

Our Time as Men

by Michael Seidel

If the passing of time is getting you down, consider performing a heist.

For example, take a clock and gut it. Sell its parts like organs on the black market and leave the body warping on gas station ice in some bathtub. Maybe one with claw feet, belonging to your close friend Rhonda who is already surfing down a bad coil of her own. The stiff finger of natural law will come at her chest, not yours. Rhonda looks guilty as it is, don't you think? That hair! And the unhappiness smeared across her face like war paint after a war.

Aim for a grandfather clock. Old people are easy to mug and hefting their driftwood frames away isn't all that hard.

They talk about Father Time. Is he the son of a grandfather clock or the grandfather himself? Are their grandkids? Why is it always men suturing minutes together, into something bigger (oblivion, I guess).

Stop being a man.

That's the only solution, maybe. I'm fairly sure of it.

Don't worry, there will always be others for you to steal and sell off in parts. Just look around. See what I mean? This chance isn't your last.

