

Sheer

by Cooper Renner

The dove, you know, the one with the bruised chest, so he wears the loose polo, is doubtful about me, he says, doubtful that I am an honest entity. You're like a bumper sticker, he says, your brain's full of rickrack, like the crap on that fixture over there. None of it fits together.

It's feeble, it's a feeble analogy. I tell him to cut it with the metaphors.

It's the malaise of the times, he says.

It's not your best attribute.

That's when we struggle, got it? Right there on the floor. It's not the brawl of the century, and I'm not the pilot who delivers the Enola Gay. I've got a couple hundred pounds on him, but he's like a machine, and I'm still sweating when the cops arrive.

That's an analogy, sucker.

I make a dash for the toy.

