

Wrestling In Cars

“When they sit in the car, after I’ve picked them up from some glassy office somewhere, they sit and they slowly,

they slowly sort of,

verbally wrestle. They drop names and bitch to find out the lay of the land

they speak with thick skins”.

“Do you feel alienated by this?”

A white clock ticks on the white wall, cheap and plastic. His chair is laid back, draped over its own frame and red. The arms curve into the kneeling legs, two sides with slats of wood to join them.

The highly qualified person is sat on a swivel chair, all business and fake leather. A computer hums behind her. He thinks for a bit.

“I was listening to a documentary on Radio Four about successful people.”

The clock ticks like birds crunching snow under tiny toes.

“I think it’s good to be thick skinned and determined. I wish I could fight like them, wrestle for territory. You know, with no conscience.”