10-21-2016

The Problem with Burning Down Your Own House

Amorak Huey

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth

Recommended Citation

Huey, Amorak (2016) "The Problem with Burning Down Your Own House," Booth: Vol. 8 : Iss. 9 , Article 3.
Available at: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol8/iss9/3

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Butler University. It has been accepted for inclusion in Booth by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Butler University. For more information, please contact omacisa@butler.edu.
The Problem with Burning Down Your Own House

Abstract
...is shivering in the front yard in your underwear, pretending you’re as upset as everyone else while the world watches; hoping no one smells kerosene on your breath.

Cover Page Footnote
"The Problem with Burning Down Your Own House" was originally published at Booth.

This article is available in Booth: http://digitalcommons.butler.edu/booth/vol8/iss9/3
The Problem with Burning Down Your Own House

by Amorak Huey

is shivering in the front yard in your underwear, pretending you’re as upset as everyone else while the world watches; hoping no one smells kerosene on your breath. The problem with falling down a curving flight of stairs is exactly what you think it is: the soft spot in your skull. There’s a word for that: fontanelle. This is not the same thing as the smooth white coating on a wedding cake though it’s close. The problem with confusion is the confusion. The problem with guns is narrative inevitability: the ending, obvious; the only mystery, how long it takes to get there. Same problem with being born. Same with falling in love. The problem with passionate long-distance affairs is 9/11 and the subsequent need to show ID at the front desk. I live in Michigan, which is fine, except during winter, which is always. The world continues to get in my way; that is the problem with geography. The problem with being white is you’re allowed to forget you’re white. The problem with forgetting is not knowing when it’s happening. The problem with cigarettes is disposal.
of the butt; field-stripping’s a lost art. The problem with children is they do what they’re told, or they don’t, either way it’s a problem. I poured a half-bottle of gin into the sink this morning, the problem with telling you this is now you want to know why. The problem is, I can’t tell you. Motivation has never been my strong suit. I also don’t believe in intent; all that matters is outcome. Not every consequence is intended, there ought to be a rule. I was going to say something about blood, or bone, or flesh, but I am afraid you would have gotten the wrong idea. The problem is you think this is a narrative. It’s human, this need to find order where none exists. Fire does not have this problem.