

Accident Music

Ross Gibson



Set up the scene. It's this kind of town. Sunrise hustles fresh air in from the ocean. A day spent near the harbour gives the full history of radiance. At night you can hear accident music in fog horns and pilot bells.

Gibson

The one they all fear, he's travelled 800 miles in 24 hours.



That telephone message – ‘Go to your child.’

Thunder? Was it?

Sunburn is just *one* kind of pain.

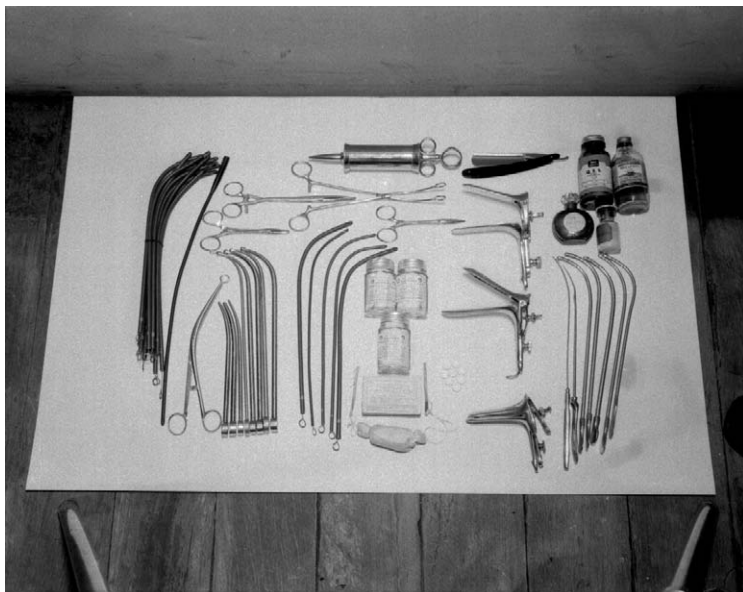


Soup is simmering nearby in a galvanised garbage can.

Shy birds are watching.

Gibson

She paid a Lithuanian to scrape away the past.



A rumour runs around town, concerning the University: they'll pay big for a brain,
but not so much for a heart.

There's a secret life in most things.

Accident Music

Down here the world is ruled by beetles and flies the size of small change and dried peas.



Concealed under cover, a luminous cross.

Men are loitering down the road. They have a rank can of accelerant.

Gibson

There's a coward involved.

Walking is just a struggle with falling.



A lure into outrage.

Somebody hissing: "Do you want me to explain to them how come we're together?"

What makes it move like that, the thing in the shadows?