

The driving snow was a mute to what seemed to already be a quite serene day. Serene on the outside, but nothing to write home about internally. It (like so many other days) was spent procrastinating with a special purpose. Stacking, and stacking and stacking the cards so high. Up-ing the ante until life was more than anyone with a western upbringing could bear (I'm sure third world strugglers could). Tax collectors, book keepers, insurance companies, debt collectors, were all lined up impatiently. Like a savannah scene from a wildlife special, waiting to pounce on the lagging wildebeest, the procrastinating looking for one last bite of grass, or in this case one last wink, hairy unconcerned wildebeest. The snow was a decent enough excuse to stay bedridden. To say nothing, just watch the first snow in two years. Sure he could have met with the bank, or the government about a grant, but what good is that? It still wouldn't encourage him to stop rigging his life for an upset. The eternal question was easy enough to answer, but what good did it do to ask? So, instead he pulled the second blanket over his head, and waited for the dusk. His tusks unbrushed, due to the lack of a functioning sink. It functioned I suppose, but it had mysteriously fallen off of the wall. Ripped right out of its moorings. This didn't happen yesterday, or a fortnight ago. Longer than that. It didn't really matter though. After watching a film about Ukrainians in the dead of winter without running water (let alone warm water), he decided it would be bourgeois to fix his sink. There was always the kitchen sink with moldy dishes, or the shower with scalding hot water to fall back on. Hunger gnawed, and the cat pawed, but nothing could motivate him to rise, or even search for a reason to rise. A week earlier his kitten had died. An innocent little guy. Tiger. With a moniker from a Dostojevsky novel. The cat AIDS got him, rather suddenly, unexpectedly. He lay on the couch paralyzed, in his own feces, gasping for his last breaths with foamed, parched lips. Myshkin's limp limbs haphazardly sprawled.

The following night, after those tragic images wouldn't escape his mind, he tried to hang himself in the kitchen of the cafe he somewhat owned. With a cable tied to a lamp fixture and an empty beer crate. It didn't work. After a few asphyxiating moments passed he kicked his way to living. After which he spent the remainder of the evening calling family around the world, and crying like a little child. His mother trying to keep it together with a cool head, and off topic banter. His heading towards senility grandfather trying to guilt him into finding an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting, instead of lending what he really needed, namely comfort. His friend telling him to come visit before he does himself in, and his sister with whom he always fought booking a flight the next day to come for a visit from New York. She was being really nice, and sobbing herself. The whiskey wanted to come up, but wouldn't, so he chased it away with wine, that fell off of the coffee table during the conversation with his mother. She asked if he had anything to clean it up with. A motherly question in a time of motherless mourning. Morning was upon him, and his bed called. The now infected, yet still alive other cat, knocked a glass of water off of the window sill directly on to his head. He had to laugh. Then pull the wet pillow case off, and sleep on a brown with grease and dirt and nicotine residue

stained pillow. Which he did with ease. Seeing that the sheets to the blankets were already removed thanks to being urinated on by the now dead cat, and seeing that there was only one set of sheets in the house, and they a week later still are not washed, he had no choice.

Now the snow is here. The wind whips up. The snow is falling horizontally, and dawn is upon him. It dawns on him that he has business to procrastinate today, and he should probably get some sleep if he doesn't want to do it, well. The cat from a non-snowing climate is intrigued and won't leave the window. The scraping of the shovels and people cleaning their cars off for the early morning commute also capture his attention. The man realizes why something seemed out of place, when the rather luminous orange foliage on the one tree in view, is still fastened to its branches, yet covered in snow. A winter take-over. With mango stuck between his teeth, and the three hour toothpick not really doing anything, he decides to let it drop to his chest, only to impulsively pick it up again a few seconds later to give it one last go. Lights are now on across the way, mark the beginning of another another day? Night? The neighbors with the lights are old, and plump. During a summer thunderstorm he saw Mr. Old and Plump standing behind Mrs. Old and Plump, who was leaning out the window. After a few seconds he realized he was watching them have sexual intercourse. Sloppy intercourse. She had a pillow, underneath her sagging old and plump breasts. He was, in a fit of pure old, plump lust gyrating like a fool behind her, and now they were getting up to go to work, on a snowy Friday morning. Their daughter does aerobics in the window sometimes. She isn't old nor plump. She is in good shape, and I am sure she has walked in on them before.