

The Duck Dynasty Dog Ate My Bus Pass

by Misti Rainwater-Lites

Look. I know what you're thinking. I'm white so I'm always right. I'm straight so the gates open wide when I come to town. I'm an attractive female with a high school diploma so I can work the counter of any Dairy Queen in Texas. It hasn't always been so easy for me. In fact, it isn't so easy for me now. I've stumbled and fallen plenty of times and I've got the bruises, lacerations, scars and drunk rodeo clown knees to prove it. I'm a fucking wreck of a human being, crying into my Rice Krispies each night, getting through each morning with the help of my good friends Jim Beam and Paxil. I stopped having multiple orgasms five years ago when I could no longer afford my cable bill and Obama's minions stuck a fuckbot outside my bedroom window. The fuckbot makes weird random noises and flashes. It's distracting. I know he's a camera. He can see through the Elvis Budweiser Skoal Velveeta Thomas Kinkade collage I taped to the window one afternoon under the influence of Benadryl and Boone's Farm Fiesta Strawberry. The Best Mix Tape Ever gets me through. Sometimes. Not always. Side one? The usual suspects. Hank Williams I, II and III. Loretta Lynn. David Allan Coe. Toby Keith. Willie Nelson. Merle Haggard. Gary Stewart. Joe Stampley. Moe Bandy. Tanya Tucker. Waylon Jennings. Johnny Cash. Shania Twain. Side two is a bit more eclectic. Daniel Alomia Robles. Unsub Chin. Francisco Lopez Capillas. Anthony Santos. Britney Spears. Miley Cyrus. Taylor Swift. Freddy Fender. Rolf Harris. King Tuff. Dirt Dress. The Memories. Perfect Pussy. The trouble is the ghost of John Lennon. He's a smart ass and a nuisance. He messes with the volume knob on my old school stereo and he berates my choices with that famous Scouse accent, scousier than ever from beyond the grave. Lester Bangs appears on occasion and he's even worse. Bastards. Things have changed since they strutted the gritty streets

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of the Lower East Side with Blondie and the gang. Fuckers. Never disenfranchised, never missed a goddamn beat, but you wouldn't know it to see the pictures of them hitting the bong and passing the Cheetos. So yes, bottom line, long story short, despite my whiteness and rightness, my straightness and unlimited gate access and captivating green eyes and amiable breasts and high school diploma from Willow Brook Christian, I struggle. I sob. I fall down and go boom. So look. So listen. I am here to testify. I am here to tell you that the hardest thing to hold onto in this nutty ass world is a semblance of integrity nicely marbled with an ounce of sanity. I have read and memorized my Purple Pieman bible. It's probably better than the bible you reference for several reasons:

1. No mention is made of where God prefers men to stick their penises. Men can stick their penises in pies, vaginas, anuses, mouths, teddy bears, glazed donuts, food processors, Slinkies...it's solely up to the individual since the individual is the owner of the penis and will do what he wants to do with the penis, regardless. Will God allow men with kinky, hyperactive penises into his kingdom? Maybe. Open to interpretation, at least in Purple Pieman bible.

2. According to Galatians 11:11, we are all messy with rainbow. Period. No black. No white. No fifty shades of goddamn grey.

3. The Song of Solomon is actually David Cassidy's love letter to Susan Dey. The Purple Pieman version beats all hell out of the King James version for obvious reasons. Imagine all that hair, all that feel good sincerity. Yes. You will drool.

4. The world was made in much less than six days. The world was actually made in one hour, the amount of time it might take your grandmother to make a cherry pie from scratch and bake it in the oven.

5. Rednecks will in fact inherit the Earth but by the time they inherit the Earth it will no longer be inhabitable. People who pass a painless IQ test will be transported to Much Better World Than This World Ever Thought About Being. Location to be determined as technology sharpens and space exploration deepens.

6. There are no dragons and monstrous scorpions and avenging angels at the end. Only Q-Tips.

