

“Museum Piece”

by C. N. Nevets

There it stood. My legacy. A simple dynamic microphone on a stand. Vintage they called it. Just like me. Vintage is what they call things and people who are no longer useful, but still have appeal to some obscure aesthetic. Like my microphone, my cigarettes, and me.

A guy never thinks he’s going to end up in a museum. My whole life was in this museum. My microphone – not a similar mic, but my very one. It even said so in the plaque. A few cases over, there was a beige fedora. I had a beige fedora, too; it was with the coat check, because I’d worn it today. My favorite gin, my favorite smokes, and the pulp fiction trash I used to read between shows. They were all memorialized somewhere in this museum.

It struck me that if I sat down next to a case, just still enough, someone might think I was an exhibit.

I was uncomfortable with that feeling, and resorted to the only thing I knew to do. I started singing. My voice wasn’t as clear as it used to be, and I didn’t project as well anymore, but I still knew how to hit those notes, and I still knew how to pack as much emotion into every syllable as anyone could.

I saw a woman my age stop and smile. A married couple, a little younger than me, hung about with the glow of nostalgia come-alive. Even a few kids stopped to listen and tap their feet.

A guy never thinks he’s going to end up in a museum.

The secret is to bring the house down when you do.

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Tuesday Prompt



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