

QUORNS

the little unnoticed kiss on his sleeping head when she left early - he's still such a child
couldn't give you a flower so I write you one - I'll be a little earlier tonight
see you at six you know where - wear a golden scarf (haha)
the little morning-notes on the fridge always made her smile
the unfinished cup of tea - forgot the key again - the lunch box
they stopped smoking together but kept the ashtrays until father died
they squashed and snookered jetlagged phoned faxed and loved postcards too

never slammed a door for a too soft-boiled egg
they took their time - talked it over - tears of joy at the end (and a little fuck)
every year again he feigned he forgot about her birthday until the parents came in
he loved presents books and things from flea-market - no design fair shit (sorry)
in winter she built a fire and read Oscar Wilde at his bathing-tub
it was not only love but friendship too

since the tele broke they never needed another one
they preferred Prince to Jackson Costello to Joe
Queen to King John to Paul and Pepsi to Coke
how she hated love-songs and he didn't like them too
she always could wear his self-designed self-printed T-shirts
the "exploding Discovery"-one was her absolute favourite
you remember the fun with their first burnt no-calorie quorn-pizza ?

they shared warm memories at the funeral of their nine year old adopted Swedish girl
six burnt weenies and a bottle of Glühwein - their first and only hang-over (heavenly to make love)
they died quietly together in a long and exhausting car-crash

there was nobody to bury them