

What you washing that piece of shit for? You selling it?  
Nah, I like my Gremlin.  
No shit, he chuckled. Well, you ever wanna trade it in,  
I'll get you a good deal, *ese*.  
I'll keep that in mind.  
Thanks for the solid. It wasn't no trouble, was it?  
I shook my head. I told him about how Bruno got his  
hands on it, and we had a good laugh about that.  
I owe you one, he said, 'cause if you knew the reason  
I had to unload it on you— But I raised my hands and cut  
him off.  
Honestly, dude, I don't wanna know. Just take it away.  
Louie-Louie gave me the sidelong gaze of the Prince  
of Super Low and slipped the gun from its swaddling. It  
looked like a cannon in his small childlike hands.  
Mundo, I'm serious, bruh, he said. When are you  
gonna figure out the Life According to Gun?  
I shrugged like an eighteen-year-old is supposed to and  
said, Bruh, I got all the time in the world.

**Octavio Solis's** plays have been mounted across the country. His drama, fiction and poetry have been published in the *Arroyo Literary Review*, *The Louisville Review*, *ZYZZYVA*, *Catamaran Literary Reader* and the *Chicago Quarterly Review*. His anthology *The River Plays* is published by NoPassport Press. He has received the 2014 Pen Center USA Literary Award for Drama for *Se Llama Cristina*.

## PETER PAONE

*Toy Plane*, 2014  
Watercolor on paper, 21 x 26 in



COURTESY THE ARTIST