

the plight continues

by Anthony M. Powers

It was getting to the point where I hadn't written anything in months.
I was sort of surprised with myself
that I couldn't remember the last time I'd sat down to write,
let alone actually got anything legitimate out on paper.
They say that the majority of art students give up
their art altogether
within 5 years of receiving their undergraduate,
and I can't help but wonder if that's the same for writers.
I didn't even really feel like a writer anymore.
I felt like a person pretending to be a writer.
I felt embittered to all my friends who'd already gone on to get good
paying jobs,
or at least jobs in their field.
Since graduating, I'd only managed to hold down a 3rd-shift,
20 hour a week,
minimum wage job at a department store.
And that was only for about 3 months.
I felt like I was just a few steps away from turning into a miserable
old man
and I was only 23 years old.
I felt like a hypocrite,
because I'd spent so much time talking myself up and being self-
righteous,
and while I was busy doing all that,
I forgot to put in the work and ended up with nothing.
And it was summer again,
and I was still sitting on the couch in my parent's un-air-
conditioned house,
but at least I wasn't drinking as much anymore.
I felt like I was turning into everything I hated.

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/anthony-m-powers/the-plight-continues>»*

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I felt like I had no idea what I was supposed to do next.
I opened the last word document I'd saved to my computer.
I scrolled down to the end.
I'd never finished the last sentence.
My dad came in and turned on the television.
I was never going to get anywhere like this.

