

Bum

When I am rich – rich like a sultan sitting on a throne of bones generously donated by those who spent their lives digging for black gold – this is what I will do: whatever the fuck I want. I will buy an island in the middle of a perfect sea, a little jewel of land that the government of the closest democratic nation is trying to keep a secret. I will banish all the bureaucrats who laze there hiding everything but the doughy spread of their asses and thighs. They will be exiled, forced to swim to some godforsaken rock using their bellies as lifejackets and praying that the gleam off their dimpled skin does not attract sharks. After that, I will proceed onto blowing my mind. My manservant will track down some acid, the best damn acid a shady chemist can brew in his basement. I will lie on the beach and drop till I am like nothing I am, I will be someone somewhere else – like Hunter S. Thompson zooming 95 miles an hour across a wasteland teeming with fragmented figments or Lucy flicking diamonds from her fingertips to watch the ripples they leave behind. I will need some weed after that, primo stuff that I will grow myself because it is better that way – I can take pride in my work tending to the tiny buds. I will sell it to the people on the island, not the locals, but the people I import – unsuccessful models and actors who would like to forget that this most recent good luck is due to failure in the real world. I will fuck indiscriminately. I will bide my endless time till, with skin reeking of sinsemilla smoke and the faintest sour undertone of self-awareness, they flock to me, natives to the Spanish conqueror. It is coming soon, I can feel the tide, the keel of my ship bumping in the shallow water. I will perch here on the prow of this park bench, my first mate lolling at my feet in her paper-bag shift, I will wait until I am swept towards the shore.