

The Whole World Rushes In

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Elevator

When you get off this elevator, you might find a world at war. You might find anti-depressants in the air like mist. There might be someone with a beard ready to lead you, and by god, you might be ready to be led. But be careful, there might be a pair of boots that lead you through the university and onto the seaside. There might be people there, people with ideas. They might speak another language, chop glass, exhale intelligence, and want to work with you. Together, you might find yourselves moving these ideas into a vial to strike against a rock, and, it's true, they might form a ladder. Oh, look, we are arriving. The elevator is about to open. Wow, this is it then. Your new life. Good luck.

Trade

We decided to trade up. We traded a pencil for a candle. We traded a candle for a portrait. We traded the portrait for a bill of money for a jug of candy. We traded that for an entrepreneur. We traded that for a new store. We traded constantly. We traded an online photo for a YouTube video. We traded an Instagram post for a child lock. We traded children for their fathers. We traded their fathers for their families. We traded their families for a city, a country, a century. We traded the government for a jewel. We traded the jewel for a superpower. We traded the king for the universe. We traded the universe for a spell. And that's what we have now. We like this spell. We recount it every day in the mound on top of the hill. It moves us. Meanwhile, the world keeps on moving.

Spiritual

We asked the world if it was alive. “Oh,” the walls said, “we aren’t religious, but we are spiritual.” We thought we must be hallucinating, but then the wine rumbled in our stomachs, our lamp reached back to Persia, and the bath tried to drown us. “Once the world turns on, good luck turning it off,” said the drugs in our palm. “Plug your ears,” the future said, “hold your hands in front of the screen, close the ancient texts, none of it will help. Good luck.”

Tired

We were tired. We were so, so tired. Hold my hand. Push me around. Where are the stairs? How do we get out? Someone hand me an eraser. Is there a pen. We didn't get this right. I'm all limp. There were supposed to be pensions at this party. Who blew out the candles. God, is that you? Where did the future go? The dog ate all the past. And the pasta. Please, I want to be held. Let's plant everything that's still here: the English language, a few conspiracies, overtime hours, computer keys. Let's see what the dirt can do with them yet. I'll meet you underground. Don't worry, we'll be holding hands.