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**From *Noir***  
Fred Muratori

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## **Fred Muratori**

### FROM *NOIR*

In another life I might have been a songwriter. Sad, solid stuff, but the kind of songs that people remember in times of extreme emotion, the kind that break into the consciousness as if they were attempting a courageous and timely rescue, not changing or reversing the situation, no, but making it seem to make sense for a few seconds, since things that make sense aren't so terrible after all. Oh sure, you say, of course; it had to be this way. Why didn't I realize it sooner? Then the song fades, and the temporarily drugged emotion comes back, groggy and lumbering, and angrier than before, knocking over the expensive furniture in your cavernous heart, heading toward the fireaxe in its glass, unfingered case.

Those kinds of songs.