

Deliver
By
Jake Bible

Beer and piss, the Styrofoam cup laid in. Its crushed body pained it, shamed it, made it wish someone, anyone, would lift it from the gutter, treat it as it needed to be treated, and put it out of its misery.

It could see the wax paper and food containers flapping from the trash can just a foot away. It watched as hundreds, thousands, threw away candy wrappers, half eaten hot dogs, tissues, bottles meant for the blue can, sacks of whatever.

The Styrofoam cup prayed, wished, pleaded that someone, anyone, would lift it up and deliver it from Hell.