

LUKE BEESLEY

*Comet*

I could write about falling over, which was the end to my writing that day. I'd been writing a story about the art of running when a friend mentioned Murakami. I stopped writing but I stopped very quickly. I was daydreaming half the time while listening to my friend but I'd attached back to our conversation when he asked about my writing. And then I stopped writing altogether.

I came away with a ten-cent graze on the top of my big toe; a comet-like graze on my shoulder; a few little specks on my thumb and wrist; and a great big yawn of a graze on my knee. For days I was just walking around. I would, sometimes, after dressing each of the wounds from 4 different boxes of band-aids, walk out into the back yard and just stand there. Then I'd search out the patches of sunlight or go over to some leaves and fizz them in my hand like money. I called it clean day-dreaming. I felt free. But then I had to go back to work so I went out into the backyard and dug up my running shoes and brushed them off and put them on and sat on a green garden chair. My hands were the colour of masonite; the timber inside an old drawer. I pulled at the drawer a little to luxuriate in the thought and to put off jogging for a little longer, but instead I found I was jogging! This is what you do, what you think, when you're jogging! I pulled on the drawer and began to go through each of its contents. Allen keys, pencils. I played my hand in the drawer as if scuffing the coat of an old dog. It nudged against my face and pushed me, the drawer, and I fell back. It's actually when I fell and grazed my foot, knee and shoulder. An elderly man insisted on helping me up, wanting me to grasp his hand as if it would excuse him from making me swerve, except it was my uncle. We laughed, then, and he wondered out loud what I was going to do with all the Allen keys (it was also his name). He gestured across the nature strip as if that had become a sort of workshop. There was a shrub and some litter and a chair. It was upturned and its wooden legs were broken and splayed and they ripped at the beige fabric of the chair to expose thick orange rusty springs. It was horrible and quite beautiful

– readymade on the lawn – the twisted form leaning towards something sculptural, attendant. I closed the drawer and brushed my hands against my bright blue shorts and hobbled along. It was like walking, but not quite. A woven sort of running. I'd dropped jogging altogether, by that point, preferring the term running with its tap-tapping double 'n' in proportion to the 'r' of my keypad. I wrote furiously until my wrists began to ache, and then bushed my hands off on the founts. I'd picked up quite a smudge of dirt and peppermint-green daubs from the lawn, really running. I was going for it! In time, just by breathing, I could turn the *ands* – which had lain beside me the whole time – into *hands*. Running them through my hair.