

How the Big Man Reigned

by Han Kondabalu

The wrong side of the bed was my body and its tender salutation brought forward the light of day despite two black eyes and a jeweled halo of regret. Jack with one eye, I reached for the cell phone so I could check what time it was. I thought the conflict was poetry, no—atonement. Every body part pulsated, painful and a mess pushing the gash in my mouth, chunky blood mucous all over a dirty sink that had little bits of hair shavings and darkened brown stains in its bowl.

My hair was a halo, abound with dirty, powdery dry shampoo and second hand mousse weeks-old. All up and down my neck and chest were writhing snakes of various colors, some green and yellow, the majority, a sick, deep purple, red and black. The snake looked like it was choking me with its multicolored length or at least hugging what was left of oxygenated blood on the surface.

I was conflicted with the sweet science reckoned to my flesh. I let it occur again and again: this tight coil in the 9th circle of hell in which bees stung my head, upside down in ice. I reveled in the pain and the halo of my disgust. I pretended to be angelic and to take care in the agony so that the sweet science was a sweet gift to my lover.

I reveled in this halo which sent messages to all the world's wolves: I am fair game that will be hunted and eaten, cutting its edge with Satan's tears from six eyes.

