Shovels and Honeysuckles

by Emily Smith-Miller

I guess that's it, right?

Well there's not a hell of a lot we can do in this situation. So yeah, I guess that's it.

Should we say something?

Do you really want to?

She would've liked something to be said, she was always talking.

Yeah, that was one thing I could have lived without.

Man me too. It was just like shut the fuck up for ten fucking minutes, ha ha ha.

It's not really funny.

No . . no it's not. You know I loved her too?

I know.

Then why didn't you leave us the fuck alone?

Because I thought I was better for her. I thought you were an asshole and she deserved better. She used to wear that strappy yellow dress everytime she would come over. You had to notice.

I noticed. I knew she was going somewhere that didn't have anything to do with me. She would put on a different perfume too. That floral stuff, smelled like roses or gardenias, I don't know some fucking flower.

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Honeysuckle.

You liked that shit?

Yeah, yeah I really liked it. When she would leave my pillows still smelled like her. I would just inhale her for hours afterwards, sex and honeysuckles.

Dude you sound fucking gay.

Jesus man, she was your wife for fucks sake! Did you even know anything about her? Like her favorite book? Or what she cried about?

Yeah she liked that one guy with the fish.

Hemingway. You're an idiot.

You know what asshole?! We were doing fucking fine before you came along!

Yeah so fine that she started a whole other life with me, just to get away from you!

Fuck you, man. I loved her. We would order pizza, pineapple and canadian bacon, on Sundays. She would lay on my lap and watch football and drink beer. She liked football. Then we would run the neighborhood and shoot a couple of baskets. She was a good shot, better than me. And when she smiled? Like when she just scored? She looked like an angel. No, not even an angel, something more beautiful, something that made me think I could be better at my life. But I guess I never was. Better that is. I guess I just wasn't better than you.

I don't think either of us were enough for her. She wouldn't leave you for me.

She wouldn't stop seeing you. I begged her, you know? She said she couldn't do anything to change the way she felt.

I guess thats why we're here then aren't we.

Yeah. She still looks like an angel, if you moved her hair over that blood spot on her forehead.

I didn't mean for any of this to happen.

Then why did you come here tonight? To our house?

I wanted to face you.

That was fucking stupid.

I wasn't exactly thinking clearly about shit.

Well things are settled now. Neither of us gets her.

Maybe we weren't meant to have her.

Or maybe she was a cheating cunt who wanted to have her cake and eat it too.

Maybe. Good night Alan.

Good night Shaun, coffee tomorrow?

Sounds good. Oh don't forget to really cut up that body.

Got me doing the dirty work, huh?

You're the one who hit her with the shovel.

Touche.