

Drive, you sd, for christ's sake

by Ryder Collins

This weekend was supposed to be about intellect and soul-mating, but, like all others, it's turned into body and longing. You sit in my passenger seat and I let you smoke in my wee car with the windows rolled down.

We've come from a wedding, a fairy ring, a carnival, an executioning, anything that's spectacle, and you sat beside me that whole time and we sweated together and you made sure your leg grazed mine only every now and then.

I would've had sex with you every time.

You say you were imagining me giving you head at the altar, on a mushroom, a ferris wheel, the electric chair.

I would have done you but I started thinking about hair on my toes, my 70s bush, my weak teeth, your bangs oiling up from the heat, your hand tats, and the facial stubble you refused to shave. You could be a hipster, you could be worse; you attach yourself to the right people and feed feed feed. Everyone wants to introduce you to others.

I want to introduce you to the priest, the barker, the Faerie Queen, the executioner. I want to show you god, show you magic, con and kill you.

Or maybe, I want to lock you in my car and just drive.

