

Piss poor romance

A receipt is shown to an out of focus camera. A person in a skirt begins to unbox a brand new rose gold iPhone. We, the viewer, can barely confirm this from the poor quality film but the object is a familiar millennial relic. We know the logo, we know the distinct shape. Hell, we even know the packaging. Legible enough to recognise.

Peeling back the protective wrap, we briefly see what is in the reflection of the shiny new iPhone. A figure. A blob/shape/block. A ghost in the machine? The lack of high definition makes me feel uncomfortable. *Basement ransom* video. One of those movies where a spoilt child fakes their own kidnapping hoping their wealthy Dad might care but instead falls in love with their fake kidnapper. *Excess Baggage*. I love buying shit. I'll buy something if the box looks cool. I bought some luxury Glossier products just last month. Washing my face with the milky jelly cleanser is a luxury. Acid peels. Light acid peels for sensitive skin. Glycolic acid from The Ordinary. Peel back the dirt from my dirty face. Peel away the filth. I have a shelf full of beauty products that amount to approximately \$500. The rest are packed away in makeup bags, little carry cases or internal bag pockets, amounting to a similar cash value.

The person crouches and lifts up their skirt. They begin to piss on the iPhone which is a short distance away. A steady stream begins then starts and stops, starts and stops. They pull the iPhone closer for a moment so that they may hit their target with better ease. They are very in control of their pee stream. They momentarily piss on their hands. I am somewhat perplexed by how 'cool' they are with this. They have a nice sock and shoe combo. Nude stocking ankle socks and some kind of platform mule. Very 90s. Nostalgic. Funny how sometimes we pay money to look as though we are from another era.

Urine pitter patters on the surface of the rose gold iPhone. It's like rain, but I don't know how to describe it with my limited vocabulary so my description will have to do. It is *like* rain. And like rain, it triggers my senses. I think of an unmistakable piss scent. I think of the physical discomfort of peeing your pants in public. I think of the anxiety of having a dream you're going to the bathroom but your bladder remaining full. I think about cleaning up such an 'accident'. I think about having to do a load of washing to get rid of the smell. I think about why we even wear underwear. I think of the time I got diarrhoea while we were shopping at The Warehouse. I think about my 5th form Science teacher telling me she got Salmonella poisoning once and how she couldn't control any of her orifices.

A trickle. A tear. A drip. *Gonna let the rain pour. I'll be all you need and more.*

There's this great video on YouTube of the new Spiderman, Tom Holland, lip-synching to *Umbrella* by Rihanna. He's appearing on a TV show called *Lip Sync Battle*. Is it ok that I think he's really hot in that sequence? Wearing a latex dress and a shoddy wig, he thrashes around beneath stage production rain stroking his torso. Pyrotechnic sparks drop from the ceiling. He does a flip and falls to the ground, chest heaving. Did you know he played Billy Elliot in the theatre when he was a child? He reminds me of the movie actor who played Billy Elliot. His name is Jamie Bell. Jamie played a Dom(inant) in Lars Von Trier's *Nymphomaniac*. I had an image of him wearing one black latex glove, saved as my desktop background.

Returning the iPhone to the scratched concrete floor once more, the person keeps pissing. They stop pissing. *Was this sacrilege? A desecration of site? A violation of what is intimate? An assault on capitalism? None of the above?* I think my first mobile phone was an Alcatel. At 2.51 mins, the video stops as quickly as it commenced, but not before sharing a
Thanks for watching! Like, share and subscribe.

by Natasha Matila-Smith