

Kid, You're Hooked



I have sunk to the lowest depths of depravity. For each new fix I crawl and I grovel, I beg and I plead, I crawl and I grovel. I am no longer a man, I am a receptacle for one and only one need, a need that grows stronger each and every time it is satisfied, a creeping vine choking my humanity to death. So, for that reason, I crawl and I grovel... (hey... I'm really starting to *like* this word "grovel"! I can barely write these words, except for the grovel word, as my fingers ache to reach for the one thing that can relieve me of the agony I am feeling.

But I *must* write! I must expose the one who did this to me, so that others might not fall prey to his evil snare. So that others might not have to crawl or grovel. Unless they wanted to. Oh, I am sure there *are* those who like to grovel. Yes, I read *The Stranger*. But I am likewise as sure that the vast majority of us only like to talk about it and don't like to do it. ("It" referring to groveling, of course.)

Now where was I? See how I've become! This is starting to affect my memory! And it's all the fault of RC Director Tim "The Pusher Man" Harris, who *knew* what would happen if he installed SimCity™ on this computer.

There is no escape. Everywhere I go its hooks pierce my eyes:

Piercing Hooks, by Copyright Dr. Wes Browning

Luxury houses, apartment buildings,
factories, cars, condominiums.
Bus depots, railroad tracks,
or any number of stadiums.
Everywhere that I turn, they turn as well to face me.
With evil malice do they grab me pull me & then do
place me
in front of this computer screen...

My soul screams "Please, no more!
My derriere is sore!"
- whence I run out the door.
Only to be greeted once again
by schools and police stations,
and houses (under construction),
and hospitals and seaport cranes
and airport hangars and aero-planes,
- and all else that there are in major cities
like libraries, parks, musea, and univers'ties -
sights which grab my heart and would rip me apart,
if I didn't return to this computer screen,
there to build yet more SimCities™.

Speaking of diversions, I have been listening to the news lately, that is, when I haven't been in the office indulging. Now I have no intention of abusing the privilege of this scribbling outlet by using it as a soapbox to present my own political views *unrelated* to issues involving the mission of the Real Change. *However*, current events have compelled my thoughts to dwell upon a certain incident in my *homeless* past which might *possibly* be seen as representing an allegory relating to who-knows-*what* is going on, but is in fact really *about nothing at all of the kind*, so don't anybody get their hackles up, thanks.

So anyway, I was homeless, as I just said, or maybe (I don't remember actually - blame TH) I wasn't homeless but just looked like I was. I was walking west on NE 47th through the Fraternity District. A gentleman was standing alongside the sidewalk there, speaking to two other people.

He was college-age, about 2 inches taller than myself, 50 pounds heavier (I was thin from malnutrition), looking like a jock. He could have been on the swimming team. He was in so much better shape than I was at the time that he could easily have killed me within minutes, if we had to fight.

All the more reason that I was astonished that he would threaten to kick my ass as I passed by, saying "I'm sick of having to look at you people." It wasn't as though I could have threatened *him* in any way.

In fact, I had just before that merely glanced his way and given him a faint smile and a nod.

Well, I'd been a cab driver for five years by then, so without even thinking, I flipped the SOB off and kept walking. I knew immediately that such defiance was foolish but I couldn't help it, it was a reflex, a habit, from years of receiving abuse and formulating answers to it.

He followed me for two blocks yelling and threatening to beat me up for having given him the finger, while at least a dozen students watched and said and did nothing to stop him. Finally I came across a large rock next to the sidewalk, picked it up and turned to face him. Since no one else was going to defend me, I prepared to do it myself.

I was shaking, sure that this time I was going to end up in traction at least.

At which point he demanded that I drop the "weapon" and that I stop threatening *him*!

Needless to say, his appeal to me to disarm was totally ineffective. ☹

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