

The Head

by Joshua Moses

So I've got this head in a jar and I'm not sure who it belongs to. I showed it to my lawyer and he was none too happy. "Lisa," he said, "you can't just show me a head in a jar. Attorney-client privilege doesn't cover that." Which I pointed out, of course, assumed that I'd put the head in the jar, and had committed a crime in doing so. Both unfair assumptions. But then people tend to assume things about me.

My landlord assumes I'm a hoarder. My father assumes I'm insane. My parole officer assumes I'm trying to show up to work, I really am, but that it takes a certain amount of time every day to line up all the dead animals on the sidewalk before anybody else can. It's hard living up to expectations.

It's difficult to make out too many identifying features on the head. The eyes are closed, for one thing, and for another the water has just gotten murkier over the past week. I'm pretty sure it's a guy and I'm pretty sure he was white. Other than that, he was kind of chubby. Unless he's got bloated in there, which might happen.

I don't like to jump to conclusions. But in this case I'm going to. Fat guy, mid-twenties. Describes a quarter of this shitty burg, frankly, so it's not much help. I suggest that my attorney drive me around while we look for the dude with the missing head. He said no.

Guess the court won't cover gas expenses. Just as well, I'm pretty busy.

