

Super Collider

by Hobie Anthony

I never pulled it off, never rode an atom through a super collider with a nose full of cocaine and a drink in my hand. Never was a bullet, zooming through the city, skin pressed to bone, nerves on fire. Never was an atom bomb, ever-exploding in slow motion, ripping off doors, tearing down houses.

Want. Wanted. Wanting.

I was little more than a sucker-dart shot from a spring-action toy gun, hitting the refrigerator, flopping to the floor, waking up on the sidewalk or in the stairwell.

"Thump, thump, thump" goes a skull on the steps.

Particle physics failed me, along with my liver, and a psyche sadly born lacking Bukowski's famous endurance.

I never made it to light speed, or even close. Collisions, though. There were collisions and revisions, rewritings of mistakes better forgotten. Not as bleak as Carver, nor as destructive as Hemingway. Now, waiting to smash and rip a hole in the fabric of space-time, running around in circles, deep underground.

