

TWO VIEWS ON  
CATASTROPHE | CODY LUMPKIN

1.

Scrawny deep fried winglets and drummets, the kind you get in a toothpick shack next to the carwash on the outskirts of town, a shack that becomes a bunker-busting bomb if it gets snapped up by a tornado in early spring, and wrecking balls into the all-night convenience store across the street. So many wings in that little compartment unable to direct the building to safety, weighed down by the lemon-pepper or teriyaki-ginger sauce, but in-flight at last, free.

2.

When I see the tiny Blazer's Wing Shack lift off the ground and hover over to the gas pumps of the Smoke and Go where I work, I figure it's time to head for the cooler stockpiled with 20 oz. Mountain Dews. But I can't turn my head away. The shack ballerinas back and forth knocking over cars and snapping electrical lines into black snakes, sparking at their new mouths. Then as the shack approaches like a yacht coming into dock, its cache of wings breaks from the mother ship and kamikazes the windows of the Smoke and Go, squadrons of mustard-orange and amber brown splatter. I duck under the register, my Intro to Physics a hard Dutch hat.