

hitched the towel on his right hip.

"Hey, I'll stop over at about three today, OK?"

"Yea, fuck, I'll be here until M-TV is over. Stop by."

"See ya'."

"Later." Bob hung up the phone and fell back onto the bed. His head was throbbing again. Getting dressed seemed like a dream as he wandered into the living room towards the steel desk. The PC still glowed. Bob pulled up a steel chair and stared blankly at the screen.

"Not a fucking word." Bob ran his fingers through his hair, struggling to remember. He raised his right hand and laid it gently upon the keyboard for a moment, then he pressed ten keys in a row without hitting the space bar:

LIT_____

Bob dragged himself over in front of the television. He clicked on M-TV. He lit a cigarette. He leaned his head back. He blew smoke into the air. He closed his eyes. He held his breath. He began to count to sixty.

Bob's pulse raced as sunlight sifted through the smoke. In the corner, on the steel desk, by the steel chair, the PC glowed.



Photo by Jennifer Davidson