

thrice great hermes

#2

by stanley lieber

the shadow of the water tower concealed nothing. the ups truck stopped, too close, dislodging its driver into the dark grass adjacent to vidya's present geolocation. it was a special delivery.

"you were in the navy?"

"what?" vidya, confused. "oh, this." his hat. "it's from magnum p.i."

the driver blinked.

vidya accepted the parcel and turned back towards the school.

he wondered if sl would show up today. right away, he decided that he probably wouldn't. his usual pattern. vidya cut into the box and verified its contents against the shipping manifest. sl's gift had arrived intact.

along the path he imagined: houses, trees, fences, gravel, weeds, insects, scattered refuse, miscellaneous advertising materials. he wadded up the shipping manifest and tossed it into the shallow ditch that ran alongside the road. who cared.

his hat smelled of sweat.