

# Standing Still

*Gregory Nero*

*Abstract*—Reading Murakami in the corndog shop. Casually flipping pages between sips of lemonade and deep fried meat and cheese. When did I stop being a boy? The dining area reminds me of a hospital waiting room, unfortunately. I stopped showering for a week, maybe more than a week. I can't remember. I wanted to know what I smell like. Pheromonally, you know? Sweat and open glands and skin. It's a way of being intimate with myself. They make corndogs with cheese cores: you could get a mozzarella stick corndog. The young man killed the Commendatore, and there was lots of blood. Lots and lots of blood, everywhere. The other night I was falling asleep at the bar's patio table. Really, very tired. Somebody with me was a wasp expert. The tragedy of that situation was that I am extremely curious about wasps. I have so many questions about wasps. But I was falling asleep at the table, probably not drinking a Budweiser. So I didn't learn about wasps that night. I couldn't finish the corndogs. I was a little bit too ambitious, it appears. But I deserve to be decadent sometimes. At Sunday school we learned about how to crucify people properly. The trick is to pound the nails just *below* the hands in between the wrist bones. There will be blood, lots of blood. Lots and lots of blood, everywhere. If you fail to do this properly then the person's weight will rip the nails right through their hands and they'll fall. The hands are fragile, see. You want to nail them just *below* the hands, in between the wrist bones. I closed my book, threw out my trash, and left the corndog shop.

*Index Terms*—making, soup, at, 10pm

SETTING THINGS OUT IN THE DAYLIGHT

Anger as a form of self respect.