

## MAZ

I'm first off the Luas and gagging to go, the Irish for 'speed' my absolute hole. I've been sitting in that metal can for what feels like a whole lifetime, flailing around for a lifeline of any description, considering alighting early to escape. Yer man, Bricks he called himself, apt, he's probably as thick as one, sing songing his life story in my face like we were alone, "a disgrace", I heard an aul one mumble across from him as he swore, but in spite of myself. I half liked him. Half. No more.

Abbey Street, and town is packed, bursting at the concrete seams, admittedly it seems like most people are march bound but I can't muster solidarity with masses moving this fucking slow, and yes she's dead, but this is not a funeral. Why are people moving like they came to show their cow towed respect not their fucking anger is rising in me, coming up my throat, bile and heart burn like. I need a Rennie to remedy this, 'breeeeeathe' I say out loud inadvertently into the ear of a woman in front of me, I tickle her with my panicked breath, that's how close I am to her freckly neck and she backwards glances me like 'thanks for the reminder love'. Placard in hand, I'm armed. I've landed in Dublin and I'm scoping the vibes, 'try me I think, just try my patience.' Its shriveled already it's, papery thin, I hate crowds, but I brace myself and worm my way in.