



This is the Story of Things  
that Happened

Lynn Behrendt

This is not a story about free speech.  
This is not a story about sex.  
This is not a story about last chances.  
This is the story of stuff.

Every rock tells a story  
about how it formed.  
This is an anecdote  
about how to sound like yourself.

The structure of this story  
is the first thing we must notice  
because at the center is a story  
about what happens on the walk home.

Elements of this story are interactive.  
This is a story about fireflies  
about Zelda, machine guns,  
and my Congressman.

There was a thought to end this story  
in streaming video and semantics  
but this, it turns out,  
is not a story about that conversation.

This is a story about the body  
how *rub-a-dub-dub*  
it seems foolproof  
and a story about control.

In the long run this is a story about things:  
milk, eggs, vodka, nightly news,  
but this is not a story  
about money.

This is not a story about national security,  
or a woman who raised four children  
sent one off to war  
and collapsed one day in a fit of screaming.

This is not the real story of O.J.  
x-rays, or things we don't hear.  
This is a ghost story of rape, war,  
and Wikipedia.

This is a story about a story  
about social change.  
This is not a story about aesthetics,  
the ethereal dream dialogue

of a young girl  
who worked hard  
and accomplished something  
remarkable.

Let me pass on a story instead  
about a possible lifeboat  
or the emperor's new hump  
because this is not a story of mistakes.

This is a story about variables, about cup size  
not a daring rescue story.  
I think this is a story about velocity, black Friday  
or wealthy & virtuous digital pioneers.

This is not a story  
about the power of stories  
or federal funding and prayer.  
This is not a story about April 16, 2007.

This is a story about second & third & fourth chances  
about 100 year old books bound in red leather,  
about four people named  
Everybody, Anybody, Somebody and Nobody.

This is not a story  
about rotten apples  
seduced by the individual  
or cursed by cultural decree.

This could be a story about the global economy  
but it's not  
about North Korea  
or the University of California.

This is a sort of recycled story  
about recycling stories.

Be assured that this is not a story  
about Brandi Well's story  
called "This Is Not A Story About Cats"  
nor is it a story about Brandi Wells, or cats.

This is not a story about that.  
This is a story about how one day  
I believed certain things about myself  
& the next day Walmart went green.

Could military strategy, gourmet coffee  
and genocide be a story? Is that the story  
about the way the world is?  
This is not a story about the magical

ray-gun of one rogue investor.  
This story is a systematic failure  
that we are experiencing.  
The American mainstream.

This is a story about nothing.  
About how you make yourself believe  
you belong somewhere. Since this is a story  
about my co-workers, it's a story about you, too.

This is not a story about theory or method.  
This is a story about racism & uncorroborated rumors.  
This story has no expense reports.  
This is a story about how things got the way they are.

This is a story about refusing refuge.  
About civil war, about being  
stuck at an airport during flight chaos.  
This is not a story about good seed or bad

This is a story about a fickle little hormone,  
about nurses, babies, and a doorbell.  
This is not a story about a trial and its aftermath.  
This story is the property of \_\_\_\_\_.

This is not a story about recruiting,  
not a story about me  
and most certainly  
not a story about you.

This is a story about a new subset  
a black sheep story  
the resettlement, revolution  
& reform of the Chinese in Cuba.

This story is a rather satiric fairytale  
about a little raccoon compulsively  
obsessed with garbage.  
This is not a story about lost luggage.

This is a story about a brave little bunny  
that lost the use of her hind limbs.  
This is a story of digging deep, of oysters  
the infinite loop within loop of pearls, readers, writers.

This is not a story about despair  
or conspicuous consumption,  
about a man's brain that was transplanted  
into the body of his female secretary.

This is not a story about seemingly endless  
details and hopeless places,  
about junk bonds or getting cancer.  
This is a story about fault-lines.

This is not a story about politics per se  
ideologues vs. pragmatists  
or pragmatists vs. dupes,  
but this could be a story about coal miners.

This is a story about information  
as an extreme sport.  
This is a story about the life & death struggle  
of a photograph.

And were it to  
come out of its coma,  
this would not be a story  
riddled with regrets.

This is the story of things that happened;  
job losses and science,  
derivatives and past lives.  
This is a story about giving up.

