

Demons Lament
By
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Rev. February, 2020

“It’s getting tougher these days, you know. It’s not like the early days when this kid was young, naïve, ignorant. Man, I had that young lad dancing like a marionette; smacking his sister, bullying the wussy little neighbor twerp, stealing his mother’s cigarettes and having a smoke with Benji was classic man. Then sneaking a few bucks out of Dad’s billfold when he was taking a nap after work. He never missed the money, the old fool.

Man, it ain’t so easy to get this kid to have some fun anymore. Always fighting off against those competing notions he’s picked up along the way. It ain’t fair, I tell ya, they beat this kid when he and I had some fun stealing away that cool impulsivity we used to enjoy. Man, we had some good laughs until the consequence started causing him to stop and think.

Think, man, just go with the flow and stop cluttering up our fun with thinking.

The older he gets though, the harder it is to bend his will, that is, unless he’s been drinking. Then, once in a while, the young boy I used to know comes out to play. Man, we’ve had some great times pub crawling with the guys, but it’s usually hell to pay for the next day, at least for him. It’s worth it though for another shot at the good ole days.

And, now that he’s taking this religious thing seriously, sweet Jesus you’re killing me, he’s developing a conscience. Now it is nearly impossible to get him even to consider having some fun. Now, he’s all serious and all that, thinking about everything, considering the consequences of this and that.

That’s what he gets for hanging around with all the wrong people, you know. He never had a chance in spite of my efforts. Competing with parents, grandparents, cub scouts, boy scouts, teachers, preachers, wives and such, if the guy is paying attention to them, a lowly demon like me doesn’t stand a chance.”