

Waiting To Be Called

By William J Fedigan

It hits Jimmy like a hammer.

-I could lose today, he says. I could lose him today, he says, knowing it could happen, really happen, hitting him like a hammer.

-Take it easy, Jimmy, Flower says, looking at him, seeing him, wanting to scream at him.

-What'll I do if I lose him?

-Things'll work out, Flower says, knowing they won't, they won't work out for Jimmy. Not today.

-I'll fuckin die is what I'll do, Jimmy says, shaking. His hands, fingers, everything shaking.

-Best thing, don't say a word. Don't look at her, especially her. Don't look at anybody except him. If he asks you something, keep it simple, say "Yes Sir" or "No Sir." Be polite to show respect, and don't shake... Stop shaking for chissakes.

-Can't help it. I'm scared.

-You're fuckin hungover is why you're shaking, Flower says, wanting to scream at him, piss on his head. Trying to hold it in.

-I was scared.

-I told you don't drink. I told you when you wanna drink, think about him, think about losing him if you do drink, Flower says, trying to hold it in.

-I fucked up...

-You fucked up when you left him in the park, Flower says, letting it out.

-Only for couple of minutes...

-Couple of hours...in the park alone...

-Ok ok, Jimmy says, shaking, I fucked up.

-Three years old...

-I fucked up....

-You fucked up and now you're here waiting...waiting to be called.

-I can't stop shaking, Jimmy says. What if I lose? What if I lose him? Jimmy says, hitting him like a hammer, needing a drink, two drinks. Bones, teeth, brains shaking loose. I'll die is what I'll do... I'll fuckin die...

-Ok ok. Take it easy. Things'll work out, Jimmy, Flower says, knowing they won't, not today, not for

Jimmy, not today...

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