

To store Latte

(Short Story Extract)

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The water in the entire building has been shut off due to maintenance. Suddenly I feel thirsty and walk over to the public jug, pouring the remaining contents into my water bottle as a precaution. I notice a poem above the glass platter which I haven't seen before.

you are water

I'm water

we are all water in different containers

that's why it's so easy to meet

some day we will evaporate together

It's ironic that the café should have no water as the pale buildings surround a "Green Oasis". Tåsinge Plads is a piece of infrastructure dressed as a park where precipitation is channelled into a large collection tank

underneath sculptures of umbrellas. It was inaugurated with Boy Scouts waking up early to make rice porridge and residents serving winter soup to climate professionals. It was even rumoured that Technical and Environmental Mayor Morten Kabell was seen chopping vegetables.

I stare outside, curious about the accumulated water sitting beneath people's homes and wonder at what point people would become desperate enough to break into the system to inhale its contents during a drought.

Again, I descend the grey stairs to the basement, pulling down my trousers I sit on the mouth. Hole faces hole as they mirror each other's image. One produces as the other induces. It would be funny if the roles were reversed so that we induced what they produced. I consider how Narcissus became so obsessed with his own reflection that he starved to death while looking into the pool.

Returning, I thrust pants to ankles, spreading my legs further apart and arching my chest out so that gravity can play a greater role in making this process feel less forced. I form a mental image of liquids being drawn out of far crevices inside my body, dripping around my

organs and accumulating in my bladder to be dispensed like a tap. I feel the toxins being extracted from my bone marrow like syrup sapped from a tree oozing onto its bark as a dark viscous. I enjoy sensing the water pulse through my urethra and imagine the dark, pressured tube as I fondle the base of my scrotum.

Perched upstairs on the stool, my vacant glance is directed upon a middle aged woman and her dog. The dog poos on the grass so she casts her glance away. The determined dog looks straight ahead as its owner looks up to the sky as if forgetting something. They may not watch each other's acts but I can see both of them.