

A Stroll Home

Written by DONOVAN RUSSO

The streets were lit by street lights and there were people everywhere. They were walking, talking and just doing their thing. I mean, whatever the hell *their* thing is sure isn't *my* thing. No my thing is observing people. It sounds weird but with two divorces, three kids that want nothing to do with you and an incredible amount of debt, what else is there to do on a Friday night?

So I walked the streets of the down town area, saw these poor bastards falling in love.

She'll cheat on you! Take all your money and leave you for dead! I want to say that to all these young men spending a kidney and a lung for a dinner of two.

But instead I see this trumpet player. He's playing on this street corner and he totally rocks. But strangely enough, actually no it's pretty common because people suck. But anyways, no one pays any attention to this guy. He gets no tips. He gets no numbers and he sure as hell doesn't get any recognition.

So why the hell does he waste his time playing?

My shrink, excuse me, "court ordered psychologist" (who I still have to give a co-pay) says it's because he's passionate.

Well if that's passion, can't that window that I smashed when I caught my wife making love to my best friend be defended as a "crime of passion"?