

Deja Screams

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By : Zap Tales

YOU CAN'T DREAM IF YOU DON'T SLEEP...



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Â Â It is way too late to do the coffee thing, and much too early to turn on the idiot box because theyâre still hawking lotions, potions, and miracles in small bottles. I canâ t write as I am at a loss for the right words, and an entire paragraph is all but impossible. If I create anything today, it will reflect the madness, a few jumbled sentences that wonâ t make sense to anyone including myself.

Â Â I canâ t be bipolar, because that involves uncontrolled laughter and right about now I could not even buy a smile. However, the plastic keys on my machine are becoming soggy, so I must be halfway there. Maybe it was the Saint Judeâ s commercial, followed by emaciated puppies on the A.S.P.C.A. pitch. I hit the daily double of infomercial tearjerkers. Maybe â My Sisterâ s Keeperâ will be on next. It will be like hitting the trifecta. Cold I have become, but children and animals are another thing altogether.

Â Â I ponder my day, the sick children, the abused animals, and come to the grim realization I have more past than future. So instead of trying to create anything, I stare at the countless cigarette butts floating in the steel toilet. They drift counter clockwise, and in China, it's flow goes in the other direction. I realize the story I am trying to convey is the cause of it. Even though I am not actually creating it as itâ s still unfolding in real time. Glancing to the T.V. screen, the children are still bald and sterile. I opt to put my ear buds in instead just as the radio plays â Wake Me Upâ by Everessance. You gotta be kidding me.

Â Â I know for sure this Tale would be easier to tell if I didn't know how it was going to end. For the better part of the last few weeks, I falsified my life to make it appear like a drive along a tree lined country road. Tranquil, things falling into place, I have the Midas touch. Golden.

Â Â However, when day turns to night, both of my feet are firmly planted on the brake pedal, eight knuckles are white as virgin snow. The black steering wheel makes them look whiter.

Â Â The cars speakers belt out â Goodbye to Youâ by some chick whose name I donâ t know. No goodbye to you bitch, and Â I never even met you ! Laaa-La-La-La-La Laaaaa, by Sir Elton John; him and Suzy had so much fun. Isn't he gay? Who the hell is Suzy? Is he really talking about a dude?

Â Â The squealing tires change their tune as the car hits gravel. Now they make a noise I can no longer describe, but I can picture the dust spitting from beneath the treads.

Â Â â Iâ m turning Japanese, Iâ m really turning Japanese, I really think so.â It should be, Iâ m losing my mind, Iâ m really losing my mind, I really think so.

Â Â The road is bending but I can only go straight. Of course there is a cliff at the end. Fuck me. The drop offâ s jagged pinnacles make the Grand Canyon look like a pothole. My gums turn colors from the pressure of my clenched teeth as the car floats off the edge. As I plummet, I remember the tanked filled with expensive gas, just as a loaded freight train breaks from the earth like a bat out of hell.

Â Â The O.C.D part of my brain wants to count the attached boxcars. The coward in me wants to scream. Iâ ve never believed in miracles but I desperately could use one now. Either that or lets just get this over with.

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Â Â I want to go back to sleep, but after overdosing on caffeine I just inspect the inside of my eyelids instead. Opaque shadows come through them, I pray the lord my soul to keep, and I pray harder to see the not so round dots under the microscope. Just my luck theyâ re all gone now and each of the circles is perfect again.

Â Â I hear the thin Detroit steel distort before it rips apart. Shards of both headlights float from their places. A faceless entity pulls my feet from under the dashboard.

Â Â Bingggggggg. I must have still been sleeping all along. I wipe the night from my eyes I see the institutional green bars.

Â Â I instinctively plug in the hot pot before roaring with laughter at the irony of it all. In order to be safe from my nightmares - Â I have to wake up in prison again.

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