

Finals Week

by Davy Minor

Three questions in,
and I knew I was going to fail this final.
Took,
well,
snorted some Adderall last night to aid my studying,
but it only fucked me up too much to concentrate.
Chain-smoked cigarettes outside the library through a cloudy dawn.
Now I'm exhausted,
eyes blurry,
head heavy,
toes twitching.
Time for a metric fuck-ton of guesses.
Hope I get lucky.

Done! Done! Done!!!
As soon as I walk in the door, roomie hands me a bong.
Took too big, too many rips.
Zombified.
Reach in the fridge and grab a can of High Life.
Before I can finish it,
the couch's gravity overwhelms.

Two fingers clasp my nipple and squeeze.
"What the Fuck!?!"
It's the other roomie.
"Wake up bitch. Here."
She hands me a bottle of cheap vodka.
"Gross."
After brushing it aside and sitting up,
I see darkness lurk outside.
"We're heading to the bar in fifteen. Get your fat ass up."
"Hand me the bong."

Before I could reach the physical bar,
four rounds of shots were fired.
Desperately, little boys spooed ounces about in every direction.
They only knew one form of celebration,
mating ritual roulette.
Took a shot I preferred, and kicked back a PBR.
A scan around the room reveals the usual suspects,
albeit slightly more sloshed than normal,
but only slightly.
Time twists around several beverages.
Several beverages twist around inside me.
Then,
He shows up,
with her,
the coke-nosed, makeup-encrusted skank.
"I'm leaving."
"What?"
"He's here. With her."
"Where?"
"Over there."
"Fuck them."
"I'm leaving."
"Okay, let's go smoke."

We walk in the door and pour into the couches.
The bong spins,
over and over again.
Traces of bodily fluids circle around,
dispensed and absorbed by our lips,
a hygienic sacrifice to community,
and to getting really fucking stoned.
After trying to smoke away the memory of the bar,
I opted for a different approach.
"I have to get out of this town."

"Where do you want go?"

"I don't care. Somewhere."

"Fuck it, let's go. How about the beach?"

"Wait, we still have beer left."

"Alright, tomorrow then."

"Tomorrow, the beach."

A nod, a cheers, a gulp.

