



THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

by JOHN D. WICINAS

It was February. I enjoyed the light snow coming down as I looked up at the skyline. I cleared the few fluffy snowflakes covering my eyes and realized I was in New York City. At first, it felt strange for me to be alone in such a foreign place, but then I remembered I have always been a loner.

The ballad of my youth echoed faintly from the alleyways, in perfect confluence with my current circumstance. I was smiling and felt true solace. I laughed aloud and the cacophonous laughter of those with me sounded.....I guess...well...seemed....Angelic.

I was not alone. How odd? A flashing advertisement for TAB cola displayed the date: February 24, 2009. I could not believe it, it was my Birthday. I knew all was right in the world and started to cry.

Calliope September 29, 2008

That is beautiful.

Did you write that?

Who wrote that?

Jack September 29, 2008

Let me know how you interpret my dream narrative, Calliope, using your Sixth Sense. Although we are estranged, there must yet be something between us. I know you were always free, yet you willingly nurtured my work, for such a long time, as my Muse. That must count for something.

As you know, I actually kind of like growing old. I often think of how damn winsome, charming and intellectually/creatively accomplished I will be at 57, on the very eve of my fiery destruction. However, I have not enjoyed my Birthday for well over 20 years; in fact, as my silent witness, you have seen many of the terrible incidents that have occurred on this anniversary.

Last night I had a 103 fever, thirsted terribly and was very, very cold. Although I was a bit frightened, I eventually fell into an artificially conquered sleep and had this queerest of dreams.... I was glad to hear you had miserable body aches and terrible chills, not from illness, but from running yourself into the ground. I gained much power hearing of your state, not out of petty, mortal schadenfreude, but synchronicity.

Did I write it?

No, I suppose not really.

It was just a dream.