

Straight to Jimbo

by Steven Gowin

They've got Jimbo hidden back up behind a bunch of bought-the-farm nobodies.

But to find him, coming into that bone yard, you just hang a right, go on past La Fontaine, and take a left a bit further on. Jimbo's right up in there.

First time I saw the stone, the bust, somebody'd chipped off poor Jimbo's nose. No big whump. That head never looked much like him anyway. But next time it was completely gone, the head. Just some roughed up granite where Jimbo should be.

After that, you could still walk up and kick a whiskey bottle if you wanted to, break it on the new stone if you'd a mind. Dead flowers scattered all over the place. Lots. And cigarette butts. Probably sniff a little piss and vomit.

Next trip round, the gendarmes had posted a guard. She wore very thin stockings over stocky Gaul legs. Something had drained every ounce of joy from her, and she smelled of yeasty bread. I tried to joke her a little, because I know French.

But she'd no sense of humor at all. Wouldn't crack a smile. She was on punishment; you'd swear it if you saw her. I couldn't imagine her as any way related to human kind. Did she even know a thing about Jimbo but for that grave?

Haven't been back since. I will though. I hear he's completely fenced off now. I bet it's still beer cans all over the place and melted down candles. Next time I'm hoping for rain and cold.

I've done it before; Fall's the best time, by God. And some
November, I'll walk right back to him again, straight back to Jimbo.

