

## Spring Stags Fighting 6-8 p.1

A stag pierces the brush and gallops through the clearing, it's eyes wide like a child's imagination, which had escaped me long ago, he longed for his family, I longed for my innocence. I have nothing to suppress my depressed state half denial, half indescribable I wanted to get away, I wanted make everything write, like the third stag I felt torn like nothing was quite right every day felt queer, and every one that passed I long for back.

"I feel empty like someone taking a pick and chipping away at my soul. Every day felt like I was going to crumble on the cruel world that I have learned to live on and every one has learned to accept. Why? And some days I wish that I would crumble, crumble and be forgotten washed away by people who pretend to care, who celebrate my life. I never had a life, I used to wish people cared but now I know no one cares about anyone but themselves. No one is selfless everyone pretends, a constant fight between themselves and what they think is right like two stags fighting in the forest some do what they think to be right some do what they know to be wrong and wipe away the consequences with money. We feel we know what right is, and yet still do wrong. What is right feels wrong, and what is wrong, feels wrong, and we do what is wrong, we know it to be wrong and we do it. We walk around in our ties doing wrong, we know it's wrong, we do it and feel sorry for ourselves, that we our not the problem when the people that we falsely accuse of being the problem are among us the problem is us a whole."

"Nice."

"Thanks."

The stag ran across the clearing kicking up dirt as he ran. I loved spring, the birds chirping, the stags running,

## Spring Stags Fighting 6-8 p.2

the rivers flowing, the trees waving, t-shirts, and Jules, the most desirable girl I had, and probably ever will see. Her hair glinted in the sun the way stag's does in the spring's gold glare like that shown through the tree's green leaves.

"You okay?"

"Yeah."

"You really need to loosen up."

"Go to hell." Smoke pranced through the air a faint breeze swirling it into the crisp cool spring air. The rivers swish drifting through the air. I loved Jules but she didn't love me, she had a girl friend, for Christ's sake but I just couldn't drop her, Jules.

"You sure you're alright."

"No. Are you."?

"I don't know." I couldn't handle it but I had to. Smoke poured out of her nose. The leaves were soft on my hand that I held my self on. Twigs poking through the leaves poking my skin. I loved it here, quiet. Deep in the beautiful wide woods. No one but us in sight, the wind chilling my skin and beautiful stags running black eyes like the world. Antlers menacing, and deadly. Hooves loud, and beautiful. Muscles powerful, and strong. Jules's black hair fell imperfectly on her shoulders, Her red, purple, and yellow flannel patched with Alien Sex Fiend, Joy Division, The Misfits, and the Ramones, all roughly sewed on with dental floss. Her pants had a chain hanging down to her thighs, ripped at the knees. Her doc martens bringing the whole outfit into perfect serenity.

"That new." I said pointing to her Op Ivy patch.

"Yeah, do you like it."?

"Yeah, it's cool."

"Oh I almost forgot." I had scored a vintage Acid Eaters vinyl. I flipped my backpack around and unzipped it. I saw Jules from the corner of my eye looking hopeful and excited the way a kid does at Christmas hoping to get something good, hoping he would like it so that he didn't have to pretend to. I pulled out the record it was still in the encore records plastic wrap. I saw her face light up; it felt like a huge weight had been lifted from my back.

"This is awesome." Her eyes darted around the cover looking for the tiniest details. Another Buck ran across the clearing pausing; looking me dead in the eyes he paused for awhile his beautiful horns motionless in the breeze. "What's up with all the deer."?

"I don't know." Its eye's met Jules's and it darted back into the woods. Jules stood up slowly and picked up her bag slid the record gingerly into her bag and turned to me "You coming."

"I'll catch up."

Jules stood at look at me inquisitively for a while.

"Alright." I let out a deep sigh and gazed down the hill. The trees are green but there are still brown leaves on the ground on top of the soft wet spring soil that's infectious scent wafted through the crisp air. I stood up and picked up my bag walking to the edge of the little clearing were a little crest opened up to a very large hill with logs in the trail to keep you from sliding down. I took my first step onto the crest and my shoe slipped right out from under me. I made no effort to catch myself just closed my eyes tight and squeezed my backpack straps. I hit the ground with a thud "Ow". I let out a

## Spring Stags Fighting 6-8 p.4

small cough and laid there hoping some how that Jules had heard me and would come over the crest and ask if I was alright. I laid there for a while thinking I may as well give it a shot. When a few minutes passed, and I had received no such sympathy I gave up on this prediction and decided to try to catch up with Jules I got up to my feet stepped around the crest proceeded more cautiously down the hill. Jules was at the bottom waiting for me slightly squinting as the sun peeked over the hill. "What took you so long".

"I fell".

"Cool, did it hurt".

"Uhh. I guess not I don't know".

"It looks like you were crying".

"I was I'm surprised you couldn't hear me."

"Me too". We preceded on down the path the sun glinting off my eyes every now and again. Jules smelled like stale cigarettes. We stopped just before the exit so that we could change clothes. She stuffed her flannel into her bag and tightened the buckles on the bag. I stuffed my sweatshirt into my bag hearing the papers crinkling. All of a sudden it just hit me like a rock like it always does. I loved her. Like not like the stupid thing that kids text to their girlfriends. But I loved Jules.

" You all right".

"No".

"What's up"?

"I love you Jules". A look of puzzlement went over her face and she stared at me for a while. Then her face morphed into something in between anger and disbelief. She scoffed then walked away. I just stood there, in awe that was it, I lost her. Jules.

