

Frankie's Girl

by David Russo

Frankie's girl had a habit of making any guy she walked past turn his head and lose his entire train of thought—we all knew it. Frankie was the only one who asked her out to have lasted long enough and worked hard enough to the point of putting a ring on her finger. She had everything that mattered; curves in the right place and the pedigree sense to use them so delicately it hurt.

In particular there was something about that black hair of hers, the way it completely contradicted her feminine suave and asserted rebellion and intrinsic societal-destruction. There was an odd organization to the chaotic locks that spiked in every direction, leaving only a faint fringe at her brow.. Among all the redeeming qualities she had, even that buxom manner of walking she adopted—nothing distracted me more. Even at the wedding, underneath her bridal shade you could tell her hair had certain difficulty deciding what shape it wanted to assume.

We were all happy for Frankie; his last fiance jumped ship with some design major from New York leaving him to stew in a soup of self-loathing and apathy. In the off chance he actually left the house, it was dependably predictable that you would find him out by the interstate at a strip club. It wasn't an entirely provincial gesture, redirecting his misery through his penis but it seemed to bring him to reality enough that he would be back on the dating scene within the year.

Frankie was planning on taking her to Rome for their honeymoon next week. I've never seen the country, but admiring the language is enough of a reason to at least spend a week there and learn a number of things. At one point the wife would tell the husband how excited she was to be visiting her mother's country, and that buying a home there would make the deceased soul (currently enjoying

residence in a ceramic) happy.

I'm quite sure though with her face buried in my crotch that a dead mother and a honeymoon to Rome is the last thing on the mind of Frankie's Girl.

