

## Gravel

Brennan is dead. By his rule of Rot or Burn. Yesterday, today, tomorrow, died, dying, will die.

We used to be some arrogant sons-of-bitches. We both had these long black overcoats, and we smoked unfiltered cigarettes, and we drank, and we didn't talk to a whole hell of a lot of people. Maybe that qualified us.

See. He spray-painted the rule on a jacket of his. For all most people knew, it was a hard core band. Well, you either Rot or you Burn. Lots of folks rot. 99%. The idea is that rotting is worse than death. It's not clean.

Now Brennan didn't want to rot, to lose his sense of complete uniqueness. See. If he became normal he would rot. By definition I suppose. We knew all along that I was prime rot material. I reeked of rot.

On the road to New Orleans, the motorcycle got nasty. It was raining. And over. Gravel meshed in spray-paint. And it was on purpose. And it was a burn.

Or. After the year off, on the way to college, you find yourself on the road. Do you hate the people. Do you hate yourself. Become them, leave them.

And then the road and the rain and you and the gravel.