

# Starstruck

As I strolled down Pacific Avenue I never thought in my wildest dreams that I would meet a true pioneer of the streets, a back-alley troubadour uncovering the music of the spheres. But, of course, he didn't realize what he was. He should have a name tag, the kind we're forced to wear at those fecal studded conventions in Las Vegas: Homeless, Penniless, Disempowered, Not Quite Psychotic (but nibbling around the edges).

I followed him onto the bus. His name was Dexter Turntables. He must've made that up, but even that was good. Whatever he said was real, without a shred of self awareness, so how could it be wrong? I told him he reminded me of Saint Bernadette, one of those fragrant virgins who managed to steer that elusive course around the dark bits. But he said he only saw the dark bits. "Exactly!" I shouted it out Eureka!-style and the bus driver turned around to glower.

I told this beacon of unknowing that we needed to record his music and share it with the real people. The moment he became enthusiastic about my blaspheming suggestion he began to shimmer and fade. He slipped into distortions of crude desire. It was then that I got a whiff of him, a stinking, unwashed insult.

As I got off the bus I glanced back and saw him shrinking, shrinking, shrinking. Another struggling bipolar landing in the soft, wet mud of delusion.