

Kilz

by Mark Reep

A dumpster blocked my driveway. My black sofa stuck up. They'd seen the zippers, slit the cushions anyway. The deputy who broke down the door was a hard-on. He flipped through a book of poems Ani'd given me. Nothing fell out so he tore it in two. I said his mama must notta read to this one and one of the older cops laughed and he hit me. Four days later my lawyer told me Ani'd narced me out the night she left. Only those you trust can betray you. All the windows were open, I could smell the Kilz.

