

Red Lady Octopus

by Shawn Misener

We're in my kitchen, except it's not *really* my kitchen.

She is painted red and glowing faintly. Short, she blends into the armpits and ribs of the chatting men around her. They give her no notice and continue sloshing their cocktails around, drenching her in soda.

She emits a light buzz, and I want to wrap my arms around her just to find out from where inside her the hum originates, but I think of my wife and keep my distance.

I realize that the four or five guys- who may or may not be my friends- are speaking in gibberish, like records being pushed backward against their wills.

I open the fridge and look for cheese. There is only a live octopus, imploring me to throw it out the window. I want to oblige, but the men have drawn closer, surrounding me in Old Spice.

I hand one of them the octopus and run out of the room.

