

thrice great hermes

#11

by stanley lieber

there would be no further harassment from sl.

vidya sealed off the portal, taping the manila envelope shut with an expensive roll (a pattern of multi-colored blocks) he had mail ordered from overseas. he had shattered the rubber stamp with a large rock found along the side of the road. a geode. no more of this.

vidya's gaze fell on the mirror. he went to work on his eyebrows, trimming what he saw as the excess by shaving around the hollow of his eye socket with a disposable razor. next he slathered shaving cream on the back of his head and performed a similar maneuver around the bottom of his undercut. he fastened his gold chain around his neck and pronounced himself fit to be seen. by whom?

returning to his room he realized that he had not removed the sheets from his bed. he carefully folded the whole mess up into his comforter and deposited the enormous wad of heavy quilt into the washer.

back in his room he gently scrubbed his suede shoes with foam cleaner and a brush. his thoughts fizzled on the notion of the long walk to school.

and so he decided he wouldn't go.