

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

by Carl Santoro

They rushed out of the theater
during the credits.
He held her hand
even when outside;
him kneeling and
retching by the curb.

“What the hell was that?
Is that your take on
The Deer Hunter?”

He paused from
post-vomit drooling,
“No — I think it was from
the three white Russians
you made me.”

“You didn't have
to drink them.”

“Right. Oops.”

“Don't fool around.
You stink now.”

“Right. Oops. Again.”

“You know what — Fuck you!”

“Wait, where are you going?”

