

A Flam

by David James

In the blacklight of the storm, mother would tremble, spit and sway as the shutters would clatter and she would give away her balance. It was more than my heart could bear. She would always center her accusation with, “your boyfriend is a rake and a flam.” That is the way she handled all the men I littered the house with. What the fuck is a flam? I still wonder.

