

You Say Sorry Just For Show

by J. Bradley

The last of your tenuous septum dissolves when you press the nozzle of the neti pot against it. Your cocaine diet gave your waist and hips enough space to wear the latest trends like new skin. You are thankful you are shirtless this time, that only your upper chest is soaking in your own blood.

“Let's go, let's go, let's go,” the producer says.

You feel two hands on your shoulder blades shoving you onto the catwalk. You tilt your head back to slow the blood. You keep your arms to your side. You strut down the catwalk, each step in time with whatever beat the DJ chose to go with your ensemble. You keep walking, turn at the edge, walk back to where you came. You ignore the cameras just enough.

“What happened to the shirt you were supposed to wear,” the producer says.

You point to your blood-soaked chest. “This looked better.”

