

# ~American Woman~

by aksania xenogrette

Write the fuck out of something in a hurry and don't think about the words....because words don't wait around for fools. they can lie in the blink of your eye and fuck a landscape of fabric. A landscape of fabric with a sweaty, sticky visage of curvy sex organs and insecurity wobbling down the sidewalks of hip neighborhoods in ugly expensive shoes. another life to shimmy, with the anxiety pimps, perky little time-bombs, expendable income, busking lame excuses for why we never touch something as foolish as realness, joan-of-arc it down the aisle and drop dead in a pile of fall colors to die for, her kisses...like candy and puke on your tongue, the fakest broad ever, cruising like a busted prow, busted wheel, mast and stem, these stately wrecks and rotten flowers of perfume and the deadly bitchiness of the modern woman's expectations.

Give me Iran and Iraq, wear a shroud of black like the ravens you cough up for breakfast with some bullshit antioxidant protein shake, gimme some fire and a steak in trade for this icky malicious laughter you throw around, as if it were water, as if it gave anything life, the business casual slacks you wear with a thong so you can swish and sass and be a pain in some poor schmuck's soul. You chat with your fellow napes about how lazy and frustrating guys are, because they don't compliment your 60 dollar haircut, or give a fig when you booze on up, ladies choice, like a dime-store floozy sipping kamikazes from some harlot's navel, and wow, you really deserve to go out tonight, wash that man right out of your hair like every time a boy speaks to you and the words don't suit your whimsy, we eat your grinding ambition for a bloody picket fence and a carefully orchestrated clutch of respectable acquaintances, ditch our friends, take out the trash, and suck down bland meals, the recipes you meet out with tortured adherence to some bloggers sad version of curried pumpkin gruel. So fuck you and your spice rack too.

Give me a woman who actually has a girlfriend like a guy, who gets into trouble on her own, and curses a blue streak, and laughs at

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prissy frail golems with bikini abs, who laughs at the notion with open laughter and doesn't need to check her waistline between grimaces. Fuck special k and captian crunch...I want pizza and a wet mouth with an appetite for deconstruction. I want to dismember the glee and woe is me, oh, it's a tough life trapping men like reckless sparrows with a wire, to cut straight into his ankle, the object of your desire, beyond fickle, tact and subtlety, now tell me, miss information, how does your garden grow, balls and chain, 'i like his sense of humor' in a row? You weave a bandy with feminine intuition and illusory grace, while he busts sod with a pick-axe, cranks his back up 6 flights of stairs with a 120 lb. television, or cuts his fingers on the crimped metal edge of an air-conditioner. Go fuck your lemonade and 45 minutes later when I'm worthless again...

I call your bluff, American bitch woman. Wash off the ruse, and wash again, you smell rotten, your pussys are dry, your lipstick is melting in the sun...it isn't even red. It is mauve, like the grotesque skin you jealously jibber-jabber about when you get a chance. Fuck Maybelline, fuck your vile habits of not eating, your green apple martinis, your free drinks. The smugness of practicality, the affordable outfit you wear with the woozy knowledge, that all you gotta do to get fucked, is drop a quarter in the slot, a slip of cleavage, a crack in the ice you wrap yourself in. The American woman is a whore who gobbles carrion feathers with peppermint breath and goo-goo dolls shoved in your ears and stuck in your hair, the glossy surveys you read in classy magazines, eating your feelings, scrubbing memories, the snide laughter of, its ok you didn't get off, or its ok you went limp, cause I was dead in the sack, exciting as a down comforter, or one in a series of horrible blowjobs, confident in your misguided knack for scoping out fags, and golf-shirt wearing fools, who stink convincingly enough of man. all your shades and shadows, the nasty pink muck you smear all over your face to cover your white skin, and tiny, itty bitty zits, the agony of thin eyelashes, the milk of millionaires, go shove it in your pores.

monkey-wrenches, football and fistfights for your hideous drapes and insurance policies, your fucking credit cards, and the boyfriend

you bankrupt with a transparent mirage, the promise of a slippery passionate fuck, the myriad lusts for romance and security on your terms, the perspiration that leaks from your tanning bed skin of falsehood.

My eyeballs, my mind-fucked eyeballs that jerk and come three times in a row, to stretched assholes, fucking myself and watching wet women with ample saliva for my mind fucked eye-balls, my finger-fucked asshole bored of morality, tired of special occasions, of waiting to deserve the thin broth, racking my obtuse brain for a gesture, rose petals or a silver locket, all of it a bunch of spontaneous love-clutter to throw in a dumpster. Whose fucking—w.t.f. misanthropy crept in anyway, who made your eyes go black and blue and green....smoking sex and you in lieu of a lick of wit, a bit of skin split...

I hesitate to answer a loaded question in the midst of something hell-heavy shaking the house, tank tracks and federal fear-fucking soldiers throwing blood and dust...why didn't you defend my honor, why aren't you rich? When destruction is moving quickly like a piano afire, drinking the ocean for the first time, sucking in all that saltwater fury, strings and crooked ivory gone belly up like your frail patience for indecision, will bloat and pop in the cruel heat of disbelief when I don't leap at the chance to dive into the clutches of a harpie American bitch woman, spread eagled with talons waiting to tear my dick to shreds.

