

THERE IS AN I.V. OF THE
TIMES I HAVE THOUGHT,
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT I
AM TALKING ABOUT"
AND IT IS SWELLING MY
VEINS

by sam pink

I can make a gift for you that is a snowball in a brown paper bag and I can make a gift for you that is confetti cut from lamplight and I make gifts like that I think that is all I do. If I knew what I was doing I would stop doing it. Today after I did someone a favor that someone shook my hand and the frowning muscles slipped into smiling muscles. A small town can become a big field if you destroy it thoroughly. My face hurts from frowning. I don't mean to hurt your feelings or offend you but if I do I will do nothing to help. I feel incredibly negative all the time. I apologize. People act according to how many people they want to visit their grave or just think about visiting their grave. A car crash breaks your arm but sitting still breaks your spine and some things explode without moving. And underneath each of my fingernails there is a friend with their legs and arms pointing up waiting to be turned over so they can crawl away. I like to be constantly half damaged. I guide a river into your sleeping ear and it comes out the other end a different color. You get one long chance to be a failure and the fewer times you fail the bigger that chance gets. Have a nice night and be pleased by

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rupturing your own blood cells. I can't believe I am this close to the ground. Kill everyone and do jumping jacks on the spill. If I had a map of the places I have walked and moved it wouldn't be a real shape. Hail satan. Mop up what you feel and throw it away so no one finds it. Being stable is a real life demonstration of being dead and happy. A picture of the back of my head proves that other places exist. I want to fall in front of you and make you laugh. The problem is that talking makes more air and it all looks the same. The only difference between things is what scrapes what. A big rock becomes a small rock becomes a big rock becomes something you throw into the air and hope kills you. I would run away from someone who said they could help me feel better. When I say mean things I am apologizing quietly in my head. And isn't it great how quiet some things are. The best feeling is needing to tell someone something and then deciding not to, even though it would change everything. How many times have you held the answer in and felt like a shitty little petty motherfucker champion. There is an i.v. of the times I have thought, "I don't know what I am talking about" and it is swelling my veins. Prove yourself to someone and then pray that person never moves far away from you. I swear I am trying to be a good person. I am sorry I have laundry and I am sorry I have made more people cry than have made me cry. And I am eighteen every few minutes. I am the only son of a puddle's crater. Move into my bedroom and never leave unless I start to hate you which is only a sign I have realized the way I mistreat you. Look how big I am. My face hurts from frowning. My hands are swollen from getting mad and doing nothing but sitting down. I will never surgically remove anyone's cancer. I will never teach anyone how to do math. I will never give birth. I will never jump-rope off a mountain. I will never perform a magic trick that makes someone happy. I try to make people laugh so for a period of a few seconds I have done nothing wrong and I owe nothing. I am walking around and I am pushing buildings into Lake Michigan. Would you be sad if the building you are in becomes a boat? I spend too much time worrying. I am getting close to accomplishing the greatest feat of human quietness.

There is so much time I think I will prove it by doing nothing today. I have copies of your dental record and I cover my window with them so your teeth and their roots are the first thing to touch my face when I wake up. Look around everyone is a disabled fuck trying to prove something. I hope I never upset you but I hope if I do I hope it feels horrible. I am horrified. Somewhere in a cave there is a drop falling off an icicle and it is looking around to see if anyone saw what it just did. I am always trying to prove I am not a waste of time. If you smile I win. I am a nice person to other people because if I let the negativity out I will be put in jail. I am less interested in how I can hurt other people than how they can hurt me. Sit down in your room and really think if there is anything that will hurt your feelings still. Vow it will never happen again and quietly apologize to yourself and don't accept the apology. My eyes float up and split in half on the sockets of my skull. Best friends are flimsy. I am not interested in being a goodlooking human anymore. I am surprised at how quickly I try to make every situation totally negative. I am surprised at how quickly I make up an answer when someone asks me what I am thinking or how I feel, just to get them to be quiet. We are good at becoming older. I am covered by motionless bodies and I am trying to get out from underneath. My mother was a dragonfly that flew into a tree and ate its own wings to stay alive. God bless my shapeless head. There will be a perfect moment and I will jump out of it like someone in an action movie eluding an explosion. The real world is a low moving wind in the shape of a scythe that cuts your legs off and heals you and wants you to live to see how incomplete you are. I think that everyone I meet thinks they could love me. Everything is done, I have set fire to the ends of my veins and it will take forever but everything is done. The blinds covering the sliding glass door are unimportant. I want people to think about me and want me. Decide which things you will completely ruin and then do the best job you can do. The best way to get older is to try not to. I became a priest and I married your leg and me last night while you were sleeping. I am willing to build a treehouse in the tree in your backyard and protect you. Being insecure is the best way to protect

yourself. I will hit the side of my head with my hands until my head is long enough to send through space and split space into halves, requiring everyone to choose one side or the other. Mass mistakes. I am sorry I am a perverse reject. I can change the color of my eyes by looking at the sun or by syringing nail polish into my eyes. Every day I remember things that remind me I am a brand new human every few seconds and every few seconds I am reminded I am always a brand new version of the same person and I remember never being different every few seconds I am reinvented as the same aging pile of ridiculous garbage. I feel like no one trusts me. I feel that I am ok with that. I feel everything and it is horrible. Move away from your home and think about being there again and the people who miss you will miss you more. If I were my couch I would hate myself. Disintegrate. Change everything. Put your hand over your mouth until your hand is too warm to be comfortable. Fuck my birthday. We get so much time I am so thankful. I will never be a grandpa. Can I come over and sit in your fridge? What time will you come over and hammer me into the ground with your balled hand? Somewhere between the ground and the air there is a plane of pure disregard that is about as tall as me and I eat it. We are getting high on the waves of sad humans handing their lives over to chance. I have made many mistakes. I am not upset. I have ten fingers and ten toes and they are all asking me what to do next. The more I think backwards and forwards I realize underneath my feet is becoming soft. I would like it if I was a centimeter tall unknown by the giant humans. The first thing I would do is lie down in the carpet and sleep for a whole day straight. The bite marks on my arm will be converted into a rainbow and a rainbow is the dumbest pretty object people assign meaning to. Look out here comes 2:53 a.m. and I don't have a family. I must be a hundred feet tall because when I lie down and then get up I feel like I am far away from where I began. There is only one lesson. There is only one lesson. If I figured out what I was doing I would stop doing it. I am in love with everyone. Today I will show you how to explode without moving. Marvelous. There is only one kind of hurt and it comes to you in varying degrees of

prevalence and the worst degree feels like nothing is happening at all. Oh my god. Forever is an idea that people made up to feel sorry for themselves. Get on with becoming tired. Something about sitting completely still is the best thing ever. I promise never to understand the things I attempt to understand. I promise I will never try to be negative. I promise I will always be negative. There are many ways to say what seems like a lie but is completely true. I am a helicopter my head is never still and my body is always still. Diseased motherfuckers of the world hold hands and lie down in a giant pile. The person who is late to the pile will be able to measure the pile and set it on fire with a small smile the size of the most petty human alive. You can't teach yourself how to play on a playground when there is no one else there. You can't learn anything when there are other people there.

