

lime-green gunk that smelled like a skunk taco con mayo:
malo. So there I was, hungover again, an injured birdman
nursing my pain by regurgitating on the linoleum,
owl-style. Well, bozo, there goes that infomercial
promo, I thought, glancing up at the microwave clock:
quarter to one. New Year's Day. I figured I'd make a PB & J
rye bread sandwich since it was lunch (though a martini
sounded better) but the only bread I had was brick-hard French.
(True fact: the word for "bread" in French is *pain*. Just saying.)
Unemployed & behind on rent, I couldn't help but wonder if
very many rich people struggle this much with life,
what with wads of dough & all. I might as well have had
X's for eyes my body was so exhausted, not to mention toxic.
Yet how I hungered to change! To sparkle! To burst from the Rob
Zombie double I was into something beautiful, once larva.