

Sure Thing

by Tim Young

"I'm not sure it's the right door." This is the line constantly reverberating in my mind. In my head. Sounds to me like it's saying something about making a choice or choices but I can't say that it's true. I'm lucky to say anything at all. I'm going round in circles like in the Billy Preston tune. Just keep going round like a top or the way one can spin a quarter using one index finger and the other. Make that son of a bitch spin fast. The eye can't even keep up with the spinning.

Then a backward spin and the line about the right door snaps back into plain view. I keep thinking it will soon let me be move on to another level and just plain let me alone. It's not even a very good line. Sure and door. I mean, really. Is that the best I can do? But I'm not here to discuss options or any discussion at all. If you ask me I'm thinking I'm just blowing off some steam, some hot air that doesn't add up to the old cliché of a hill of beans. A hill of fucking beans.

Meanwhile it's another day. Another bunch of hours dragged under the rug. Dust bunnies. Days, bunnies, hours, weeks, months, you name it. Meanwhile. Now that's a profound meaning. Encompassing too much to think about. I'm not sure it's the right door is even the actual phrase that I'm looking for but the real, true words evade me. They run under the pick-up truck passing me on the four lane with their engine roaring louder than the highway.

Thinking too much, driving off the cliff into the fucking hill of beans. But the beans won't kill me. I'll bounce off them and survive even if that is not the wisest thing to do. I mean, really, at some point the right thing to do will be to die. Meanwhile, the breathing continues. It should until it should not.

Deciding to hide under the covers. the bright red comforter covering my head, toes and all. Hiding is good. Staves off the fear. The miserable lurking fear hiding under the bed. Fortunately it can never make entrance under the covers. Never allowed to do that. Some unwritten rule. Unwritten rules can be good. Even regular rules may be good sometimes. Only sometimes. Maybe only if they protect from fear. But fuck fear. Who can live like that? Pity the people that do. Meanwhile live without fear.

In the morning the sun rises and the new day begins. This is the old and the new news. So old it hurts more than deeply to ponder and so new it grabs one by the throat and pulls the life out from under the covers one more time. Long past the snooze alarm, the fire alarm, the life continues alarm. Get up you lazy scum. Crawl out, get out, move out run into the kitchen screaming until the coffee pot is filled, brewing, spewing, pouring into the mouth.

You can't help it. It's all built into the hard wiring of the simple fact of moving along. Moving along down the corridor of facts, fiction, different dimensions, walls, and indeed doors. Oh man but maybe this is all about making a choice. Not exactly where I wanted to end up. Not exactly anything at all. Scrambling like a hen pecking for food. Options out run, out of time. Shut up and choose. Snooze, you lose.

Free Extra...

I Don't Even Know

my arms are not mine but
an older guy i don't even know

twisted, turning
i never wanted to see it
but now that i think of it
I probably did
as if i give a shit
though you know i do
if you know me just a little

just a little bit
just a little bit
stop me before i go
ok don't stop me
why do you think
i need you
well then sadly mistaken
ha ha when i wake in the morning
still alive
can't help to laugh more and more and more

my arms are not mine but
an older guy i don't even know
twisted, turning
i can't help but see it
can't help but really know why

