

Due Process

Four-thirty in the morning, alone, Rio supposedly coming out. Exhausted as a motherfucker. Had two shows, one for a chick's eighteenth birthday party and one for some dude down in the shittiest part of Vine Street. Running on ephedrine for the fifth day straight, not one full hour of sleep. Mentally drained and in the moments of distraught and turmoil that only a personal loved one can curry a damn dent in. Seventh day without sex, ejaculation even. I was so fuckin' hurt I couldn't even fathom beatin' off. Today was the first day Rio actually made a fuckin' half hours time available for me to see her ass. Fact is, the chick's been a nympho with me since day one. Fuckin' here, there and everywhere. Show up in the middle of the day and shit and ask me to do'er. Incredible stamina like a goddamn race horse and shit. Made me out to be somebody ranked. Idolatry, like I was a fuckin' sheik that could eat and puke the finest of delicacies dusk 'till dawn. Never the slightest doubt about her. Implicit trust, on my end at least. So what the fuck is happening? I'll tell ya. Shes fuckin' me something awful, that's what!

Phone rings and like it's her. She'd paged me about an hour ago from her house in Fairfield and like an idiot I race out there without calling from my show to surprise her. Surprise, dickhead, she ain't there, right? So I'm driving at least ninety down Winton road, scaring the hell out of everybody and shit to get home and hear this shit. Some shit about havin' another show and being at an empty hotel room in fucking Kentucky. Go figure.

- "I'll be out in a little bit, honey. I love you."

It was the kind of responses you get from someone who really gives a shit about you. I don't know who the fuck gave it to'er. So I'm like off to bed thinkin' maybe this seven day and running, nonchelat, I don't give a flying fuck about Robert act is coming to a fuckin' close. Wrongo, Bong O' Bong.

She gets to my house at about five. Gets naked, crawls in bed next to me real close like and its like lights out. Well at first I was a bit unconcious and not too aware of what was goin' on. Then, realizing that she was here, I kinda slip out a remark that, well, ya know, that it'd been seven motherfuckin' days. Que es su problema, goddamn. I mean like I didn't even really want it I was so fuckin' tired, but still. It'd been nice to think she did, or at least had considered it. How fuckin' long is she gonna play this game of being so close while simultaneously being so distant. I'd told her for the last four days that I was suffering something miserable and that I needed her bad. This ain't like me damnit, and she knew it. I'm just not the personal type with any fuckin' body. If I'm subjectin' my ass to the lower rungs of humility like that shit, you can believe I'm damn near suicidal feelin'. Anyway, she is just tired and so exhausted and has to get up in the morning. Well that did it.

Up like an untrained mut on a peanut butter laddened table spoon, I was gettin' my shoes on.

"Honey, what's wrong?"

"What's wrong??? You heartless wench!!! You're fuckin' killin' my shit. I'm ready to hire out a fuckin' stripper and shit. I need to feel close to you, now like a bitch. I'm feelin' like Todd's wet jean shorts on the fuckin' deck. Ain't slept in five fuckin' days, eatin' obsessively as hell. Do you realize that I have gone from one eighty to two o'six since Thursday night? That's twenty-six motherfuckin' pounds in two days. And I am not joshing. I look like a fuckin' marshmello!!! I'm about to waste the tears I've been planning to shed at my mother's funeral. Baby I'm needin' some affection in the worst way. Not sexual, just plain fuckin' love. I'm bleedin' inside. It hurts bad, real bad."

"Honey, I love you, please just come in here and lay by me."

"I'm goin' joggin'."

Within less than five minutes I'm dressed in a ridiculous array of mismatched colors and patterns having just ripped some shit out of the closet in the dark. Go in the other room, sit on the couch and light up a stogy. Sixth night without sleep under way. Went in the kitchen, grabbed my gorilla mug of coffee and hit the couch again. Bitch is passed out and obviously unconcerned.

"Thanks honey. Love you too. Oops, hope I didn't wake you. Fuckin' bitch."

Goin' joggin, yeah right. You couldn't have drug my ass down the street with a truck and a chain. Went into my room where my heartless loved one lay oblivious to my pain and grabbed a fifth of Woozie I'd bought two days prior at a poney keg when shoppin' with my ma. Poured half the bottle in my coffee mug with the coffee remaining and chugged the shit like it tasted good. Downed the other half the bottle right after that. Then I went in my room again and snagged a fifth of Blackberry Brandy I bought when I got that Woozie shit. We're talkin' about some hardy self-destruction here. I'd be clockin' out this evening no doubt.

"Honey, come in here please."

I'm thinkin' yeah right and shit, ya know. Headin' for the bottom of the stairwell that leads to the front door of my apartment with my bottle and blanket. Must have looked like an alcoholic Linus ten years after. Anyway, my second bottle lasted 'bout as long as the first half of the first one. Ballin' my fuckin' eyes out and whimperin' like a goddamn college freshman bitch after gainin' the "freshman fifteen." Rock bottom was where the fuck I was at. I know she could hear me. Anybody else in the world would've been by my side in assured consolation. Enough compassion to cover the head of a baby's dick would've sufficed from the right person. Ya know, the one too tired to make the twenty

one foot journey to my disperity.

"Why why why why why why why why why why why why why fuckin' why?"

So I'm like on my way to Dan's. He lives next door. Knock on his bedroom window.

"Dan, open your front door for me dude."

"What? Are you ok?"

Ignoring the question, I'm like staggerin' around the building and clingin' to my third fifth, this time some French Brandy or other. I mean come on. Does a person who's ok come to your window at seven a.m. and say open your front door for me in tongues. Meet Dan at his door lookin' like a drunk drunk. Clumped in and plopped on his couch.

"Damn, man, what the fuck is happenin' to you?"

We spiraled in dialogue for about an hour. Me ballin', him listening, hand on shoulder. You see, that shit I couldn't find anywhere else at that hour. Just kept slurping my Brandy and listening to solve my problems that I hadn't even told 'em existed. It was one of those foolish one ended childish discussions where one asks fifty interrogative questions while the other whimpers answers.

"Is it your dog, Rex? Is it a family member? Did you loose your favorite earring?"

Meanwhile, my demeanor dominated by frustration, like, come on idiot, this is obviously a bad Rio night.

This shit went on for about an hour. Long enough for him to find out everything that hadn't gone wrong in the last ten years. Got so damn irritated that Rio was the last of my concerns. I wanted more alcohol just to bring myself out of this newfound irritated state I'd been dunked into. A good fight with Rio would've cheered me up at that point. Told my pal, Dan thanks and that I was cool now and bolted back to my apartment. Sprung up the steps in what had to be the most discordant manner. Grabbed my car keys and swirled hidiously to my car like a perverted madman. Needed some smokes don't you know? Swear I drove a hundred the whole fuckin' way. Of course when you're drunk you're a better driver, right? Ask anyone who's had more than ten beers on a Friday night. I was back in less than eight minutes, and I even got a coffee. See? I told ya so.

So I'm like stormin' up the steps and feelin' a little better now that I can torment my body a bit further with some drags of carbon monoxide. Stumble my ass throught the living room and grab the phone receiver. Called all my closest friends and let them in on my drunken stupor. Guess it just makes the atrocities of the event a bit more ceremonious.

About my third call, I'm like talkin' to a pal of mine named Todd. He's at Sensations

answering phones so I knew he'd be up. Wouldn't have cared if he weren't. Done things for him before. He could stand to lose a smidgeon of sleep for me without keeling over. Anyway, five to ten minutes of conversation had passed before Rio peeps her snoot around the corner sayin' some shit about how she can't believe how I'm talkin' about her on the goddamn phone and how it ain't nobody's business. Fact of the matter is, honey, ain't said shit but the truth. None of it was harsh or demeaning in the least. And if ya got the motherfuckin' energy to slug your lazy, good for nothin' ass out of bed to bitch about somethin' so shit off as stupid as this, ya should've had the equivalent to come to my aid when I fell and smacked my head against the fuckin' door comin' in to get that fourth fifth of Brandy a minute ago.

"I'm leaving!!!"

With that it was over. All semblance of order on the part of me was done in. Table over head and all that was on it to the ceiling. Brand new goddamn brass lamp, hundred and thirty dollar phone, six filing trays, two coffee mugs, and every picture in the table's path as it heralded to the ceiling before descending again to the floor whereupon it had to quake the fuckin' neighbors right the fuck out of bed. Shit, these fuckers bitch their britches off when a thumb tack pierces the floor. The walls in this place could easily withstand a sunami, but the floors, I think, are made of paper mache. Rio turned and ran like a son-of-a-bitch down the stairs never lookin' back for a goddamn second's ass. My ass slung a wall portrait of a meaningless boat at my buddy, Dan and then attacked the lamp cover shade with a right hook. Making sure Rio got one more plug, I ran to the upstairs deck patio door and screamed, "Bitch!!!!!!!!!!!!!!".

Every light in the vicinity was flickerin' to inquire on the ruckis. I like that. I mean, don't ya think the neighbors should know what goes on in their loving neighbor's home at nine a.m. after a typical Monday night rendezvous. Come to find my hand is bleedin' like the nuts of a Jeffery Dahmer victim just before I socked the shit out of a glass covered portrait that my ex-chic, Tonya, gave me when we were goin' out. About that time I descended my noggin' to the porcelain pisser where my hair drifted atop the water 'till I began to hurl puke something pathetic. Mass fluid, snotgreen and chunky. Hadn't eaten in quite a while. Figured they were organs and shit. Dan kept his distance and I could hear the door opening caddy corner and down from the john's entrance. Come to realize it's Tom and Christina. Two friends who don't know each other for shit, but nonetheless when there's crisis people usually tend to pull together to make things a bit simpler. So Tom gets me by the nape of my neck with a glob of puke lavished hair while Christina begins to cater to my bleeding paw. Within I'd say about ten minutes I'm on the corner of my bed with Christina now holdin' up my swollen, waterlogged face while I took drags off of another smoke. The house was littered with broken glass and scraps of wood that had previously served to encompass photos I'd acquired when I was a bit less hostile to their images. Two obliterated light bulbs and a host of matter that must have stood in my way as I'd haplessly swatted a path through the apartment that wasn't meant to be.

"Get to bed dude," Tom said.

"Yeah, Robert, you need to get some sleep. Robert, honey, I'll clean up the mess. He's right. Come let me put you down so you can get some sleep. Get 'em some coffee, Tom," Christina said.

"Fuck that ya idiot, that's all we need is a wide awake drunk maniac Robert right now. We're lucky the police, no fuck that, the swat team ain't here already! Worse yet, the psycho ward and their straight jackets," yelled Tom.

Upon what I've been told from this point on, that's about it. Eleven o'clock in the morning and out like a Spinks in a Tyson fight. Didn't wake up 'till eleven o'clock that night. Had a glass of water and was out again 'till four o'clock or so the next fuckin' day. Shit, dude I've heard so many rumors since then it's ridiculous. People sayin' Rio was thrown off the deck and beaten to a pulp before being gang raped and shit. Small towns sure have their share of delicious conversation, ay? Turns out my grandpa, who incidentally told me no chick was worth all this shit, not even my grandma, my pal Bill, and old Todd all came out to help my intoxicated menace. Whatta night and the greatest thing of all was that Rio missed the lamp being socked. Man the bulb just sparked something terrific. That hollow boom, man. Yeah, she just shook in fear and charged down the fuckin' steps like a big puss. I'm afraid she's seen a few too many of my tirages to stick around without being reveled with the fear of the unknown. Whatever. Things turned out fine as always. Rio called the next evening with the I'm sorry's, I love you's and the we can work it out's. Don't get me wrong either, this is just one of those fights we've had where I can be cocky and boast in such delicate arrogance for having been the one whereat the blame was found to be of the less preponderant. I've been the wet sock in the other shoe myself. Fuck, I can admit it. In fact, I love to. Only problem is that it's here 99.9% of the time. I do love'er though, even if I do end up hatin'er ass most of the time. That's as natural as pokin' a hole in a tomato and screwin' it when your thirteen, every kid does the shit. This trivial crap don't mean didly squat to me. And no matter what chaotic scenario we might decide to play out on any unpredictable given night, uncertainty is just another of the fine spices of my life that I'm sure all fine cultured, psychotic, neurotic, confident, secure, intellectually inclined ass fuckin' people must surly endure if they seek to truly be entertained by their frivolous existence.

onna be smokin' like a couple of jealous bitches. We were about twenty minutes

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