

# How the Big Man Reigned

*by* Rabbit Angstrom

The wrong side of the bed was my body and its tender salutation brought forward the light of day despite two black eyes and a jeweled halo of regret. Jack with one eye, I reached for the cell phone so I could check what time it was. I thought the conflict was poetry, no—atonement. Every body part pulsated, painful and a mess pushing the gash in my mouth, chunky blood mucous all over a dirty sink that had little bits of hair shavings and darkened brown stains in its bowl.

My hair was a halo, abound with dirty, powdery dry shampoo and second hand mousse weeks-old. All up and down my neck and chest were writhing snakes of various colors, some green and yellow, the majority, a sick, deep purple, red and black. The snake looked like it was choking me with its multicolored length or at least hugging what was left of oxygenated blood on the surface.

I was conflicted with the sweet science reckoned to my flesh. I let it occur again and again: this tight coil in the 9th circle of hell in which bees stung my head, upside down in ice. I reveled in the pain and the halo of my disgust. I pretended to be angelic and to take care in the agony so that the sweet science was a sweet gift to my lover.

I reveled in this halo which sent messages to all the world's wolves: I am fair game that will be hunted and eaten, cutting its edge with Satan's tears from six eyes.

