

And We're Catching The Bus

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

"I want to eat you out," Vance said from across the table.

"Why?" Jenna asked.

"Because I want to eat you out!"

"Oh. Okay."

"I'll shave first."

"Good. That gives me time to write a short story. What the hell should I write about?"

"All that we have to do today. And the time change is fucking with us and the weather is fucking with us and we've got to go to Goodwill to get you some clothes and we've got to go to A.A. And we're catching the bus."

Jenna's eyes were swollen from last night's episode. Vance had come home to the trailer after being gone for seven hours and Jenna had called out from their bed, "Baby. I'm taking a nap. Okay?" Not okay. Who was Jenna fucking? Why couldn't Jenna drag her ass out of bed and give Vance a hug?

"I'll never be okay. I'll always be fucked up because I've failed as a mother."

"You turn everything into a Shakespearean drama. This is not Shakespeare. Everyone is happy. Everyone is alive. Everyone can see that things are going well. Everyone except for you. You're the blind person in a Shakespeare play, wringing your hands, crying to the witches."

On the bus Jenna looked out the window at the bleak fuckscape. So much to choose from, none of it worth a dime. Jenna had rode Muni all over San Francisco last year hearing "Walking The Cow" on a

sickening loop inside her skull. She took the pain she took the haunt she took the lack and turned it into another goddamn novel.

"This Barbie is staring at me. She's staring at my cock. She wants me to fuck her in the ass. Put that in your little story."

Vance took the longest showers of any man Jenna had ever known and he demanded and he took and he asked for more but he knew how to access Jenna he knew how to break the code and he took her places and bought her \$500 earrings and \$5 scratch cards and \$20 worth of mota so Jenna forgave him for the small things that added up to nada.

