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AN EMAIL
FROM
SUNDAY,
DESCRIBING
SATURDAY

Oisín
Roberts
■



1 message

Oisín Roberts

Sun, Mar 3, 2024 at 11:00 AM

An email from Sunday, describing Saturday


Hi Lowri,

Yesterday I woke up around 8:30AM when the dog stirred and stretched and went to the door because he wanted to go out to the toilet. You were snoring kind of quietly and the sun was coming through the blinds making the bedroom gold. I was tired but wanted to be awake.

I did the dishes from the day before and thought about how they were 'yours' but how this is all 'ours'. I went out the back in my Uggs and picked up four poos. I made us some toast and coffee and by that time you were waking up so I began to put the bedroom back together and Hoover up all the dust. I wanted to get going. I wanted to be outside. I felt impatient about it, but you made us lunch - you

thought ahead about us not spending the money that we don't have.

I pestered you into going on your bike with me and we took them over the road to pump up our tires. We cycled for a long time, a meandering line from South East to central—I was always checking the map. It was sunny and cold and I felt like there weren't any cars on the road. I saw some really good sunlight shining onto tall glass buildings. I saw *iconic* and *recognisable* landmarks like Tower Bridge and St Pauls but from weird refracted angles. I saw small pubs I imagined going to in the future, and parks I had been to in the past. A very loud and colourful buggie bike(?) the things that tourists get in(?) a *rickshaw* came onto the cycle path near Westminster, it was playing 'Gangnam Style'. You seemed to want to cycle away from it and overtake the slower people in front of us, but I felt very loose for the first time in days and just enjoyed rolling forward. I was LOUDLY singing along, standing up on the pedals and shaking my bum from side to side. Really, I was looking at the London Eye and thinking about the next part of our route. I liked the motion of moving forward, and




forward, and forward, and I liked making you laugh.
I always like making you laugh.


I don't remember if I had my own bike when I was young. However, I did like to be on wheels, I remember that. I had rollerblades that I used everyday and there was a giant go-kart that I think belonged to John, but it was just kept in the street and we all used it. John was older and taller than everybody else. He showed me the song 'Gangsta's Paradise' and at the same time showed me how putting your phone in a cup made the sound louder. I didn't have a phone, but he was showing me anyway. I thought the buttons were so small. I wondered how he texts and *who* he texts... All of us were right there in the street.

Same as then, same as ever, I like gliding along when my wheels are pumped up around 80 and the cycle path is smooth. You were faster than me - a combination of your bike being that bit lighter and your legs being that bit stronger than mines. Yesterday we were cycling to the RA to see the interim show. I wanted to go because I've been following this girl Esther for a few years. We saw some really good shoes she made. They were black and

white made out of a sort of papier-mâché and they had real shoelaces attached. They were made like money boxes with a slot where the imaginary foot would go in and the sheet I was holding said there were coins inside. They felt fun, funny, and kind of nostalgic for some reason. We sat in the café afterwards and pointed our chairs out the window at the edge. It wasn't a table, just the windowsill, but for me it felt like the perfect seat. I liked that our backs were to everyone else and that my stomach was tense and sore from laughing. I felt alone with you. I liked when you read me your qualities according to your star sign. I felt really horny looking at you telling me vague things about yourself like how 'creative' and 'hardworking' you are. You read me mines. I'm always much more intense and emotional. You made a joke about me being 'compassionate'... 'magical'... and... 'throwing myself into traffic' (I have done that in-front of you before, so the joke was true and mean). I laughed and could have burst. I wanted to kiss slow and long. I resent that I can't do that anywhere whenever I want.

John taught us all how to play in the scrapyard, then in traffic. Our street was on the outskirts of the city,






outside the entrance was a road that if you crossed it got you to the car breakers and if you followed it took you over the border, so it was kind of busy and could get dark. John showed us how to get in the scrapyards after it closed and for hours we would be in and out of burnt out cars - most people stacked parts high to climb and jump off, I liked to collect bits of metal that looked or felt interesting. I still do that. 'That could be good for something!'. Do you remember recently I found one that will make a good shelf for your plates? My favourite bit of metal actually belongs to you. It's a semi-circle shape, with ridges. It looks like a silver rainbow and sits on our kitchen table. After a while the scrapyards became boring and wasn't the place anymore. Then we were back on the road and John taught us the invisible rope trick, two of us crouching down on either side of the road holding the rope, the rest of them sat on the wall at the entrance of the street watching to see who would slow down and who would get angry. I could talk our way out of things. I could talk for Ireland.

I decided there at the RA that I'd like to come with you to Helena's birthday, because I had been having

so much fun with you on the day that I wanted it to carry on. We got two trains home with the bikes and one of my favourite parts of the day was sitting on your knees on the first train and chatting. Sometimes when we are rambling around, and talking about nothing, I get to feel like a child for the very first time.

You made a quick dinner with all the things we had at home. I drank half of a gin and tonic while I ironed a fancy shirt that I'd picked up in a charity shop when I lived in East London. We headed out and made our way to Green Park. When we arrived there we realised we were at the wrong place but it felt right to go into M&S and pick up a mini beer and some flowers for the birthday. On the train I bumped into a guy called Stewart that I used to work with and he said my old name but he was very friendly. I small-chatted until his stop and felt relieved when he was gone because I got to go back inside us. We laughed a lot and got on the overground and went to Haggerston. We went inside a members club that I felt had a weird vibe and overpriced drinks, but very nice friends of Helena's. I drank two negroni's and some prosecco. When we





were leaving the place, we made our way to The Glory three days before it closed down. I have been so sad and so low the past few days and I'm tired. On the way to The Glory I fantasised about being home in bed and holding you. Inside The Glory I mostly looked at the balloons covering the ceiling, goodbye goodbye goodbye goodbye goodbye

goodbye

goodbye

goodbye

Ois

