

From the Notes of the Great Buffalo Holocaust, 1997

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First Place Literature, Drake University©2006

1.

...the mountains were on fire – a thick grey sky over a horizon of broken black teeth. The news helicopters made it look like a holocaust of hugely mournful buffaloes burning in a pile. The smoke colored the afternoon sun like a blood drop. Framed by three crosses near the local church, my winter felt *this* close to the apocalypse.

2.

At twenty, I wonder if it's too presumptuous to expect the parenthetical (1985 - ?) to be found following my name.

3.

I can only trust the opinions of those who live in utter fear of death. My sister and I, as children, saw angels. All the time, everywhere.

4.

Well, I haven't eaten all day. It's been nothing but ashes in ashtrays for me.

5.

I am still learning to write words I can whisper...

6.

My mother is a cook and when I was young she let me lick the frosting from the spatula. My father is a painter and when I was young he let me suck the paint from his brushes.

7.

As mentioned before, the life of an amateur knife juggler is a mildly embittered and chaotic one. One can only be so happy with the blade pinched between their toes before the next one falls.

8.

It would've been easier to be born an asshole. It would've been healthier to be born a technocrat.

9.

It's true, I've gone weeks with Neil Young's *On the Beach*.

10.

Happy New Year I think I yelled at the buffalo.

Periphery 