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Persecute One; Kill the Other

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Prosecute One; Kill the Other

I fold the last bit of daylight into the paper, porous, three men injecting Southern Comfort into their toes; they'll get their kicks when I undress like a shade. This is not who I want to be. Switch off the light, the television, and the computer screen. The young three professionals and me, the last time I was here, their friend raped me. An artists' studio, parquet floor, a high closet to grow weed in, walls of mahogany bookshelves left empty. Why do I only drink alcohol around strangers?

This destructive situation.

This diluted situation.

A one bedroom apartment, bare walls, cat piss stench, air conditioning buzz, fallen red hair in the shower drain, the broken mirror in the bedroom, midnights spent alone with a pack of cigarettes, inhaling the smoke, exhaling the grief, jacking off of the balcony, distancing myself in my mind, from my partner in the next room by piling up an altar of men to hide my reflected infidelity in his eyes. He's watching me now, through the window shades. He doesn't know I've had a scare from the gap-toothed painter on his back on his bed, legs in the air and he doesn't know my life might be all horse pills and thin blood from now on.

He would understand though.

Every night for the last nine months, I fried an egg so the medication wouldn't upset my red man's stomach. And we were both there when the doctor kept him for five minutes too long, and honestly, I never could learn to deal with it. My circumstances roared like a tidal wave over my head, shattering all my bones, obliterating all my philosophies.

It is too easy to grieve for the living.

Casey L. Grooten