

Spots

Marvin Oliveria

IT'S NOT THE prettiest looking spot; in fact I think that it looks pretty fucking ugly. Hardly anyone comes around this area. No one apart from the occasional angry-looking man walking his dog, no one apart from the grannies, endlessly jogging everywhere. The park bench is a tired, faded green, tattooed with graffiti, sitting alone in the middle of the drainage reserve. Cigarette butts, tin foil, discarded bottles, and bits of crudely cut garden hose are scattered around it. Sometimes even the occasional used syringe. It's the local junkie spot by night, but during the day, it's completely devoid of humanity. Sitting there, hearing all the noises from nearby, seemingly distant suburbia is toned down. I can hear myself breathe. I can even talk to myself, if I choose to. I often sit there for quite some time at the end of a long day, doing nothing but thinking to myself and smoking my cigarettes, listening to the distant sound of cars. Nothing's bothering me, and I'm not bothering anyone.

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It's an inconspicuous spot; hardly anyone glances at me while I sit there on the library steps. I sit there and observe the numerous people milling around. There are the office slaves, strutting around in their expensive suits, looking very haughty and condescending, making comments about the attractive new female member of their office, holding their ridiculously expensive coffees as if it's some kind of statement about their level in society. Fucking wankers. I spot the uber-hipsters; the

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hippest of hip, too cool for the rest of the world; a style sense that I can only describe as extremely interesting and forward thinking. I spot the Asian tourists sprinkled all over the area, taking photos of everything imaginable, posing in uncomfortably straight positions with wide smiles. I'm in the middle of the city, sitting all alone by myself, doing nothing but watching the world; my little slice of it. No one's bothering me, and I'm not bothering anyone.

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It's a quiet spot at night. My backyard is completely still; the moon shines down on it, and nothing is moving. The lemon tree, clothes line and tin shed stand there solemnly, looking down upon me as I sit on a worn out, faded office chair. It is 4:00 am, and I'm staring dully at the grey, lifeless concrete in front of me. I try to begin a thought process. I try to spark up a hint of inspiration, a piece of brilliant thinking. It gives a hopeful splutter, starts up for a few seconds, then stalls, and dies out with a whimper. I look up at the trees bordering my yard and sit, staring blankly, looking like a stupid fuck. A wave of self-loathing washes down. Disgust. Abhorrence. I feel nauseous, and panic begins to take over me. A sense of falling down an endless abyss. What the fuck is wrong with me? Is all this just a product of over thinking? Am I even making any sense? What am I even worrying about? This continues until around 5:00 am in the morning. The first rays of sunlight creep up the horizon. Hope begins to regain a foothold. The anxiety passes. I'm feeling alright now. I sit there for a little bit longer, doing nothing but thinking to myself and smoking my cigarettes, listening to the quiet roar of the still morning air. Nothing's bothering me, and I'm not bothering anyone.

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It's the spot where I feel completely at ease and comfortable. This is my house. I sit at the dining table eating some pizza. I look up and observe my family. The house is in mayhem right now. My brother and sister have fallen into a heated argument about who ate the last ice cream cone. Mum's trying to pacify them both by bribing them with a block of chocolate, to no avail. It's been an unbelievably hot day, and they want ice cream.

My little sister is laughing uproariously, while my Dad administers an endless barrage of tickles to her stomach. My house is definitely not the quietest spot in the world right now. It's not always like this, but right now it's a happy place, and I don't mind. Nothing's bothering me, and I'm not bothering anyone.

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It's a place where I feel completely safe and comfortable. It's a place where I can do no wrong. I don't have one special place; rather, a selection of places. In fact, it doesn't necessarily have to be a physical place; rather, a set of feelings and emotions that I might feel by being in a certain situation. This is my special place. It's a place where nothing's bothering me, and I'm not bothering anyone.