

# gravelortian part 24

*by* Chad Smith

I had been staring at the ceiling  
Sun now spills across it  
Amanda stopped talking  
Last thing she said to me was

“The grind your own peanut butter machines at the grocery store  
are bullshit.”

She was slumped forward in the recliner  
Could almost see a breast breaking free  
From her blouse  
Still managed to hold her glass  
Empty except for bits of fruit  
Drowned in alcohol

7...8...9...10...  
Ten bottles stacked at my side. Not bad.  
I move to the kitchen  
Steady myself on the kitchen  
Table  
Partiers quiet, off sleeping somewhere else

My head throbbing, maybe  
More of a pulsing like  
That electric device in Frankenstein  
What was it called?  
A Jacob's ladder? Yeah  
Was it getting worse? Yeah

My driver's license photo looks like a different person  
My mouth mimics the grin  
Definitely not the same now

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Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/chad-smith/gravelortian-part-24>»*

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Surprised if it gets me anywhere

Set license on top of wallet  
On top of my nicely folded shirt  
On top of my other shirt  
On top of my nicely folded jeans  
On top of my nicely folded underwear  
On top of table

Pull socks off and marvel  
At the whiteness of my feet  
Sock elastic leaves imprints in clammy skin  
Sock dingle berries between toes

Close sliding glass door  
Outside cool fresh morning tiny fingers  
Tickle naked body in comforting way

Silent sunshine brightness flickers  
Like the last frames through a projector  
Sudden burst of white screen as film runs out  
Flaps as reel continues to spin  
Projectionist abandoned ship  
Snuck out with a girl or maybe  
A pipe full of weed  
Not coming back

I walk through tall trees down to the shore  
Nature begins to wake up  
Vivid cartoon paints color  
Singing birds fly around me  
Bunnies surely hop behind  
Squirrels scurry in branches  
A young deer prances across the path  
Maybe a butterfly or two

I do miss you and the others

Pebbles of the shore scrub my feet  
Sun warms their tops  
Wet underneath as they roll over

Okay

So how does this body of water work?  
Bay goes to sound goes to ocean?  
The tide is up  
Frighteningly cold on my feet

Embracing the waves, I breathe in the waters  
This will certainly finally extinguish  
The pounding pulsing electrical fire in my head

