

My Date with Edgar Allen Poe

by Kyle Hemmings

Now, if someone is tellin' you that she had a date with Edgar Allen Poe, you might be tempted to say, "Hey, sister, what kind of drugs you be doin' for the last two days?" But I swear on my Aunt Boo's chastity belt that's what went down and with my kinda luck, shit like this is always going down.

It starts out like this. My old man ditched me for some hussy sister from Summer Street, who I thought was my best friend. Okay. Okay. I can deal with it. I'm dealin' with it. Even though the way she be bouncin' her butt down Springfield has got even the old geesers hootin' out of their windows.

Just let it fly, girl, I say. Tomorrow Mr. Right might come your way. But what's takin' him so damn long? He get lost down Central?

So, I starts like corresponding with all these internet people and all, some weirder than my Uncle Toby who still be thinkin' he was married to Boo and not Lenore. Hell, it was Lenore he was married to for forty years. Boo won't put out for a man if he owned a house on East Hampton and had seventeen limos.

So, I be checkin' out the prospects and this guy and me, who calls himself Edgar Allen Poe, are exchangin' messages. I mean all I'm lookin' for is a guy who can hold down a job more than a week, treat me nice, and maybe once in a while, give me a bubble bath with some sweet flower-smellin' body oil that makes me think I'm Oprah. Although I gotta admit the dude can't be the Edgar Allen Poe they had me read out loud in school, some crazy shit poem about a girl who be wearin' bells, or somethin' goin' bells, and in fact, I think the sister's name was Belle.

And hell, I'm thinkin' it might be kinda fun to date a white guy. Tell all my girlfriends "Hey, you know what? I'm seein' a white guy. Tell all the brothers. White as my Uncle Toby's fried pork chops!"

So, for the first date, I be dressin' to kill, wearin' this leopard print dress and all, so tight that when I inhale I think the dress is gonna burst and I'll be see-through. And a pair of motha' pumps that give me an extra lift, so a man knows what kind of sister he be dealing with. And just in case Edgar turns out fruity. I throw in a can of mace, some scissors, hair spray, and a couple of cork screws just in case the waters get a little rough, you know what I mean?

Maybe Edgar just frontin' cause he might be like that rich dude who lived like a recluse and flew planes. I don't think he washed his socks none, neither. I think he was married to that white lady, Dinah Shore.

So, it's takin' me forever to find Edgar's house, out in the boondocks somewhere, and the place ain't even on my damn GPS. All I'm seein' is trees and hills and side roads and I keep callin' Edgar on my cell, and say "Yo, Edgar, like where is this place? Do I need a helicopter to find it?" It's like trying to find Michael Jackson's. And he keeps tellin' me to keep makin' a left, and another left and another one. Damn, I made so many lefts, I'm probably back where I started.

Well, finally I find this big dumb-ass house and this butler, all baldy and stiff and bug-eyed, lookin' like he gets high on lard or somethin' opens the door says, "Mr. Poe has been expectin' you, Madam."

The door kinda creaks open and I'm thinkin' Yo man, don't you guys ever hear of oil or elbow grease or something?

I yell out "Hey Edgar, Gertrude is in the house!"

He's dressed in a tux and kisses my hand. I'm startin' to feel all goosey and stupid. Like I'm sleepwalkin' and I wound up here. Or like I'm in a Michael Jackson video called *Sleepwalkin'*. Freaky shit.

The house is huge. But it could use some dustin'. Be needin' a woman worse than my Uncle Toby whenever he starts tap dancing all alone in his room.

So, Edgar and I are gettin' cozy and all, sharing the same sofa, and he be talking all kinds of funny shit. Things like "The beauty of your love is unassailable." He's got me laughin' worse than Uncle Toby when he talks about how he courted Aunt Boo when he means Lenore

I ask Edgar if he lives here alone and he says no, he shares it with his sister. But I ain't seen no sister yet, I mean, a blood sister unless he's got one hidin' under the couch.

After three glasses of red wine, Edgar says he wants to show me the upstairs rooms. And I'm thinkin' hold on, girl, Edgar's movin' kind of fast here, even though he don't know how to French kiss like the bartender from the DLV lounge, he might sho' enuf have somethin' stiff in store.

So, he takes me into this monsta size bedroom, and the bed's big enough to hold me, Boo, Elinore, Toby, and the brother from the DLV lounge with room to spare. And I'm just waitin' for him to make a move, like undress me with his eyes and all, then the rest of my body parts. But I notice there's a closed coffin in the room. What's up with that? What's a coffin doin' in a bedroom?

Well, the lid opens and there's this lady in a white fleecy nightgown and looking like she just woke up after fifteen years of hibernatin' and Edgar says "Oh, Lorelai, darling, you must get back to the cellar. We have visitors."

And I figure this must be his sister, the way she just be staring out, the way Uncle Toby does after three pints of plum brandy.

He takes her by the arm and all and tells me he'll be right back. Yeah, like I'm gonna wait for him. No way. This sister is out the door faster than a bat out of the basement and I think Edgar might have some of them down there too.

