

Davy Crockett Wiggins

SANDRA BULLOCK DOESN'T GET HER TESLA

Before returning Sandra Bullock's underwear and hair tie in a brown lunch bag, you let out the cutest little burp right as she opens the door. You almost puke trying to remember what you planned to say. You planned to say Hey so quietly that the voice fell backwards and seized your throat, and in this way, she would speak first. You still have faith.

'H-'

But there is so much silence. So here goes it again, a joke maybe.

'Hey, Sandy. It's clobberin' time.'

'Yeah.'

But you know she does not agree. Or understand.

Because time will only do with the one way, and you try to break the present frame and swim out countless yards to good beginnings.

You only shape this bird how you want it to fly.

You got five of Sandra Bullock's underwear every time you told her to invest in profitable crypto currency. This only started because she picked you off the floor of Fifth France House Dive Bar one night and you were so drunk and dyslexic you could only say certain letters, like, X-R-P, E-T-H, U-S-D-T, and she said hell why not and made a lot of money. So you stayed in her guest room for months.

Some nights you were allowed to sleep as the dog at the end of the bed with Miss Bullock curling her toes deep into your unveiled back, and in sharp pain you felt a difference between hope and staying exactly where you

were, staring at the alarm clock, the room so well ventilated you could almost float the word Perfect across the walls with a little more than your eyes. You said the names of everyone you know falling away till you slept.

You woke up in mornings that were widened funnels. You heard Sandy Bee's zoom call, a day trading seminar, going on in her office. You saw her toes wiggling against the carpet below a standing desk, watching the computer with her butt poked out and her hands combing through stressful movie star hair; flunked out and confused, you hated yourself to see it. On your hoverboard you motored softly past her and whispered *Cardano*.

Spoiled for the good results, you sit on a mound of Sandra Bullock's underwear watching Top Gun in designer fashion belts and big, white sneakers that resemble bigger cars, shoveling popcorn and sucking down cans of Dr. Pepper with sounds of velcro ripping. She pats you on the head passing by on her more expensive hoverboard.

But just because you were the first to applaud in the audience does not mean you had any right opinion. You've only guessed so far, only been so lucky.

Soon you are getting things wrong, once a week, 10 times in a month. The mound of underwear is weakening from your bright ass. Sandy locks your hoverboard in the highest cabinet only she can reach. And it seems that the kitchen island has grown ten feet taller, and Sandy doesn't walk diagonally with you up the stairs any more; the stairs are stage platforms you cannot surpass to bed. You laid at the bottom of the stairs, fell asleep through a smoothie blender and into worser dreams, recalling voluptuous shapes hanging off a cotton candy moon, shapes that read BIT, DOGE, SOL, and something that tasered you awake. And she's coming down the stairs.

'Hey, baby, it's Solano, maybe DOGE. Swear to god baby, you're getting a Tesla.'

'Todd Phillips is coming over for a debut. Need you out for a while.'

Returning to Fifth France House Dive Bar everyone looks at you like a lateral fuck-up. You fall to bed on a flattened yoga mat of Sandra Bullock's underwear, against the same floor you were found. You did all the stunts while no one was watching, and you can't move back the ramps or mull the gravel from where things have already shifted, you can only run a blurring tire taking off over the vast, innumerable pebble, and hope that in some infinite theorem all is restored.

Waking up the next day, you get a text from her, and the wide-funneled morning is now filled by lots of daggers. You take her hair tie off your wrist and cry; keep what you deserve but give back Thursday.

She has a movie coming up, she doesn't fly without her days of the week so close.

You borrow someone else's hoverboard that dies 8 blocks away from Sandra Bullock's house so you're now carrying a dead robot and the clinical brown lunch bag. And in the end she autographs and donates all of her

days of the week to a Goodwill, and on ShopGoodwill.com you see photos of hooks hanging with them, and bidders place their bets until it goes past \$80,000.

You check E News and people are already wondering what happened between Todd Phillips and Sandra Bullock in Cabo. It doesn't matter how many new coins you push to market. IWB-SBAT (I Will Buy Sandra Bullock A Tesla), T-PCD (Todd Phillips Can't Dance), T-DDS BIA (Till Death Do Sandra Bullock and I Apart). And you realize for her it was never about getting rich quick.

You've put something for her in the sky she'll look towards but never understand. She DM's you and says congratulations, the thing in the sky, it's kind of pretty. And the comfort is in knowing that you've put something out there that's always working to bring her home, this all just one moment sustained as a fly trap, and whatever has arrived can lay upon what will remain, become stuck and die out so tragically, nowhere as different as it is right now, time only doing the one way, 12,000 little spaceships, and the message couldn't be clearer.

Sandra: Try AVAX; really lucrative—I now know.

BEAVERTON, OR

If I told you pianos were made out of excess whale, would you believe me? Would you believe that in a town called Beaverton, there are 51 Hondas all the same, waiting to be paid off by grieving families of those kids who took up the summer hijacking catalytic converters and who all eventually died on their backs, under the spark plugs of unreliable chainsaws, under parked Hondas—would you believe the rusty smell that lingered around their bodies at their funerals? The innumerable caskets thrown out of their dressing rooms due to the unforgivable stench of oil? If I told you there was no Honda dealer in Beaverton but strictly retailing Toyota salesmen, and that pianos are already too expensive to be affordable as made of whale, would you believe the greatest strength of Beaverton is the intimate space between its neighbors? If I called you after a long day and asked for some sugar, would you pour it into a styrofoam cup for me like they would in Beaverton? If I told you I wanted to tape you to a tree and fuck you not even so passionately as to love but to pass the time, would you allow these many lies to unfurl and grow old into our own understanding? You must know that we all find the same music in the end. We all watch the same movies. I'm just in love with you in a Hollywood way. I just want you to borrow a t-shirt. Don't believe anyone who says I'm a *sheep fucker*. In a town called Beaverton I want to see you in a swimsuit holding a towel a few feet ahead of me.