# A Good Sized Puddle Suits the Fish Between My Ears

*by* Rabbit Angstrom

There must have been a tear in her purse where one of those metal rivets on the bottom was coming off from the inside, because as she pounded that thing against my head, I hit the ground balleraggin': my fuckn head/my fucking ::::goddamn::: head. I was all wavy stupor lines in the perceptual field, blood pooling around my sunken head on the floor, my nose smelling its own residual torment; the carpet absorbed rotten food smells to iron blood stains, hair and dust bunnies slam dance the chaos of indifference. Wanda had inched back into the room with horror and curiosity, to look at me with a god-awful shock.

Finding my way vertical brought the stars to blinking all inside my head where there was not a growing soft darkness above my line of sight. Wanda. Wanda was a lioness and she hurled her weight against the weak point in between my thumb and where the fingers attempt connection, pulling bunches of skin towards me as I tried levying the weight in an opposite way.

Deep down inside, I want to be better, complete writing my novel, maybe getta job and make five kroner, to last through the night with a nice handle by my side that I will fill her cup with. Tell me everything about yourself, if I could care, I can pretend, let me pretend. Fill it to the brim and make it count. Make it count, baby. She is crazed, wide-eyed looking straight at my head and I can feel a warm trail of my oozing wound, blood making its way to my feet. Yea! You shoulda seen the way I looked in the mirror's reflection while Wanda's wailing cries are all I can hear.

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