

~the scent of dead roses~

by aksania xenogrette

i killed a poetic boy yesterday. the old ladies in the shadows swore at him when he was walking home proud as hell with a new pocketknife. they told him we die next week so laugh like you got limes for balls. he called them drippy old vultures in his native tongue. they didn't understand him and went on laughing and spitting oily juice into brass spittoons. he made his eyes evil and stuck his tongue out at them, so i killed him. i have a deal with the old ladies. they get tired of little knife thieves. glaring the way this boy was eating a fat tomato in the sun. his buddy walked up to him. pants falling down, snot running down his nose. this boy told his buddy to fuck off and find his own tomato. so i killed him. i pushed him into the river. he made alot of noise drowning. now i follow his buddy who wants tomatoes all day long. i have so many numbers on my back i can't lift my shadow off the dirt. he woke up this morning and spent some time on his shoes. i waited in the dust beneath the lamp-table. feeling sick and burnt the whole time. this boy's dad works all day. he bought an electric lamp. i have my ways though. in this market, the vendors are so poor, i can hide in the edges of their skirts. i suck flies into my shadow to get a lift when i get sun sick. nothing escapes these old ladies dress in black and fan themselves in the shadows of the cathedral. i never touch them. i sway for awhile and then some boy comes by and i get him into trouble. people think they know bright. chrome, sunlight on silver. his mother washes the old man's water-glass and it glistens in the nine-am light like heaven opening up in a drop of water. still this town has

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fallen asleep in the stairwell.
the lover was supposed to see
three pigeons in a fight. he would have thrown his
roses into the fray. the piebald one was supposed to
pick up one petal. he would have followed it with his
eyes. it would have fallen into the river. the lover was
to begin a life of misery and woe and bad poetry.
instead, the pigeons had more than enough bread. he
kept walking and ran into the love of his life five
minutes later in the square. i've seen this before.
when i fucked up in 1973.
now the only way i can ruin this town is to kill this
boy who likes tomatoes. his cheeks are so fat. he is
so unkempt. no threat to anyone. now he will aspire
to get his wife fuzzy slippers and drink fizz and be
amicable the rest of his arid life and no-one will appreciate his
nothingness.
and so i must kill him. he is bad with traffic but he walks too slow.
with dirty ice-cream smeared on his fat lips.
i have 27 numbers on my back, and it is black
tucked asleep at night in this raven's feathers.
my master is blacker. and i live in fear of his
voice. i met the shadow of a wraith. he spoke of the wrath of
wraiths. then, he tried to eat me, but the old ladies
helped me, and i got away. still when I shirk, i hear him
screaming in the
soundless well.
pablo is sipping an orange soda. he is a sweet kid.
i hate him. he will not be distracted
staring into the gutter and
singing this stupid song...
yeah yeah pablo, singin in the sun..
nobody cares about me
and i dont care about anyone...
spitting orange-soda on the ants. i turned into bread. The

blackbirds swooped down
next to him, and made alot of noise trying to eat me
up, but he didnt care. he must have been sad. he
poured the rest of his soda into the gutter.
In the dregs of this august afternoon
crossing the street beneath cats, trying to catch cars. the water-
truck
driver is so very fat. there are always flies buzzing
around in his cab. i turned into a buzzing fly,
i buzzed... bzzt tickled his nose hair. he swatted at me
of course hie missed and in a flash of steel and flesh
the life of this boy, his poetry foregone, concluded.
sometimes i feel like i have done enough,
but then the sun goes down and these people still
drink and laugh and kiss each other by the cathedral.
they dont even care about the scent of dead roses

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aksania xenogrette

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