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Matthew Schnirman

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ZAC ASKS WHAT THE PLASTIC SHEET IS FOR

Anger can empty our swimming pools. Competition is hard and drains the mind:

diving boards, chlorine, all kinds of trophies. Zac says, *I lost my temper*, with a drawl,

and that was the end of his story. So dreamy, to be in love with a man who

gives everything up for no reason. He quit college and moved back home to Florida,

where I am from, to become a small-town paperboy. People live right in the heat of the swamp there:

my heart sank deep in the muck of it, just once, like a ruby clenched in a gator's jaw.

But that's the end of my story. The other story begins, *A man walks into a bar*, and ends

how the man ends: hog-tied, handcuffed, bare-assed, and beaten. *I can't keep explaining*,

Zac. Some men like to play slaves in motel rooms. That's not how Zac perceives the pains of being

in love; no, he sees a blonde: curling a cigarette around her breathless lips, asking dirty questions

on a beach towel, willing to piss all over his wounds. The whole damn world sweats when he sweats,

jerking off on his bedroom carpet just thinking about her. Not everything can be realized.

I walk down to fetch the paper. A corridor is a forced perspective. Zac delivers this news daily.