

Keep it, Curt

by Robert Vaughan

Every time I told Curt to keep it.

Keep it closed, I'd say. Cut it out!

Or keep it to yourself, Curt.

He didn't like me telling him.

He was not in favor of seasonal dictation.

And Curt would say, I have my heart.

And I'd say, keep it, Curt!

This was way before Tammy. And before Trinidad & Tobago.

And before he fucked my mother. And Gladys Knight.

Before he was really someone, you know?

I'm not sorry, he'd say. (Sorry for what?)

Keep it, Curt, I'd say. Sometimes, not always.

When we broke up, he'd say, hey- that doily is mine.

Or that painting of the Native Americans.

Fine. Keep it, Curt.

Just move out.

When he tried to claim our extensive dildo collection,

I put my foot down.

I'll take you to court, Curt said.

Fine, keep it, Curt.

I know I'd have to pay all the fees.

That was Curt. Cheap as fuck.

