

CRAIG FINLAY
Something Special

Fuckin' Dave sings and mutters aperch the corner steps of the store where you and everyone else went to rent your prom tuxedos. He sprouts like a mushroom, you think. Drive to the liquor store and as you pass the steps are barren and then there's Fuckin' Dave instead. You remember walking to the Stop N' Go Video on a snow day for a Sega game and Fuckin' Dave was already there, birthed through a stratum of soft powder, smoking, listening to a Walkman. He scared you, with his long hair and leather jacket and so did his friends at Smoker's Corner, hands in girls' back pockets and Mountain Dew at their feet. The girls smoked disconsolate cigarettes while their boyfriends held you down and shoved mud up your ass and so you walked home with mud up your ass and fantasized about slow motion blood sprays on the bleachers and gunshot-truncated pleas for mercy. Fuckin' Dave is there now as you write this, pulling the world tight and heavy into his concave chest and hooking his feet at the ankles so it spins faster and all the cities and lights are like a long exposure of stars spinning around Polaris in thick felt. Twenty years now he has perched and smoked, staring at the darkened and empty spaces downtown, writing an epic in geologic timescale. Oh my fucking god you think as you see that visage follow your car over the crest of the tracks and the gentle yellow sodium light sweep through the dark of your car and the rest of Hurst Street, your street, the warm patched asphalt inviting you to rest your head and wonder why you remember the things you do. Twenty years now but not finished. The babies who go there now to rent tuxedos and look like men in the tall three-fold mirrors are impossibly young. And if Fuckin' Dave is there on the week when all the tests come back positive and the diagnosis is terminal you may finally approach him and ask the right question.