

I left a seizing spasmodic bum some toast today. I wrapped it in tin foil. The best part though, is that I didn't even have to disrupt the isolation of my gigantic headset blaring "Rape Me." This guy seriously lives on the southerly side of the downtown 59th Street platform and goes by *noticed*. He still gets to stay there. Everybody knows that he's there, and he pulls it off with some class, telling you first that it's his birthday and then that he has AIDS in his attempt to wrestle your change from you. "Change is hard to come by," I reply, and he retorts by telling me that he hopes that I have a lot people who care about me and after I finally give him fifty cents as I hop on the 5 out of pure awe of his gall, he asks me for ten bucks so that he can go buy a meal. Yes, so I left him some toast, as he was in the throes of his frenzy, because I didn't want him to think that I'd forgotten about him.

I didn't want him to think that I wouldn't recall him long after he had snuffed out the rest of his measly plight under the cold linoleum boot on the wall of 59th.

I wanted him to know that someone out there values his collapse as the only form of interaction they have.

Now, when I'm really overstepping my bounds in some hypothetical future situation I'll just say that it's my birthday. If that doesn't work, I'll say that I have AIDS. Nice. Future problem solved. But really it is only a diluted solution, because in the future I'm only going to say nothing.

The original bill arrives.

I have spent countless dollars obtaining items that were originally offered for a discount price with value meals at fast food restaurants. In this one session, I have spent \$63.80, countable currency. This mint-condition, 1983 Return of the Jedi Burger King collector's glass is now mine, however; and since I now own it it's just as good as if I had actually obtained it from its original place in time. And if I had someone to tell, I would rouse them with a story of that day, that slippery moment captured forever in decorated glass. And I will. But I won't.

The second bill arrives with added late fee.

I have made withdrawals from foreign ATMs 26 times this month. My combined service charges: \$87.00

Final notice.

Purchased trial membership to [rapemyface.com](http://rapemyface.com). \$3.95. Applied for Visa with 22.9 APR.

Purchased trial membership to [toiletadventures.com](http://toiletadventures.com). \$4.95. Renewed automatically at \$39.95 per month until cancelled. Still not cancelled.

First attempt by collection agency.

I will sit here at the roulette table and bet \$100 dollars on 11 until I hit it. Thus far, I have spent \$3,500 dollars trying to do so, so if it doesn't come out on the next roll I'm going to be in the red when I do hit it regardless. This night is going to be long but the drinks are free, soon I'll be tipping in chips and then not at all.

Second attempt by collection agency.

I can't remember why I have all this money. Three consecutive lap dances until climax equals \$105.00 plus tip and an eventual new pair of velour sweatpants.

Urgent! Third and final attempt by collection agency.

It's taking the bus back and buying a new wardrobe downtown that really hurts; now it's to the point where obtaining all this shit starts to actually make me feel worse instead of better. Steak for two at Luger's for one, and off to bed with every possible appliance blaring.

Contacted at work by collection agent.

There's a spot in midtown where they give me a discount on the sleeping chamber for each additional 6 hours used, and this spot will be the retreat for a day at least. As I peel the crust off of my eyes and see only shades of the forms I'm privy to, I'll begin a frenzy of consumption that not even the IRS could quell.

Debt settled for amount less than original debt.

Who wins? We all lose.

I walk the sidewalks riddled with new found gloom as all but the few late houses are bare of their decor: X-mas lights, six-foot inflatable Frostys, hordes of plastic reindeer, neon nativities, wreaths, ribbons, bows. Only shards and shambles remain. The late ones, their decor lingers, roman candles blaring next to burnt out waxy stubs.

But the rest -- just detritus lingers. I pass the deflated mass of red and white plastic that was once a giant Santa. A chalk outline of merriment. The crime scene at the murder of jolly. Post-holiday deflation.

Everything just huddles into a corner and dies.

It was the cusp that mattered. Topping the tree with that star, that angel, that Jesus, that giant fist flipping us all off. Strangling our houses, trees, bushes, roofs, and cars with lights. Staring at the mounds of unopened presents. This was the cream filling...

Now... now we're just left with two stale cookies, sucked dry, soggy, used and forgotten. A dead tree laid out on the street, ornaments laid to rest in styrofoam coffins. Our possessions that we're choked with strands of lights hang limp, the asphyxiation enhanced climax but a memory. The bright and glossy patterns are torn to shreds, and we've been left with the scraps and white innards.

Everything dies.

This spectacle though -- count to three sixty four and it rises and dies again.

How apropos, yet how strange for something that is devoid of life in these times, soul-less. Pay less.

X-Mass.

Realize how pay-per-view it all is. An epic tale, the grandest of them all, told for a small donation each chapter.

The basket is shoved in our faces twice during this mass, my first appearance here in seven years.

The grand finale.

But there is no salvation.

Do you see what I see?

Children that look like they would rather be molested by a priest than sit through this mass.

Teenage girls dressed like hookers, sniveling old men gawking at them. On line to receive the host, no less.

The body of the Christ.

The flesh.

Grown men and women reduced to children, actually believing this nonsense. And some are ashamed for believing in Santa for too long. But mostly...

Most of them just don't care.

'Tis the season.

His Holy Father rambled off a well rehearsed sermon.

"Christ is the reason for the season," he preached.

Perhaps not, not anymore. We all have our own reasons. For most, its fear. Fear of death. And toys. No, not fear of toys. Fear of coal, perhaps.

Here, here -- we're all going to die. Christmas dies. You'll die. And there will be no St. Peter to judge and berate, there will be no pearly gates, there will be no clouds to walk on, there will be no cloud roads for angels to drive you around on their SUVs on. There will be no unicorns. There will be no Easter Bunny.

Wake up.

All of those toys, in a week they'll be embedded in some musty corner, dusty. And eventually, they'll just be fuel for the fire.

The tree is dead in its own body bag on the sidewalk with your garbage.

The lights flicker, fade and die. Even the soul-less die. And the few lights on those houses that insist on prolonging the inevitable, sometime in February or March, they'll die too.

Merry X-mas.