

## (2) 77 Words (pcs.)

by Anthony Van Hart

### **77 Words (12-8-11)**

Blah, Blah, Blah ... Something about mixed drinks or mixed news reports.

Mixed messages and mix tapes.

We quickly changed the conversation and the tone of it.

For some reason she wanted to discuss pawns and positions on a chess board while Nietzsche's name floated past the smell of cheap vodka and an unnecessary candle flame.

I didn't know shit about chess and she hadn't even heard of the STD'd philosopher.

Obviously in the wrong place; we bailed.

### **77 Words (11-30-2011)**

So I got drunk on fun

and shouted out

hymns.

It wasn't a particularly typical Saturday.

My mom slapped me

and my dad...

he looked the other way.

That winter had been the coldest winter I can remember.

I ignored the television and nearly froze from the absence of its heat.

I pushed away the paper and frowned the day long while the cat rubbed her head against my frozen nose.

That was a damn cold winter.

