

Drunk in L.A.

There was this girl I once met at a party in L.A., and she told me what to do when I was feeling sick and wanted to puke from drinking too much. She was a pretty girl. She had a nice round face, with light friendly eyes. Maybe she was a little chubby, or maybe I was a little drunk, but I would have ravished her either way. She looked like a fun girl. She had chaotic dirty blonde L.A. hair. She was all curves. Like the mountain road leading up to Big Bear. She was all new wave energy. The girl from L.A. might have had a problem with drinking too much. Who didn't have a problem with drinking too much? Life is just the journey to death. If it's not one thing it's another. There are the credit card bills to get out to L.A. from the other coast — Miami, Florida. There are bad drivers, bad problems, bad writing, bad lives. One had to drink to stay sane.

But she told me what to do when I wasn't feeling good from drinking too much.

"Just put your fingers down your throat," she said to me with a cute smile and Chinese eyes. Not that she was Chinese; it's just what happens to your eyes after drinking all night.

"Sometimes you just got to do it; it'll make you feel better," she said to me while taking a drink from a bottle of something light brown; I don't know what it was. I was drunk.

I looked at the cold gray floor in the back yard of her friend's middle class, three-bedroom, two-point-five-bathroom, chainlink-fence house in the suburbs. And at the dying brown grass next to the cold gray floor. My hands were clutching the top of the cold chain linked fence and I was hunched over contemplating puking or not. A cool breeze came in from the valley, and a chill ran through my body. I thought

about what she said. Then I thought about something Baudelaire said: "One must be forever drunken: that is the sole question of importance. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that bruises your shoulders and bends you to the earth, you must be drunken without cease. But how? With wine, with poetry, with virtue, with what you please. But be drunken."

"Na, I think I'll be O.K. just another minute of fresh air is what I need," I said to her. "That and a cigarette and another drink... and then...I'll be OK."

"I do it all the time; then you keep drinking," she said to me. "Sometimes I don't even feel sick. I just do it to keep drinking some more. Like when I get too full from drinking too much and can't drink anymore. I just make myself puke and keep going."

Now that's some hard-core drinking. Here I thought I was well on my way to apocalyptic drinking, and this girl just humbled me. Nineteen years old and she pukes to drink more. If I puke from drinking, I usually stop drinking. That might be a different story today. Now I puke and keep going, thinking of her. Now I puke from drinking too much and keep going to get the buzz back and the taste out of my mouth. But back then it was the first time I'd heard of such a thing. I learned from the girl that I met drunk in L.A. that night. Sometimes you can't get enough of a bad thing.

I composed myself; the air helped, and I didn't feel like vomiting anymore. I looked at her and felt sorry for her. Holding her drink in one hand, smoking a cigarette with the other, looking at me through her light and friendly bloodshot eyes. Still it might have been the alcohol, or the fact that I was staring at her friend's ass all night until my friend went off with her, but right now I lusted for this chubby Chinese-eyed girl like an addict longing for his next fix. Now I felt a moment of self-pity. Her full lips she puked from made me long to kiss them. It was a rough life; you need distractions to keep going. Like full lips, fuller hips, empty talk, and a drink to keep things light. You need cable TV, cigarettes, bad poetry, and long drives to nowhere to stay mentally healthy.

I looked at the sky and saw the smog and all the stars trying to brawl through the smog. Then my skinny friend came outside

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to where we were. I looked at the chubby girl I wanted to fuck, and she smiled at me. My friend looked at me, and I looked at him, and it was time to go. I thought about talking him into staying longer so I could fuck the chubby girl with the light bloodshot eyes.

"Give me a minute to say good-bye," I told him.

He went into the house with the girl with the nice ass, and I was left to finish my talk with the girl teaching me how to drink. I was left alone to say good-bye to the chubby girl with Chinese eyes and full lips.

Next to the cold chain linked fence, which was next to the dying grass, under the fighting stars, with the chubby girl with the light blood shot eyes, I wondered if I would see her again.

"I got to get going, I have a plane to catch early tomorrow. I'm only in town visiting old friends and family I've left behind."

"We never leave the people we meet behind; they always stay with you." she said staring into my soul.

"Actually I've heard that some people that believe in reincarnation say we stay within our own groups. For example, me meeting you now means you might have been my sister in a past life, or like my first grade teacher or something," I said, wondering where the thought process goes when you've been drinking.

She leaned closer to me and I took her cue and leaned in closer to her.

"That sounds interesting," she whispered.

Our lips met somewhere in the middle. Our tongues danced under the smog-filled night with all the fighting stars. Her mouth tasted of wine coolers, cigarettes and puke. It turned me on. I got hard and we pressed closer to each other as the kiss became more passionate. My lips merged with her fullness. We stayed looking at each other, under the stars, desperately struggling through the smoggy night, like some madman trying to get through some bad life.

I heard the moans from the living room where my friend was with the girl with the nice ass. The chubby girl talked for a while. She liked to ski and snowboard, and she wanted to be a veterinarian or a centurion, maybe librarian or something else ian or ion.

"Well, I guess I got to go now. We should try to keep in touch," I said, knowing we both knew it was a lie.

These are the things that two strangers say to each other. It's the required pleasantries. She lied back.

"Ya, that would be nice; it was nice meeting you."

"Nice meeting you too, bye."

We leaned in for a quick goodbye kiss and a hug and walked into the living room together. There we found our friends in an embrace. An orgy of tongues dancing in the center of them.

They stopped when they noticed us after a minute.

My friend gave me his keys because he was too drunk to drive, and I drove his little stick shift car to my brother's house. It

was actually only the second time I've driven stick shift. But it had become routine driving drunk.

We got to my brother's house. A place I had grown up in but seemed foreign now on the few occasions I came back to visit. My friend and I said good-bye to each other.

"I'll see you next time I'm in town," I told him.

"That'll be good man. Stay in touch," he said.

We hugged like brothers and he drove off into the night.

That was the last time I went to L.A. I never saw my friend again, or the chubby, full lipped, L.A. girl.

My brother visits Miami now. Life is still hard; there are still bills, even more bills. There is never any money to go visit my brother. There are worse drivers, and with older age the music seems loud for the first time. The slutty girls are annoying now, the job sucks, and the sluts don't. I wonder if the L.A. girl ever thinks of me. So I still drink to try to keep my sanity. And whenever I drink too much and feel like puking, I think of that night years ago when I met the girl in LA with all the curves, and the taste of wine coolers, cigarettes, puke and the girl didn't suck and life did, still does, and it doesn't matter.



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