



Thumping

What got my attention was the fast little vehicle as it sped around me from behind in my rear view mirror, to my right side mirror, past my right side, and as it was passing, a hand flipping a burning cigarette out the open window on the driver's side. At the next light the speeding presence was forced to stop, mostly by the presence of another stopped vehicle in front of it. I came along side to observe a kinky haired youth, female, beating and thumping with her hands upon the racing-car steering wheel, nodding and weaving her head, humping her torso in her seat, all to the bump, rumble and rhythm of the 'rock' blaring from the auto's ghetto blaster. Painted and dolled, jiving, an aspirant to fast track yuppiedom; so I imagined. I wondered what went on inside of that head. Some abstraction from Vogue Magazine, Hot Rock(s) Magazine, some Madison Avenue hype, some fleeting imagery, unaccountable; something happening between her thighs, that oughta happen in a big way, instead of in this mundane musty gray drab soggy wintry fare. The Human Fiction with a pleasurable itch, yearning for the heights; DENIED; therefore careless; only restrained by some unidentified FEAR. Heading for a RELEASE; something to assuage the burning desire, the rage, the pentupness, the frustrated yearnings, endless yearnings, savage appetites of unknown origin. Too much energy; the wick always flaring up, burning out of control; the horrible waxy sink of life holding one back, all the while wanting to be consumed in the flames, before consciousness returned, dreaded consciousness, awareness of one's little self, one's meager self. DREADED. An all day high, all night too, because one couldn't sleep, one was burning up inside, heaping the little self upon the sacrificial pyre of the Twentieth Century that had declared you aint nothin' unless you're somebody, and you aint nobody unless your somebody, and you aint nobody unless you do it like they do it; they are somebody, if you do it like they do it you will become somebody, then your tiny little self and soul will be able to rest because you will do it like they do it and because they are somebody you will feel like somebody. You will have become Relevant to your time, your Transience will have become validated. Your GAWD damned pitiful little life will mean something. You wont be just another piece of insignificant protoplasm dumped on this earth by sweaty uninspired copulating parents to live in awe of all those others that look like you who presume to lord it over you because they were here before you were, who feel they have some special

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right to tell you where to go and what to do, to expect you to take sides in their embroilments, their conquests of the earth and of each other. Geeeezzzz Forking Keeeeericetuhh!!