

# TRAFFIC JAM

*by* Fin Sorrel

I would call her Taylor, because black hairs draw toward the curve of her lips and edge into the miles between us — But instead I curtail a whimsy, freak out the neighbors by dressing my cat in an armor of arrows, go outside, into the suburbs, dressed in my fag dreams, and search for purple, learning the arithmetic of streets my art teachers taught me — and curving down the avenue of Toasters, big loaves of bread slide up from inside, all around us —

Meeshka wants some of the toast and jumps up and down, clanging the arrows stop motion. Odd for a cat —

“No Jumping!” Med.z Tony says.

I pull open my switchblade and dust off my shoulder.

“Who said that shit!” I look at the toaster designs, Fluer De Lise, at the toaster designs, pin stripe —

“Who tells my cat rules, that's my cat, bitch!”

Meeshka's still jumping. The toasters let out building size slices of steaming bread into the back yards. Golf course toast, swimming pool toast, pink flamingo's, swing set toast —

I'm spazing out, yielding the switchblade at the air. Now they'll think I'm dangerous, I've got a cat dressed in arrows jumping up and down for building sized toast and I'm swingin' a switch blade.

“No Jumping, dammit!” Med.z Tony shouts. He's inside my shirt right now, muffling his cries with spandex I've got on for my squirrel man role—

“Who just said that to my cat!”

“You're heart Chakra, idiot! Look down! I'm sick today though, so don't kill me in the eyes, Dumbo.”

“Why are you talking to my cat! You Sancho Richardo! Over pass! Look out!” I duck as a building of hot toast crashes down to meet us. We are on the Astra turf, so, I don't really panic, but Meeshka is jumping like crazy now. I think about trying on that mask with her

earlier, she had said she's on her period, so I guess she's a little hungry? Or something — My chest burns and I stray from the Astra turf and drop the switch blade, toasted bread lands on Meeshka, it's stuck to the arrows and struggling, she asks for help — The burning turns into a song that I belch out of my stomach — the song helps Meeshka tear into the bread — I find a golden chair with red velvet and sit, watching Meeshka play in the bread — She eats through one side, back strokes down the middle, chops at the toast with her arrow armor, and comes out of the pool with a towel, brushing back her long strings of arrow hair —

At yellow thirty we go over to the Alamo, the dance — At mustard O'clock we watch the sunset over the toaster hills — At green O'clock we get a boat and explore the cave behind lake Spinster — At turquoise thirty we watch "Strangers fall in love" and Meeshka puts her paws on my leg. At Blue O'clock she sleeps —

The highway still passes over our heads in green dimensions that look like hovercraft's and street lamps — I paint a starfish on Meeshka's back with my pointer finger, wipe it away, paint a rose, wipe it away.

Three drawings of a highway passing over head made of roses and starfish. Bolts, street lamps, rust and wear in 'starfish roses.' I leave nothing out. I put on a helmet I made out of street signs and cardboard boxes, switch on remote cruising and am swimming with Mark, Dot, and Alpha G in the tank.

Mark comes out of the pirates treasure, buried beneath the heaps of tourmaline pebbles, and whistles bubbles.

"Looking good, Zach, where you been Neeshka?"

"Nelson, dude I know alright? Mark, thanks Mark. Ah, the tank is nice."

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