

Summertime

by Jake Barnes

“Mescaline occurs naturally in our bodies, you know,” I said.

Harpo didn't smile. He didn't even reply. He took a swallow of beer, threw the empty bottle into the back yard. We were sitting on the ramshackle porch of our second story rental. The porch sagged; the building had seen better days.

Harpo picked up the slingshot, loaded it with a marble, aimed, and sent the missile in a slow arc from left to right, hitting the bottle as square as you please and sending broken glass far and wide.

We had been drinking Grain Belt Premium all morning.

Harpo looked at me and grinned. “I know,” he said.

I looked off into the middle distance and saw a million white dandelion parachutes floating softly in a pale blue sky.

