

# What's It To You

*by* Tim G. Young

If I can't even think as far as across the room, how will I ever think of something grand and completely off the charts? As if I had the foggiest idea. And I better not turn into an ancient old person who never has a good word to say about any thing. Who never can even think of a good word except when the fountain of fucking curses comes gushing out like a mountain stream once the snows begin to melt.

Oh I'm melting all right, into a foul vapor rising from a dead volcano, not even able to spit fire, but only cold old frozen rock like dribbles of putrid plasma.

I'm going to talk to someone about it not being nearly dark enough in the room I'm sitting in or any of the adjacent rooms I might care to visit or at least have a look into. And this racket of silence outside my doors is absolutely driving me into a deep hole, no, not a hole, but a place I can barely see two feet in front of me. And there are now strange noises in the room. Noises, strange, because I can not identify what the fuck they are or where in the larger scheme of things they are even originating from.

So I stop for some interminable bit of a split second to rub my cheek or scratch my scalp, the flesh under my hair. I'm sorry but I had to make that perfectly clear. And then there is that person in the other room whom I love to spend time with but who insists on blaring music I can't possibly tolerate out of her space and into mine. It's a wonder I haven't loaded the shotgun and squeezed off a couple of rounds in the direction of those sounds that, well, those crazy fucking sounds...shit.

No, just stop, it's not really about that at all. In fact, I have no fucking clue what it is all about at all. You see, I made the time to open a new bottle of wine and sliced a piece of cheese large enough

so that I wouldn't have to move again for a nibble for at least as long as it would take to drain the wine (wine) in my glass. I'm funny like that. I mean it reminds me of those people who actually go, spend money and visit a place to exercise their bodies. Certainly nothing is more repellent to me than exercise or the payment of funds to do those things to one's body. But don't get me started on that shit.

As if, really, anyone could get me started. No one else could do it. Not saying someone else couldn't add to the already agitation I'm flinging myself forwards and backwards into but only I can actually pull the switch. Make the power come on. Kickstart the fucking idea to send all this energy into the dark side of the moon or another place equally unheard of or unseen for most of its existence.

And maybe while I'm sitting here growing colder and less focused by the minute I just might fall into a virtual pit, wave goodbye to absolutely everything material and live again in my romantic notions of a life where my dreams manifest into the real deal. Maybe then I might just shut the fuck up.

