

marketplace

the amp is beaten up, it came off the hard rubbish. i couldn't let it go to landfill but I also knew i could get a buck for it. my neighbour is in hospital with a bleed, the red camellia drops another flower. the sound of recess is on school holidays, i miss the bell which always plays the same song, walking on sunshine. i list some stuff and wait to see how long it takes to get a message. is this still available? it always is, if I can find it. yes, are you still interested? footy finals sound like summer approaching, that empty feeling. you can tell martin knows what it's like to be gone by the way he misses the kick, what a legend though. the guy sits in the passenger seat of a silver nissan while his carer checks out the amp. i attach a grey extension cord that winds down the stairs he doesn't do, cos of his disability. a snake trails over the cooch grass and i think about how good it's going to feel when i can delete the listing. she plays the same chord over and over and we both listen. twenty bucks used to feel like a million dollars. the sound is real good he says, can you bring it over here? she picks up the box and her pink shirt catches underneath laminate peeling from the sides. we both stare at the brown skin on her stomach. nice and close he tells her. looks tatty, you negotiable at all? his legs are squeezed between the seat and the dash, paper money so light, like falling leaves. i've got lots of interest, i lie and a neil diamond song goes through my head. shilo, when I was young. the only record my mum owned, but I was the one who knew how to play it. he gives her a note and she passes it on to me. still sticky, like an earworm.