No More Shiny Things

He asked, "What does it mean, then?"
She laughed.
"What? You - of all people - don't think there's some kind of reason?"
"I'm not self-absorbed enough to assume I - or we - are entitled to narrative -"
He cut her off. "Bullshit."
She wanted to look wry, but the result was sadder than she could have known. "There's no narrative unless your life somehow gets ripped open and exposed, and even then, it's shredded and reconstructed because as it was, there was no plot arc. That's the goddamn problem today, everyone thinks they're entitled to be a fucking protagonist." She tried to will there to be a pause. For effect, you know. "Have a smoke?" she asked, hand out.
He gestured to a package on a shelf across the room. She looked annoyed and crossed the room, taking a cigarette and then leaning against the window. She stared out the window, wondering if it was possible to be deliberately deliberate, or if the self awareness made it superficial.
We're still young, but we're so dreary already, he thought. Beige curtains that hang like flags, symbols of having given up. "I really can't believe you can say that. When was the last time you weren't all caught up in some fucking cause or ten, help the whoever, support the fucks offs - don't pretend you don't know what I mean."
His tone was rough and he stood up and started pacing.
She held her gaze perpendicular to his, wearing an expression that made it look like she was watching her face from outside of it, every gesture slightly too calculated.
"Yeah well. You have to do something."
"No you don't. 90% of the planet - at least - are a bunch of hedonists busy gorging themselves not thinking about any of that shit. Pointless. The only people who do worry about that shit are people who think there's a point."
"I just don't want to be embarrassed if I ever have to explain how I spent it."
"Spent what?"
"Oh, whatever cliche, the time I had."
"So it's guilt."
"Fuck off."
"No, really."
"No, it's not guilt. It's bitterness that the world is such shit."
"Who has a narrator now, huh?" She stared out the window. He had stopped pacing and stood across the room. "I just thought you might, that's all. Seemed like a nice idea, so I thought if you did..." he trailed off.
She didn't appear to hear him. "You have to be able to say you weren't a selfish sob with it."

"So you just resign yourself to being miserable and anxiously watch the world go to pot? Seeing every fucked up bit? Focusing on it?"

She leaned out the window, blowing smoke rings. He tone remained flat. "No. You just have to not get too involved." She reached behind her for the shelf, and another cigarette, still not looking at him. "So don't go looking to me for answers, christ."

posted by sasha
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Why to rage, oh rage against the dying of the light we are all light, stardust to the core there's no one else to illuminate the situation and we must do something before forced to reap what we have sown.