

## BRUSH

I'm at the back of the queue my basket full  
when the man behind the counter ahead looks up.

Really? FUCK. My pulse jumps  
and flips, I pretend to look at my phone –  
as if someone needs me urgently and I have to go.

This minute. My sweaty palms  
bolt for the door ahead of my legs.

In ten thousand years the earth may look the same as now,  
but a meteor  
could end it all in a sudden flash.

I don't know if that shop assistant  
*was* the same man I'd lost five dangerous years to...  
But round the corner I pause for breath –  
avoid collision at all costs.