

Nick Sykes

ON SHARING A FLAT WITH A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITE SEX

The house is empty without you,
 you took your dining table;
your dining chairs,
 your lounge chairs;
your television,
 your stereo;
but left your telephone bill,
 there is now not one bamboo shoot of furniture left in the lounge.

When you moved in
 you moved all my furniture out;
it may have been second hand,
 it may have been uncoordinated,
 but at least I had something to sit on.

Next time a woman insists on cooking for me,
 then complains I expect her to cook;
next time a flatmate fixes up the house,
 then starts to fix up me,
I will remember you.