

A good match.

Isaac Gillan sat on his favourite rock surveying the old jetty. He shook, then sparked up a Bic lighter and puffed his spliff alight. He took a deep hit, then scanned the horizon for his comrade. The skunk coursed through his lungs; a complex ebb and flood. Psychological and corporeal pins and needles; Semtex for his soul.

Scratchy clicks caught his ear; Isaac skulked. Only crabby tourists with their stupid walking poles, all toggled up in their London ways. More spent on designer walking gear, than he possessed in his whole world. Craving anonymity, he lurked, communing with the incoming tide.

Isaac's tongue flicked the rawness from where a foetid tooth had collapsed from his gums only the week before. His dilated, agitated eyes searched the shoreline. Stood up yet again?

He exhaled. Smoke oozed through his rotten crowns in synchronicity with a seventh wave that crashed through the jetty's own putrefied stanchions.

Him and the jetty; a good match. Losers both: A livelihood appropriated when the lorries undercut the harvest's traditional seaborne journey to market, consigning the veg boats redundancies. A misplaced Father and a Mother who sporadically interfered in his life, when she wasn't too busy chasing her next bottle of vodka.

Isaac took another hit. At least he had a lucky number; could still get high when Mum was suffering the lows of a hangover. Unsteadily, he made his way over to the jetty, unable to laugh, unable to cry. The warped wooden treads permeated cat's piss. Exposed rusty spikes threatened tetanus. The boxes of cauliflowers, daffodils and new potatoes that used to be piled high, would have now fallen through these breaches into the swash below. Leaning against the leading light that would never guide another boat, he pulled on the spliff, which glowed, flamed, dropped embers onto his already pockmarked jeans.

Isaac swayed to the end of the jetty and threw the butt into the sea. A paltry offering to Mawgawr. Where was she? Was that the sea monster calling him now? Or just the wind in the cork oaks? Isaac wobbled, regained equanimity, then....