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Life is Beautiful

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Life is Beautiful

Tom Watkins

Driving down the road with a friend
The rain knocks on our windshield, sneering at us as it
 touches down
Everyone knows, but they won't say it
We pass a homeless man: haggard, gaunt and disgusting
We laugh and turn up the music

The \$200 amps creating mellifluous hard-core rap
It shakes the mirrors; the bum is quivering in the rear view
Get a job
Get some nice clothes
Life is beautiful
And I think of Marx' dialectical materialism or material
 dialecticalism or whatever
Who gives a fuck; he was an asshole

Now the rain is racing down the rear window
The bigger drop winning, smiling
I put on my sunglasses, White Sharks, \$119, turning the world
Green
My friend makes a joke about women and how
Incompetent they are
Then he rear ends Mr. Foreign Asshole in front of us
We get out and he starts flapping his tongue:
"Que tal, ¡chingada! ¡Qué lío! Mi coche, es nuevo...¡Retrasados!
Aye aye, mi hija, mi hija . . ."
"Hey motherfucker, tell your ee-hah to suck my dick,"
 my friend says

We

Crack

Up

I could have died

Laughing

He glares at us with his beady eyes and his tiny, foreign fingers
clench up into fists

“¿Hey, where’s your Tequila? Should we tell the cops about that
you drunk fuck?”

“¿Es una broma? ¿Este es lo que la gente aquí cree ser un chiste?
. . . <a pause> . . . Bueno, me voy entonces . . .”

He wrote down his information

Big Otto (that’s what we call him; he’s fat and his name is Otto)
exchanged his

Here’s what it said:

Abe Miento

1964 Civil Road

Bloomfield Hills, MI 48301

We smirked and departed

His car was pretty bad:

Defiled, polluted, corrupted

Paco’s was fine:

Pure, bright, beautiful

Big's mom would cover it though, no problem
We slammed the doors and made the music pulse through our
veins again
We were listening to Top Hat Eeveryth
It was good shit
We saw two guys holding hands so Big Otto, on instinct, rolled
down his window
And chucked the beer he had just finished at one of their heads
The crimson juice percolated down into the red earth
Where the souls of so many have gone
We honked at an old bitch for walking too slow on the sidewalk
And I gave her the
Finger
We pulled into Capital Foods and swaggered on in
I got a slurpee, Piña Colada, I loved the color of it
White
I went to get a six-pack, my Fake Identification Card smiling in my
bulging wallet
And I slammed the cold, glass door on my finger by accident
It pulsed with hurt and pain
Crying out to me

Make

It

All

Stop

So I slammed it again to get it to shut up

And again and again

Over and over

The police walked in

"Is that your car?" they asked me

"No."

"Come with me, Sir," one of them said, pulling out his fancy breathalyzer

"It's not my car!" I shouted as Big Otto, already at the door, smiled at me

and slipped out

Free

They handcuffed me and locked me away in a cage

In an overpopulated dungeon

Where I eventually died soon after