

BlazeVOX 2k9

Fall 2009

Kyle Flak

NO ONE CALLS ME A BUCKAROO ANYMORE

I kissed you like a mango
in the Art History department's dark
room among dusty slides of porticos, Georgian
columns, and a
kind of rare Swedish unicycle purchased
for no reason with ample
university funds during the more extravagant
1980's which was not a slide at
all--it really was a unicycle! Excited by
this, you leaned into
me as if
naked but you were not naked at
all inside your fuzzy
mock turtleneck
sweater of many colors like:
the color of blueberries which isn't actually
blue I don't
think, the color of caramel
corn which has
no really accurate name except maybe
"caramel" but then
you're missing out on the whole "corn" aspect of
it, which is
sad. Our lips joined, we thought of "all-you-care-
to-eat" pizza buffets like the one we
went to in Michigan when deliciousness
was still in

style. Your hair could have been a pile
of rotini pasta, which sometimes is
also served at those
places. Oh, to be that cotton ball and
yarn teddy bear who
sleeps with you every
night! To be named "Willy the
Wiley One" and not even have
to teach science
class in the morning
to a crowd of angry rugby enthusiasts.

M----- IN A SUNDRESS

To think of you eating a muffin
near a cranberry bog or
counting stars in Oklahoma
with yellow sandals
on is to wait for chrysanthemums
to spill out of my shower
stall like the bank robber's
big bag of horribly gorgeous
money finally getting opened for
the first time at the secret
hideout spot up in the Adirondacks almost near
Lake Champlain where a mythical
sea monster apparently is
spotted once in a while by a
few whiskey-headed frat
boys finally
heading home to their
dormitory at 5 a.m. after really living
through the greatest
party Burlington, Vermont has
ever known.

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Aunt Agatha sat on the cheesecake again.
We were all flabbergasted, to be sure.
Then Ella Fitzgerald came on the scene with her
bosom of fire, phonographic
quality, and jazz singer lipstick.
We welcomed her with many champagne
cocktails, many winks and tickles.
"If we are going to the circus later on, I want
you to drive the clown car," someone said.
The year was 1947. We were living in
Brooklyn, New York. I had
a promising new job at a pharmaceutical
company. They asked
me never to wear a clip-on
tie to work again. I purchased
real ones. Several of
them. Hell, I could
afford it. I still had money coming in
from the Navy. "Your injured
hair; your poor pretty
eyeballs; your out-of-fashion golf
shirts of red, gold, pink, orange, fuchsia--
lilacs in mother's
front porch
hanging flowerpot; spacemen talking about
actually becoming
spacemen; the New York Yankees pissing
upon your local boys in
the series--
this truly is a
year to remember!"
Ella flung her empty cocktail glass at
a passing rat.
The taste of 1947 grew moldy.
Then, it passed very quickly.
Whoosh!
I am so old.

BELIEVING IN YOURSELF

The difference is to be actually talking about something.

Like: "Yes, I did sew your grandmother's buttons on a little tighter than usual this time." (Nod your head.)

Or: "No. I didn't." (Shake your head.)

I remember a time when I wasn't afraid to pay full price for a carnival ride.

I remember a time when I was afraid of cunnilingus.

Trial and error is one method you can use to find out if a love is interesting or not.

Betsy may have long and lovely eyelashes but no patience for the dramatic works of Henrik Ibsen.

Danny may be a boy who looks a lot like a woman. And this excites you!

There is no way to know ahead of time what will and will not work inside the bedroom.

A dentist's drill. A stuffed coyote.

There is a restaurant in Tokyo where you fell in love with a modest dessert menu.

There is a paper bag in the basement that is full of other, smaller paper bags you don't remember ever receiving.

The trickiest part about life is deciding how much money to tell people that you have.

I always say that I have none.

A USUAL TUESDAY

The inspector opened Door "Q."

A panther clawed at his face.

The inspector opened Door "751."

A naked lady told him all about Texas.

The inspector opened the tiniest door of them all.

An ogre asked to borrow some lettuce.