

No Such Thing

The monument to wealth stood in silent condemnation of our actions. I was no more a part of this place than the tourists. Fucking untouchable. St. Albans. Bad. I cried. Guess she did. Bad news. In love with love with love addendum. Headmaster in bank-check white. Your school sucks. Why am I here on the close, crying. Worst place really. Wouldn't have met her. Damn nice girl. But still. Stay protected, shielded. Don't try, don't open. I won't if you won't and then we can all be safe. Please, I don't want to be set-up. Jesus, set-up -- grow-up. Die.

There were these wonderfully powerful and expensive lights splashing her dancing shadows on the buttresses. Somebody laughed in the Gazebo. Fucked-up dormers, getting stoned.

Back when I was young and depressed, my child, and fucked-up and just learning to work on loving to hate this place I tried. Really, I did. Set myself up. Brutal. Well she left, went to England. Yeah, stay in love with somebody you'll never have to see. Finest way. Long-distance -- \$1.07 a minute -- fancy-ass love affair. Woops, getting hurt, "Hey, kiddo, gotta go, Dad'll kill me for talking so long. Yeah, love you. Bye." Don't die.

Tried to write a story once. That was simple. Clear-cut. The girl's an idiot. Hey, the guy must be the hero. Funky name too. Hey, but the dancing shadows on the cathedrals, now these shadows, her, I guess, are clinging to one buttress then stretching to another.

Jesus, looks like Kong. I guess the dormers have every reason. To laugh. Yeah, well, the shadow's not simple. I can't just start visa-ing a goddamn whore. Too simple. Protecting, shielding. So seductive too. 'Cept for suicide, withdrawal's got to be the easiest way out. That and hanging up.

Well she said she didn't want to be hurt. She'd done it once. Gone out with a stupid, really stupid guy. At least I thought that. Set herself up. He left her. Stayed on the close, though. Torment addendum. See mine left. I mean before the old disillusionment ordeal does its thing. So she said she didn't want to set herself up for pain. I am a Rock, I am an Island. Pretty good poets, those guys. Two crying rocks-islands sitting under the damn building they both want to leave.

Well, there's no ending, fellas. I'm still in limbo here. So is she. Beginning - middle - end. No such thing. Guess I lose.