

# Eating Crow

by Cheryl Anne Gardner

I stabbed a man at the Blue-Buick Bar and Grill. This may not be shocking news, all things considered. The man I stabbed didn't think it was all that shocking, even while it was happening. I'd had a lot of those energy drinks -- six or seven -- even before I'd puked my grits up on my breakfast plate at that shitty diner down the road. The puke, it was a joke. Doesn't mean I didn't want to take him up on it -- the offer. He was nervous and strange, had a lot of flare. Kept at me about positive reinforcement. A little something to help with the ups and downs. He said life was a mystic picnic and that it wouldn't do any harm as long as I knew what was really going on and as long as he knew that I knew. Everyone's gotta be mindful of that shit, he said, even if you're just an addict cruising the bandwidth. It's all just greased wheels and tree trimming and nasty fish splooge appetizers. He said I was full of it when I questioned his motives, and I said, "Who needs a cocktail anyway -- just gimme a beer and let me smoke in the back of the room."

He said, "No." So I stabbed him ... cuz I can get a beer at home.

