

Rome is Burning

By Adam Schirling

The scotch soaks in harder these days...the thrill is a harder one to chase. The porn gets darker and more disturbing, and the nights later and later. Sleep is an elusive goal, i wake every twenty minutes or so to check the room for imagined enemies. I often look back and wonder if there was some point upon which the road had forked, if there was a different destiny in store for me. But the harsh reality has always been, despite my reluctance to accept it, that i had no choice in the matter. The booze chose me. It came to me in the dark recesses of the night and whispered false promises in my ear, made me a whore to its platitudes. The words chose me. They found me awake at 2 am with tears in my eyes, and hate in my heart, spilling out onto keyboards and empty notepads. Who was i to fight such awesome beasts, such whores of Babylon? So now here i sit, a bitter drunk, with the betrayal of a system of the human condition fresh in my soul.

The day will come when i will be accountable for my sins. The day will come when the overwhelming odds of chance stack too high against my subtle good intentions. the day will come when all friends finally turn their back on me in disgust, and i am left alone to rot in a dark alley, after begging for change to buy a jug of cheap wine to help erase the brutish reality of this twenty first century. It is very alarming to drive down a cold city street and see a drunk vagrant panhandling, and to realize that only one or two paychecks separate your life paths.

So, what to do in the meantime, folks? Despair about my possible life's end point? No, that would be the absolute slap in the face to the concept of absurdity. Have ridiculous sex with my beautiful, loving, and possibly crazy girlfriend? You bet. Drink every bottle i can get my hands on until i fall to the floor, puking and shaking? Absolutely. For me, there is no other choice for survival than to submit to the definitive Ridiculous Awesomeness of this experience. So, my friends, here is to us. Here is to those like us. Here is to warm summer night drives, fresh bottles of whiskey, long girl on girl kisses and large tax returns. For it is the simple pleasure that keep this all bearable.

Don't submit. Don't give up. We all may end up frozen to death on the streets, but maybe, just fucking maybe, we will inherit the earth.

Cheers

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