

Big English

by Ann Bogle

I hit the pole near Whited Avenue a year to the day. The radio was driving. The seat belt snapped my sternum. The acts the shelf life. Later, the kindred, octogenarian doctor prescribed Topiramate, approved to combat PTSD. My brother the pot smoker thinks the doctor is Big Pharma, but I think he is a swinging, bearded, whistling, singing shaman who studies chemical sequences. This one mimics coca stirred with stomach acid or chicken fried in grandma's kitchen without the nasty side effects, without the downs, the IBMs and 666s, the big old Gregor Samsa, the taste of tire smoke, ash or tin, the cash solicitation, the guns and squad cars in the ward, the next-to-nothing boyfriend, all sickeningly handsome as he says it.

