

Stephen Robertson

Another senior moment

“At the housesteps of the 4th of the equidifferent uneven numbers, number 7 Eccles street, he inserted his hand mechanically into the back pocket of his trousers to obtain his latchkey.”

—James Joyce, *Ulysses*.

Pocket.

No. No? No.

Other pocket?

No.

Jacket, maybe?

No.

But which jacket yesterday? Ah, that one.

But no.

Table by door?

No.

Kitchen?

No. No. No.

Dining table?

No.

Beside easy chair?

No.

On television?

No.

Desk?

No.

Bedside table?

No.

Kitchen again?

No. No. No. No.

Dammit, used them yesterday. Must be somewhere.

Start again, from the beginning, by the door.

Tables, shelves, cupboards, hooks, drawers.

Places I wouldn't have put them.

Move anything they might be behind or under.

Look inside anything they might be in.

Turn the place upside down.

Bedroom again, more drawers and cupboards.

Chair with pile of clothes.

Feel something...

Shit! The wrong trousers!

“Was it there?”

It was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on the day but one preceding.”

—James Joyce, Ulysses.