

I will be your girlfriend, Sam Pink

by Ryder Collins

Dear Sam Pink,

I thought about starting this out like that William Carlos Williams poem. You know. About the plums and the cool refreshing stuff and the stealing but then I thought how about if we find some of Williams' DNA and we clone him and we feed his clone plums until the self-complacent wheelbarrow fucker chokes on that cool refreshing shit. This is just, what I mean, I will be your girlfriend. If you're still looking... & if you're a conglomerate: if the call's still out or whatever.

Even if you are a conglomerate of writers, I will be your girlfriend. I will date a different Sam Pink every night of the week; the week'll begin on Saturday cause I heard Saturday's traditionally date night. I don't really know, though. I've been locked in a beer cave for the last ten years of my life. I was just let out by some frat boys who were looking for Natty Light.

Sam Pink 2 & I'll date on Sunday. We'll taunt churchgoers by riding our horses up through the aisle and to the altar and we'll pretend our horses are both Mr. Ed and we'll throw our voices and neigh for some communion wine, Wilbur.

On Monday, I'll lock Pink 3 in the closet. I want to keep him safe from serial killers.

Tuesday, Pink 4 & I'll go out to eat. We'll take the bus to George Webb's at 2 am. There's always a mohawked guy at Webb's at 2 am who thinks he's the punkest. I'll try to beat his ass cause I'm bored

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with Pink 4. Don't take it personally, Pink 1 or 2 or 3, please.

On Wednesday, Pink 3 will escape and it'll be a little menage with trois.

Pink 6 & I'll settle into some kind of routine. He'll relinquish hopes I'll ever look like the Natty Light girl, and I'll cut his toenails. He'll vacuum the clippings while we watch Thursday primetime. Must watch NBC or SUV or some shit. I'll get up to go to the loo and come back with jello in my bra. I'm trying to look like the Natty Light girl and give new meaning to domestic happiness at the same time. It's so fucking ironic we'll go out for sushi and snort wasabi off some naked girl. The wasabi'll burn our brains like coke; we'll go looking for that feeling forever and ever. We definitely won't go home. The vacuum'll be so lonely it'll kill itself by vacuuming everything out of existence. That vacuum'll make dark matter look like a pussy and it will be all our fault. We would chortle obnoxiously but we've already hemorrhaged from too much wasabi sex.

Friday we'll go bowling and hope no one kills Pink 7 again.

Saturday it'll start all over. Maybe we'll visit my old beer cave some day. It's full of beer and no cozies and it's cold and men come in and go out like men do.

So think about it, Sam Pink. Or Sam Pinks. All this I got to offer.

