we're just not in the plan
to stay open for you, for your lust for your need
we know that you'll suffer, we've witnessed your greed
taking twelve over three, your normal amount
trying hard to look casual, you think we can't count?
You know that we limit the number we sell
there's a sign on the counter, you covered it, well
by accident you say with your twelve over three
that you sneaked past my colleague so I wouldn't see.
Just eighteen she is and such a sweet girl,
you took advantage you bastard I wish you to hell
In a gold crested handcart with the rest of those mugs
who go blindly downhill to Beelzibub's tubs.

Hot tubs that is, I've heard it's quite nice,
you'll like it in there, you can practise your vice
of lying and cheating to get what you want
defile God at leisure and piss in his font
for all I care you greedy fat brandy-soaked sod.

I stopped reading there, the lights came on, low.

A man looked through, breath misting the glass
Eyes smiling, 'come in'
then fast, the door opened and caught as I fell
Into welcoming arms, strangely masked, but tell
he requested; did you not see the signs?
We were just in the park, caught short, no time
Come with me he said, and we leapt in the tub
and we splashed and we laughed, and we breathed, and we
hugged
Then gone. Silence, just rise and fall
Then cough, then wheeze, handheld, comfort, coming round
Brighter light, more focus and life, still life, lovely life
And to him, and to her, and to all of them in glass and masks and
hot tubs

Thank you!