

# THADDEUS RUTKOWSKI

## **Soul Brother**

I wanted to be a soul brother, but I didn't have the rhythm or the siblings to succeed. I was living in a void, a place without music or siblings of any kind. I wanted to ride a unicorn out of the emptiness, but I couldn't find one trained for riding. All I could see when I looked around was a plume of smoke and a puffy cloud. The smoke was distressing. It came from a power station that was about to blow. If it exploded, that wouldn't bother my conscience. I always thought the authorities who supplied the energy had a limpness, a flaccidness, about them. They lacked the cojones to survive. I was looking for love, as well as a steed with one horn, in all the wrong places.