

## Double-Double Abecedarian: Delirium Tremens

“My kingdom for a nuclear gin fizz.”  
—Barbara Hamby

“ABS! ABS! ABS!” the TV screamed. “Call 1-800-EAZY-ABZ by January 1<sup>st</sup> to claim your FREE consultation today!” Calling would’ve been tough, though. I’d lost my iPhone 6 drinking at a bar the night prior where I sniffed some POW-erful “nutritional powder” this tattooed vegan Bev from Beverly Hills told me was like super good for you. Granted, I didn’t believe her. But she was asphalt-hot & I was stone-cold drunk so I gave her fifty bucks in exchange for a line & a high I don’t remember, just regret. When I woke I was missing my vintage Shaq kicks not to mention my iPhone (SIX!!!), faux Rolex & backup loot which I’d put in my tube socks. I looked like a hobo minus the bindle: barefoot, bearded, sleeping on a bench in Newport Beach. Ugh. I’m not sure if it was the rum or a lack of water or (more likely) that so-called nutritional powder but I hadn’t been so hungover since I took quaaludes & tequila shots at a Mexican discotheque in TJ. Right then I decided I was done. Finished. *Vincit qui se vincit*. He conquers who conquers himself. A rough translation by which I simply mean I had sworn off drinking. Until that evening, that is, when I quaffed half a bottle of vodka to calm my head. This was back in Oceanside where I was watching an exercise infomercial in bed. Xmas was over & I was in worse shape than ever. A horrific year for my liver. I thought about taking a taxicab to rehab, zonked out instead. But not before taking a long drag of vodka.

Around noon, after catching a few hallucinatory *Zzz* below the glow-in-the-dark star stickers on the imaginary constellation of my ceiling, I fixed myself some Trix downstairs. But all I could do was stare into the rainbow eye of the bowl like a lobotomized nut staring at a busted TV. Forget cereal. What I needed was a warm café au gin, a shot of alcoholic medicine to soothe my ginger root hands like a friend, keep them from trembling like palm trees in wind. I felt queasy, as if I were reading in a vortex or jalopy. The bowl with the spoon in it became a capital Q. Knowing this feeling, I hunched over & abruptly threw up