

## JUST MAKE A GAME OUT OF IT

Tom needed more hours, or, at the very least, more man power.  
Tom's boss said, "Just make a game out of it."

Tom got a call.  
Tom hopped on a plane -- flew to the east coast.  
When Tom got there, it was too late. His mother was dead.  
Tom embraced his older brother at the hospital.  
Tom's brother, tears in his eyes, took a deep breath,  
and said, with full composure:  
"Just make a game out of it."

Tom's heart was defective. Tom's doctor said he'd need a pacemaker.  
Tom was 37.  
Tom's doctor said, "Just make a game out of it."

Tom, on the freeway, in rush hour traffic, saw a minivan *flip*, balance precariously  
on the edge of a hard, steel rail.  
Tom *ran* to the minivan--  
Inside,  
through the glass,  
Tom saw a mother,  
her two children,  
a boy and girl,  
*SCREAMING* for help --  
*beating* their scalded palms, against cracked glass.  
The minivan *TOPPLED* --  
Tom heard,  
next to him,  
someone,  
in their car:  
"Just make a game out of it."

At the bank,  
Tom's teller told Tom his account was locked,  
it was the result of an economic crisis.  
All Tom's funds were frozen.  
Tom asked if he "Should just make a game out of it."  
"Yes," said the teller. "Just make a game out of it."

Tom, broke and homeless,  
spent his final days *begging* for money and food.  
Each day, Tom woke up, feeling the sun *calcifying* his bones,

## JUST MAKE A GAME OUT OF IT [2/2]

the wind, *scalding* his skin.

Tom's body became a corpse.

Tom's face was *charcoal*.

Beautiful women passed by, *laughing*, arm in arm,  
with handsome men.

Tom lived near a ditch, filled with sewer water.

In the night, Tom crawled to the ditch, he *strained* his neck to the water.

In his reflection,

Tom saw Tom.

"Tom, just make a game out of it," said Tom's reflection.

## THE TIME I TOLD EVERYBODY I WAS QUITTING

I'm heading for greener pastures.  
Take care of yourself.  
It won't be the same without you.  
Farewell,  
to this hellhole.  
Little did I know...

When you tell somebody you're quitting your job,  
make *goddamn sure you're actually leaving*.

I'll tell you:  
I had three separate people reading my resume,  
after two months of job research.

The hive has perfected the career,  
to the point the career is written,  
before the child is born.  
You will find a career and you will commit yourself to it,  
or damn you, and damn your progeny.  
Try to change your destiny,  
and you are an outcast.

You are a gear,  
you will carry society onward.

Stop thinking about part-time jobs.

When you need to pay the rent, you will either:  
a) call Mommy and Daddy  
b) luck out on your chosen profession, or  
c)

I thought I could get out easy.  
No experience?  
Fresh minds; creative minds,  
the malnourished dreams of my contemporaries,  
are pissed off,  
and sailing down the gutter.

We hope,  
if we stave off the hunger long enough,  
we will win the jackpot.

## THE TIME I TOLD EVERYBODY I WAS QUITTING [2/2]

We hope,  
we can stab each other in the back,  
and patch the scars,  
once we reach the finish line.

## PAID VACATION

My manager came back from vacation.  
He looked healthy.  
He didn't show off.

My manager, who is a good friend, and one of my worst enemies,  
took me aside,  
he pulled out his phone,  
and he showed me pictures.  
My manager said he'd had the *best time of his life*.

I saw the pictures: people, half naked, wearing shades,  
with dust everywhere.  
You do drugs in the desert,  
lie in a tent with your girlfriend,  
and forget about what you do every day of your life.

When it's all over,  
you pay \$16 for a car wash,  
calm yourself down,  
and get yourself to work, clean-shaven  
to show all your buddies/worst enemies pictures of you,  
your girlfriend,  
fucking around with your friends,  
in the desert,  
doing drugs,  
fucking away your free time,  
pretending the person in the pictures,  
is you.

## I WISH I WERE AN ASSHOLE

I wish my arms could turn steel,  
I wish my fists could break concrete,  
crush someone's face,  
like my father's strength.

I wish I could carry apathy,  
intimidate other men,  
with a single glance,  
seduce beautiful women,  
blessed by my lovers' thoughts.

I wish,  
every time I became numb from stress,  
worried about some other thing,  
I could simply step over it,  
as a giant.

My father never has problems.

My father never has problems,  
because he never fucks up.  
My father's never fucked up.

What a thrill,  
at a funeral,  
to think,  
"So long, pal."

Worrying about anything is a mistake.  
A mistake for lesser men.  
Just act,  
age, die.

## A WASTE OF TIME – THE ONLY TIME SPENT PROPERLY

Goddamn it.

These naked, perfect girls.

Flying from zone to zone,

LA, SF, NY, Paris, Berlin.

Crazy, wild, reckless people.

The recklessness is what turns me on.

If I directed these girls, I would win every award.

The story,

for once,

would match those incredible bodies,

soft,

settled,

eager,

waiting for a camera.