

Tarot

by Alex M. Pruteanu

If you want to know who I am, read these Faerie cards upside down.

Here:

I put wax in my hair. Real wax. Melted. It never comes off. No matter how much you wash and rinse and repeat and rinse and repeat. And rinse. And repeat.

And.

I am the punter who stalks the literature aisles, picks up "Buddhism, A Way of Life," and puts it back after reading the inside jacket. The recommendation from the Dalai Lama. Good Housekeeping seal of approval. Association of Editors Something Something.

I am the boy with the olive skin who takes pictures of lewd sex acts performed by nobodies on stage at the Rock Creek Lodge Testicle Festival in Missoula, Montana.

I smoke menthols. Sometimes. Until I get caught.

I cut the tag off the mattress and piss into the toilet sitting down like a woman.

Because I'm lazy.

I write grace notes about Americana on lined paper and mail them to myself. I never stick on enough postage. They come back to me anyway.

I experiment with food dyes.

I grind down Valium and shoot them into my veins with a hypodermic needle.

I roll my eyes at impossible romances.

I lose faith and gain faith and lose desire for life.

Phone sex.

Pornography.

Alcohol on Easter Sundays.

Have you ever seen a fat Jesus?

She says: "You're UglyBeautiful."

Roll eyes.

Turn red.

Empty the glass.

Open the veins in a hot bath. Like the Romans.

Like Frankie Pentangeles

This is at the end of sixteen years' work. I'm tired and so I open it up for her so she can see. Everything is there for her. "You're UglyBeautiful."

Nothing is.

She says all I need is some convincing.

And so I let her convince me.

