

Campaign For A Better Weekend

Bomb the Music Industry!

Woke up about 10 AM it's 55 degrees and even though it's barely March, since all winter it's been freezing, this is cause for celebration. Cause for picnics and coffee. So I opened up my savings and grabbed a couple twenties and it felt just like a day away from home. Walked over to Nelson's where my bike was getting fixed. Total damage: \$34. I said, "Keep the extra six." I'm doing well today. I came home last week with enough to live. I rode south to grab a package 'cause our postman never rings the bell, he only leaves a slip and sometimes he doesn't even leave a slip. He's such a dick. Waiting in line for thirty minutes and I finally get my box. Hold the door, they don't say thanks. I fumble with the lock and my bike hasn't rode this well since the day I picked it up. A Ford Explorer jumps the light and I can't really stop and it feels like an alarm clock. I tuck and roll like in the movies and I slide across the concrete. Everybody's all, "Oh shit!" and blood is dripping down to my feet, but I get up and keep moving it's a busy city street. Keep on moving. Busy street. Ride the seven blocks to Boerum, carry my bike up two floors, situate the crowded hallway, limp and waddle through my door, throw the package onto my bed and start investigating sores. The cuts are bigger than expected. I guess I shouldn't have worn shorts. I thought about the winter. Under layers, I wouldn't bleed - drinking root beer, watching football. Oh, I never thought I'd be in that place everyone went to but it really just took me a couple extra years to get there though at least I did feel free for the most part of your weekend, save the rubbing alcohol sting. Oh, it felt just like vacation 'til I slaughtered my body. And it's kind of f**ked in Florida, skies are grey instead of blue. I can't shrug off the awesome weather but I can surely dress my wounds. It felt just like a vacation but still we complained until we all felt jaded and started to hate it.