

## JOHN M. BENNETT

### *Wads Fork*

They were sitting down to dinner  
Giant News was on the tube, lumps of  
fries were stiffening on the platter, a face of  
ears and teeth above the bowling trophies on the chinacase,  
he starts to cut the ham he  
stabs the tines in his whiteskin watchspot  
MISSED THE MEAT he shrieked clutching his arm and  
jerking his head to his lap

He ran upstairs and squeezed some blood he  
glanced the mirror the  
skin was gray the teeth were dry a spiral of snot  
was on his glasses he chokes a sob he  
thrusts up his arm and stands, cold and sweating,  
as he tries to slow and order up his breathing,  
remember where she keeps the family box of masking tape