

# Let it Never Be Said that We Never Achieved Anything

By Leviathan Joe

It started with a whispered story about a day at the water park while you teetered on the edge of sleep and it enthralled you and I thought it was pretty clever myself, and the next day it became a plan, and few weeks later we were on I-25 as the sun poked out over the horizon, but we'd beaten that bitch to the punch, because our plan demanded it, and so I pressed down on the pedal, giving inevitability the slip one last time, soundtrack music bombastic and harrowing on the car stereo as I pressed on at the wheel, you sleeping in the passenger's seat in the glow of the last day of a grand era that was never meant to last, and when we got to Denver we hurried into the park and smeared SPF 2 tanning oil on our skin and scampered across the sun-baked walkways, darting around the slow and lazy fools who didn't realize that time was running out, but they weren't our problem, and so we crashed into the wave pool, the oil washing off, tension coiling in our stomachs as the wave reared up from the pit and surged forward and we clung to each other and snapped a picture of ourselves on a waterproof camera just before the wave engulfed us and we locked our lips underwater and shared breaths until we were suffocating each other and we surfaced and trudged out of the pool, dodging the throngs of people (because we weren't fucking around, there was *fun* to be had!) as we scurried from the drop slides to the tube rides, from the Revolution to the Flatline, reeling from each stout shot of sun and fun as we waited in line, drinking it all in, each ride and each grin we shared was a big "Fuck You!" to tomorrow, breaking only for lunch and another round of SPF 2, inhaling the carrot-oil smell before we were off again, the day running hot and gritty through our muscles now, but we pressed on, even begging the lifeguard for one last go after he'd drawn the at rope six o'clock, and so we trudged to the car and headed to Cinzetti's, an Italian buffet with so many gourmet dishes of lasagna, spaghetti, pizza, linguine, fettuccini, cheesecake and crème brule it was like fucking Sophie's choice picking out which ones to fill your plate with and even then we stuffed ourselves to burst, our faces red and raw, creaking as we opened our mouths, and we could barely make it the car, the sun-and-fun hangover setting in, but we still had to make it back to Casper and so I drove while you crashed and the sun set on our day and I nearly got us killed driving along through the pure Wyoming night with my nerves burned out and spitting sparks, until finally in Wheatland I pulled over and you took over and I hardly remember even switching spots; I was instantly rocked to sleep by the trundling of the car along the road and the buzz of fatigued contentment, but something about driving back through the edge of town woke up me up and that was it, we we're back in Casper and at your place we switched spots again I and I waited till you'd stumbled inside and kisses were blown and I drove away and summer was over and so were we.