

Making a Tape

one-night stand and
stumble; fall; Roommate
sloppy drunk and
fogged and cool and
fogged and brought
home girl; Christen;
kermit-eyes that bulge
like bubbles and dopey
demeanor; and she
sits on his,
bed and they say so
much; say nothing; as I
busy myself with
making a tape.

You can't judge a
book by its cover
but it's hard not to when the
book's called *Slut*.
Women couldn't visit at
the time they got back--
inebriated and orally fixated--
but with the lights still
on, they covered themselves in
Roommate's bed.

In the periphery, I could see
the mound the comforter
concealed from cool and
Christian fluorescent
light bulbs, and I
could feel the anxious
stillness, and I could
hear the smack-smack
of beercan kisses, and
I knew they couldn't.
They cared not about
my music-business, too
stupefied to civilize
themselves or call one
another names. Strangely, I
wasn't uncomfortable, I
just thought, "This is
just really stupid."

and went on with
my tape until finish.

And when I was done,
Christen and Roommate
wrestled around, still anesthetized
by their dull lust and groggy
consciences, probably forgetting
each other's face and
sadly thinking of
past loves.

The last thing I heard
that night, when I slipped
into my bed with clothes on and
wallet with me, was the voice
of Christen in the
sudden-dark room:
"I can't believe he turned out the light--"