

GOT

by David James

I don't know how long I was down on the curb. When I came around it took several minutes to realize that it wasn't the moon overhead at all but a street light and the sticky feeling stuff I was lying in was, yeah, my blood. And the hand on my shoulder wasn't hers. I think the siren brought me to and the hand on my shoulder came with it.

Lonesome in marriage got us where we were. She got that way. I got that way. Dumb got us to that place to eat. Smart got him there. His tire iron got me to the curb.

