

Fuck with death....again.

by Dennis Hiatt

The grenadier moans in his sleep. He's making love with a dead brown woman. A small, bone thin woman with heavy milk full breast. A dead child's milk. Around the thing they make in the red mud, green tracers whiz toward Colt muzzle flashes. Rocket Propelled Grenades splinter M-60 machine-gun nest made of fallen tree trunks. B-52s, the great shining gods of the stratosphere roll thunder down wet jungle valleys in the far south. Jungles die, arklighted moonscapes of red cratered earth hold the sweating, sex-ridged grenadier as his hard, young flesh pounds her cool brown body. Dead girl, dead mother, dead land. South of the DMZ, south of Hue, east of Pleiku, north of Nha Trang, between underfed thighs, between rice fed thighs. Overhead: "I am the God of hell fire," The B-52s sing high, high in the stratosphere, as flying telephone poles leap from Hanoi Hannan's tongue. Deep, and hard into her cool brown valley the grenadier pounds; lust, love, lust, love, sin, win, lust/love, Mother, home, GOD I DON'T WANT TO DIE HERE! Dammed youth is the sound his belly makes on hers, as they fuck death in a forest of punjee stakes, under black boroughs dripping Bamboo Vipers, "Kill Me, FUCK-ing Kill me!" The Medic screams as the sniper takes off his last thumb. Don't leave your dead Marines! Not in the twisted skeletons of an Agent Orange forest, not deep in the brown earth of a VeitCong tunnel, not between the thighs of a Cholon whore. Not in Laos, not in Cambodia, but in your memory.

But, in your memory, like between cool dead thighs, tracers break the mist as riverboats roster tail up mortar rocked rivers flaking fifty caliber shells from blood slippery decks. Choppers fly out of Camron Bay, like cowboys closing down a Saigon bar. C.I.A. agents give LSD to momasons. Phantoms roar, "Why don't you come home, Bill

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Bailey?" Down in the Mekong Delta of her thighs it's hot as hell. It's boob trapped. AND, his organism tightens in his groin, like a snake wrapping itself around a bare skull. Orphans scream for their parents as napalm rolls over them. No bodybag for his cumm. Not in De Nang, not in hell. (I JUST WANT TO GO HOME ALIVE!)

One day, one year, twenty years after his one war, he sucks down his third beer, and humming LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS, longs to be young and fuck with death again.

