

Strange Humidity

by Shawn Misener

This party must be for me because every person I have ever known is here. Even Dr. Saccre, who yanked me out of my mother, is in the corner nursing a scotch and staring at the ceiling.

Even the dead have made an appearance. The heroin overdoses, the cancer patients, the auto accidents. They creep through the crowd in black clothes, lighter than the rest, weaving along.

The kitchen is full of old girlfriends. I avoid them. They are munching on cheddar and sharing stories I'm sure I don't want to hear.

I find a good friend sifting through the vinyl. He settles on Grant Green and commences rolling a huge joint on the back cover. I ask him: "What's this all about?"

"You think it's for you but it isn't."

"Who is it for then?"

He laughs and licks the glue. "Memories belong to everybody."

There is a strange humidity to the room and my face has become heavier. "This must be a dream," I say, taking the joint.

"The mistake is to wake up and think you are awake at last." Smiling, he floats away, into the crowd.

