

Waist Deep in Tissue Packs

by S.H. Gall

Michah was prone to obsessive thinking, delusions of grandeur, and hypochondria. In short, he was a typical young, upper class, entitled American. In 2007, at the age of 22, he was hospitalized 19 times, for reasons mostly unknown. There were four suicide attempts.

After being prescribed a litany of psych meds, Michah settled down a bit and made minor inroads in the fields of Fashion Design, Criminal Psychology, and, to his detriment, Paranormal Activity. No degrees or certificates were earned, but a vault of miscellaneous trivia now took up valuable space in his head. At the age of 26, he was diagnosed with Schizophrenia. Clozaril was prescribed, and after two months of bed rest, he became a living zombie.

Philip went barefoot in winter, slept in shelters, wore rags, and only walked backwards. He and Micah fell in love in early 2012. As they waited for the Mayan apocalypse, they ate radishes, drank bad sparkling wine, and shared chaste, dry-skinned kisses. Their combined preparation efforts yielded one case of bottled water, a sack of potatoes, two pickled beets, and a very, very large bag of Kleenex.

“For the tears we’ll shed for mankind,” pronounced Michah.

“But I want to lose my virginity to Daniel Radcliffe,” protested Philip.

“But your body would never be recovered,” reasoned Michah.

“I was going to set myself on fire anyway.”

When the apocalypse passed and the world did not end, Michah and Philip found a deserted basement in a bad part of town, lit the Kleenex on fire, and curled up next to the burning tissue. It didn't matter if they burned or not. They cherished the flames.

