

# “rock’s not dead”

by

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It's 2010 and I'm listening to The Doors. I shake her when I see the lizard rippling on a man's bicep on the street. *Look! Looklooklook! It's Jim Morrison! I am the lizard king!* She looks at me with sad eyes and says *Theo, Jim Morrison's dead.*

*Why do you write about the Kent State shootings? Write about Columbine. Write about terrorist attacks. Why write about a time period that's long gone and that doesn't have anything to do with you?*

*I'm not a political writer, mom.*

*You wrote about the Kent State shootings.*

I don't have an answer for that. I make a mental note to write something about Columbine, even though I feel disconnected to what happened. High school kids shooting their fellow classmates...Tragic and something quite profound to write about, but I don't feel a connection to those two boys.

And terrorists? No. Never. I don't write about that.

I don't really know what I write about. I write whatever comes to my mind. Lately, I've been watching a lot of drug movies. Drugs come to mind. I've been trying to write lust poems, trying to get into the mentality of a needy lesbian. I think I might be getting somewhere.

But writing never did anything. They're only poems, only prose.

I'm stuck in the free love era, the counterculture movement. I'm stuck in Jim's eyes, spiraling down into a fantasy of huge orange transparent round glasses and the vision of drugs. I read parts of *The Electric Acid Kool-Aid Test* and watch *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* over and over again. I could never get tired of it. I research LSD and muse over Aldous Huxley's philosophies. What am I searching for? I don't belong here. I'm seventeen and decades late. How can I deceive myself into thinking that I could love Jim just like all those women did? How can I measure up to them? I can't even measure up to those my age who have done much more than I and who claim to have felt his true presence.

Who am I to want to know him?

*You don't know what it was like. Your generation has nothing. No good music, no good writers, nothing. You're all pathetic losers with no good taste in anything and those who think they do are all lying. No one wakes up in the morning loving Dostoevsky.*

We don't have the music and we may not have the writers. We don't have those memories tucked back into our brain, the skeletons in the closet. We don't have to shove the sex and acid under the carpet and pretend we never attended rock concerts behind our parents' backs. We don't have to write down the lyrics on our bedroom walls, listening with eyes closed and mouthing the words and crying and laughing at the same time. We don't have to read during class or talk about war and pretend we actually matter to the world. Because we're young adults and we have a voice, goddamit, and that voice will be fucking heard.

No, we don't have to do the things you once did.

Oh. Wait.

God forbid we're just like you were.

God forbid you remember those times.

God forbid.

Jim's not dead. The lizard still crawls within. Me. You. Us. The future.