

Memoir 2.1

by Larry Strattner

Carnage stained 20th Street outside his window. Only dried blood remained. Why these things happened mystified him. You couldn't expect haters to love each other but, in his opinion, life is not about love, it's about transcendence. Anyone thinking they aren't alone on life's journey has their head up their ass. He decided to write this down and append it to his Memoirs. He would designate it 2.1

He recalled the kisses of a long ago woman. Her breath had inflated his head and lifted his feet off the ground. He wrote this off to love since when she was not with him he came down. His goal of transcendence did not involve coming down. He planned to remain above the loveless world.

That woman had some teeth; beautiful, white, straight and there were no electric toothbrushes then. He loved her teeth, and her lips, and her eyes. They took him somewhere else. Might have been transcendence. Might have not. You jump on someone else's trampoline and you rise up. You hope they can also rise with a jump on yours. In the air you're in a bubble looking up. You keep looking up and dream it will never burst.

His street had seen urban battles in recent months. A group of idiots named the Archetypal Disciples, lived in the apartments where Buhne Street crossed 20th. Then a bunch calling themselves the Horriblus, opened a clubhouse a block the other way, where Empanata crossed. At outset of these two packs of idiots setting up housekeeping, his block between Buhne and Empanata was merely no man's land. But the Archetypals and the Horribles became irritated with each other and began using the stretch of 20th in front of his house as their OK Corral. His chrome three fifty seven revolver shone on the front hall table. These days it was always at hand. Preparedness was paramount.

He moved the curtain on the front door and peeked out at the empty street. He pondered getting hold of a grenade and rolling it out to them while they were going at it. A grenade might facilitate

his journey to transcendence. The ancient Romans had gotten that part right. Decimation removed a lot of distractions.

Focusing on transcendence also made him less inclined to aggressive feelings. He even bought more cookies from the elegant little Girl Scout he had initially hated. Her starched brown uniform and green badge sash appeared on his porch regularly these days, like a billboard on a frontage road. He took her advice on what kind of cookies to order. Her suggestions tasted better than his previous selections.

Perhaps he could sell the house and move somewhere the sky was mostly blue. He could look up whenever inclined. He also knew, from experience, if he only just tilted his nose a bit, he would also catch the scent of his long ago lover's breath.

He would have to make sure there was a discriminating Girl Scout cookie representative in his new location. He had been led to the beginning of belief in the program.

All in all, he thought, his 2.1 Memoirs were beginning to suggest a direction.

