He can’t stop himself. He’s not sure why he does it.

If perhaps one were to say, It’s that Nadine coming out, he would reply vaguely, Who? Who was that? Do you mean mother?

I’m part of the established Australian social structure, he would say, and I can’t help it.

mate
horse
dog
missus
wog
poof
boong
that’s
the
pecking
order.

See, he would say, a poem, a kind of poem of structure. And as many girls as you can get on the side.

Do they count? someone might ask.

You’re kidding, he would say.