



“...Our hair is limp and hangs in greasy strings. We left the clothes in the washing machine at the end of the cycle and now we sit in the mildewed stink of the t-shirt for the fifth day in a row with the curtains drawn. Our pores are nobbly clogged with plugs of sebum and grime. We hunch in lamplight with a compact mirror balanced on the arm of the sofa and finger and squeeze our nose skin until it is crisscrossed with nail marks. Our fungal toenails yellow and thicken and poke holes through our dirty socks. Our flesh spreads in musty folds. We cannot use the bathroom. We see the soapy grey matted clumps of hair that cling to the underside of the drain cover detach and slither down the slime coated brown interior of the pipe as our dirty bathwater drains. We see every hungry sucking hole in all of the apartments in the block emptying the toilets and the sinks and the washing machines and the dishwashers, and the collective citrus pine needle lavender scented frothy grey stream is ferrying the turds and the piss and the clots of menstrual blood and the wet tissue lumps and the grease to meet the rushing torrential river of human effluvia coursing beneath the city. We can no longer risk the puckering of our holes over the porcelain-framed open sewer tributary of the toilet...we shit in the bin..”