

# Existence

By  
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An infant cries, proof to all of his existence.

A calm breeze rises. A child grapples with ice cream, it dripping upon his hands under a heavy sun. The air throbs with humidity. A storm is coming. Life is moving forwards, a light-rail rapid transport. Trees sway. Branches fall. People die.

A university student is lost in the crowd, an Arts graduate is unleashed upon the world, his eyes beaming. What do you want to do with your life Jimmy? Choose life? Or Choose something else? What else? Trainspotting? Ewan McGregor doused himself with heroin to escape himself of the confusion, but it didn't work. The storm grows. The sky thunders. Damned if you do, damned if you don't. You listen to modern day poets. Lots of people talking, few of them know, the soul of a woman is created below. Heartbreak. Led Zeppelin's words echo upon the howl of the roar of the wind.

You move on. On to what? A job, a T.V, a couch, a house, a car, a family. Beer to dull the pain. Drugs to cure the heart. Panic. Debt. Western trappings. No place to run. A stairway to heaven? No! A slippery slide to hell. It all comes down to the hip pocket. Heart attack. Suicide. Life is too fast, too short, too complicated. Death is the only escape, or is it? A funeral. A ceremony. A sermon. It all cost's money you know. Invest in life insurance. Don't burden your family with the price of your death! They will miss you more if it does not cost them. Waves are crashing. The air is plagued by salt. Sport is owned by the Media. War is fought by corporations. You are part of that, you know. Until they spit you out.

New becomes old. Old becomes forgotten. You are done. *It's better to burn out than fade away.* Def Leppard have weathered badly in the sun. Rain falls like bullets from the sky. Lots of people have been killed. Let us hope they had life insurance so it did not cost them their family's love. Life's only purpose? To make a dime, a buck, a means to an end. No! *Life's a journey, not a destination.* But Steve Tyler's words of wisdom are being washed away by the drown of Aerosmith's music. Your sons are having daughters. Your children have become your keepers. What was it that you wanted to do with your life Jimmy?

The storm is failing. A station is approaching. Buckle up Jimmy. He looks at the child beside him. Her small saucer eyes force upon him his own worn reflection. There are tears in his eyes. But she smiles. Proof to him, of his existence.