



Short story (spoken word poem)

"The Lamp"

A lone figure steps out into the night. the street lamps above his head hiss as he unpacks a cigarette and lets it hang from his mouth unlit.

Down the end of the street a couple is making out against a garbage bin and the whole street smells of debauchery and sophistication, all wound up into one complicated, beautiful and disgusting mess.

As the man lights his cigarette, the illumination of the flame draws his attention to something written on the lamp.."revel in the mess of existence"

As he ponders this, he leans against an old time parisian looking lamp. A sad looking thing, hunched over like an old man at a funeral, the side of the lamp is embossed with gold plated leaves - running up it's stem and fading into rust at it's apex.

As the cigarette burns in his lungs the man realizes he is at a crossroads. Does he turn back to the hedonistic comfort and revelry of the bar? Or walk down the dark street and face the reality of the rest of his life? Might be time to move on, nothing worse than someone outstaying their welcome he thinks..

He turns into the doorway of the bar, pours out the remainder of his flask onto the ground and drops his cigarette onto it. The flame comes to life and unfurls from the puddle and up to a nearby curtain.

As the flame spreads and the man steps on the street once again, the windows of the bar turn halloween orange and light the entire street.

Through the window he sees frantic silhouettes dance about in jarring, rapid movements - a circus of devils, contorting and revealing in their existence.

The man steps out onto the cold and unforgiving street, the heat of the fire warming his back as he disappears down the street and into the black.