

Crawlspace

"THE GOVERNOR SMILED"

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as he lay his sweaty greezy palm on the Bible and began to repeat the oath--it was that little Bible he'd requested be used in the ceremony because of "family ties"--sentimental and humble, Christian values--audience wiping tears of denial and racism, killing and fear--he wheezed to himself with righteous self-knowledge: he'd swiped the black book from the hotel-room drawer the night before his wedding--night he'd liquored up and got down--night he butt-raped his loyal wife-by-his-side--somehow he knew why at that moment as his hand caressed the word of God mouthing empty promises--flashback his white mixing with her red, his fiance's torn anus melting into nooses on niggers and Jews to be blamed--he was getting hard, and shot his bleached lifted tucked drugged wife a glance that made her much-abused asshole pucker in horrible American anticipation. "So help me God!"

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