

Asshole

by Jamie Iredell

This variety of human can be seen in urban areas across planet Earth. He struts down the street, which is more like an avenue, it is so wide. Skyscrapers scrape the edge of the sky—should we consider “edge” as “troposphere”—far above the cars' roofs and above this guy's faux-hawk, both of which are also tropospheric. Below his loafers the sidewalk glitters with spit out wads of chewing gum, many of which spat by our man, for this man decided long ago not to believe in garbage cans. He eschews recycling. All areas where this filth can be found is called “crust.” This guy struts and never walks, and while doing so he reads and sends text messages and emails from his smart phone and so never walks in a straight line. It's insufferable to find oneself attempting to pass this man for his weaving. He has a girlfriend, and, at one time previously, had a boyfriend. The boyfriend this guy left, feeling—like one does about quitting in the middle of high school baseball tryouts—that it just wasn't *his* thing, not his “calling”. This man, the one we're talking about, is an asshole.

