

## Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

Matt Gillick  
Glassy

No drip. No hot-panned sizzle in the back of the throat. We were going to go to another bar, but our eyes flash of curb stomps behind smoky pool halls. Greg and I remain at his apartment. Still no drip but wired enough to feel the need to hide away. Greg paces from his island table kitchen to his living room leather couch (up and back, up and back) telling me various ways we could kill his boss. Evidently, his earnings presentation didn't go well.

He's spilling gin and tonic on the floor and the TV's too loud; every other word drowned out by a public access program featuring Jerry Lewis stumbling through cue cards. Children propped up by crutches idle behind. I laugh and go *Ladddyyyy!* but Greg ignores this, continuing to explain how he and his boss take the same commute. He tells me I could redirect the security camera right when the 4-train comes into Union Square. One simple nudge. He said the same thing about the HR lady last week, except that the murderous plot involved the Chrysler building. I pull back on the plastic rum bottle. Nothing left, so I walk to the fridge and find a moldy cup of Greek yogurt. He's now talking about what shade of black my ski mask should be: jet black because charcoal's too noticeable. That would be rather suspicious for the month of June, I think. Greg shoves another bundle up his nose.

The program cuts from the slurring Buddy Love to a manipulatively slow piano progression accompanied by a grinning, gummy white baby held in a mother's arms. Greg tilts his head and squints like he's looking at a fractured space rock through a microscope. He snuffles, pawing at his red nose, and finally goes quiet for once. The ad-mother looks so happy at the life borne from her body—smiling into absorbent eyes. A voiceover announces that potential goes hand in hand with sustainability, introducing the new and improved 2015 hybrid sedan.