

gravelortian part 14

by Chad Smith

I pulled the cat's head off
He was an old cat
I was at my desk trying to write
A poem about the ocean
His constant mewing mewing
Mewing mewing mewing mewing
Mewing mewing mewing mewing
Mewing mewing mewing mewing
He jumped up on my desk
Walked over my work
Brushed his tail across my face
I grabbed him by his neck
Yanked him off the desk
I felt several crinkling pops in his neck
A slimy sliding and his head slipped off
Well of course it was an accident
He was an old cat maybe sixteen
I pulled him hard but not that hard
Yes I have been angry lately
So angry
There wasn't much blood
More of a dusty gelatin
The body didn't flop around like
I had always imagined a chicken did
It just laid there on top of my page
I would have to figure out what to do
Before you came home
Hide it
Hide everything
I was happy when Johnny and Claire
Invited us to the beach house
Then when I read them my new work

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/chad-smith/gravelortian-part-14>»

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A visible cringe, they were put off
Asking why it all had to be so
Dark and depressing
Why couldn't I write something
More happy
I smiled and lied
That was just poetry
I didn't tell them that earlier that morning
I had sat in the sand with pen and paper
Staring out at the vast gray ocean
Exploding waves crashing power
Praying for nature to fill me up
Crying out to the sea to give me words
To write
I received nothing
Couldn't write anything down

