

HUTCH & HAMILTON EXCERPT (2021)

I've had time to reflect on grief.
The year before covid, my life was full of death.
Grief is the weirdest emotion I have ever encountered.
It is so unpredictable; just when you think you have it figured out, it reveals a whole new layer.

Grief can be such an asshole.
It demands to be fed and wants nothing good for you.
I'd be running errands and grief would suddenly take over, it would whisper in my ear,
"Get something BAD to eat. You need DIPPING sauce. LOOK, Swiss Chalet, MMMM."
My body tells me not to turn into the parking lot, but grief exclaims,
THE FESTIVE SPECIAL IS ON!! THE FESTIVE SPECIAL IS ON!! LINDOR BALLS.

Openly drooling, I make my order,
"I'll have a quarter, no, a half, no, a FULL chicken dinner. TWO dipping sauces and TWO extra
buns for EXTRA dipping! You have free refills, correct? COKE please!"

(Act out eating like an animal at a trough, asking for numerous refills)

I needed three lemon water finger bowls to get clean.

Thirty minutes later, the grief has turned to regret.
I have learned the physics of Swiss Chalet-the time of exit is equal to the time of entry.
It is surprising how quickly solid food can turn into liquid.

The time it takes to get home equals the time it took me to wolf down the special- including all
FIVE Lindor balls.

Grief is nowhere to be heard as it takes me ten minutes to get out of the car and another ten to
arrive at the front door, all the while clenching my ass cheeks to stop the festive flow.

My man opens the door,
"What wrong with you?"
"Too much Swiss Chalet!"
I manage to hobble to the toilet and unleash the unrecognizable.
My asshole burns for a full 24hrs.
Grief is satiated.

Hopefully death stays away for a while.
My system can't handle it.

