

7Signs

Please give us that one shot at *fare evasion*. Melbourne's got nothing on this sky & its breeze like your unending gaze. *Do not* think of place, oh south coast ocean, where the first plunge shocks the system & *no smoking* signs glint like lit matches in the midday sun. You know you're getting old (24) when every teenage girl is (with *no alcohol*) confidence and ignorance personified. Now it's afternoon and celebrity mags whisper, "*Emergency!*" cling to faces like barnacles. One flight of stares above & a set of carved initials reminds us that *surveillance cameras* stop (at) nothing.

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