

August Shivers

45 minutes north my father was horizontally alone, with nothing but some Hero Bread and preseason football. His neck permanent at a 45° angle.

Piles of clothing multiple sizes smaller than he has been in years. Matted carpet that's practically tile. The shoe hanger flopping on the door.

Wire shelving furnished with crusty dishes coated in sauce. An AC unit next to his head rattling away. Tubing awkwardly taped to the window where the spiders get in.

A large hole punched through the drywall next to his bed from losing in his videogames. A 45" TV regularly used still collects dust. White sheets are now light brown.

Two-liter bottles of urine sit right above his head touching the four separate bottles of salad dressing that he drinks. The bright white boob light never stops.

Sometimes he and his flip-flops will venture up the canyon on his beloved motorcycle, allowing him some sunshine as he listens to more football. These are always alone.

He ruminates on two failed marriages. He thinks about the many failed relationships and he never fails to remind himself why he is ruined. He remembers the career

choices he should've never made. He remembers 2008. This man one voted "Most Likely to be a Millionaire," has only me, but I am never around and it's like

this I remember him no matter how hard I shake and I rattle and I shiver.