

It Started When My Cheek Absorbed A Mean Left Hook

by Rabbit Angstrom

Underneath time and space was a trigger. The garbage barrels lined with pink trash bags held bursting and unstable gaseous star-matter sucking in everything that surrounded it. It's a most effective contraption for getting rid of the useless. There are the moments in time and space where I wished to be sucked through the vacuum of a star or in the cradle of a bursting super nova; they are the only sympathies in a dead universe I could call home by a forgiving, gracious maker.

Poverty is my speech, hunger and hatred are care givers and I relate evil through sumptuous privilege and a beauty that betrays most modesty. He choked me at night and boxed my ears (as if people still did that in these modern days) and so my shortened blade found the softened side of his pushed-out vein. A lying kiss, pledge of fake love unfolded pieces of brightly colored paper of pink and blue adorned in delicate, optimistic swirling patterns. Describe my origami, the shape of a gun or a limp dick, or maybe a flower.

Either way, it bit and begged then cried for mercy as its arms flailed forward and to the back, to the side it reached trying to bring me down to that level of dying. I shook the bloody salted tackiness from my weapon, shook it out of my hair and wiped my face on his dead t shirt. I headed for the hills by slowly walking away and so that in the morning dew I would be found. So that god himself could face me.