

It's Mine Now

When you're sitting there, looking at the thing you want, there aren't any nerves. It's still sitting on someone else's table. It's still theirs. But as soon as I reach out and touch it, the adrenaline starts. You can feel the blood coursing through your veins; you can feel the sweat break out under your arms; you can time dilate around you in anticipation of what's about to happen. And then it's in your bag. And it's yours now. And you can never get away from the rush again. Now that the nerves and energy have wrapped themselves around your soul, it's forever tarnished. You only know one thing.

I have to steal again.

And so I do. First it's small things: a candy bar from the corner store, a few nickels from the change bowl in your friend's apartment. But as you continue to get away with it (and you get accustomed to the rush; it fades away) you start looking for bigger things. You take a book from the library, a game from the comic shop, a cell phone from verizon, et cetera, ad infinitum.

And then one day you realize that you don't even know why you keep stealing things. You've managed to fill your life with all of these things that you ever wanted. You've managed to satisfy every worldly desire that you have. You mill around clubs and around people trying to find just one person that looks at you as more than a thief.

Until you see her from across the room.

Until you run into the one thing that you can't steal away.

I find the one thing that absolutely has to be mine.

The one thing that I have no idea how to steal.