

by B.J. Best

It's time for a shave and a haircut; it's time for a smoke and a beer. You once named your breasts Laverne and Shirley because they had been to Milwaukee. Some of my jokes are so tired they fall asleep halfway through being told. *Knock, knock.* —Who's there. *Terminal cancer.* —Terminal cancer who. Terminal cancer you. —That's not funny. *Of course it is. Everything's funnier now*, and you laugh, full-throated, just like a girl who once named her breasts.

*

You and I are skinny-dipping in this auditorium. A frisson is not the same as a killing frost. You say you already feel like a ghost, haunting cocktail parties in a blue denim dress. Fuck those fishermen with their depth finders. I will ride that plunging neckline all the way down.

*

I'm so starry-eyed my head is just a fusion of helium. You can't change the shape of a constellation just because you don't like swans. It's time to go sailing. It's time to punch an astronomer right in the fucking face. Instead, the bruised clouds of this waiting room. Every time you blink, I count the seconds until the thunder.

*

I know this six-year-old named Dylan and he can't sing. The connections should be obvious. Let's make a wiring diagram. Let's electrocute some shit. You can attach a battery to some frog legs and that makes you either Luigi Galvani or an asshole. So much for bright ideas. I will plug my axe into your amplifier as long as you will let me.

*

Some days I'm in a henhouse full of foxes. Other days it's just me, clucking needily. Every egg is just another breakfast to the farmers in Iowa, but don't tell that to the abortion protesters. I hate politics but love hypocrites. Like a 7-11, that's so convenient for me. Listen: I've got the most hilarious message on my answering machine. Listen: we're all gonna die. You say your voice is getting raspier. I say your singing will file me all the way down.