

A Game of Checkers

The knight moves, E3. The other pieces stand still, waiting. They jump, one after another, one over and over. Prisoners are taken, but the knight is ignored. The knight expected to be ignored at first. Something is wrong, the knight thinks, moving B4, the rules aren't what I expected. Because I'm not the only one who can jump, there's only four of us, but here, everyone jumps. Each side takes prisoners quickly, and the ranks are not defined. No pawns protect the knight. But the kings still rule, lording over the checkerboard, taunting each other late in the game. The knight rests this turn, but now sees that it's a similar game, but wrong in all of the most important ways. The world calls the knight a chip, tell the knight to take a chip's place. The knight knows chess, really *knows* chess, does not, can not know the rules of this game. The knight stands there and says, let me go back to my own game. The chips chatter, "What would chess be? You are a chip. A chip that grew a tumor of a horse's head and now think's it's stuck in the wrong game?" The knight thinks thoughts so differently, wants and feels and needs so differently from the chips. The chips chatter, "We call it kindness to not acknowledge anyone as different. We are all chips, all equal in that way," and the knight is still trying to capture the king and all there is are chips on a checkerboard, moving to the rhythm of an unknowable pattern.

Jigsaw

Lay out the old jigsaw puzzle on the table. It's beaten up, pieces are missing, and you think that even if you put it all together it wouldn't be the picture it once was, and you're right. Many of the pieces are faded, or mutilated from the time your little sister found some scissors while you were working on the puzzle. There's still clumped up pieces sticking together, but they don't have the whole picture, couldn't even start to guess at what it was. What the picture is, you'll never know. The pieces will never come together as a whole clocktower, or hedge garden, or whatever picture was on the box, now turned to dust by moving houses and time and the natural progression of entropy. It might have been a beautiful picture, or ugly. Perhaps it's better off not knowing. These pieces will never know if the purpose they missed was to be proud of or ashamed of. Now they can be proud of being more than an average jigsaw, not tied to any picture. They can break up their little groups and stop trying to match the long-lost image of what they should have been. But you know they're just going to stay the way they are right now. It's easier to put them back that way.

Freeway Song

I was flying 75 miles per hour down a freeway, feeling still and quiet, in the city that will eventually be my home when I sang the song about the rats and the snakes and the rabbits and the foxes and the cats and the wolves. It's a long song, about the types of people in the world who run the race and win the race and lose the race but don't care, and the people who get trampled right out of the gate and told it was their own fault. It made sense because in the city that will one day be my home the world is simple and complex, and twists around itself infinitely, ideas fracture into each other and the world is so full of every beautiful and ugly thing that it stops mattering. I love it, because back home is green and reddish brown and the edges fade out to blue and the world is still, except for when the wind comes up. And beauty overflows until I see something ugly run over in the road and call the fractures in the spine beautiful; the definition of stir-crazy. I need a bigger tank, and more importantly, a hamster wheel, so that the gears in my head don't grind themselves down when they're the only thing spinning.

Bomber

I am lithium - in - oil. Inert until ignited by mere oxygen. Stable, displayable, and downright educational until the bottles break. Let the oil drain out, amid shards of broken glass on the classroom floor, down, down, into the drain in the center of the classroom, off of me and into the world I leave behind with a breath. And in breathing, loose it all. To shatter. To yell. To scream with light. To ignite and in living, explode. Me and the school, we burn together, and I take down all past pretenses of my cushioned isolation. The chemistry bomber; mineral revenge, filling the void with meaningless meaningful means to an end. My end, your end, we all find the fire. Don't fight it. I invite, invoke, intend to emote and I plead with you-- don't fight it. Breath with me. Burn with me.