

Courtney Barnett, Dead Fox

Jen insists that we buy organic vegetables and I must admit that I was a little skeptical at first; a little. Never having too much money I get the cheap stuff at the supermarket, but they're all pumped up with pesticides. A friend told me that they stick nicotine in the apples.

If you can't see me I can't see you

Heading down the Highway Hume somewhere at the end of June.
Taxidermied kangaroos are littered on the shoulders. A possum Jackson Pollock is painted on the wall.
Sometimes I think a single sneeze could be the end of us, my hay-fever is turning up, just swerved.
Big business overtaking, without indicating; he passes on the right, been driving through the night time.

If you can't see me I can't see you.

More people die on the road than they do in the ocean, maybe we should mull over culling cars instead
(or just lock them up in parks where we can go and view them).
There's a bypass over Holbrook now, paid for with burgers no doubt, I've lost count of all the cows.
There'll be no salad sandwiches. The law of averages says we'll stop in the next town where petrol is available.

If you can't see me I can't see you.