The Bet, Forever Boy, and Dangling

by Brenda Bishop Blakey

The Bet

They were on their bellies looking down over the morning freeway rush; the larger one had the rifle aimed.

“I bet I can get six of ‘em.”

“I bet ya' the rifle you don't even get four.”

“Deal.”

The larger one took aim and squeezed the trigger. The shot caught a Honda in the left rear tire rim causing its back end to sway into cars on either side. It was scrambled cars and trucks for breakfast.

“…five, six, and seven. I win.”

Their mother yelled from somewhere inside the house. “Boys, don't you miss the bus again.”

Forever Boy

I watch as you go airborne and arming
your stare like glass, your mouth in a lather.
No one can catch you, no one need bother.
Pouring like blood, upside down, spiraling.
Rules cannot curtail that which is breaking.
I beg you; find your fear free from merit.
You laugh, knowing you could never bear it.
You sing me a song: *The world is a trap,*
its children have only broken hopes — rap.
Skin cannot hold the forever spirit.

Dangling

He rappels down, grabs the metal fire escape, spray can stuffed down his t-shirt. Nearby green and pink neon strobe interrupts his

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darkness. Dangling cigarette does not impede outlining giant boobs. Smiling, he sucks a drag, exhales and admires the smoke-veiled tits before stubbing the butt out on the nipple.