

C.S.I. #14

by Kyle Hemmings

Slim girl's eyes were all wrong, especially the free angles. I asked to see the X-rays of her dental work. Did they hide shiny mirrors just like in that myth of the Chinese bogeymen & their frantic dogs? My partner, a new kid on the block, whispered: *oscillating between fatty & malnutrition*. He didn't take good notes. Then he disappeared in the buried guts of the next afternoon. I had dreams of being permeated with the heat of Caramelized sisters. A declawed cat kept creeping along my apartment walls. A shriek. A woman's distant voice on a hot cell phone. Reminded me of water marks. She mentioned her husband had gone fishing without worms. That was code.

