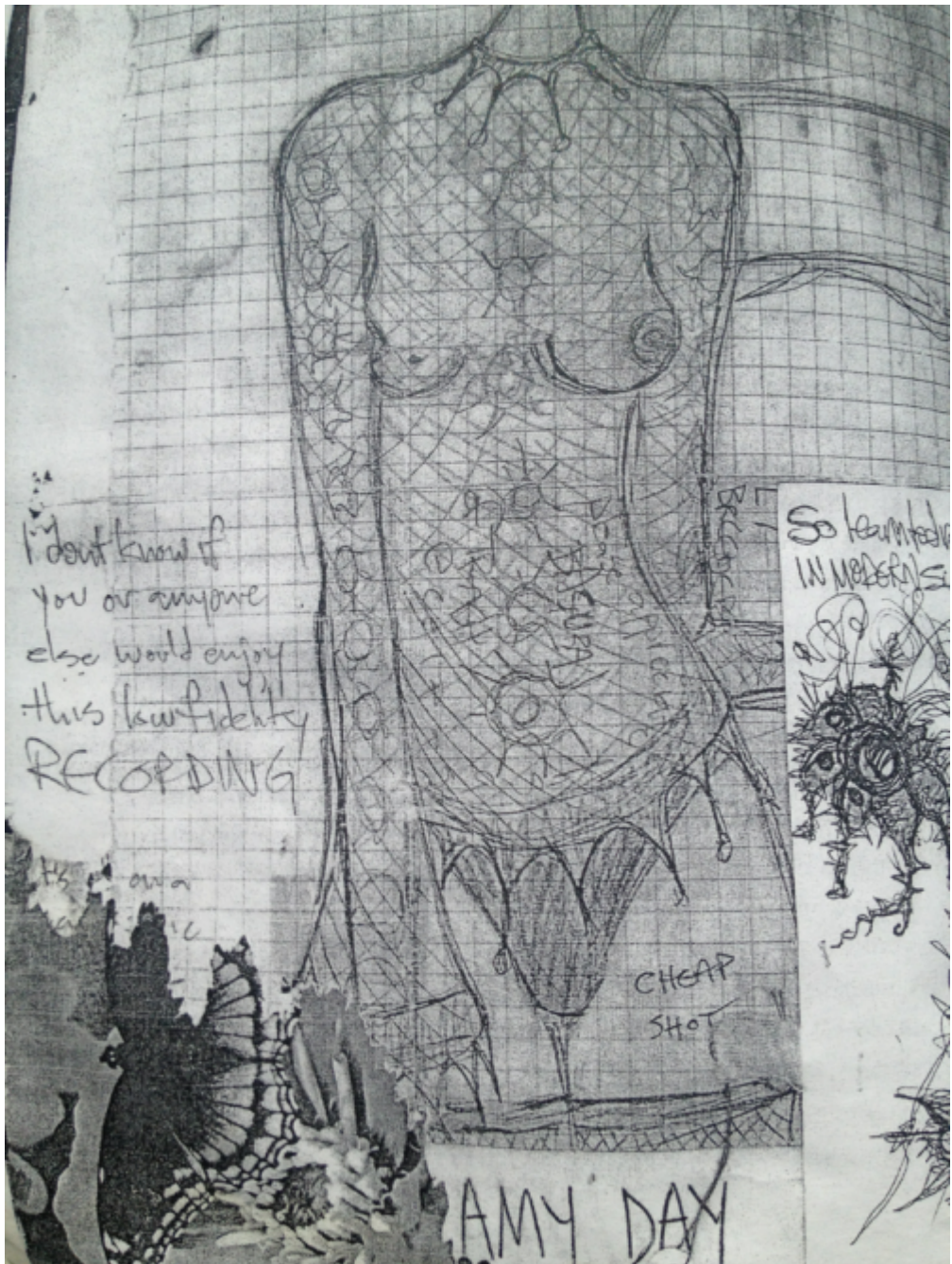


~velotrix~  
*by aksania xenogrette*



Velotrix is all about carpet. It's all about sticky, nasty licorice flavored cold remedy. It's all about valium and diphenhydramine and ambiens and amidrine... you know, your mom's drugs... and hydracodone and that resin I spent twenty minutes getting out of my pothead roommate's pipe as a so-called favor. Sylvia is an ok type but I think she listens to too much Pink Floyd and she does lots of passive-aggressive things like making way too much noise in the morning fixing breakfast cause she knows that Molly and I are always fucking in the next room.

She never feels completely comfortable in the apartment where the three of us live together. I think Molly intimidates her. Little battles over whose vanity products go where. Oh well, we win. Most of the time it's because we just ignore Sylvia, and play stupid, and go take more pills. She's gone most of the day anyway, working at this yuppie e-business start up company, delivering flowers, and herbal supplements and all that bullshit that Molly and I don't bother with. We'd rather drink Nyquil.

I play bass and sing in my band, Vitriol. Nobody in this stupid town appreciates our style. The hippie kids think its too hardcore; ravers would rather chew bubblegum, and pop music fans don't like it when my lyrics slam their dirty ears... the punk rockers really seem to like it, but still I hate being second bill on the flyer; and we barely cover the expense of our various habits.

Anyway, Sylvia's not here right now, because lately, she's been hanging out with this guy who looks like some anti-heroin poster. Molly is pissed off cause I kind of fucked up her relationship with her boss at the Rhino, the bar where she works. It's across the street from our fourth story apartment/loft. His name is Ray. I called him a

low life fuck face right to his face. The last couple of weeks Molly's been getting screwed, having to work extra hours and clean up the leftovers that all the punks love to toss to the floor in the throws of the Saturday night shows. He's got the hots for her and he hates me, cause our affection for each other is not exactly private. He makes up lies about how the till ends up at the end of the night. He and I have got this tenuous friendship that seems to depend on Molly's wardrobe. He's such a pathetic bastard. I've watched him do the math before. And I've watched the way he flirts her up with his scummy jokes.

Usually I don't really mention it, cause I know she'd never go for a guy like Ray. We're so codependent and skitzed out anyway, we're not siamese, we're a dodecahedron. We don't like to argue with words a whole lot, so I just left her alone after getting a rise out of her, by mentioning that maybe Ray wouldn't stare at her ass so much if she'd just bother for ten minutes with a sewing needle. Sylvia isn't here to insert soothing little band-aids of tedium like, "wow it's so sunny out today, and check out the new beads I picked up at Pegasus." Usually that chitchat annoys the fuck out of me, but right now I'd love to hear about what's happening in Tibet.

The phone rings, and Molly picks up. It's Sylvia on the line. Molly says, "'oh shit, really?" I get the gist that something bad has gone down. It turns out that Sylvia's been arrested. She got pulled over for expired tags, and the fucking pig rooted around in her car and found like a dime and a pipe. She knows we don't have the money to bail her out, but she wants us to get a hold of that guy who she's been seeing cause he's got money, but he doesn't have a phone. It turns out he lives on the third floor of that building with the neon dragon on it. I guess the guy's name is Stan. His building is like nine blocks away. Molly deals with stress a lot better than me. She just looks at me while she's lighting a cigarette and says, "...well, let's go".

On the way, we caught a nice breeze. It felt good to get out of the house, but I was apprehensive about meeting up with Stan. He's one of those quiet guys with a kind of majestic creepiness. Plus I know that building. It's a fucking hole. This techno freak called the Doctor deals all kinds of shit out of his flat. I know because I've been over there before to try to score some decent dope. The Vietnamese restaurant at street level, and its yellow dragon, is the only legitimate thing about the whole place. I swear half the people who come in and out of that building are either fucking or getting fucked for money. It's a trashy dive. And as brave as I pretend to be, I'm really a pansy. I may be a degenerate, but even the threat of violence, or of getting busted scares the shit out of me.

We were about halfway there when I think, "This isn't so bad. I'm actually doing something for someone besides myself for once." Then I started wondering how to break the news to Stan- that his love is in the klink over a trifling dime. Going down to the station would make my skin crawl. Honestly, I don't know how people manage to keep their sanity while dealing with bureaucratic shit. Even getting a library card or standing in line for groceries makes me want to throw up sometimes. But maybe Stan's good at handling things like this. Anyway, I was counting on Molly to manage to tell him what's gone down. She's got a certain grace in the face of strife.

We got to the building just as night was coming on. I watched a professional looking woman sipping from one of those plastic ladle looking things they give you when you order soup. It's really good. I've gone out with Molly there before. Molly's never been inside and upstairs, though, where the whores and freaks all live and die. Sylvia told Molly on the phone that Stan lives in apartment 11. We buzzed and the door popped. There was no way to make her ready for the carpet. It's screaming deep beet magenta over all, but you can see where it's been worn down to various shades of pink from all the human traffic.

Molly and I like to go to buildings or very public places to indulge in each other. Walking down store aisles or making out in elevators... it makes us feel like lust spies. This slutty carpet in the hall and on the stairs was hitting her now, and I knew it when I turned to her for a look, and she was staring right back at me with that look that says I wouldn't care if this were the fucking apocalypse, you are here right now and I want you. We kissed a few stairs up. I guess the residue was overwhelming. After some tongue twisting we jumped up the stairs and found Stan's hallway and finally his door which had a poster of Mao on it. Maybe that was Stan's style of humor... Some sardonic commentary on living in the building with the yellow dragon on it.

I beat Molly to the knock. I could smell sticky marijuana and good incense coming from his place. Stan opened the door wearing a really cool orange trip shirt unbuttoned. He looked like Jim Morrison and Keith Richards had a baby together, and it lived to be 27. He had the doorknob in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He said something like "Hey, you two are Sylvie's roommates." We said yeah and he let us in. The place looked almost classy, and I admit, cooler than my apartment. It was like he had spent a lifetime refining his graphic clips of anti-heroes. It wasn't the usual splatter of junk that people put on the walls that surround them. This guy was like a curator of social undercurrents. He had taste and the books on the shelves to back it up. I'm always amazed when I walk into a place that isn't construction, but rather the projection of someone's imagination and whole being.

We walked over and sat down on the sixties-green couch where a glass pipe was still smoking. I was immediately envious. I couldn't place it. There was something about his presence that made me feel like a nitwit. I manage to keep myself cooler than everyone in my own mind. I always win because I can just dismiss most people like a sociopath. They don't know a fucking thing about me, let alone

about anything else in the world that I care about. But Stan was real. There was no way I could write him off. He looked so harmonious with whatever philosophy he was possessed with that I was sure I could tell him that the moon was about to smash into the earth and it wouldn't even phase him. He gestured to the pipe. While I was hitting it, Molly broke the news. I was right. It didn't even phase him.

He was matter of fact about it. He said he would go downtown and bail Sylvie out. He said something about finding his checkbook. Just like that. I was really relieved and the blueberry kush or whatever it was, was helping to turn this all into a rather enjoyable experience. Molly was smoking too, but nothing ever put her out of her element. I swear you could shoot her up with enough drugs to lay down an elephant and she'd just smile it off. I was starting to get a little pissed. It was weird. We all sat around cool as cucumbers, and finished the bowl while Sylvia was sitting god only knows where. I was feeling spacey and a little paranoid. Molly and Stan were standing up like ready to go, while I was still half glued to the couch soaking in Stan's atmosphere.

All three of us left the apartment down the pink worn steps and out the steel mesh reinforced door. Stan said he could take care of it alone and thanked us for coming over. He turned right and we turned left. A different looking professional was sipping soup straight from the bowl, like any utensil was just getting in the way. I could see my reflection in the window glass. Molly grabbed my hand and said lets go to Joe's. I could tell she was amped after our little adventure and wanted to babble about anything and everything like we always do. Somehow despite all the drugs we do, coffee still manages to get us off. I would blame it on love. But she calls that a four letter word and doesn't like to hear it abused.

We walked a few blocks over to where Joe's is. A few of Molly's raver friends were standing outside performing some feat of

loitering. I let them blab at each other and went inside and found a table next to the window. Those gals seemed to really get off on chattering away about outfits and haircuts and that sort of thing. I didn't want to spoil their fun. Kim the waitress had come with two coffees. She could see Molly out the window. Kim's really hip to us. She has at least ten bracelets on each arm. I like to picture her twenty years younger, sticking needles in her perfect veins. I guess that's kind of sick. I don't know why that image intrigues me. I can even see her boyfriend driving around in a Mustang. I can see them on the nod in a dingy apartment... All of it, just in her eyes.

I was reaching for sugar when I noticed Molly. She was kissing up against the window with her shirt half pulled up. I took my lips off my cup and leaned over the napkins and condiments and matched her raspberry mischief. Her friends started walking down the street, either freaked out, or more likely bored with us, watching another extraverted bit of affection. They might just call it perverted or disgusting. Molly and I aren't afraid of germs and we're not bothered by onlookers. Just as long as it's fast. If you're fast enough, you can do anything. That's velotrix. That's how we live. Anything for the thrill of the moment. The hardcore now... immediacy. You practice ingesting anything, just to show that your body can exist on it. We know better than to drink carpet cleaner (so far anyway). That's our joke when we're really bored... Let's go drink antifreeze. Anything chemical, caustic, or with a menacing ring to it. We are addicted to the laughter, knowing how close we are to the truth when we say things like that. It's the only way to get over the itch we always feel together. Drugs and creative intelligence.

She unstuck herself from the window and came inside and sat across from me in the booth. We always do it that way so that we can lean down low and get our legs in between each others' for the press. Molly looked a little preoccupied, mutilating her fork and running the tines up and down her arm. I knew there was the thing with Ray... then there was the matter with Sylvia. We came to the



conclusion that Sylvia would be ok, and stopped worrying about it. Talking about Ray wasn't going anywhere we hadn't been twenty times before. So we just left it alone. She was still fucking with the fork. I decided to ask her what was on her mind, which I don't usually do, because it inevitably ends up pissing us both off. But I couldn't help myself. She said it was Stan. At least she was being honest. I was thinking about him too.

I was thinking how this was just like the time I met a girl named Amanda at a party and flirted with her half the night, totally engaged and ignoring Molly. I guess you have to put up with bits of jealousy or the occasional crush in this, the best of all possible relationships. That's velvet on the evil side of the coin. In order for us to be free, we have to swallow any attraction to anyone else and talk each other through it. I told her I thought Stan was cool too. Molly likes to be right, so I let her. It's better than giving her something to argue about. Usually treating things like that with a casual indifference smothers those bothersome situations. There really wasn't an argument to be had anyway though, because we were both fascinated by him. That's what bugged me. We had actually found someone who was cooler than us. I didn't know what it was, but I knew it was there. I was feeling a little dethroned. I could tell Molly's cogs were spinning. I could hear them. It gave me a headache.

"How's this, you bastard?" was what Molly said the next day before she had to go to the bar. She was wearing cords and one of those two tone baseball t-shirts with a number five on the back. I told her she looked fine and whistled. She smiled and messed with her hair. Poor old fuckin' Ray... no peep show tonight. I love Molly for things like that. She listens to me. She covers her ass.

I got on my bike and rode over to my drummer Dave's basement. Steve, my guitarist was late but he brought some weed and Taco Bell food so nobody minded. We got fucked up on Olympia, and all in

all had a good practice. I don't know how we manage to remember anything that we play. We're really disorganized, so the songs are never exactly the same, but we're good at improvising so things usually come out sounding alright. We've been described as cacophonous. I wouldn't argue. I take it as a compliment because all those bands with the nice equipment and soft harmonies can eat me. I hate that drivel. We kind of suck at our instruments, but at least we suck with some passion.

After practice I was ready to drink some more, so I headed over to the Rhino and sat down at the bar. I get off on watching people watch Molly. Even bulky cords can't hide her curves. She got a break after awhile and came over to me and we had a smoke together. It made me feel so cool to see Ray gawking at our intimacy. She told me that Stan and Sylvie had stopped by earlier and said everything was fine and we should go over to Stan's after Molly got through with work. It sounded like fun to me, so I told her I'd meet her at around 2:15. Finishing my beer, I kept wondering with a mite of paranoia how things were going to turn out.

We buzzed eleven and walked into the flood of carpet. I felt like meat in borscht. We hadn't quite made it to the third floor when Sylvia came running down the stairs in a matronly looking white dress. I had to catch her to keep her from tumbling us all down the stairs. She was fucked up on something. She stared at the walls saying, "loook! how beautiful. How fucking beautiful!" I helped her get her balance and we walked her up to Stan's and in through the open door. Stan was sprawled out on the couch watching MTV with the sound off. He had the Rolling Stones playing on his stereo. There were candles lit all over the place. The whole effect was religious- Stan looking like a beatific Jesus and wrathful Satan at the same time. He looked up at us and stood up a little unsteadily, but not without control. Molly and I stopped just inside the door, not really knowing what to do next. He said "Let's go visit the Doctor... you two look way too sober."

People called him the Doctor because he dropped out of pharmacy school. I think it was because he found out that he could make a lot of money selling drugs to kids. He wasn't easy to get a hold of. His drugs were all over the raves and clubs, but the man himself was a bit of a recluse. He kept his hands clean of the dirty work. He was a strange guy to talk to. One time at a party I ended up sitting next to him on a couch. He leaned into me and started whispering gossip about one person after another. I don't know if he was making it up or what. All those professional party goers and spoiled elitist brats. It was a real eye-opener for me. Next to that crowd I was pretty tame. I was looking for a bag a couple weeks later and I buzzed number seven and the door popped, but when I went upstairs and knocked nobody answered. Just that fucking carpet.

We only had one flight down to the second floor, but it seemed to take half an hour ushering Sylvia down the stairs. She looked really weird in that dress. It must have been nothing compared to whatever she was seeing on the walls. She didn't have any depth perception. Stan was steadying her arm and Molly and I were right behind them. She kept falling backwards into us. Stan knocked on the Doctor's door and a few seconds and several locks later, he opened the door and poked his head out to see what was up. He greeted Stan with a barely audible, "hey man..." gazed at Sylvia through his weird clear frame glasses, laughed a bit, and then let us all in. His apartment was stark minimalist and incredibly white. I felt like I was in milk. Stan looked at me and said "Well, what do you kids want? My treat."

I couldn't fucking believe it. This was definitely the candy store. I asked Stan what the hell he and Sylvia were on, and he gave me a look like I didn't really want to know. This was like some dream. I looked at Molly. We were used to Valium and beer. I knew there was ecstasy to be had, but strange as it seems, I have a pact with myself that I won't ever take that stuff. I was worried it might fuck me up.

Hallucinogens were out because they always make me manic. And I didn't want any heroin either cause I knew whatever he had on supply would be so sweet I'd have bitter ghost face for the rest of my life. I ran my fingertips over my stubble and decided I'd have a nice line crystal and maybe some hydrocodone on the side. The Doctor delivered casually and generously like a narcotics waiter. I knew Molly would have liked some crazy shit like mescaline or DMT, but when I asked she just said "...me too." They all looked at us, I guess a little surprised at Molly's deference- like what are we married or something? I loved her for it. We do everything together.

Soon we were purring like kittens, lapping up the white, the antiseptic quality of the Doctor's place. Actually I was feeling pretty displaced to tell the truth. Plain scared. I was way higher than I'm used to being. Keeping your shit together gets tough when you're so turned on. I felt like rolling around on the floor. It wasn't so much that I was scared of the Doctor or Stan, it was more the sheer strangeness of being coddled with our favorite poisons for free. I was waiting for people to pop out of closets with cameras or something. And no one was making much sense. They were too busy with their senses to make sense. We smoked some delicious weed out of a glass pipe. It was conspiring to give me the heebie-jeebies. That white leather couch and Sylvia's white dress were way too much to take together. Molly and I held hands and smoked lots of cigarettes like we always do when we get nervous or bored. I knew she was thinking just like me that we ought to get back to our apartment so we could really enjoy this. But we didn't want to be lousy guests.

Velotrix is all about this... phasing yourself out and just watching things happen like it was a movie or something. The Doctor's mistress waltzed in like this was just another night. That's what freaked me out about her. She stared at us like we were sea-anemones. She walked over to the fridge and yanked out some vodka like everything that the junk heads were teasing with was just

static in the room. She knew how to swallow. I watched the apple in her neck bob up and down like an oil derrick. It was effortless, almost terrifying. Eve had blue-black hair cut in one of those oblique twenties looking cuts. She had frown lines and cool wrinkles at the corners of her eyes that made her seem cruel and wise.

One time I went to one of Eve's gallery shows on accident. I walk Clark Street when I'm bored and Molly's not around. There's a strip of about half a mile where people mill around like ants high on pheromones, walking in and out of record shops and clothing boutiques, sitting outside at pub tables in whatever way they think is coolest. I was walking by The Dragon, thinking about this documentary I had seen about the Sex Pistols and thinking about Johnny Rotten talking so sensibly about Sid. It had me in the kind of mood you can't really talk about because most of it involves wanting to smash Lexuses and senator's faces with a crow bar.

So, I was in this glum state, staring into the Vietnamese restaurant like I always do, when I hear, more than see Eve edging her way out of the building with three or four paintings and swearing a blue streak. I helped her get them into her old Volvo and she asked me if I wanted to be her date, point blank, and I'm chewing air like a fool. Then she said please, and I just sort of melted and denied my impulse to resist. I hopped into her car and walked around with her all night at this snazzy gallery party getting well drunk and surreptitiously gawking at all the dead pulses gushing pleasantries. I really liked the feeling of her on my arm, and the way she had something uniquely debasing to say about all the rich and their hangers-on.

So it wasn't with complete detachment that I watched Eve's neck. Things were getting really weird. I whispered into Molly's ear to fake a pass out so we could get the fuck out of there. She did it really cool, slowly sliding down that white leather, letting her shirt ride up her torso so only her boobs kept it from slipping right over

her head. I said the most amicable of goodbyes to Stan, who was still pretty with it, and Sylvie, who just slobbered a kiss onto my cheek. The Doctor saw me to the door and I shook his clammy hand, and I caught Eve's colorless eyes just before the door shut.

The sound of a door closing. We kissed on cue. I think most of Molly's attachment to me was the fact that I'm usually willing to rush into a speedy moment of debauchery no matter what. Hidden in plain sight. She started bumping my leg and went for my zipper. I kissed her hard and pushed her away. She bounced back into me. I told her we should just get ourselves home. She goes pouty, "what?" Usually I oblige with enthusiasm. Getting it on in odd places was like one of the foundations of our relationship, but my mind was reeling. All I wanted at the second was one lick across Eve's alcoholic mouth. So it was a long and sullen walk home.

Molly knows how to fuck with me. She went into the bathroom and started running the water. I started flipping through cd's and picked The Happy Mondays, and started savagely rearranging counter objects. I turned on the stove burner and found a package of Ramen noodles and got some bok choy out of the fridge. Waiting for water to boil is always an exercise in patience. I threw away a few things that were laying around the apartment and walked up to the bathroom door. When Molly takes a shower, the whole place starts to smell like green apples and magic. Eve's ghost had left me. Molly all wet and clean is nothing to sneeze at. All I wanted was to feed her and fuck her and forget the psychosexual head trip that I was slowly overcoming. She came out in her panties and told me she was still high. I pulled off my shirt and went to the pot to stir the noodles.

It was still obscenely early in the night. I flipped to Dave Letterman re-runs. I know how to fuck with Molly too. I lifted mouthfuls of noodles out of my bowl and leaned over carefully and blew the steam onto her left nipple. Watching female flesh rise is real entertainment. Talk shows are the clumsy backdrops which the

truly creative can manipulate, playing for their own ends...fucking and fighting and acting out in real time while the rest of America watches passively in night shirts and cozy slippers, eating toaster oven pizzas. This is our bond. An unwritten guarantee that the pedestrian world is not a part of us. It's merely a playground for more decisive constructs. A noodle slipped. And it burned. And she screamed. And I sucked it off her while a commercial for Prozac played for soccer moms suffering from a lack of affect.

At some point we made it to our bed. We fucked till she was all loopy and tired. She was sleeping soundly and I was feeling peaky. I stalked around the house like a tomcat, proud and thrilled in this stupid kind of way at what a good fuck I am. I thought about writing a song or something. I was worried I was letting my mind wander where it shouldn't. Eve was plastered all over my psyche. I thought about how soft Molly is. Something in me wants a mean streak in a girl. She likes me just the way I am. Which disturbs me greatly because I have all sorts of vices I'm very familiar with...and I get tired of beating the walls all alone. Molly would only ever know the immediate me. She was never really one to pry about the past or tease my insides out. She tended to get bored three sentences into anything I had to say. With her it was always about fun, escape, our silly cosmology of visceral pleasure. I wrote a few lines and woke up sometime later with my face on the paper.

We had a hushed and lazy next morning/afternoon. Molly was gone at around three, after naming me all sorts of things like self-centered and bitchy and Napoleonic. I started telling her about the dream I had where I followed a dark haired girl with a ravenous mouth through an endless series of grand rooms and plush hallways, trying to describe to her the scrollwork in the textured carpet, the skylights in the floor, how i looked down and saw her reaching up to touch my hand, and it was like she was drowning but when her arm touched the surface it just splashed droplets of mirror everywhere. I trailed off before the part with Eve, the blue silk flowers, the vodka

kiss I woke up to ...how all the layers of her Victorian tresses came un-sewn with one thread down a slit down her back. She shed them like a skin. A gallon of tears in my throat trying to come clean and Molly wasn't even listening.

I hit the street and walked toward the Dragon. I buzzed Stan's apartment. I knew he would be good for a deep conversation. Plus I needed drugs. I can't function very well soberly. We smoked some pot and talked about the usual bullshit that really starts to foul up your mind if you don't talk about it. We were instant friends politically and aesthetically. Still I didn't really want to breach the subject of my waning love for Molly and my devilish infatuation with Eve. Hours passed and so did the pipe. Eventually he turned out to be the one to start talking about how stupid and frustrating girls can be. Sylvia had thrown up on his carpet. And slept for what he considered to be way too long on his couch. He told me he hated to be so materialistic and petty, but the girl had snored puke breath on his favorite pillow for hours on end.

We started talking about old loves. The magic you can find with someone for awhile. We were both suffering from the same disease... cognitive dissonance. You find someone you like. You get along well enough that you want to spend all your time with them. You throw your heart, your energy into love. You push it till it rolls and steer it where it goes. Then six months or whenever later all the isolated frustrations, misunderstandings and moments of doubt- what you let go for the sake of keeping a good thing- those details become ongoing themes. Then something happens. It always does. You're sick of it. You don't know what to do about it. But at some moment it dies. I lit up a cigarette and said, "Hey man, fuck the complaints. I'm just gonna stop everything." He said "Yeah, I'm sick of living something I don't believe."

It wasn't anything too intellectual, or particularly deliberate; just a subtle shift of will. I did things like saying exactly what I mean,



spent more nights on my music, stopped automatically agreeing with every whim. I took up a new and very un-velotrix goal: conversation above sex, creative clarity above drugs. We developed our egos and waited for them to cheat on us or break up or freak out. All three things eventually happened. A punk told me he saw Ray and Molly making out right around closing time. That was a low blow. I think it hurt so bad because I knew that she didn't want Ray half as much as she wanted to get at me. She hates Ray. I confronted her about it, and she told me that maybe if I weren't such a cockless pansy, she wouldn't have to resort to losers like Ray for a little attention. I thought that was pretty funny, considering all the forget-your-name type orgasms we had shared. I didn't care.

It's amazing how fragile the most stable thing in your whole life can get. Beyond being tired or lazy, that night it just seemed like a waste of glue to fix what I managed to break with just a word. After a complicated dinner and too much Southern Comfort, she and I got into a pissing match about the dishes. She always left stuff in standing water. She plonked the last fork into a murky mixing bowl. I reminded her lame that is, and all of a sudden she let me know in shrill detail that I was entirely mistaken to think that, "she likes me just the way I am." I would have been hurt except I knew every bullet point by heart, and glazed over in a thought bubble, thrilled as fuck with the adrenaline, thinking, almost watching, so this is how it ends. At some point I snapped to and said, "look, I don't know what's eating you, but I wish you'd quit banging on about it like a stupid bitch." That was enough to shatter the vase. One splash, all the good time and a sorry rose on the kitchen tile looking entirely dehydrated and bloodless. I held my breath and watched it expire. That's Velotrix for you.

Sylvia broke a lot of really cool pottery Stan had collected, aiming at his head in a full flush spaz fit, and felt so fucked up about the whole thing, that she never even came over to collect all the stuff

she left behind at his apartment. Molly and Sylvia eventually decided to move in together.

Stan hadn't wasted any time. He knew the girls would bust. He just wanted someone he could talk to on his own level, no drool, no one way streets and trifling dimes. He hung out at Joe's a lot and developed a mocha addiction and a swell rep with Kim, the waitress with all the bracelets and stories behind her ear.

I had been staying at Dave's place in the basement, sulking a bit and making attempts to be melancholy. I wrote an angry song called ~fuck your fucking fork~ Then a hollow ode to Molly that I never finished ~velotrix~ because it was an like an insult to the word itself because it was so lame. One night I made up a blues tune. I had the reverb turned up to seven, trying to feel some heavy lines, but just kept singing over and over ~i get on~ that's it. Three words. I fell asleep with the amplifiers on, and must have kicked my guitar off the couch. I woke up to a feedback loop that sounded like a whale in labor. I quickly decided I would die without a bowl of soup, but to tell the truth, I was starving for Eve. So I went out walking. I knew something was going to happen.

I was staring at my reflection in the Dragon's window wondering if I should buzz number seven when I heard a boot against the metal door, saw a flash of that carpet and my fix edging her way out of the building's heavy door with her portfolio and some paintings. I had long given up resisting my all practical fears and surrendered to my all-consuming lust for Eve. Every part of me throbbed constantly. The whole idea of trying for it scared me to my core, and I think that's what made the idea so seductive. I helped her with the door. I could smell her hair and gin. I hopped in.

She says, listen you hot fuck, I've been wondering when you'd finally come around. The Doctor is out, and you, my dear, are in, and here we are, in plain sight, in my car, and you with no guitar to hide

behind. And here I am with no obstacle, just this one slippery thing I need your help with. In case you haven't noticed, I've got this blistering case of the hots for you. Yes, you, newsflash and this is what I am going to do about it. I will kiss those oblivious lips of yours and suck out any memory of, or preoccupation with the past and spit it out on the sidewalk. It may try to flop and flounder like a fish out of water for a useless moment, but I will kick it into submission. I'll stomp it out like one of your cigarettes. Then I'll take you home and give you something real to sing about. Me. Me all over your skin screaming at lewd angles. Sheer gratuitous fucking perfect copulation... no jumble of nouns and verbs could behold... this syntax of bodies we create... will be too pure to hold the shadow of illusion... or love's false impossibilities... no realistic probabilities, only certainty, and certainty alone. I will make boredom your stranger.

You'll even forget your pills, all your lifeless chemicals. Do you see me? This is your drug. Right here. Between my ears. Between these legs of mine you crave all wet. Did I hear you right that evening when you said you want something to consume you? Receive. I am fire. I will burn you hotter and brighter than magnesium in a bubble of ozone. They will hear our hot fuck ten miles wide, getting off and getting up with iridescent wings to light up the night sky. Crows will go white and dogs will meow and cats will lick dizzy in the alleys. my hips when you hit your fuzzy guitar with that viscous pick of yours. And every questionable fantasy your careless imagination has ever longed for, you will know, the answer is me. Touch me here. Like this. Tell me now, do ya like the way I flow? And then she kissed me.

Her other-worldly monologues became something i learned to live in awe of. She kissed me with my lids drawn, a haven from the poisonous sun, her perfect fingers tangled in my hair. I fell beneath a vision of my soul dissolving like salt on her tongue, magenta flowing from a sable brush into her lips, my trinket heart running

like a bead of wax down a candle, vanishing like a drop of quicksilver into an ocean of molten steel. She tells me she's pretty sure she doesn't even have a heart to swell or swoon or break or do any of those nasty things that make me so fucked up. She made me feel her chest, and I must admit I didn't feel much.

\* \* \*••\* \* \*

