

“Nature’s Opiate”

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Suddenly, I became conscious and attempted to pry my eyelids apart. With a great effort I was able to get them open, but this was short lived as my eyes were suffering from intense photosensitivity; so the sunlight poured in and pierced my dilated pupil, and the immense burning caused my tearing eyes to slam shut.

I tried again, only this time shading my eyes, and found that it was, in fact, possible to keep them open. It was around this time I began noticing the other effects of last night’s exploits, such as the depressive cloud that hung over my head, and the accompanying headache and nausea combination. Then my eyes, rolling back and forth in their sockets, scanned the trashed apartment, giving me an insight into what exactly the boys and I did last night; which, at this point, was a bit foggy.

Empty bottles were carelessly scattered all across the puke stained carpet, and the coffee table was home to a clutter of misplaced cigarette ashes and used syringes. In the corner was a mirror, lying horizontally covered in white resin; next to that was a razorblade. I also saw that on my couch lie a random, sedated body that I did not recognize, and I immediately forced it awake, and out of my house.

Most people would be shocked at what I what I woke up to (the drugs and the strange person), but here at the Altair House in Venice, CA, this is a common occurrence; or at least things of this manner are. It makes sense though, given the residency of this place; Jay, Two-Time, Scotty Boy, and I.

We’re just broken, deadbeat orphans who grew up, and are now young adults working dead-end jobs at local restaurants and tourist shops (which is ironic, as we are all residential-ists and can’t stand those aliens invading our beach). The jobs don’t pay nearly enough. We only do it because they are the only ones available for people of such little education as us, and we all understand that with a lack of employment selectivity, comes a lack in wages.

The four of us are all very different though. Two-Time is the guitarist for a punk band called Dystopia that plays at a local club. He’s called Two-Time because he always gets burned out over things like record deals and cusses bands out as “two-timing-sellouts.” Jay is like everybody’s big brother. He’s always trying to give everybody advice and he worries about us a lot, and Scotty Boy, his actual younger brother, doesn’t make things any easier. Everyday he causes some trouble with the neighbors or is looking for some scheme to get rich. Then there’s me, but I really don’t know what to say about myself, except that I’m a dreamer who never had the resources to make anything of himself, and instead becoming something important, became just another soul in the myriad of others.

We all scrape our measly paychecks together and rent this condo, dubbed Altair House because it is on a street called Altair Place, that is not far from the beach. We picked it because it allows us to go surfing everyday, and have a roof over our heads, which are both necessities of life for us, because it weren’t for surfing we’d all get swallowed in our own discontent, and if it weren’t for the roof over our heads we’d likely

die physically. And the partying is just a byproduct of the discontent; it's not something any of us love to do.

Anyway, since the rest of the boys were still occupying their respective spot on the floor, this day I went surfing alone. It was fine though, because the walk down to the beach gave me time to think something Jay accuses me of doing too much of. He always says, "A wandering mind will kill boys like us," and he's probably right, because all I ever do is think about what my life is missing. Except sometimes I just dream about what could be, which is much safer, and fortunately that's what I was doing as I came to the pier.

I climbed to the top and allowed my eyes to take in the beauty of the ocean. I've seen it a thousand times, but every time I do, it takes me away and I get lost in the huge expanse of blue that knows no bounds. It makes me boundless too, for the time being, by temporarily freeing me from the confines of my own mind, and I get wrapped up in the glorious nature of this thing that is so different from my life; this thing that never gets stuck in a rut because it is always changing and doesn't have definite shape; this thing that influences all that it comes in contact with it, instead of just fading to the background; this thing that is so beautiful, and powerful. And by riding it I feel at one with nature, and with god; it gets me higher than any drug.