

Roundabouts

2001 Ford Falcon XR6, blue with a thin white stripe all the way down both sides of the body, worth ten times more than all the Saturdays and Sundays Dom had to work at McDonalds to buy it. When Dom first gets that car we spend the afternoons loving it; its iridescent blue paint job, the illegal blue lights he installed underneath its tray, the way Dom looks when he sits behind the wheel, the way I look flexing my muscles in front of it.

He takes us out past Granville, through Auburn and back to Church Street again. We drive in the late afternoons, after school, past the dusty little store fronts and factories long-since shut down, past the hairdressers with their old-man customers and the women with their 80s free-style hair, past the shops with their naked plastic women looking like sex.

Dom has one hand on the wheel and his head stuck out the window so that his thick hair flies back like he's in a tunnel. I have to drag him back inside again by grabbing the loose bits of his jeans. We laugh and he calms down for a minute or two and says sorry but his sorriness gets lost pretty quickly underneath the seat with his chewing gum and then we're laughing again.

We pass through the streets lined with their weatherboard houses and their weak streams of lights pouring out through the metal grates of their windows and I tell myself that we are the kings of these neighbourhoods, driving through in our big fancy car, checking out what our people are doing. I watch Dom smiling his gigantic full-of-teeth smile and I know that he is dreaming the same thing and he sticks his head out the window again and I drag him back into the big safety of that car.