

Sticky Wants to Grab

by G. Arthur Brown

I am coming to your party. Kilby is bringing the beer. Ed is bringing the snacks. I'll bring the naproxen sodium so we won't have any problem grabbing things. There are so many things I want to grab! Your dollhouse looks so cute I can't keep my hands off it. I tried soft restraints, but I just wound up chewing my way free, grabbing your dollhouse and caressing it. I want to grab the breasts of your statue, the naked neoclassical one that looks a bit like Gwyneth Paltrow. I want to grab your branches and climb you like a maple. I'll lick your sap from my hands after I'm all sticky. In fact, call me Sticky. I've got the pills if you need them in order to grab me. Hold on tightly, because I hate it when you chafe my skin. I popped a blister you gave me, and it reported me to the police. I grabbed the officer's billy club and complained about how much it would hurt my finger joints if I beat him senseless. He said the state would be putting a fat tax on my naproxen sodium, but also worried that judges would strike down the law since it discriminates against those of us who have a hard time grabbing things. I grabbed a bag at your last party, hoping for prizes, but it was full of coffee grounds that smelled like divorce. I grabbed your answering machine and changed the message. I pretended I was your dog and people thought it was funny. Your dog didn't get it. I could not do the voice right, maybe that was it. I won't let you down, though. I will grab you and hold you. I will take a whole bottle beforehand to make sure my joints can handle it.

