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Backroading the Chutes for the Pinkasaurus

by Michael Catherwood

The blood of those days was effortless and bright,
and after a breakfast of beer and eggs,
we jumped into the Jeep armed with fishing
poles and stink-bait. Joe ground those gears to nub
and wound through flat rolling hills to the chutes
where we casted for Falstaff and beef jerky—
an occasional carp or gar tugged at our lines.

The country hit a flat spot: no odd jobs
besides the occasional janitor
placement— my own, a gynecologist's
office where paperweights doubled as anatomy.
Basically, enough change to buy beer
and the prized Chili-Brick from Safeway. Joe
and I were easy to please, his wife was not.
The nutritional value of Chili-
Brick escaped her. "It's cheap," he would counter.
The door swinging shut with a loud "Damn!"
"How can you stick a woman who hates brick?"
And after she left for work, we stared
into the years ahead where we had no
women and plenty of blame between us.
The fact was, we didn't care. We knew life
would finally drag us down, stick us in warehouses
and dead-end jobs where we would pull the days
and years and decades off the wall like shit paper.
So we drank beer and simulated a great
philosophy of selfishness— still
they are the only days I miss. The wind
and dust scrubbed us clean in a top-down
Jeep four payments due, and we slid into
the Forget Store lot and picked up a case
then lost the whole mess behind us
as if it could never catch us, and I'm
not sure it ever has really found us.
All that dust behind me still hasn't settled.

