

# 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.

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