
Wild World

Katherine Barrett

Wild World

I am on a moving train bound for somewhere - I don't care. It starts and rocks and up and down and wrecks, but never stops. Cat Stevens plays "Baby it's a Wild World" over and over on my Sony Walkman as I in my worn out jeans and navy Tivoli Gardens sweatshirt look out the windows at a blur: a lush, green countryside; miniature, doll-like houses; cows, the aqua colored sky, - a blur. I guard my belongings.

Belongings

My worn out jeans and navy Tivoli Gardens sweatshirt, two Head Edge tennis racquets, a silver bracelet, a backpack with a few Toblerone chocolate bars, and Vantage regulars, tampons, lipstick, an extra bra, an unused diary, a coffee stained picture of you on my futon, a lucky marble. I guard - they don't move. The train moves but never stops.

Stop

Loving me so tenderly. Making me feel safe from the world when I am wrapped in your arms. Taking care of me. Scaring me by letting me let go. I'm someone I don't know. Being funny and I laugh. Allowing me, like no other person does, to be a child again. Loving me.

Me

I'm being followed by a moon shadow and I don't know who I am. A bundle of emotions tied up in a cotton t-shirt ready at any moment to burst into tears, laughter, fear, anger, joy, love. And colors. I am black and pink. And red and black. I'm brown and bronze and black. And I am music.

Music

I can't keep it in, I can't keep it in I gotta let it out, I...haven't got time for

the pain, no I haven't got time time time is on my side yes it calls to me...to be where little cable cars climb half way to the starry starry night...paint your pallet blue and grey...honey can I put on your clothes...because they feel like home home on the range where the deer and the cantalope play play me a melody a sweet sweet melody for you and me to take my breath away to the Copa Copacabanna banana take my heart to heart to heart.

Heart

Thump. Thump. Thump-thump. Skwish. Skwish. Crack. Thump-thump-thump. Creak. Crack. Thump-thump-thump.- Blood.

Blood

Inside. Outside. All around the round side. Its easy to see from the outside. Blue and purple and burgundy. Smells sweet on the outside. Gushing out. Nothing stops it. I do not. Blood blood blood. Without it I am dead.

Dead

I am on a moving train being chased by a wild man on an orange and yellow polka dotted giraffe. A death train. It never stops to let me breath. I sit next to an aquarium filled with old toothbrushes. An unshaved dead man on my other side in an old pin striped tuxedo tells me how his son-of-a-bitch son-in-law shot him at his daughter's wedding because he had begun to cry. I offer him a toothbrush and he cries. I offer him a Vantage - we smoke.

Smoke

Beautiful cloud white smoke is pumped in and out of our lungs. Everything is beautiful - you can make the sun shine... It begins to form heavenly halos above our heads as we talk about what it is like to be angels. I ask the young man - dead- next to me if he would like a halo to save him from hell.

Hell

Normally used in phrases of exclamation: Oh hell!! What the hell do you think you're doing?!! Why don't you go to hell!! Otherwise...it doesn't exist. There is only earth, Heaven and sex.

Sex

On a moving train bound for wherever you wish. On the marble stairs inside the art museum next to the priceless Monets. On a king size, mahogany framed demonstration bed at an open furniture store. At the circus in the monkey cage. Under the pool table while the King and his subjects are playing 8 ball. On the wings of a 747 on its way through a snow storm to the Virgin Islands. Wherever wherever wherever you wish my little princess.

Princess

I am your creation alone.

Me

I am on the Peace train-come on, come on- bound for destination. I in my worn out jeans and navy Tivoli Gardens sweatshirt and you in the same. We pull out a Vantage and hold tight to our toothbrushes. The man in the tuxedo flies by on his wings tipped with gold.