

Kate Miller-Heidke, Four Spare Seats

Shes plugged in her headphones
Crouched in a corner of the one bedroom flat
Her clothes for the next day
Hang in the hallway over the welcome mat
She sees her own reflection
Looking back from the blank TV screen
She stares for a while and then she mimes the words
And on those days when she is looking around her
Shes so amazed by the things that she sees
But most days she only sees herself
Upstairs behind another locked door
Hes watching a movie that hes seen before
The phones off the hook, the curtains are drawn
The benches are clean and the dishwashers on
He sees his own reflection
In a frame on the wall thats catching the light
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He hadnt realised that he looked so tired
And on those days when he is looking around him
Hes so amazed by the things that he sees
But most days he only sees himself
Next morning they pass in the hall
Both of them stare straight at the floor
And all they can hear is the sound of their shoes
As they climb in their cars to the radio news
Theyre stuck in traffic now
At opposite ends of the very same street
And just like everybody else
Driving with four spare seats
And if today they were looking around them
Theyd be amazed by the things that theyd see
They dont even see themselves