Late Night Replay at Buddy's Exxon

Kevin Cantwell
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Everything visible drained to white so that his brain went blind & an iced runnel of nerve prickle jumped electric through his spine & he jelled in mid-reach for a carton of Camels, the whole animal of his heart, cramped & twisted like an arm between his shoulder blades, turned to what it scented, tuned to any movement, as if its movement would send impulse spinning through its hairpin curves, would touch off the firing pin submerged in the action: the dicy nerves of the Luger, which quivered and sniffed and nuzzled his nape like a doberman's nose.

Alone in the slump & churn of adrenaline's soup, he shut down the pumps, cut the lights, the cash drawer agape like a broken jaw.
Half-way home: how he couldn't remember. Under the streetlight—the chrome glitter of waxed leaves: the reflection of toy guns in sunlight: the kid from around the block of his past, denying the outcome of a battle: Screaming that he was alive, not dead, alive...