

Backhand

by J. Bradley

As the sixth knife edge chop blushed the wrestler's chest on t.v., she said "You are stuck in the past like the jiggling leather of that wrestler's skin."

As the wrestler staggered back into the ring, wearing his own blood like the drummer of a bad Siouxsie and the Banshees cover band, I replied, "In the future, to fuck you will be to husk you. I'd rather autograph our memories for strangers."

