

Bright Eyes

"A Spindle, A Darkness, A Fever, And A Necklace"

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"So long everything!" he shouted, then he ran next door to Margot's house.
"I'm moving," he said.
"Where?" asked Margot.
"Two weeks away," said Mitchell.
"Where is that?" asked Margot.
"It's everywhere I will be after I walk for two weeks," said Mitchell, "I have lived in the same place for a long time, it is time for me to go some place else."
"No." said Margot, "You have only lived next door for fifteen years."
"Sixteen," said Mitchell.
"Fifteen...sixteen, what's the difference?" said Margot, "I want you to stay next door forever."
"I can't," said Mitchell, "I do not want to go wake up in the same old bed and eat breakfast in the same old kitchen. Every room in my house is the same old room, because I have lived there too long. ÆçÊœ

You turn on a spindle. You're so much looser now but you're not explaining how you gained such new repose. I touch the clasp of your locket, with it's picture held, some secret you wouldn't tell but let it choke your neck. So we imagine a darkness where all shapes divide, solids changing into light, with a burst of heat so bright. Well fine, don't you do what I want you to. Don't degrade yourself the way that I do cause you don't depend on all the shit that I use to make my moods improve.

"And you look at me and think, same old face, same old tail, same old scale, same old walk, same old talk, same old Margot,"

"No," said Mitchell, "I like your face, tail, scale, walk, and talk. ÆçÊœ I like you."

"I like you too," said Mitchell. He walked through the door.

"I must pack," he said.

Near a sea of pianos, there were waves of chords that crashed against the shore in one huge and useless

roar. And there were girls bringing water, like a dream
they came to cool the fever of my brain, and soothe my
burning throat. And they made me a necklace, hanging
beads of sweat on a string of my regrets, and placed it
round my neck and they were singing,
"Don't you do what you've
wanted to. Yeah, don't destroy yourself like
those cowards do and maybe the sun keeps coming up
because it has gotten used to you and your constant
need for proof."

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