



Moby

"I'm Not Worried at All"

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Mute / V2 / EMI

I'm Not Worried at All

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I barrel rolled into your garage and climbed up the ladder to the attic above. I crawled over loose floorboards and opened the cold door handle into your bedroom. I didn't startle you in the slightest. You hardly looked over your shoulder as you threw more black paint against your wall. You were playing Moby's "I'm Not Worried at All" on repeat and you would be for the next three weeks to follow. I reclined in your marshmallow bed and watched you roll more dark against the walls. "Okay," you called out during the three seconds of silence in between music loops, "I'm finished turning my walls into a chalkboard." You threw me some chalk and I painted nothing but clouds while Moby featured The Shining Light Gospel Choir and sampled The Greater Harvest Back Home Choir for four relaxed minutes at a time. Clouds and more white clouds fought the new darkness all around. You fell asleep as I held your hand, the music skipping with the lyrics "seem to fall" over and over, neither of us doing anything about fixing the record on the other side of the room. With one hand holding you, I used the other to continue painting, coloring it all as white as I could. It was the only color I had to work with. When you woke, you rose frustrated, asking me why I just covered the entirety of the four walls in white. "Why did you chalk all of it? I wanted it black." I didn't know what to say. "I thought it would be magical to wake up inside of a cloud." She paused and said, "That's cute," kissing me on the cheek, "but I like being caught inside a storm cloud when I wake from my naps. A big fluffy white cloud just isn't doing it for me." I left your place shortly after you filled a bucket with warm water and threw it all on the walls, returning the cloud back to night as I stumbled back through your attic, down your ladder, into your garage, and out your door. I hurried to the art supplies store and waited for you to send me a message asking me to come over and create more clouds. This time around, I thought, I'll bring grey and black chalk. This time around, I'll bring yellow for all of the lightning bolts your bedroom demands.