

Felicity In The Suburbs

The minute-by-minute precision of my heart is a stopwatch of boredom. Sitting at my workstation, I mull over that line for the band: "Now I sit in this goddamn place like an out-of-tune instrument." I haven't quite polished that line yet, but it will come.

Emerging from a mass of greenery, a shadow with curved outlines glides slowly toward the perspective of black buildings belonging to an industrial complex. My brain and my suit work in this joint. Next to the lamppost, recycling bins sit alongside haphazard piles of plastic trash bags and various bulky items left there despite the "no dumping" sign. Since this evening, I have felt lost before this fleeting flavor on my tongue, percolating across the horizon.

The coffee machine dispenses increasingly vile cup of Joe, even as the price goes up. And now, losing itself in the labyrinth of my lungs, the metronome of my heart goes completely astray tonight, as the lines of my hand fade away! I am the John Doe of the plant!

But tonight, I'm going to play guitar with my band.

"You don't look like anyone else. Not in the slightest.
— Enjoy it while it lasts."

Mike is one of my colleagues—kind, with a strong social nature. I'd never dare admit to him that conversations bore the hell out of me, that only the braces on my guitar—and the molars of the drum kit—allow me to express myself. "Don't be mad: it pays the rent..."

Actually, no—I'm camped out in an artist squat!

I down in one go that swill they have the nerve to call coffee; lacking a joint, I smoke the piece of crap he hands me—Mike takes shallow puffs, smiles at me, and—bam!—we're back at it until the next break.

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I turn it over in my mind a bit: "Like an... an out-of-tune instrument, a guitar that was never played. *A guitar that was never played.*" That's it! I've turned the idea over in my mind from every angle: "A guitar that was never played."

Lyrics: Owen Bartlett.