

1988

to whom i may concern

Chris Campi
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Campi, Chris (1988) "to whom i may concern," *Exile*: Vol. 35 : No. 1 , Article 33.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol35/iss1/33>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

to whom i may concern.

. . . . so i was just eating breakfast, minding my own business and i got eggs as usual 'cause you're supposed to eat eggs for breakfast and. . . i don't even like eggs, why do i eat eggs, maybe i shouldn't . . . anyway, i was minding my own business 'cause there was nobody else's to mind and i looked up 'cause someone was talking to me. . . and i'm thinking, i don't know no one here, why is someone talking to me . . . so i looked around and looked around real hard , so hard that i think i pulled a muscle in my left eye. . . see. You see how its kind of weird now i think i sprained it maybe. . . anyway, so i'm looking around and i finally give up 'cause, well my eggs were getting cold and if there is one thing i hate more than anything than i guess eggs its cold eggs. . .

did i tell You that i got bacon too. . bacon is good i like it 'cause you can pick it up with your hand and no one gets angry at you. . isn't that right, i mean it's ok to pick it up right. . ? yea, i thought so. .

so, i'm thinking of what to do that day and i hear this voice again. . oh, oh, yea, i got a cup of coffee too. . it's not like i really drink coffee but since my mug was on the table the waitress filled it and i didn't want to upset her. . maybe everyone is supposed to have coffee with eggs. . do You?

so. . this volice is really starting to, i don't know, scare me or something so, i quietly whisper at the top of my lungs asking, what do ya' want from me? and its like then i don't hear the voice no more. . i figured maybe i should take my hat off so i could hear better. . . plus, maybe i was offending people. . so i set my hat down on the counter and i remembered that i got it from the skinny black santa at the shelter a while ago. . . do You think that he's really black i mean, or was it just an elf or You know, he could be You know, just 'cause well. . . i saw him and he gave me a gift and i never got nothing from him before and so maybe he is. . .

and this voice again was bugging me and i'm thinking maybe it was god. . . i'm thinking he may even have something really important to say 'cause god doesn't just talk to anyone. . . maybe he wanted me to save the world. . but the world, it's so big and could i ever change it, save it and why me god? and to find me, the savior, at this diner, i guess he would think it was a good enough place 'cause you have to pay for stuff and everything there. . . but me, why would god pick me? and damn, i was looking at my hands "holes" "holes" in my hands and in my feet tool l l i hate pain and where would they set up the cross in times sqiare? i don't like pain but if god thinks that i should save the world i guess maybe i should. . .

but as i was thinking and i guess i was drawing some holy attention, i felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. . . and this man asked me if i had any means to pay for my check, check. . . check, well i'm the new jesus christ and well. . . no. . . i guess thats what happens to those chosen by god. . everyone gets mad at them 'cause that's the way it is in the bible. . .and i figured before i could even start to spread the good word around i'd be crucified at times square. . .

but strangely he didn't crucify me not yet, he just kicked me out and yelled nasty things. . . i hate it when people yell at me, i get so . . . well . . . i cried and i didn't even get my pencil mug back which had unexpectedly had coffee put in it. . . how could i spread the word without my pencils? even though i didn't have any. . .

i mean. . . well. . . i did but someone tripped me that morning and i watched them roll right into the street during rush hour. . . i was gonna ask people if they'd want to buy some crushed pencils but. . . well. . . i could only find an eraser and um. . . a few kind of mooshed pieces. . . i don't know would people buy that? would You? i still got them in my pocket. . .1/2 price. . . . ?

Chris Campi