



First time I got high with Moms? Summer before college. Late at night, the night dad moved in with The Italian. She clomped downstairs, beat up spirit wise, stopping at my bedroom door. Instead of knocking, Moms went throaty. At first I couldn't hear -the TV was on blast. But she went on -ahem Ahem AHEM- until gargled phlegm drowned out P Diddy. I got up, opened up the door. Moms, I said. Jimmy, said Moms, let's do grass.

Though it was June, Moms wore a turtleneck. Those sweaters were her signature. Neon, earth-hued, Moms' closet practically spilled over with neck girdles. This one, canary yellow, strangled the neck but around the wrists hung loose, flaring like trumpets. She came in, sat down, and turned off the TV. Under the trumpets, her stub fingers quivered. Clacking Lee press-ons boomed through the silence. But more than the nails, I remember those fired-out eyeballs. Her eyes looking weirdly loose, tied in by the skinniest strings.

Sitting, Moms repeated Let's smoke grass. *Let's like let-us?* Right. *Right what?* Put the grass in your pipe and *let-us* smoke it, like *right* now. Moms -I knew- knew I got high. Junior year, she found the bowl Jen bought me for my birthday. I knew she found it because the bowl was scraped out and washed, left upright on my desk. I'd left it half packed, laid out in the sock drawer.

*Umm...Moms, you sure? You mean you want to...you know?* Moms slayed me with the eyeballs. I side stepped the bean bag chair, pulled out the desk chair. In the desk drawer was the fake Lysol with the pull out bottom. I pulled the bottom out and took out the plastic bag. Two small nuggets. From the sock drawer, under the tube socks, I got the bowl, packed it.

*Put your finger on the carb, okay Moms? I'll light the grass. Gradually pull in. Pull slower, slower than a cigarette. Like that, that's okay. Yeah. Try to hold it in. Not too long. As long as you don't get dizzy that's...there. Not bad, Moms. You're uh...welcome. Me? Nab, thanks. I mean I'm...(eyeballs)...really I was just...(Eyeballs)...kay lemme just get lit here.*

I sparked it. Lit, the weed sizzled, consuming itself. Cannibal weed. Hmmph. Thumb off the carb, suck it all in. Eyes back, sizzle the lungs. Sting the tiny airbags, a clean sting mmpmh mmpmh Out. One more? Really I...sloooooooph. Deeper than last time, longer inside. If we're smoking, we're smoking -right? But don't show off. No rapper tricks -out the mouth then in the nose and out over again. The basement smelled good, a good forest smell. I packed the bowl again and Moms hit it.

Afterwards, Moms got up, tugged down her turtleneck, and went around the TV to the full length mirror. For a few minutes, she made model poses. Moms checked out her thighs, her stomach. She sized up her ass, which sat like a raw turkey in back of her Dockers. Closing my eyes I saw it, Moms' turkey butt. Raw, blood drained, soppy. What kind of butt did The Italian have? Also a bird? Was it a duck like the duck we ate at Matteo's? Suddenly Moms spun around, exploding the idea. Play some music, Jim!

My stereo was broken, so I turned the TV on. R.Kelly belted the bridge to a track with a tricky beat. Me and Moms clasped hands. Twirling me she danced. Next, Moms stepped out, doing old fashioned mashed potato moves. Cockily, I juiced up BET. Kicking the beanbag, I made room, then popped and locked. Then Moms joined in. She went

