

Small Talk

by Anthony Van Hart

Stopping for a huge overpriced bottle of water.

Popping in to buy a tire gauge.

Stumbling, drunk, on your way to buy cigarettes with two cops
coming in behind you.

You hold the door.

Nod.

But you never say anything.

Nothing.

Ever.

Why would you?

Not only would the 7 beer breath incriminate you —
but what's there to say?

The thoughts swirling around in your head as you drunkenly
drove to your destination are too good
to lose.

