

Last Word for Henry

- contains 10 swear words

August 21, 1934
Leola, Arkansas

If I'd fixed that flat tire on the Essex like the old man told me, I wouldn't be standing here on a scaffold with a noose around my neck.

Even with this velvet bag over my head I can still see the crooked spike pokin' out of the Super Six's front tire, beckoning like a crone's gnarly finger to come and fix her.

I've always been allergic to work, so the Essex was still sitting there crippled in the weeds when I got the call about Vicky gettin' married.



Soon as I hung up the phone, I shot out the door past the Essex and jumped in that piece-of-shit Ford. I left a cloud of dust to settle over the house, the farm, and the crippled Essex.

That goddamn Model A Ford never did run for shit. It always starts first crank, and it has lots of getaway, but it is only ever one mud puddle away from stalling. I swear, every time a dog shakes off crick water within a hundred yards of it, the plugs on that old bitch's flat-head foul and she leaves you standing in the middle of the road.

I am sure as hell gonna pay a price for the Model A's shortcomings today.

Seriously, I fault that fuckin' Ford and my recently expired ex-best-friend for my current situation. But really, neither one of them is entirely to blame; Vicky leaving me for Dan (Dickweed) Anderson could have had something to do with me slapping her around at the dance, and it isn't really the Ford's fault that Dad's pig shootin' rifle was in the back seat.

It's awful damn quiet in here. I don't know what I was expecting - maybe popcorn poppin'. A lot of folks show up for a hangin', good opportunity for an enterprising businessman to cash in.

There is some shuffling going on over to my right. Probably that altar boy abusin' priest that axed me if I wanted Last Rights. I told him to shove his bible up his ass, so he hasn't paid another visit.

I seen that shit-head cop sittin' in the front row, grinnin' like a chicken eatin' wheat, just before they put this hood over me. I wish Dad's gun had a shot straighter, I'd a got him too.

I wisht a lotta things was different. I wisht I hadn't throwed my keys at Vicky and pushed her around. I wish Dad hadn't a bin plannin' to butcher hogs that Saturday. I wisht I'd a swerved around that wet patch on the road when the cops were chasin' me. And I really wish I had fixed the flat tire on the Essex.

Vicki didn't come to the trial. Course I didn't expect she would, but it would have been nice to see her one more time before.....

"Son, do you have any last words?"

"I am not your son, and yes I do".....

"Fuck You, Henry Ford."

