

## Foliage

You're walking down the street. No, perhaps you're one of those not city people and it's a field. So you're walking through a field of grass. It's very green. And you like green, at least for the purpose of this exercise. You like green so much that walking through this particular field, would've ordinarily equated to lighting one up after some hard-core fucking.

Not into hard-core? too bad. Just pretend that you are for the sake of continuity. Or for me if continuity isn't your thing either. I don't judge, honest.

So you're walking, feeling the little blades of grass caress your toes when most of your neck and jaw are thrown in front of your path. Almost like a dollop of bird shit or some forgotten mayonnaise. You turn around and see Phil (Phil is your friend) holding a colt 45 and laughing. His grin freaks you out a little though you could be mistaking discomfort for anger. Have you ever heard the vague riddle that asks why humans are capable of seeing more shades of green than any other color? If you haven't I'm about to ruin it for you. It's because of predators. Back when we were living in the wild it was important to discern predators from various plants. So green. Doesn't really do jack shit for us these days.

It could also be that now you're missing both your nose and a chunk of your lower facial structure so you're a tad bitter. Oh well, you think, at least he missed the trachea, that would've sucked. Though with your chin having been turned into the makeshift shoe dye nobody asked for, you attach sadness to the thought that you'll never properly be able to enter your Clooney years. What a waste. Phil is still smiling when he runs over, but he's stopped laughing. He pokes at your open

wounds, roughly wiping away the partially coagulated blood, and frowns. It hurts like a bitch.

“Ah damn,” he says, “I wanted us to match, Jawn.”

“Don’t you have bigger fish to follow and maim?”

Phil is a swimmer; so marine witticisms make total sense. And yet, from the fanatic quiver of his eyebrows, he’s not amused by your comment in the least. How unfortunate, you found it to be a fine smidgen of complaint. You stare at Phil’s face and let your line of sight trace over his missing eye before moving down across his pasty and speckled windpipe. It often makes his speech a tad bit difficult to understand but you’ve known him long enough to easily distinguish the difference between various croaks and whistles. In your mind, he’s still got that thick Jersey accent you’d give him shit for as a kid, before all this aggravating carnage.

“Wouldn’t that have been awesome, Jawn?”

Oh yeah, and your name is Jawn.