

Donkey Kong

by Lisa Lim

Cuntina

Platypussy

Donkey Kong

Inbox now full.

*Please be original, not platitudinarian
(plat-i-tood-n-AR-ee-uhn), one who utters platitudes or trite
remarks.*

That's not very nice Aamir, I say. That's not very nice, he parrots.

On my birthday lover receives a text. Do have a dirty martini waiting for me, writes bitch with Maria Shriver cheekbones.

Want to scratch her face out like a cat with fingernails just honed on furniture able to pounce correctly on an impudent mouse. Am not sure why because we are only lovers. Nothing more.

But isn't there an understanding between lovers? Perhaps, I concoct this. I should know better. A fuck is a fuck. A cock is a cock. Outside of bed anonymous lovers don't know shit. What will he order from the Halal cart? A piece of lamb dripping with fat or baba ganush? None of your business.

You think I'm stupid. I know the man that you are. Vaginal man. Weak and horny. Eager to catch a pampering kiss or cream. Sophie worked behind the Kiehl's counter offering samples to crow feet women. Aamir had a mild case of acne he was treating with garlic cloves. He once tried a brand in Jaisalmer, India called *pimp off*. But it turned pimples into boils. Today he would try Kiehls. May I help you? Sure you may, you gorgeous creature. Aamir believed in persuasive powers of hyperbole.

Don't get me wrong. Maria Shriver is hot, but her angled face makes me think a knife thrower is out to get me. And I am the boy

bound on the spinning wheel. A plague on my erection. I touch her chin. I feel whiskers and rough psoriasis, not soft like cow udders. Like your face cuntina. Fuck off, I say. That's a compliment you fool. Sometimes I wake and dread how she looks a man in my bed. I pray to Allah that she needs to leave bright and early. I want to scream bed bugs. I want to start a fire. Anything to have her jump with fear. A trampoline bed will do to bounce and eject lovers at will. I understood because one man was shaved so close I mistook it for a vagina. No hole to finger though. Traumatic encounter at daylight.

The waiter brought over my dish. *Pate is mine.* It's not pate! Sophie with Maria Shriver cheekbones corrects. *It is.* It's not. *It is.* I don't give a shit. *Otoko no,* I scream. That means she is a man. Later we find out she studied Japanese for five years. She left shortly. *You were a bitch to my friend and that is why I am leaving you with the bill.* Her dirty martini included. I spit on him. The entire staff and patronage in Moutarde stares forks mid air.

Aamir is a grand pick up artist. Once a woman screamed, hold those doors. He ran for the train. Let the doors slip and tried his story of how many standard sized rubberbands does it take to wrap around the earth. On bar napkins he scribbled proof of his calculations. Awed, she opened her legs.

I once did for that same story. But mine included tales of being a prince in Pakistan and sword fighting wounds I later discovered were chicken pox scars and Bollywood dancing flamingoes in gardens.

That is how I became his cuntina. His platypussy. His donkey kong. His favorite girl beside his so called dirty martinis.

Never want to see, eat, or hear the word "pate" again.
Understand fool?

Your mailbox is full. Please delete old messages.

Cuntina call me or suffer . . .

Extreme titty torture.

Fuck off.

Now?

Later.

