

eleanor in uncertain way, pulling

i was three fingers deep into eleanor when elvis presley's kid brother threw on the overhead light. what happened next could rhyme if a body would let it. some discomfort was involved. this wasn't the night james died. the night james died, i didn't have much, if anything, inside of eleanor. her sister was in the front seat. was her sister torn between being disgusted and wanting to watch? isn't torn a little harsh? it was, after all, the night james died, wasn't it?

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now i've got it! the notorious kid sister was nowhere in sight. the night james died was the night eleanor tore the buckle off my belt. now, that — that was torn. an auto mechanic who stole what he wanted welded my belt buckle back into place.

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hey, you should have heard the gasp, the way the air just came right in. i'm talking about after the business with the overhead light, but before the business with the pretty-boy's lap, and what with eleanor's mouth and tongue and all.

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i don't mind. i'm the understanding sort. it takes time. you can count on me to understand, to be a patient, waiting man. i can pray a lot.

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eleanor tore my buckle off. the notorious kid sister was nowhere in sight. diana held the back of james's neck. diana didn't just get here; she's been sitting in the corner, on the floor in the dark, her knees drawn up to her chin while i plumb the depths of eleanor. elvis presley's kid brother is hugging the pretty boy in the next room. someone is sobbing, or it may be a murmuring singing like a lullaby, but i can't make it out enough to tell what or who or from where; and anyway, i'm busy, distracted, or intent. it is otherwise almost quiet. what noises there are are the hushed, muffled kind.

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i didn't even know james had died until diana said, james just died, but he's come back. if he saw anything on the other side, all those bright lights and tunnels

people are always going on about, he never said. the next day he came looking for the pills he'd spilled.

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i lied.

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eleanor put her tongue wherever she god-damn pleased.