

The road is wide and empty. Long blades of golden grass gather in tufts and fill the land as far as my eyes can see. Trees of hardy character are scattered about. Their nearly-bare branches jut bent into the air. In the distance, a hill rises suddenly from the dry, red-brown earth. Boulder formations decorate its sides.

The place is barren, yet striking.

I walk along this road to gather my thoughts. I have temporarily traded the grey of my office for this rustic scene, on a week long writer's retreat. The words have not been coming easily to me. I am back in my dream, walking with even, measured steps, then the same slow realisation that I am being followed. The animals are behind me. There is a beat on the bitumen created by four legs with nails. I am not sure how long the clipped sound has been there. I hesitate, then spin around quickly with a gasp of surprise. A young border collie cross is there – living and breathing. I bend down to greet her. She is ridiculously excited by our meeting, rolling over to expose her belly as a show of delight.

Her exuberance is infectious and something is unlocked within.



LIAM FERNEY

BORSTAL BITCHES

reality teen girls
in juvey on tv

or more tax

seems like a
no brainer to me