A Cold Side of the Bed

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Spinning on the hardwood floor like a warped record, I’m drunk and hungry for the lovely sprawled on my bed. We met earlier that night at a bar in downtown Sheffield—the taint of the tri-cities area, the watered down Steel Reserve version of Pompeii. It’s a city of yard sale ruins, riding the coat tails of The University of North Alabama (TUNA).

We hit it off with casual small talk. She asked me about career options involving my degree, and I explained my exasperation toward public education teachers. Due to an acute distaste for macaroni necklaces, portable classrooms, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

She fancied my aspirations to be a writer, and goal to combine the holy trinity of characters Raoul Duke, George Costanza, and Charles Bukowski into one entity. She order us a round of Pabst Blue Ribbon and furthered her interrogation:

“Why do you write?”

“Out of fear,” I said. “Fear that I’ll become a cookie cutter copy submerged amongst the Pillsbury bourgeoisie. Fear that my degree in English will attract a job in advertising. I write to pay off my student loans. I write to channel the fear that one day I’ll have a stroke, become mute and unable to use my hands.” She whispered in my ear: “I’ll give you something to write about,” and tabbed out.
Seizing my hand, she escorted me to a dark stairwell shoved in the corner of an alley. We hid behind a dumpster and enjoyed a bowl of kine bud. Narrowly escaping the eyes of an elderly woman disposing her trash. Spring was in the air as she petted my groin and planted her tongue down my throat. She insisted we go to my place and without hesitation we bolted for the car.

At the apartment, she unveiled her work of art hidden behind a zebra satin strapless dress, to the score of a dirty river jazz band performing on the streets. She wrapped her legs across my back like an octopus and bit my chest hard enough, that morning revealed bruises.

And a cold side of the bed.