

from Juked #4
Fall 2006

ELIZABETH ELLEN

*only bastard in town
who prefers brunettes*

you're afraid I'll write about you, I say,
that's why you won't fuck me.

no, man, he says, agitated,
explanatory.
I told you, I don't like blondes.
nothing personal.

he tells me this at least once a week.
I never believe him.

you have a preference for brunettes.
that's all, I say, retaliating.
but he's not looking at me.
he's looking at the 5'3" bottle of ink across the room;
the one who brings him his beer in a 32 oz glass
and calls him truckstop:
carrie, katie, bitchface, whore.
she has a tattoo on her wrist
and one on her back.
added bonuses, he calls them.

ELIZABETH ELLEN

if she has a piercing somewhere we can't see
that would be icing on the cake.

I have a fear of needles.

I don't go in for either one.

I have two white circles the size of dimes on the inside of my
left calf,

like someone needed a place to put out their cigarettes and my leg
was available,

only I can't remember who.

she has a fat ass, I say.

all the better.

you can't win with this guy.

unless, of course, you're a twenty year old
fatass, goth whore. then you can't lose.

you're afraid, I reiterate, hoping repetition might get me
somewhere

even though it never has in the past.

you're afraid I'll write about your dick—

that it's too small or too soft or grossly malformed.

you're afraid I'll write you were a lousy lay.

and then everyone will know,

even miss marilyn manson here;

you'll be damaged goods.

whatever, man, he says, completely nonplussed,

still not looking me in the eye,

still watching her fat ass,

making me want to fuck him all the more.

only bastard in town who prefers brunettes

you know, I bet you're the only bastard in town who prefers
brunettes, I tell him.

I could wear a wig, I add.
I could dye my hair.
I'm not even a real blonde, for chrissake.

but he's not listening.
he's not paying me any attention.
he's hell bent on little miss goth bitch over there.
next week she'll be twenty-one.

if this is some elaborate joke – I say –
some drawn-out scheme –
to get in my pants, make no mistake:
I will kick your ass.

no, man, he says.
it's no joke.
I really don't like blondes. sorry.

you're a fucking liar, I say,
staring him dead on/calling his bluff.
you're a fucking scared-ass, pansy liar.
you're not fooling anyone.

whatever, man, he says. whatever you say.

you'll come around, I tell him. you'll fuck me
eventually. soon as you get your head out of your ass.
soon as you remove it from miss goth whore's twat.

if you say so.

I do.

ELIZABETH ELLEN

well, okay, then, he says, pulling a few singles from his wallet,
leaving an oversized tip on the table. I'll try and prepare myself.

ha. like I'd let you.
after your dick's been in her.

what's the matter? you have an aversion to brunettes?

I have an aversion to motherfuckers.

fair enough, he says. ready to roll?

sure, I say. let's get out of here.

he walks me to my car, holds open the door.
stands there a minute
between me and it
like he's got something to tell me
but he doesn't say anything
he holds out his hand instead.
we shake like old friends
and I guess that we are.

only I wish sometimes we weren't.
I wish sometimes we were meeting again
for the first time
in some dirty bar, in another part of town
the bartender yelling last call
and free bird on the jukebox.