

Even My Air Guitar Is Lame

by J. Bradley

I had the hair of a metal god, cracking it against the air whenever the stereo belched fists. I wore Metallica and Pantera on my neck like a brace for days after. Yet when I unpacked my left arm and stomach like a guitar, I contaminated the living room with the snapped chords of my fingers.

What sealed my fate as a metal mortal was my unwillingness to be chewed and spat out of the maw of mosh pits. I stuck to using the front door as target practice for the .22 caliber shell of my shoulder, the spent casings of my heavy breathing beating like a carbon monoxide drum machine.

I sheared my hair, drowned it in blue, wore copies of Billy Corgan's "ZERO" t-shirt, raged like a rat in a cage instead of riding the lightning.

