

LEGLESS

It's like being legless. No, wait. I'm sorry, karma, I didn't mean that. I take it back. It's more like being colorblind. In just one eye. For, like, a week or something.

Or, like suddenly going left-handed just as you sit down to fill out that Help Wanted form at MacDonald's and your writing's all wonky and d's are b's and who the fuck is Bavib? What kind of a name is that? I'm sorry, Mr. Bavib, the acned manager is snickering at you now, even though he's sweating straight through his uniform shirt, so really, you should be the one doing the judging, but either way there's no goddamn job for you here.

So, you wander on home, all slumps and shambles, to your bills marked red and piling high and spilling from desk to floor, and your overweight wife who

Just.

Won't.

Stop.

And those eight goddamn kids who are daddydaddydaddy all the fucking time, prancing about your legs, clawing at your knees and vying for your attention like ravenous piranhas of love and affection, but you're picked to the bone by now and have none to give. Can't even muster a smile. Can't even fend them off. Like some topless native in nature magazine centerfold who's given up swatting flies and resigned to the swarm.

I don't care if you're hungry; can't you see that daddy is broken? Oh, now you're thirsty? Then get yourself something to drink like a real man! What are you now? Eleven? Oh, four? Still. Get a fucking cup. Fill it. Take a fucking drink. How hard is that?

Wait. No, stop. Not the brown paper bag. Don't drink that. That's daddy juice. Go drink from the toilet or something.

The kids have scampered off to plaster the walls with poorly-rendered and mostly-unrecognizable murals of globular suns and boxy houses and six-fingered stick figures.

You don't have six fingers, you little shit. No one does. Didn't you learn that in school? What do you mean you don't go to school? Well, the fucking evidence is right there, clutching your Crayola. And you call yourself my son?!? I am ashamed of you. No, wait. I'm sorry, honey. Daddy didn't mean it. It's just that I don't want you to turn out left-handed like me.

And they cry. And they run off. And you're left alone to contemplate this Sisyphean trudge, asking yourself 'now what?' and 'why, God, why?' in front of fuzzy, poor-reception Letterman reruns. No job. No cash. Wolves at the door and hounds in the chimney, and you slouched at the wobbly kitchen table, slogging your way through a plastic handle of corner store Speyside while your better half is in the double-wide next-door, loudly, ecstatically visiting your neighbor Earl ("Earl got him some cableteevee. How come you don't get me no cableteevee?" Yeah, that's the one).

Ok, well, maybe not that bad, but it's up there.