

When a Bastard Stares at the Sun

by Jarrid Deaton

The sun is going to slice your goddamn face open. It's going to split it right down the middle. You are sick. This is a sick morning for you. The window is there, naked, the curtain ripped down and thrown in the corner. You did that last night. The curtain reminded you of the last dress she wore, walking away with you pleading one step behind her shadow on the sidewalk. Now there's nothing to keep you hidden from the coming daylight. You now have a new set of hours to contend with, even if you stare right at the sky-blaze and remain motionless in bed. Pretend, then. Keep your eyes open through the pain and imagine it was a bomb, imagine a mushroom cloud in the distance. Imagine her shadow burned forever on the sidewalk, her ashes just out of reach.

