

Body to go

by Matt Potter

I'm squatting naked over the hand mirror, feet cold on the terrazzo floor, looking at my winking arsehole. It reminds me of her face: eyes sloe, nose tiffed, lips harrumphing. And the badge bobbing above her right breast: '*Tiahna — your friendly trainee*'.

I glop the paintbrush in the crab lotion and slather it on my hole, perineum, under my balls. I favour broad strokes — no pointless pointillism — but stab the cracks and folds precisely. The crab lotion tingles and burns, stinging all senses.

And I have my entire body to go! Arms, chest, stomach, underarms, back, pubic hair, legs, feet, toes.

Yes, I am *that* hairy. Yes, the crabs have taken over.

EARLIER

Tiahna — factory-fresh, rust-free, go-go-figured circa nineteen year-old Norwood Chemist junior — inched the *Benzemul Application* bottle from the top shelf.

"Do you sell paintbrushes too?" I asked.

She handed the bottle to me, nostrils glaring.

My head steamed. "I might be forty-nine but I can still get crabs!" I said. "Which you get from *fucking* ."

Distaste churned in her face.

"I'm *infested* with pubic lice," I spat. "I need a lot of paintbrushes to apply this stuff. Although a dipping vat would be better, but I bet you don't sell vats either."

Tiahna shook her head, scanning and bagging the *Benzemul* bottle.

LATER

I unfold to a stand, forty-nine year-old knees cracking. Swapping to a broader brush, I slather my chest. Then stop.

A paint roller would work so much better. And I'm scratching to see Tiahna again.

