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One Hour Martinizing

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One Hour Martinizing

I once read about a man who spent his last days slamming his fist into a pillow. If you didn't know he had mad cow disease, you might have thought he was crying over lost love. Or maybe he was. That's the thing.

I sat in my car staring through the drycleaner's window. Push a button, the shirts shimmy in their plastic skin. Dirty out, clean in. I thought of your fingertip tracing a line through the sweat on your water glass. I've always wanted you to return something to me.

They call it chronic wasting in humans. Takes the animal out.

I had a sack of shirts in the back seat and the memory of the way you crossed your ankles. I gave the steering wheel everything I had. Look what happens when you eat your own.