

Shrine

by Cooper Renner

You'd think it was a sandwich, meticulously lit, ample to set your tongue clicking.

My tongue is clicking.

I want to act out.

I want an unprofessional bargain.

Here's the caption: "MEDS are CRAP." The guy in front of the bungalow is an addict, his specialty [-----], which he pops like cake.

Does that disturb you? Do you mind my getup?

I'm the policeman on the perch, the wolf in the box. The shrine is greenish, welted around the gaskets. Supple, with a mouth full of hair.

