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Casablanca

You threw it all away, like a carcass to the dogs. Our entwined life became putrid in its routine as we'd become slaves to an idyllic life, a detached house hidden from the front gate with a winding driveway that only my genius in the court of law could buy. And all the while you just stare straight through me while I rant each time... *I'll see you soon.*

Another Tuesday morning, another rancid song by the crows as they marshal the pine trees that surround our home, another cup of my beloved earl-gray, half a sugar to take away the edge. As I stumble out of bed and drag myself to the shower I notice you've once more darned my socks and pressed my trousers as flat as Belgium. That horrible straightjacket of a shirt is hanging from the door, expecting me. The most successful barrister to have managed to escape the Rhondda, and Wales, thankfully! The fastest brain in the West that can outwit a criminal with the blink of an eye. An upholder of justice and morals, the thread in the system's seams.

The thread in our seams had long worn out, no longer able to hold anything together and our shower curtain has seen better days too. I don't want to get out, the rush of steaming water down my back and the spray hugging my skin is where I want to stay, for as long as the heavens can allow, anything but having to move on, get dried, discard that temporary Eden and get downstairs to crunch on my bowl of fruit and fibre, the thin bland texture of skimmed milk conspires with the

dull colours in my bowl to drive me crazy with boredom. Just a taste of dullness to prepare me for the rest of the day's dullness.

Having suffered enough of your banal ramblings about the dreadful amount of dusting that awaits you, your tiresome shopping trips for my favourite food and of course ironing my straightjacket and socks, ready for tomorrow's full day of the usual pig ignorance and bone headedness of various louts, vandals and petty thieves who can barely pronounce their names, let alone convince a jury that they deserve nothing more than a nice holiday in Jail, I realise that any jail would be better than my life. A life sentence filled with torture by conversation... You straighten my tie having slipped my coat on my broad shoulders. Your gleaming smile freezes time as you reach up and kiss my lips, bringing back the bliss of our first Kiss, and even the many more that ensued in our early years, before you put on the ring and routine quickly turned to madness. What a waste of my money! On that souring note accompanied by a choir of crows that screech disparagingly at me, I drive off down our meandering driveway, feeling at ease and as one with my black BMW, ready to serve justice...

I'll be fine if you let me out, show me a hole in a hedge or give me pliers to cut through this fence, this brightness that never leaves me alone, even at night, these white, bouncy walls that don't know when to shut up. It's disgraceful, me and my bed should be allowed to converse in total privacy without the sneering walls casting remarks on all our business. A prison guard allows his cellmates to talk intimately every so often, why won't these damn walls do the same?

It's a typical Thursday, much like yesterday, and bearing an uncanny resemblance to Tuesday's mind numbing rhythm. Your kiss to my lips revolts me as it mostly does before I drive off to the sound of crows ruining the news headlines on my radio. More young layabouts to sort out.

But today is different, from the moment I set my eyes on her. My new secretary, Naomi. I undress her with my eyes and get so aroused as I stare deeply into her eyes, swallowing my spit as my mouth starts watering at the sight of her tall long legs in black tights leading all the way to her breasts that can be seen at an angle as her button is undone.

"Hi, I'm Naomi, it's my first day, is this my desk? Would you like a coffee?"

Sorry, I get nervous quite easily, I don't want to disappoint you Mr Wilkins..."

"Call me Dan, it's Daniel Wilkins, but Dan will do fine, I like my staff to feel at ease, that's how work gets done isn't it. I need my P.A. to be at her best, or injustices could occur as a result! But I'm sure that won't be the case at all with a young and talented woman like you at my side, would you like me to show you around the courts?"

Naomi smiles obligingly, of course she wants to be shown around, she can't resist you, you know that, she's the girl of your dreams, your ticket to freedom, a way out of your rotting marriage. Hold on here! I've only just met her, why am I thinking like this, she's so sexy, that's why I'm thinking like this. We get the lift and go up to the main courtroom, it's early yet, and sessions don't start until 10:30 on a Thursday. As the lift doors close we both turn away from each other and gaze at the walls, then as our

eyes wander we connect and you make me melt inside, the lust bites away at my muscles and flows through my veins.

What do you know about our marriage? We were inseparable, destined to grow old like a fine red claret, awaiting consumption by time and its eventualities. Your walls know nothing about me, the memories that are bricks in the minds' walls, holding my home together. I remember the nights when... I do, I swear I remember, we used to cuddle up... what do you mean am I sure, of course I am, I remember like it was yesterday...

God I want you Naomi, is the only phrase that rings in my mind, the next thing she seems to agree as her tongue liven my senses and feels great pushed passionately against mine, our lips moving in harmony as our hands become possessed by a greater force, a desire to reach nirvana and scream blissfully to an orgasmic chant... The lift bell rings, we're already on the fifth floor, where the Main court room awaits our visit. We jump apart and straighten ourselves out, frustrated and flustered, there's no one waiting in the corridor, but we still feel exposed. I suggest we go the courtroom, Naomi smiles innocently and follows my lead.

Once inside, the room is so empty we can hear each other's heart throbbing, I start to explain the court procedures at the beginning of each case and so forth, explaining in quite some detail how a jury I selected from an initial 15 that stand to the court, with three getting randomly sent back to the waiting room where fags are smoked and friendships are made, between a read of last week's edition of Hunting Lifestyle... All the while Naomi just stares at me, undressing me with her piercing eyes on

my own stomping ground, where I command such respect and authority. And nothing has changed today either. Whimsically I order Naomi to take her clothes off. Surprised, yet excited, Naomi wriggles her hips whilst reaching to the back of her skirt and clip, it falls to the floor and her bra and blouse quickly follow as she stands in her tights in front of me. I pick her up and carry her to the Judge's seat, I proceed to rip her tights and gasp at her beauty as our pleasure becomes mutual and grows to ecstasy as we connect and collide like a two suns in one union of energy, on the Judge's seat. The juices flow as we get loud, way too loud for my liking, but this lust has a grip of me like a constrictor snake that has the strength of the ten fierce Welsh dragons, Naomi bites her lips and digs her nails into my shoulders, her screaming increases...

"Oh Lord, this is appalling... Mr Wilkins, is that you? Oh dear me, it is you, well I... what the hell is going on? Are you insane? It's shameful and disgusting, you of all people Mr Wilkins, and who is this slut then?!"

Fred. Fred the cleaner, a fifty-something bachelor, the queen of queens, a man very much in touch with his feminine side shall we say, though that doesn't matter, but I've never seen him so angry ever before, he's even sounding quite manly if I may say so, he has certainly taken me by surprise, I'm sure the feelings are mutual. How the mind wanders in a moment like this. My embarrassment is total. Naomi has by now run of to kneel down and hide in the dock, crying. I could easily cry right now.

Ever present, smarmy and snide. Belittling the smallest of my achievements. Four walls like bullies surrounding me, pushing me back and forth, left to right, bumping my bones until I don't know where I'm

being pushed and laughing all the while. That surrounding whiteness eating away at me as the walls deafen me with their tortuous laughter. Even the night's darkness fails to dim the brightness of these walls. They blind me and deafen my ears and burn my body as I itch in my bed, tied and lonely, tickled to a frenzy by these conspiring walls...

Fred runs out and I go into a frenzy, running stark naked in all my glory across the court room to collect my shoes and socks as I struggle to put the rest of my clothes on, my shirt tangles round my torso and half covering my face, resembling that dreaded straight jacked more than ever, just as Lord Anthony Q.C. enters the room and gazes in astonishment at talents of mine he hasn't previously seen on display...

"Daniel" whispered Lisa...

Oh, so now you are willing to talk are you? The mention of my pride and glory finally too much for you to resist, come on let's have a quickie right here, like in the old days.

"Daniel" Lisa said more forcefully this time "Daniel, I want a divorce, I've met a man, his name is Diego, he's my Spanish teacher at night school."

"Night school? Spanish? Diego?! Since when?!"

"It doesn't matter, you'll never see him anyway, we're moving to Spain, we're going to buy a house in Oviedo, it's a lovely city, we're going to start a language school once I am qualified to teach English... Daniel?"

"Visiting time is now over, will all visitors please make their way out. See you soon I'm sure", said a provocative voice from the loudspeakers.

"Daniel, I've got to go, I'll be back soon so we can do the necessary

arrangem... ents... Bye Dan” and Lisa trotted off and turned for one last look at what used to be her tower of strength, now being led lifelessly by a pair of guards in heavenly white towards the growing queue of patients that awaited their medication, half of them barely able to walk let alone swallow a pill, the poor lobotomized souls...

I just gazed. The void was pleasing. Anything was pleasing compared to that soft white cell, the leather bed straps, the plastic sheets, the talking walls..