

Nutrition

by Tia Prouhet

It's four pm and the fan is clicking. I should be throwing up or running or studying the internal lay of crayfish and mollusca. I pick at dry skin around my toenails and wait for some invasion. Will or fatigue, virtue or hunger.

He invited me over on a Sunday for throwback movies and casual sex, I faked an ear infection.

7 more cigarettes and I quit. I'll smoke them all today. Instead of enjoying each one slowly, memorizing the pull in and head-tilt out, I will gobble them like tiny men, missions and things to prove.

I think I'll move. Uproot to someplace where it snows and they only know mesquite as a flavor of sauce. I won't tell them mesquite are poisonous, and it will take a while before they know I am.

