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View from the Breakdown Lane

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This piece is an honorary inclusion, as it was judged the best creative collaboration at a meeting between undergraduate English majors, or students interested in majoring, minoring, or participating in projects sponsored by the Humanities Department. Participants in the event divided into groups around themes including the English Renaissance, the Roaring Twenties, and Ancient Greece and Rome. This selection came from the group focusing on the Beat writers of the 1950s.

I’m back, back in New York’s concrete grip. My pen no longer makes words like my mind no longer manufactures thoughts. My eyes only see my demise, so I remove them and soak them in this cheap whiskey, letting them ferment with this nation. I’d be more productive if I were dead as fertilizer providing sustenance for my mother’s flowers. That way, I’d at least bring some struggling beauty into this conniving, corrupt world.