

## Bitterness Bonanza

### I. The Key

A devil dog told me he swallowed the key to your heart. I picked at his stool for two weeks, but he just laughed. Long story short, I can't see you until I don't love you anymore. Long story short, I'm trapped in my own handcuffs with dog shit under my nails in a desert just outside the Santa Clarita Valley. Luckily for me, I swallowed a key of my own for just such an occasion.

### II. "Our" Wedding Website

Click to skip intro. Title: "Our Wedding Website," but not ours. Features galore. Click here to watch the couple struggle to break the bottle, followed by a release of doves, or peruse the menu of compassionately slaughtered, free-range delicacies. I like the part where they lay out your clothes, your feet sliding in to your shoes like swords into ornate sheaths. You can even take a fun quiz where you guess whether Munich, London, Barcelona, Venice, or Paris was your favorite part of the honeymoon. I choose Barcelona, a city still emotionally radioactive from when I dropped the L-bomb on you in a dark room above the promenade. The copious features are an excellent way to pass the time on a Saturday afternoon between lurking chat rooms discussing a line from the TBS-edited *Kill Bill, Volume 1*: "My name is Buck and I'm here to party," reading through old poems I wrote about you that were better than this one, trying to shake off the feeling that some one has stolen my life, and searching for that numbness that every one keeps talking about.

### III. Fields

Driving back to the Midwest. Almost sweet, cooking smell beginning to register. So beautiful were the hovering, yellow hearts that blossomed from the sky and soared across the garlic fields like a million tossed bouquets. Beautiful, these not-quite-leaves, even as they became treacherously blinding, soaking the air with alarming, yellow numerousness, threatening to crack through the windshield with the sheer brightness of their splatter. Beautiful, even when the smell of garlic wasn't sweet anymore, even when I could smell it through my mouth: disorienting, painful and persistent. Leaves don't move like this. They were butterflies. They were beautiful. And I was killing them.