

My Fuji Red Banannanana

by Kyle Hemmings

She had some fascinating
if incongruous
twins of swing hips.
Her eyes made me think
of opium dens
of fast women without a twitch,
the sweet despair
of gentlemen losers
with their 19th century
handbooks of morality
and witchcraft.

But she only wanted me
for my Fuji Red Bannananana.
It was a portable thing,
I told her,
hoping she'd aspire to a loftier love.
It was something that could be taken off,
plugged in to be recharged.
I told her that it didn't really
come from Fuji.
It was made in Hoboken, N.J.
Invented by an ex-porn star
with calluses
and sagging testacles.
Must have been a bitch.

I awoke in the middle of the night
naked and alone.
My Fuji Red Bannananana was gone
as was the woman with mystic hips.
The radio alarm clock was set on Snooze.

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A part of me was gone forever.
But I still had the charger
and the remote.

