

CURTAINS

by Dennis Hiatt

Cousins of my ex-wife live so far out in the wheat fields, that they don't have curtains. They haven't had curtains for forty years. That's always made me think of incest and they look it; small heads, close set eyes bright as glass abandoned to the desert sun, an eighty year old, boxcar shaped aunt that kills chickens with her feet. With her toes actually.

To be fair she may not be a blood relative. But she lives there, out back with the tractors, in a shed.

They piss off the front porch at high noon. Women just should not do that. I'm sorry.

I'm not sorry I married Sarah. Sorry is far too light a word.

Wretchedly, pitiful-grief comes to mind and passes back out, like a bat fleeing a vast cave, without touching either side of the darkness.

You think that perhaps I jest? Have you EVER seen a old woman kill a chicken with two gnarled big toes and THEN squat and piss off the front porch of a rambling shack as she stares out across miles of golden wheat with a sad but maybe sexy look on her great, grey jowls, that makes you wonder if you're next. Believe me, next for what just does not matter.

You can bet your ass that SHE doesn't drive a Toyota!

Sarah and I (new to the marriage bed) spent our first Thanksgiving with these cousins. We had chicken. Chicken was an old family tradition, I was appraised.

And yes it was a come-to-meet-the-family dinner. Her uncle John took one look at my Toyota and yucked. "That there thang aint big enough to get a hard on in!"

John was the brains of the tribe, the witty and worldly one. Or so I was told. I was told...many things. Some things

I believed, some....some I believed but wished I'd never heard.

Sarah has a dark side. Even next to her cousins (Sarah does not speak of her mother and father. Not a word.). She likes to shit on flowers. When we were going out, I guess I kind of just put that off as some kind of being in tune with nature. I mean she did wear her SAVE-THE-WHALES tee-shirt every where we went.

And she eats a lot, and I mean a LOT, of veggys.

She also castrated her cat. All by herself...with her Swiss Army Knife. And not with the blade either.

Yeah, that put me off.

But I still married her.

Now that we're divorced I don't go out with girls.

Yeah.....Curtains.

