

Moons Over My Hammy

Jon Sands

is a sandwich I know dick about. I'm not above Denny's 3:00 AM breakfast. I'm just from Cincinnati, which means if you're classically inebriated with the moon out, that is some shit you do at Waffle House, where the hash brown options describe my sixteen-year-old brain cells tonight at Mark Baker's dad's townhouse (who is gone on business), and we play Kings until seven people have chugged the equivalent of four Natural Lights, each, from a flower vase, and my parents told me, Just no alcohol and that's final, which is high school speak for cover-your-tracks, which is fucking impossible for a sixteen year old. I wear American Eagle everything, because it's an affordable Abercrombie, in order to look like someone who has made out with more than three girls (two of which while I was on vacation). Tonight, Alicia Westen spends an hour over my lap at Mark's dad's vomiting into a plastic garbage bag I am holding, each time passing echoey loud gas, which will define her more in our minds than that her father will die unexpectedly from a heart attack in seventeen months. Carrie Ballard will laugh the loudest, even though in two years, she will fellate three juniors in one night, and we will write it into the senior skit for our

graduating class of 630, and Coach Ambrose will find me the morning of the assembly, and say man-to-man, to follow through with that skit is the kind of thing that damages someone for life, so I smile while backing away and say It is out of my control. Tonight Ox and I throw two punches that both miss, then lock ourselves in Mark's dad's bedroom to cry and say we love each other, while Mark screams and pounds the door, and people will tell that story eleven years from now.

Tonight, Jay Oliver is a sixteen-year-old on mushrooms who doesn't need to deal drugs, wearing Ox's XXXL highlighter orange jump-suit, being chased through Tannenger Woods by a suburban traffic cop who shatters his femur on an oak tree. And we definitely meet at Waffle House at three in the morning where we know Joanne the waitress by name, pool our quarters to play Meatloaf's "I Would do Anything for Love" 36 times back to back on the juke box, and I fall out of my chair on purpose to laugh on the ground. I have not lost my virginity, my grandparents, or spoken a word aloud about my father falling in love with another woman. Mark Baker uses the word "gay" seventeen times, refusing to apologize. It is 4:00 A.M in 1999 at Waffle House. I am drunk enough to loudly call him racist. I throw up in the bathroom before taking my scattered, smothered, covered hash browns to go, stumble the full five miles of moonlight back to my bedroom, weeping the entire way.