

Love Is All You Get

by Robert Crisman

"All these people," Rammstein complained, "seems all they wanna do is write about love, and sex along with it, you know? And I think it's because it's all feelgood shit; you know, your sweet baby loves you, and he or she's hot as Angie or Brad, and it's two souls united and now you've found peace, and no need to worry about *nothin'* no more, 'cause that's what the fucking ads tell you that love's all about, but fuck man, that shit's a crapshoot at *best*, and sometimes a sinkhole you know--yet even the ones who write it like that, it's like for them, the sinkhole's the whole fucking *world*. And meanwhile, there're all those other aspects of life, the shit that goes on all around us, that shapes our *existence* for Christ fucking sake--war, famine, how Peter robbed Paul, Apocalypse Now, and how are you gonna rustle up groceries when Safeway goes under next year and they've got the Army guarding the food plants, and then the Shit Rats start marching--and this stuff don't even seem to exist for people who call themselves writers these days! No Balzacs or Travens in this crowd for *damn* sure."

"Well, brother," the Wise Old Hack told him, "you've gotta remember that they all got told on the Planet Lit Class that plumbing the depths of your soul's where it's at and that all of that outside shit's just for wankers and tankers and journalists, dig it? Which is to say, it's not *art*--and meanwhile, like everyone else in the world, they'd really like to get laid, and just the *idea* of love gets them gushy and wet, and so, there you have it, that's why they write about love, love, love, love til the shit's coming out of their ears. And plus, all that outside rigamarole? It *scares* 'em, my man, 'cause it's nasty political shit and they ain't got a clue how to deal, and plus, it's passe, after all, and so, man, it's circle the wagons and shut that shit out, and dream about love until hell just won't have it, and maybe you'll write a bestseller next year, and then you can move to Majorca and schmooze with the hotties that flock with the in-crowd, and get your dick sucked or snag a rich fella, and the *New York*

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Times has already jacked off in public about you of course, and hey, you've *arrived*, and then all that's left, man, is heaven."

