

Silly Rabbit...

I thought that, perhaps, in my dreams, I would be able to clutch the ambrosia within my crippled, useless paws. I was wrong.

And so I dreamt: the tangerine, ruby, and emerald jewels danced lazily in the pearly white sky, just out of reach. Always out of reach. Then, inevitably, they faded into the hazy wells of my subconscious. I drifted passively, hating myself, until I too dissolved into oblivion.

I thought that in my dreams I could finally retreat from my impotence and beat in the faces of those eight year old boys until they lie in the gravel, bloody and bruised, spastically trembling, swallowing hot bitter tears of contrition. Again, I was wrong.

The children sat silently at their table and stared at me smugly, sipping orange juice and devouring my fix - the singular sunbeam of my pathetic nonexistence - in a bowl with milk. All I could do was watch. Unconsciously, I tried to suffocate them with my eyelids, shutting them so desperately I swear I felt tears and then blood welling up underneath. They kept staring, mocking me with their eyes. John, their general – a whiney self-righteous sadist – poured more of the cereal into his bowl: the arcing stream of cornstarch melted into solid gold. I woke up and vomited.

Here I am: sitting up on my moth-infested cot with my feet in a puddle of gastric acid and carrots, as dirt from my dilapidated hole crumbles on top of my head. Like a

pathetic amnesiac, I think: today is a new day, a new chance to eat my fix, a new chance to outsmart those condescending pricks, despite the evolutionary joke that is my brain.

Silly Rabbit? Let them say that with tire irons in the backs of their skulls.

How silly am I now?

I see an ant crawling towards the carrots in my pantry; I cripple it with my paw and then eat it. I feel better.

I eat carrots for breakfast. I cannot taste them – I have not been able to taste anything since I first laid my eyes on the cereal. The carrots feel warm and soggy in my mouth.

And then, like always, the irresistible urge for my fix possesses me. I sit paralyzed in my dirt mound, silent as death. I hear my heart beating and my heavy breathing, and then, moments later, I hear the soft clanging of metal against porcelain from the yard across the fence. The kids are eating the fix – *my fix*. I hear their lungs expanding as they suck it into their mouths, I hear their teeth gnawing and gnashing the orgy of cornstarch and artificial flavoring onto their taste buds, and I hear peristalsis transporting what's left into their stomachs.

Why do I crave it? Why would a colorful blend of cornstarch and sugar drive me to murder and dementia? Why do I hurt myself longing after something so idiotic and useless? Why do those children deny me my only source of happiness?

There's no reason thinking about this, because I know I will not find an answer. I feel that it is instinctual, or, if not, merely outside the grasp of my dimly limited brain. But one cannot deny one's true calling. Although I am miserable now, I would rather claw my eyes out than give up.

I walked back to my cot and sat down. I saw the tattered disguise I used the other day to try to fool the children into giving up their sweet ambrosia. I saw the fishing rod I had used to try to snag a box through the kitchen window. I saw countless other relics of my failures. So I started punching the wall with my crippled paw until I stopped feeling anything at all.

I can't tell who I'm angry at anymore.

I inhale deeply. It's a new day. A new chance for success. Also a new chance for failure, but...

Minutes

pass.

The children - the way they talk to me, talk down to me...seeing their disbelief, their denial of religion, seeing the apocalypse on their faces will be as rewarding injecting the cereal straight into my bloodstream. Schadenfreude? I'm excited already. A feeling - I don't know how to describe other than the absence of self-loathing and insecurity - flows through my veins; it is inebriating.

I march up out of the crumbling steps of my dirt hole and My feet rest warily atop dewy daggers of grass. The blinding sunlight sears into my skull. I hop to the white picket fence. Each wooden monolith towers over me. I press onward, crawling under it.

And then, deja-vu. The grass is wilted from the thousands of times I have stood on this spot. I remember every single hour that I have waited powerlessly watching those children eat the fix, just out of reach. Always.

I remembered every time I had attempted some ridiculous and demeaning contraption, only to fail – and yet I keep trying. Am I demented? Isn't the definition of a insanity someone who tries the same thing over and over again and expects different results? I remember every time I fail the children taunt me like I'm some sort of drug addict who has snorted cocaine until his brain leaks out of his nostrils and he starts convulsing on the ground, frothing saliva and blood pouring from his numb lips... "Silly rabbit..." they say, as if I cannot think, as if it is that absurd for me to even consider eating the same food as them.

I see the children eating it. John especially, I notice - with contempt - seemed to not even enjoy his cereal. He was busy eyeing a video game catalogue...what a spoiled prince. The radiant cornstarch lemons and raspberries and blueberries hang limply off his lips, and he reminds me – oddly enough – of myself eating tasteless carrots. A voice in the back of my head tells me that there's something of significance to this, but I tell it to shut the fuck up and I continue staring...I figure that my state of borderline retardation wouldn't be able to grasp whatever it was, anyways.

I wince every time they dig their spoons down into the white milk. And now, seeing the vacuous looks in their eyes for the first time, I grow even more infuriated. Why do they deserve the cereal if they do not even enjoy it? Why, then, will they not let me have it if it means nothing to them? My eyes would be as bright as God if – no when...if...if I ever get my fix.

My lips started twitching like the veins of a heroin addict as my nose caught a hint of artificial sweetener wafting through the window. Only, unlike the blessed junkie, I had not gotten what I wanted: my lips were quivering in futile anticipation; his are from the ecstasy of goal set and accomplished.

I stand paralyzed by the window. Always paralyzed.

Why not just try once more? If I don't try, how can I...

Do I really want to embarrass myself again? Again? Stop lying to yourself! All the schemes and ploys, all the hours of pacing on the dirt floor of my den, had stopped here: standing outside of the window of the boy's house, the smell of my fix wafting through the window as I stand paralyzed in fear. I have never confronted them. Today is a new day, and today I will confront them.

I raise my hand, about to pound on their window. My heart skips several beats and I seem to become stuck in time. I stared at John and his friends eating cereal. I heard their teeth gnash together. I saw them drown the cornstarch in their mouths like Iraqi torturers. I felt their spoons cleave against the porcelain like a machete.

I turned around, and started hopping back to my hole. No need to be disappointed – there are always my dreams.