

The breathiness of air

Air as that which is taken advantage of

I walk around each day breathing and never noticing that is what I am doing. Like most people I don't notice them not noticing me either. Though we are all wearing clothes and making some sort of fashion statement even in the absence of fashion or of statement. Sometimes I wonder about that and sometimes people tell me that I shouldn't care so much, not with their words per-say but that's what they say nonetheless. I drive by bus stops sometimes. They are often occupied by people with blank stares on their faces. They stand next to each other and never ask each other where they are going. They sigh and stare, they stand only inches from one another.

Air that gets polluted

Some people stand in front of power plants with picket signs all alone. They are trying to stop the poison smoke billowing from power plants and refineries. They often go home to broken households. The kitchen is dirty and dishes are broken. They are protested when they get home. When they look out the window they can see smoke billowing from the factory smoke stack in the distance, they can hear yelling in the background.

I grew up in a broken home, I turned out alright. I know this guy who genuinely thinks he is two people. He says that he took on the identity and social security number of his brother who died when his brother was twelve and that he did so because that is what the state told him was the easiest way for him to get his check each month. He told me that he has two birth days and two stories of his birth and that he is really not sure which one is true. He says that when his mom died they hospitalized him because the house was a mess. I guess no one ever told him to cleanup. He said he was 17 when we first met him. I didn't think a 17 year old could have such grey hair. A year later he told us he was 36, "man that was a long year". I found out about his birth stories one night when I was depressed and had no one else to talk to.

Air that smells bad

I love the way the dirt coming from a vacuum cleaner smells, some people hate it. My friend says that you should leave your house for four hours after you vacuum. He says that the vacuum cleaner stirs up all kinds of cancer causing caseinogens. I really like the smell. I used to love the smell of gasoline. A science teacher in Middle School

told me that gasoline had benzene in it and that in a lab you are only allowed to have .5 particles of Benzene in the air because its a cancer causing agent. He said that the only place exempt from those rules was a gas station. I try not to smell gasoline anymore. I still love the smell of vacuum cleaner dirt.

My cousin Chad once took so much LSD that now he won't touch drugs again. Sometimes he wakes up and feels like he is falling through his bed in the way you fall when you fall down a bottomless pit. Sometimes when this feeling of falling overtakes him he has to go to the hospital. There they give him drugs to make the feeling go away. We were always told that Chad was bad news and that we shouldn't hang out with him. I always hung out with him. He once told me that he saw something in me, that I was "gonna be something someday." I'm sure that people were told not to hang out with me at one time.

Air that looks weird

I live in Tucson Arizona. Sometimes in Tucson it gets really dusty. It gets so dusty that it's hard to see the mountains that surround the city. They are really beautiful mountains. I have a friend named Paul who said that he would move if it wasn't for the mountains. He moved away over a year ago. I have another friend, Al who used to travel to see his mom and brother in Florida on vacation. He said that he always missed the mountains around Tucson. He now lives just outside of Dallas Texas. He keeps saying he is going to come out and visit. In L.A. sometimes the moon is this really beautiful glowing red color. They say that it looks that way because of the pollution in the air. My friend John is such a sweet gentle person. He can look like a viscous hippie serial killer when he lets his thick curly brown hair and beard grow out. He went on a trip for six months to the east coast of the United States. He took a thousand bucks, his car and a guitar. When he was traveling he said people never bothered him. He said that they were too afraid of him to try to rob him. He ran out of money and played guitar on the streets on New Orleans for cash. He was invited to live with some nice people in a bad part of town, they drank a lot, and did a lot of drugs and they never did the dishes. My friend doesn't drink or do drugs although his doctor once wouldn't believe that he wasn't a cocaine addict. He told me that the people he met in New Orleans let him stay with them as long as he played guitar for them. So he played his guitar while they drank and did lots of drugs. When he would stop they looked at him and said "play, play don't stop man, play", so he did. He came to visit me right after he returned. His hair and beard had grown wild. I remember getting a call in my office from our receptionist, she said "there is someone here who says he knows you" there was fear in her voice. I walked to the front desk to find her

cowering in a corner of her desk backed up against a wall. In front of her stood my friend John. When I saw him I hugged him with enthusiasm. He is one of the gentlest people I know.