

I'm No Chickenshit

by Matt DeVirgiliis

The view from up here is impressive, serene. The bridge needs a paint job - the light blue is turning a rusty brown - but it's still a great view of the modern skyline. The bright sun glimmers off the tops of the mirrored buildings. I wonder if they'll see me from there?

I wish she could see me now. Nothing on this bridge except my body and the pack on my back. Probably all I ever needed in life. I didn't need her. "Why won't you yell at that creditor? Our bill was only a bit late," she'd say. "That guy grabbed my ass. Go beat him up," she'd command. "You're such a chickenshit," she'd yell as I stood there, blank, content to watch her stew. Stewing myself.

Would a chickenshit leave her like I did yesterday? The house. The car. The kids. I don't need a coffin filled with overly-expensive trinkets. I'd rather ride a bike, maybe a chopper. Take the kids. You'll probably pit them against me anyway.

I'm no chickenshit. I wasn't yesterday and I'm certainly not now. The water looks refreshing from this height. I think it said about one hundred feet on Wikipedia. It'll be a relief from this sweat.

Geronimo!

