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Why I can't tell short stories

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Why I can't tell short stories

I

Total Bliss ecstasy mixed pulsing throbbing beat
 Collides head on with drug induced love turned real.
 In snow storm ice slush gray black blizzard
 while tall slender no hair dancer whips around making drug deals
 and I sit on a dirty white towel talking to strange girls ("snorting thing) about nothing
 or watch friend since before birth puke and freak out then groove
 all under sleet and love idea.

II

Other time (real time) crashed car
 attack by fat red necks in dirty blue sweat pants oozing blood and oil
 who sit smoke and attempt to solve their financial problems
 with our greenbacks

Girl with long brown hair (driver) goes temporarily insane
 several times
 once when car (not ours) skids into ditch (red brake lights cause panic)
 in front of her us

III

Still hear pulsing beat
 even when I sit in Detroit bus terminal
 Remodeled since last time
 weekend after Heidi Parsons and I dug stained glass
 pouring red orange blue beauty on an old oak staircase
 Talk about Kafka's eyebrow trick
 and watch somebody's hair turn bright orange
 smell up the whole place

IV

She (driver)cried at JC Towing shit hole
 While white trash spirit of the death of America laughed at her
 and Elmo the recently named no name junk yard cat purred

Still happy, I think back to last night before last
 I realize life is meaningless good
 throw your life away while having fun
 as long as love happiness fills in the recipe.

V

Never saw so many people so happy
 Bliss played into the picture love again
 can't forget that chemical called love

VI

Gone through hell hell and heaven over and over again
 Eight hours here
 Car breaks down
 Eight or more bus rides back
 I smiled hummed ate M&M's the entire time

VII

Now there is a black girl
with streaked blonde hair
singing to herself
I don't even mind

VIII

Afterwards last night
I crashed hard
Slept so long so pure it felt so good
even though I was on the floor
in an old friend's room

IX

Get high on the dance floor
Get high on the dance floor
Whirl squirm trip skip spin bop
until the hallucinations come
Trees floating over forests tiles sunsets aurora borealis
red blue green yellow primary vibrations
swirl around
As something close to god
passes through

X

I'm sitting on dirty gray carpet playing cards
trying to put more into this
Maybe I should say more about all the crazy people
Able could sell God hell and the Devil heaven
the girl with elmo the muppet
Ecstasy the beautiful rush followed by paranoia
and touching rubbing people in the dark with neon hand cream and black lights
House with silver beads
enough enough
it's all over

-Colin Bossen '98