

I Liquidate My Assets

by Eric Lloyd Blix

My businessman does as his nature allows him. He is so cute. All day long he makes deals. He is on his phone most of the time. He raises his voice. “Fuck those fuckers, just do it,” is what he says. My businessman hedges risk on his investments by keeping his portfolio loaded with annuities, mutual funds, and the stocks of stable companies, so that he is able to leverage his wealth with only a few uncertain endeavors—he is no venture capitalist, his returns are doled out longterm.

I feed my businessman his power lunches. Perhaps too much, as he has grown large in these last few strenuous weeks. His tie sometimes gets dribbled with crab bisque that falls from his toasted baguette.

My sister does not like the attention I give to my businessman. She says I should focus on my debt instead. When I ready myself for work each day my businessman hangs around me. He stands by the door as I tie my shoes. My businessman is not allowed in the bowling alley. My manager has posted a sign: NO PETS.

My sister and her partner, Laurel, are kind to let me stay with them. Their lease explicitly forbids the presence of pets. My businessman does not care. “Fuck those fuckers,” he calls at all hours, whenever his phone will ring.

My sister's piano gigs have been few as of late. The best of our food has gone to my businessman, as he will not eat otherwise. At dinner, between saltines, my sister tells me I can stay or go, but my businessman has no option. She and Laurel share a glare that is stern.

I am sad to give my businessman away. He agrees with the decision. It is too expensive for me to keep him, he eats so much and wears such fine clothing, the overhead is far too high. It's basic business, he tells me, and if I can't get that, then he wants no part of me. It has been a rough quarter for us all.

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I sigh as we drive to the zoo. My businessman and I cruise in his Beamer. I ride shotgun with my cheek turned toward the window. I do my best to keep my tears from dribbling on his leather seats.

The zoo manager hashes things out with my businessman in his office. They go at it hard as I wait in the anteroom, searching for a box of tissues. "Fuck your acquisition policy," I hear my businessman yell. Even through the door I can feel his ferocity. He is doing what comes naturally. People will pay to see him act this way among his peers. His office will be much nicer than the one I have set up in my tiny basement bedroom. A sump pump is no substitute for an executive toilet.

I fear I was a bad investment.

