

Why Dare to Disturb the Universe?

Mortality, slices through my mind like a warm knife through butter, butter melting slowly slowly slowly, slowly are my footsteps, melting. Never the mind, never is my mind, at peace as I stroll a footpath lit with sunshine. Could it be more ironic that it is this sun shines upon winter's trees, exposes their cold bone skeleton, their lack of leaves? Trees that once danced and boasted their beauty but with time they become undone. Autumn will always unveil their grey face, their stale face. Corrosion occurs in these trees just as it does in metal. It is the cold hard metal that forms the reflection of whomever is so blind to stare at it. Yes, they are blind, their hands trace the frozen guide rail, but they do not feel the grooves, they do not feel it form to a knife. Their hands are numb to the cold, the immortal winter, yet lit with sunshine the city remains. Down the stairwell I jolt my way against the tide into a subway filled with the smell of broken liquor. The crowd wear beige and the walls wear neon. Trains fill the room for a swift moment as people pile onward and outwards trying so desperately to reach their destination, they could wait, sit like children drawn to the neon and stare. But no. Why dare to disturb the universe?

A drowned-out day, the sky grey and children sitting and staring in awe of the clouds that circle the park. Men beside them smoke. Ash fills the lungs with every breath burning but like the steam engine this is their survival. A coal covered hand to the lips like moth to a flame. I stare into the murky grey of the pond and wonder, what if this moth was to escape the flame? To flutter and dance amongst the night-time forest lit not by stationary streetlamps but by fireflies? The moth and its winged companions could move, dance in harmony with the swaying of branches, the rhythm of the ripples that so delicately form as they spring across a lake swollen with stars. They dance, they dance, and for a moment time suspends, they dance, they dance, but eventually the melody ends. Overcome is the song, drowned in the organisation of cars in enclosed alleyways. Towers stand tall in their tight suits, all the same, so many to tower and intimidate. Sealed these tyrants are, every crack repaired with plaster within an instant of its appearance. They push, push, push backing you towards the cliff face, towards the gusting swell of phosphene. Finally gripped by this stern wind of jet engine inside a semi-trailer- finally- falling into consciousness. "There she goes down there" one of the men says to another as another droplet falls into the pond at the park. He calls his eldest over from the play park to equip a cigarette in their hand. "When I was your age, my father showed me what I am now about to show you, you will submit to our legacy, don't you dare to disturb the universe."

Typing... Typing... duplicates in a single cubical harmonise with every ivory note. The cubicles stretch on and on, an infinite mirror that fades into an aged white wall. Each man to each workload, a crucifix they clench with every demotion. Chewing their nicotine as cows chew their grass, I hear their teeth fester with mould. I am not like them, plans, ambitions! Sentimentality I have, do I not? Ah I can not remember. Autumn teases the mind while keeping stale face, Autumn? "Well for autumn the leaves seem white!" I say with forced enthusiasm. "yeah" responds a co-worker. Responds!? No no his word barely fluttered across the table. certainly not a response, groans of pain, his mind dissolved completely. The leaves, yes, they are greyer now and why isn't it like they always say. "When autumn time comes that's when it's best, all the beautiful colours rain down" they're meant to expose themselves after a draining summer. In spring I met my one love, cigarettes many moons ago now but sure enough since then the clouds have stayed grey, I made sure of that. I'm not like the others, I blow not chew, what sort of animal chews!? Cigarette- she- it's her who waits in bed for me tonight, that cigarette is why I move. Goodness why do my eyes swell as I talk about her? Was it love? Why does the tingle in my heart feel grey? why metastasizing through my body and corroding my soul? Not like it used to; possess me, fill me, now I am hollow. I learnt in spring, I worked in summer, my reward is here, and I wheeze with every second breath. My path laid out before me and I do not hesitate to follow, I shall not dare to disturb the universe.

I am cold in a warm man's clothes; I am old but so little I now know. The subway is where I reside now, in my youth I was quite spiteful of these folk. The wooden tracks are struck together, whipped into line by each train cart that tramples them. An old man with a lonely face but a busy mind. The shattering of these tracks are the tempo for the rhapsody of my thoughts. The newspaper I display across my legs I cannot read, these words are all the same, I've heard them many many times before. just to keep the silence I keep reading. Growing old, wrinkles give wisdom do they not? No, they do not. I am consumed with guilt, every passing minute my mind falls further behind. Retired life is nothing new, just empty as life has always been. But how can it be anything more while people live their lives consumed with the eternal flame, bug zapper. This illusion of salvation, this hope glimmering beneath a dark dark world. It's when the cracks form that people claim to see it, its when the cracks form that these people fall. Nothing but a mirage. I believe myself to be half my age, not that I feel youthful, but only because I only recently, the end of last fall, truly gained consciousness. Oddly this winter has a comforting warmth, then again, I'm wrapped in heavy clothing, beige. A young woman sits opposite me, out of her gold laced purse she rolls a cigarette into her delicate paint strained fingers. Her light flickers through our carriage momentarily freezing time, conception as a spark in the dark, cigarette counts the hours til' we depart.

The train reaches its final stop and out of the carriage myself and that girl move in similar direction. This walk reminds me of how I used to pace the street when I was younger. I see it again, the bare trees, the graffiti that grows, a decorative fungus on brick. That girl from the train a yard or two ahead, she breathes smoke into the night air, and it lures me. Those rusted cogs begin to turn as the tobacco reignites my soul. "Yes, that is life, breath her in, isn't she nice" the long dead spirit taunts me. I have now lost sight of the girl, never the mind. The stars are about to come out tonight, I read in the paper that tonight there would be stars. Just as she exits my mind I am gripped by the chill of a scream, it projects it's icicle daggers into my chest. The coming alleyway reveals herself to me. Struggling for her purse as she pulls and tugs against a tall silhouette. I am frozen, not by the cold. The man sways his knife towards her as she twirls around it, a hypnotic spectacle. The cigarette still in her lips burns closer, closer the ash to the lips, closer comes the knife to her hips. Every single little thing. The woman falls to the ground as she disarms the attacker, he runs, the knife left in her womb. Ash lips erupt in silence, the final breath moves through the crystal light the moon through the winter air consumed by the ocean of the sky. An inconvenience that's all it is. I wander on. Why disturb her?

