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Worried

Benjamin J. Van Der Veen
California Polytechnic State University - San Luis Obispo

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WORRIED.

Benjamin J. Van Der Veen

Always the early-riser. No use for the snooze button, no use for the toilet, no use for the shower. Never needing relief and always perfectly clean, never sweating in messy situations. Which is all well and good, except that it was only because you couldn't tell when a situation was messy. Just smiling, or not; nothing on the mind; slightly hungry but can wait, not the least bit troubled.

That was a mess we were laying in. Make no mistake. I don't know what happened. I don't know who is more insane. On one hand, you only felt bad afterward because you didn't feel bad afterward. On the other: you're on my armoire, framed, on the cover of the local paper for your achievements—it was the first thing I did, the very first minute I was alone. I owned the frame for two years and never knew what to put in it until then. I don't look at you, but you're present, here in my room, and you serve a purpose now—to keep me honest, or dishonest, whichever. To keep me from mingling with the rabble.

Nothing has changed. We can't just re-invent ourselves by moving west and cutting our hair. I know you're still avoiding the problems I found in you, and I don't think you'll ever bother to solve them, at least not to my satisfaction.

My satisfaction—what a joke.



We are walking in the fog, in the morning. There is a soft light on a pole nearby. There are quite a few of them, actually, all in a row, the next one barely visible when standing by the last. What little sun we can see is not coming from just the sky, but from the air and the water all around us. We are smelling it, we are breathing it deeply, walking past identical light-poles on a twenty-three-mile sidewalk immune to shadows. Holding hands and looking for policemen flitting through reality, whatever that is, like meteorites. Every now and again, I think I see one, but it's just a delusion and it's pointless to mention it. It's pointless to mention anything, to try to hold up a conversation with no help on the other end. What exactly am I trying to accomplish? Sometimes I'm worried that there's no difference between your company and solitude. 