Eraser head

The daylight is drunk from last night. It comes into the room through the window, leaves footprints all over my face and bumps into the door. I tell it to leave.

On the inside of my cranium, a crowd of youngsters shouts at a deejay from out of town**.** They crush cans of bitter under their giant feet and kick them against the wall. I hope they didn’t pay to get in. Outside, I watch my morning drool gather in a small pond on Idon’tknowyournamandyoudon’tknowmine’s (eh) left shoulder. It ripples on beat. ~~Even~~ my headaches have rhythm. I rub my temples to turn the volume down.

I sit in front of a vacant building. My eyes say *now closed, thank you for your service, seeking new ownership*. I put her sunglasses on. I lied to her when she asked me if I had seen them. I know I’ll say she gave them to me If anyone says anything. I let the street swallow me. It has bad breath.

My four bandmates took the plane back to Montreal. Before our tour started, I had no idea I was signing up to adopt their every worry but, now that they are not there, I’m not sure what to do. Some of them have gone home empty handed, the others filled with stories of where their fingers had gone the night before. The bags under my eyes wouldn’t pass customs. Now, I’ve got long hair with a short temper. It’s been almost eight weeks of same clothes, different city, sing along the same songs.

I love other people’s problems. A car hides its winter cough from a new owner, a white woman borrows her friends swagger without asking, a tree sporting a bad haircut looks down in shame, folks with heavy wallets climb over one another while beside me, a cop with a sharp smile searches a bum’s empty pockets for the third time. I hum notes I won’t be able to hit for the next few weeks due to excessive babysitting of brand name cigarettes from every country I’ve played in.

Close friends tell me I should take time off after the tour**,** these are the same people that spend a month of rent on a bottle but, are afraid of being alone. I’m supposed to meet my girlfriend in two weeks but, a local beatmaker gives me her address. He loves the idea of having something to do with the surprise. Everyone(they all) wants their name in her mouth. She knows people in the business that you don’t know, no matter who you are. I too fiend seeing myself through her eyes. She has no ideas of her own, she’ll tell me what others think of me. I walk towards the apartment she’s borrowed from a quiet kid with rich parents. We all have quiet addictions.

When I open the door, she holds me like clothes out the dryer. I drop my knapsack to the ground. The B-side of Ptah The El Daoud spins in the background. She monologues over the music while I dig through the stack records she’s picked up in the past few weeks. I make note of the ones I will borrow and never give back. She rolls a kingsize joint like a mother packs a healthy lunch. The stars warned her I was coming; still, she never can see that the world doesn’t revolve in around her. I’m sure this penthouse does very well on Instagram.

This woman speaks in headlines only, her troubles fit only for a movie trailer, her hardships for the back of a book. Her words float over us, hovering balloons – every time I blink, they burst, the fonts change. Her voice furnishes every corner of the loft, it mixes poorly with the smoke. Even the colors are my shirt are faded. Twice, she asks me if I cheated during my tour and doesn’t wait for an answer. I’ve got nothing to do in this conversation. Love gives and doesn’t expect anything in return. No one makes supper. She rides me like you steal milk from a roommate. Afterwards, in a moment of silence I watch her edit the moment behind closed eyes, the way she will tell others about it.

My girlfriend sleeps with a satisfied grin. I take a bottle with writing I can’t read from the parent’s liquor cabinet. I sat on the roof until I felt the building stands on its tippy toes, it tries to hide the sun from me. The rain plays the trashcans in the backstreet. I’m going to sample that.

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Ici, les rues s’entassent

Comme du linge mal plié

Qu’on a oublié qu’on avait

Qu’on ne porte plus

Mais qu’on ne veut pas jeter

Je t’ai traité comme ca aussi