

Oh, You Silly, Silly Putty

by Matt Kang

Take me out of my plastic, red-and-yellow jar, asshole. You know where I am. Sitting at the bottom crevice of the third-from-the-bottom cardboard box in the basement, next to the Power Rangers lunchboxes and the Lincoln Logs; the Lincoln Logs you thought was a Tootsie Roll once and had to go to the ER for, remember? You were such an idiot.

Go on, take me out and roll me in your hands. The memory of my smell comes back through your nostrils—that smell, faintly of sperm, but you never placed the smell until now. Obviously. I hope. I don't want to hear about your daddy issues.

Shape me into that house you can't afford. Yeah, the one you took out that loan for. You know you'll be eighty-five when that thing is paid off. If you make it that far. You know you'll have such bad arthritis you can't even use me?

Shape me into your dreams. Remember when the path to it was like a goddamn summer sidewalk straight to your ice-cream-truck happiness? What happened to it now, eh? I bet there's weeds and shit growing over it...you'd need to machete your ass off just to get ten steps from where you're standing.

Shape me into your first love. I say "first love" because your fruity ass uses words like that. You know she's probably doing really well. The broken mouse in the box under me said that you tried to look her up once and you found out she was married. Man, it really sucks to be you. Mouse said she was hot, too.

Aw, cheer the fuck up. I'm Silly Putty.

Shape me into a dick. Because it's funny. Wow, you touched the

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shaft. You're so gay.

