

## CAR ALARM

The crowd of voices is a bubbling boil. Not a hum; not a steady, static sound.

It moves and changes, flows around eddies of silence, up and over, surging and breaking roughly against the rocks just there, just now as disagreements flare and fall and are swept out again by the inexorable undertow.

It's more beautiful when you don't speak the language, don't understand the lyrics. This allows enjoyment of the melodic landscape like some pastoral, cliff view of the sea.

Your ear is pulled by recognition, to words and snippets and all the individual leaves of the forest. When you can't divine words in that audible mess, you witness its flow in full. You hear the waves, watch the broad, twinkling expanse.

Though language may be viewed more fully when you've no knowledge of the tongue, the higher pitch and obviously attention-whoring screech of children is just as horridly thorny.

It's comforting that some concepts are so universal: children are little shits. To be seen and not heard and preferably not seen, either. They have contributed nothing to this world and yet those entitled parasites take take take as though they were the ones slaving away for salaries and wiping their own asses.

Is this what royalty was like? I imagine so.

'Let them eat cake', but we can't because junior ate it all and now mommy and daddy are abed and hungry yet again after long, grueling hours laboring in the fields just so their darling angel can have those fucking Bobby Sponge Pants footie pajamas he won't shut up about.

Goddammit, alright! I'll buy them. I'll empty the accounts and mortgage the house so you can have some poorly manufactured, inflammable, polyester pants as long as you just shut the fuck up about them and quit that awful racket.

You sound like a car alarm and no one cares. I only wish someone were stealing you.