

Until Tomorrow But That's Just Some Other Time

by Robert Crisman

Roanne awoke on the livingroom couch with the usual willies dancing in stomp time inside her. She blinked, looked around. The room was a mess, with clothes strewn hither and yon on the floor and the chairs and TV. On the walls, rock stars, Michelle's Hall of Fame: Cobain, Courtney Love, Beck, Eddie Vedder, the succubus Marilyn Manson, Keith Richards, the man who'd lived way past death...

In the kitchen, stacked up in the sink, a rude pile of dishes screaming for help.

Roanne peeked into the bedroom. Michelle was still out at the club. Roanne tiptoed back out to the couch--why tip like that?--and grabbed up her purse, then tipped, softly, softly, back toward the bathroom.

Shutting the door, she put the purse in the sink, dug in it, and brought out a rig and a spoon and her wakeup, maybe a half of a gram of the sticky brown tar. She put the purse and the rig and the spoon on the toilet tank then and turned on the tap, just a trickle. Then she remembered, open the window; the shit smells like goats when it cooks.

She came back to the sink, filled the spoon, dropped in the dope, lit a match, and held it there under the spoon til the dope and the water were bubbling away. She placed the spoon gently, gently down on the sink and then, quickly, sat on the toilet and fished in her purse for a tourniquet strip she could tie herself off with. She tied off. She held the ends of the strip in her teeth. She picked up the rig and the spoon off the sink and and drew the dope into the rig.

Her veins were well on the way to the graveyard. She probed for awhile and finally found one in her wrist that would serve. She shoved the dope in, drew it back into the rig, shoved it in, drew it

back...drove it home. The sweet rush went through her, light airy
heaven...

She leaned back, closed her eyes. She smiled the ghost of a
smile. The willies were muted until it came time for them to kick out
the jams once again.

