

yapping and laughing and living

by Franklin Goodish

I am writing this very earnest piece.

I want to connect to you.

Fuck that.

I need to connect *with* you.

I am writing this about a squirrel.

And a banana.

The hungry squirrel is always doing things for his family but this one time he finds a banana and he eats the banana including the skin and then gets sick and dies as he scurries back to his home in the woods.

Or maybe its a home in an alcove. I can't picture it because these people around me are yapping and laughing and living.

I have this insane urge to have someone read something I write and immediately get it, get me.

Or maybe I just want someone to tell me it's all been done, that I'm nothing, that all I can ever aspire to is to get published in my friend's journal and it will close shop within days, months if I'm really lucky.

I am a good guy. I hate the fourth wall. My name is Lucas and I live on the fourth floor. I don't live upstairs from you. All the other tenants have real jobs and make good money and probably think "Fictionaut" and "Argonaut" are related.

I have published approximately 100 pieces (some flash and some a bit longer) in various print and electronic journals over the past eight years. Some killed me to write. Some I think about every day and damn if I don't feel good about having written them. Yet nothing even remotely like that is in me anymore. The idea of writing an actual story feels laughably impossible.

I can't take it bird by bird because I have neither.

I want to write something though at some point in life. I am only 38. Perhaps I will do this before I die, probably in my 50's, if I'm lucky in my sleep.

