

The First Round

by S.H. Gall

Middle of the night again. Thx Meg Pokrass for the words.

whisper
accidental
beer
bowl
hoard
TV tray

I broke it off with great force, ended with a disquieting whisper. It was mostly accidental.

I blurted out all the ways we wouldn't mesh, drinking a beer and crying. I retracted. "Hon!" I said. Prevaricating, I tried to resolve. "Come on. The night I met you I had just smoked a bowl."

"Hon," he said. "I knew you weren't right from the start."

Years later, I would look back on the stuff I was compelled to hoard. Especially the wrapping paper with the doggie stickers on it. I tacked it to my cork board.

With the next guy, I stocked the TV tray with gravy and let my impulses roam.

Seth Gall has had work published in China, Canada, and the U.S. His work has appeared in Word Riot, SmokeLong

Quarterly, and Nanoism. He is S.H. Gall in decomP Magazine, Nanoism, issues one and 27 of SmokeLong Quarterly, Five Star Literary Stories, and Fictionaut.

