

# RUSSIAN ROULETTE

*by* Carl Santoro

They rushed out of the theater  
during the credits.  
He held her hand  
even when outside;  
him kneeling and  
retching by the curb.

“What the hell was that?  
Is that your take on  
The Deer Hunter?”

He paused from  
post-vomit drooling,  
“No — I think it was from  
the three white Russians  
you made me.”

“You didn't have  
to drink them.”

“Right. Oops.”

“Don't fool around.  
You stink now.”

“Right. Oops. Again.”

“You know what — Fuck you!”

“Wait, where are you going?”

