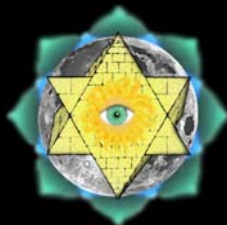


The Drifter

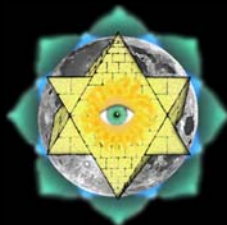
Part 4

Written by Zach Chisholm

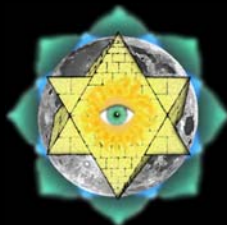
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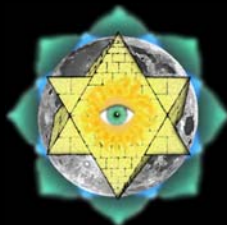
The cubical next to mine needed to be fumigated for the over sized talk radio host that was coming out of the speakers. Every day I had to listen to that bloated voice talk about how he couldn't understand why people would put metal in their lips, tongues, Prince Albert's, where ever they please. Why they would marry their own sex and why they should vote for apes. Then I remembered why they act the way they do, they're scared into it, placed in the balance of power with the weight of fear that grabs them and pulls us all down into the quagmire of international hatred.



So I go back to listening to my British news and American talk radio that weighs out on the other end of the scale to level out the playing field. Those who respect the rights of all humanity and fight for those constitutional rights given to us by the forefathers of this country. I keep reminding my self that "The only thing we have to Fear, is Fear it Self." Someone is hiding that from the people these days.



"What are you listening to, may I ask?"
Comes the authoritative voice of the office manager, ridding in on his high horse from the realm of the outer offices that have walls that reach the ceiling, a door, and a window to the outside world.

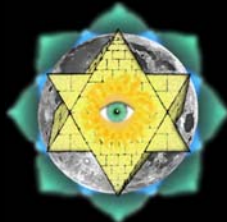


"Oh, you don't recognize it?" I retort.

"Yea, It is that comedian I used to think was funny, at least when he was on that late night sketch comedy show."

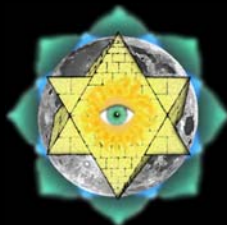
"What changed your mind, it didn't happen to be his politics?"

"No," Trying not to sound obvious, "I just don't care for him anymore."

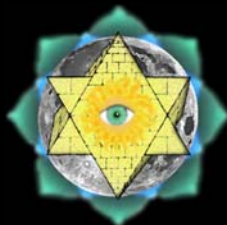


What is so bright?

the sky overhead was clear and a bright sun was shining down on me, penetrating my eyelids to the point where it didn't matter if they were shut. I sat up looking at the vast pillar of fruit in front of me so I started to gather it and stock up my backpack for whatever lay ahead of me on this bridge in the sky.



After loading down my pack with more weight than it had seen in months I staggered off in the heat of a rising sun with a body that had to be reassured that it was awake.



As I walked the scene stayed the same, slowly the bridge carried me across the sky, and slowly my body woke up to realize it was under more pressure and lacking protein from the newly introduced diet of fruit, "It was better than nothing," I kept telling my self. Wait a minute, why the hell was there fruit in the middle of this bridge, then again where on earth is a bridge like this. Nowhere that is where. I new I was somewhere other than earth or at least had hypothesized that when I couldn't find a way out of that previous city. Then Again I found a way out or at least a extension thereof that was less depressing and had some kind of substance to fill my belly with.



Now where am I going?

Will there be more food

Will there be some kind of companionship

Will there be some kind of drink,

I'm dying for a drink

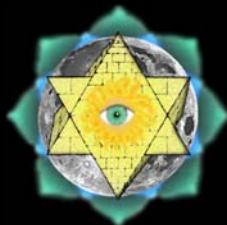
a beer

wine

I would even drink that stuff in the box

I need a 12 step program

or at least 12 steps that would lead back down to my life

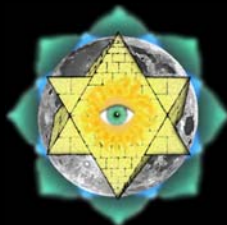


unless this bridge leads somewhere truly amazing, I'm always up for that. Paris, New York, the mountain range of - well any mountain range

Wait a minute

where did the bridge go

looking down at my feet I realized that there was nothing underneath them but the ground and a few thousand feet of air and clouds between me and it. Though I wasn't falling.



Should I stop walking?,

or would that make me fall?

Should I stay walking straight?

when would I know to turn?

Should I keep looking down?

where the fuck am I?

