

Jacob Ellis in Journals

by Brian Michael Barbeito

i once knew a place where lost souls gathered. there were various itinerants and the ill-intentioned, the malevolent and hard-hearted. but there were also many good ones and that was a type of charm upon the area. good souls can be lost also, and this is what some people forget or even deny. in fact, many a good soul is lost in this world. that place looked sad up there in the rain. even sad in the sun. i knew every corner from wild shrubs in distances and dank rooms for the world weary. there were spirits in the doors- earthbound souls that had taken up residence right there for you to see. much later, i tried to tell a few people about the spirits. they thought it was in jest, or else symbolic speak. it was neither. there were spirits. that place looked sad up there in the rain. even sad in the sun. there were women strong and sure around those parts and once one from a faraway sea entered there. a place like that can be difficult for a woman because of hegemony and banality, because of men and even at times because of other women. she wore dresses while at other moments could be seen in slacks. but either way she wore for the most part goodness. goodness and a knowing, if somewhat sly, grin. her hair came down in strands that were golden brown. she entered through a door in the dark of night and only a bit of electric light shone upon her own self. i really only saw her neck and hair at first. i decided to be in love. what else can you really do? others saw her golden hair and ways and thought they loved her but i was the one that really did. often the rain came to that place and gathered down areas and asphalt and played a solitary and circular game before traversing down pipes. i would watch the water and the shadows on the walls. i am a real dreamer. sometimes people would ask what was wrong, because people, though certain of who they are, are never absolutely certain, and dont want you to be different. they want you to hang kitsch on your walls so they know you are one of them. they want you to like them

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and theirs also. a psychological hit. but not me. i was looking for something else. a way into the cosmic. i would go into the minds of men and look around and there were many peculiar things - fantastic and allegorical things, but also ill-kept and terrible things. mans mind is a strange bird to be sure. oh how i loved the woman and the rain. the thought of her and the idea of it. her soul and her shoulders and arms, her talismans, amulets, gait, and her strange talk. the accent that her sentences issued and moods that her movements betrayed. i even loved her dilemma and any and all accrued karmic debt. when you love someone it does not matter. as for the rain, it was like a strange poem or name or color- a place within a place that showed itself and let you feel that there was more to the sky and therefore the world than you previously knew. you have to learn how to read the physical environment. the clues might not lead all the way to moksha but they can bring you a good ways along your path. eyes open now. gentle. keep good eyes as much as possible. let the world become cynical. let the naysayers have one another- that is what i say. the law would sometimes come there- gruff men with lies and heavy feet. sometimes i could make them go away but eventually there would be problems. civilization, as has been said, is only an idea. it has not really happened yet. i would spar verbally with the law. i loved to see them go. they were not the type to understand the rain or the woman with golden hair. they did not know how to enter the minds of men. they must have seen the place as just another hell-hole. maybe it was and maybe it wasnt, but there is an honesty to dirt and grime and sadness too, a realness to the broken and the hurt souls that could not make it in the world of ambition. but spirits in doors? forget about that. not even the whacky ones would go for that. but it was true as they were there and i tell you friend the rest is also accurate. i once knew a place where lost souls gathered.

