

Lazarus argentatus

by Mann Kashdan

They take the blue man out on a stretcher, stiff in cyanotic repose until the paramedics shake him. He sits bolt upright, startled, confused, indignant.

'Lazarus?' I ask.

'Argyria. Happens every fucking time he naps on the couch. Someone looks in the window, calls 911.'

The paramedics hate him. Nutter has pica, they say, and eats silver; it turned him blue.

I say if you come back to life you can eat whatever you want.

