

The Story of Particular Spence

By Spencer Lucas Oakes

Brown hair and greenish-bluish eyes. Thick limbal rings and long hair above a face handsome like a duck hawk – thanks to the beaky nose.

Particular Spence takes the bus and washes his hands with drinking water and attends weekly marketing meetings. Spence stares out windows at doomy mountains he'll never visit and wonders why no one else is staring out windows at mountains.

He shaves his head to fit in with a certain crowd.

When he closes his eyes he pictures himself near the Pacific closer to the death throes of waves than the death throes of people.

Particular researches artists who passed away at twenty-seven. He's twenty-six. At night he will visit the houses of strangers while holding books of matches and he will throw lit matches at their doors.

At work, Particular Spence will inadvertently send his computer into its dark place. He'll walk away from his desk. Somewhere private he will put his head in his hands. It is hard balancing my things-just-aren't-right mental state with the macho-man condition I developed during my concrete youth, he'll think.

His friends argue about religion, politics, or free-will. One friend will say to the other, *don't you see the way you are using a line of reasoning for one issue, and not applying that same reasoning to the other?* The other friend will fall silent and Particular won't say much about anything for the next few weeks.

There was a day at the beach, wetsuits and surfboards, a crackling fire and scraping ocean wind, Particular, lagging behind his friends who were already swell-bound, looked over to his regular friend, Regular Pete, who at that very moment said, *everybody's in the water.*

He thought about what he was being so particular for.

Spencer Lucas Oakes is originally from Saskatchewan and writes poetry and fiction. His writing has appeared in self-titled magazine, MAJOR, and on Daily Hive. Read his mind @cultofspencer.