

## CUE BALL

Taking a bullet had been such a great god-damned success that I kept looking around for more shooting guns. I felt snappy. I got butterflies in my stomach as I kept looking over my shoulders and hoping for guns to appear in flying hands. I saw hands flying by...without guns! What good is a hand if it isn't holding a gun? What good is a hand holding a gun if it isn't aimed at my scapula?

Jiminy cricket, I was sold.

That's when she walked in. Two natives surfed her armpits. I knew I had to play it cool. I was no native. Not what you'd call *local*. But I had to act fast and blend in. I decided to follow the best advice my father had given me on his death bed: *fake it 'til you make it*.

That's when she lifted up her armpits. I'd never seen a flock of birds as fun or blue as the flock of bluebirds that flew forth from her pits. As the birds migrated past me, I had a funny thought: *the birds must've been pecking away at those natives' fingers while their fingers were jammed under her armpits, and, at this point, aforementioned fingers must be rather nubby!* Then the birds started digging their beaks into my open oozing gunshot wounds like they were watering holes, and I thought: *this sure beats taking bullets from guns*.

That's when she walked out. I tried to make some small talk, by screaming at the top of my lungs: *just where in the hell is my scapula located or do I mean specula?* but I was too late. She had flown the coop. Only her chew, a large lump, remained. One bird patted me in the general region of my scapula, or so I speculate. Then the bird told me I was going down the wrong path. I bit the bird twice without pause or hesitation 'cause I didn't get what the bird was getting at. After all, I love going down my path; it's a great path and rich with possibilities: taking bullets, biting birds, making small talk.

After all, I was taking chances. It was a mystery to me how it seemed a mystery was always around the corner. I blamed my amnesia. After all, when my pair of eyes went compound suddenly, suddenly I could watch them fuck atop the chalk cube as I sort of stumbled over the stick rack while I lunged at the cue ball.