

DO NOT STOP WALKING!

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

Under a metallic sky Sloth turns down a muddy path. Needs a shave. Needs pleasing. Needs a woman well-versed in the vanilla arts. There is coffee to the right and whiskey to the left. Sloth keeps walking like the zombie actor in the \$30 haunted house across from Tito's Taco Tuesday told him to eleven or fifteen years ago. "Keep walking forward, mijo! DO NOT STOP WALKING!" Sloth has lived his life by that clock that metric that rubric and now he is walking down a muddy path bloody and bruised and swollen and discombobulated yet resolute. Stoic, if you will. Anyone in America who isn't suffering from post traumatic stress disorder clearly isn't paying attention.

