

It's for the Best

When I called my life on the phone to tell it I wanted to live a different one it was so good to me I could hardly stand it: *I understand, and if you ever want to try again I will be here, waiting. But I think I know what we have to do. So I'm going to hang up now, I'm going to hang up now*—and when I looked up everything I wanted was sitting across from me in the diner booth, grinning, holding out its hand. *Sorry I'm late but I'm ready to want you back now.* I said nothing, got in my little car and drove away. Made eye contact with a man limping down the wrong side of the highway, thought about giving him a ride, kept driving. Saw the house I'd always dreamed of buying on fire, thought about walking through every burning room of my useless other life, kept driving. Passed my elementary school of so many years ago, remembered the time another kid silently beat me up on the playground, all that hot blood spilling from my little mouth. Kept driving. Felt my car lurch over something. I pulled over onto the shoulder, walked back, turned on my flashlight: a raw red glistening mess. I turned off my light. I sat down in the slaughter. I rolled around in it, smeared my hair with its rust, took fistfuls of it with both my hands, scraped the last bits off the road with my nails, licked my fingers clean. Ate and ate my roadkill heart.

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