Order

by William Owen

Still worried. I could use some more hope in my oatmeal. You've dangled off the page edge again, left the window open for the last 29 months, so the entire sill is covered with that black city dust and looks like the ties holding up the subway tracks. Those big particles that get you coughing in the morning when the wind kicks in, but they say it isn't gonna do too much damage to our lungs. I push the blankey you brought back onto the floor. Still too hot in here, and I might just be delirious.

Once again I've quit my job. Just checked out on the line marked 'you need to find someone who comes a shave closer to giving half a damn'. I think the term I actually used was half a two-assed rat's taint. They certainly did not appreciate my decorating the office with burned up maps, and probably didn't bother to say much on account of the battle-axe I fashioned out of the keyboard during our last conference call with the client. We still got the account, and that was when I knew it was time to leave. There can be no hope - not a pretty email address crumpled up on a napkin hope and not sunshine breaking through the rainclouds after a week hope - when people are willing to accept the removal of these barriers. Those kinds of people, who see you take the barriers down and like cows just start to mill blindly into the open space where you happen to be standing with the air hammers, they are the dangerous ones. You can drive them right over the edge because they will never know how far they are from where they should be.

For now I think I'll clean up this place a little bit. I'm going to leave that black dust on the window sill, but I'll wash the curtains at least. And probably the walls and repaint in here next week, but first I want to paint all over the walls and draw shit in markers. Maybe I'll punch a whole in the wall and cover that up with a steel plate and hang your map up above it. And then I will leave. Some day if you

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ever come home you can run your finger through that one small patch of blackness that I've left for you in front of the window.