

Jacob Jiráček

## THE ELECTIVE ÜBERMENSCH OF ZARATHUSTRA

by Jacob Jiráček

The crawling over your body, the heavy sway of breasts: memories like an attack in a dirty alleyway with a shard of glass. At least Updike got that right, but there are no neighborhoods, just clusters of houses and clusters of stores. It's not like I'm Don Giovanni. I'm just being honest and kind of open, unlike anybody else out here. They'd bury the living if they could.

It's a tough decision man. Mary'd be there until I grew a ten-yard beard and started spouting off bullshit about gyres. Her mom isn't bad looking, and I might reasonably still get good nights out of her at 35. Supple. She's the definition of the word. Dancing with her is like playing with Play-Doh. It gets me excited every time I think about it. Although it makes the whole process pretty awful when you don't get any input from the other side, and in your head you're like you stupid bitch, just say something. But women are always like that; they think it's their job to never spill food on themselves while men puff out their chests and hold open doors.

Kayla though. Her whole body moves in a ripple. Though you always feel a little like dirt piled on the side of the road whenever a girl with bruises on her arms comes after you. Still, that wet, hot mouth sliding down your body and that press of her body against yours with her face suspended above like Medea's chariot... I like to imagine that I'm Jason, helpless beneath. It's enough to make one giddy. She doesn't mind. Really, she doesn't.

But anyway, like I was saying, I can't decide whether I should walk up to the serving counter and hit on that barista or not. I know, I know – Don't worry; I don't think she can hear us talking in this corner – she's not the hottest girl you've ever seen; but it's not her fault. I admit that the automated voices of cash register corporate policy are as sterile as anything Nabokov ever wrote and that the green and black don't really show off any curve, but you need to appreciate the difference between ugly and unsexed. Ugly women are awful songs that you don't hate, but unsexed women are like the view from a porch in the country. You plan the deployment of your troops, the alignment of your regiments. God's variations on brown stretch before you, and, in a way, it's all yours.

That's the challenge; that's the taste; that's the flavor. That's the conquest, taking out the face of Starbucks.

I know what you're thinking, glancing at her: Yes, just keep telling yourself that you could have her if you wanted her. Really, it's nothing (this is me now); it's all nothing and you're left face to face with the fact that you can't look a Starbucks barista or any other woman in the eyes and her immediately start tearing off her clothes. If only it were so simple. No they'd rather you bleed them out, and light them up for the gods along with some grain and fruit.

You know, what I really want is to go over the Midwest – all over from Oklahoma to Dakota, over to Wisconsin and then back down through Ohio – and bathe it in gasoline. (It's not because I'm angry. It's not.) Then I'll drive home, sit on my porch in an old lawn chair with a cold beer and watch as tides of fire sweep the plains. (I know, I know; it's not practical – but bear with me.) I want to sit on the shore of a lake of fire. And when the members of the new civilization crawl up to my feet, asking Utnapishtim about immortality, I'll walk out in the shoe-staining ash, have everyone crouch down, and point my finger at the slivers of new grass more delicate than any touch.