

Life's No Picnic

Keith Waterland

Just changed the oil in my '56 Chevy with the RAM air 454
and decided to go to Bob's picnic.
I wiped oily fingers on faded blue jeans,
took a Camel bare ass from my rolled up T-shirt sleeve,
and looked in the rear view mirror
smoothed back my black hair with the last of the 10-40 weight.
My hazel eyes, that some babes say are to die for,
stared back at me just above a two-inch knife scar.

To be quite honest I don't give a fuck about picnics.
I like beer and the prospect of some local female talent.
I slide in the alley next to Bob's garage with the oil pans
and rusting heaps strewn about.
I goose the Heme and a two-inch flame leaps from the dual exhausts.
It's how I announce myself.

Throwing on my leather coat, I saunter to the old picket fence
put a hand on a post and vault it.
Bob sees me and shouts, "Alright, the man has arrived!"
while I one-hand a bruski he tossed from the Styrofoam cooler.
It was then that I saw her with white hair and pink highlights
teased up in an angry puffed protrusion.

She had swollen jowls and dark painted eyes surrounded by layers
of latex that held some rude blues and greens in place.
Her hips grotesquely trapped in pink tights
with a Herculean effort of elastic and faith
threatening to burst forth like a flock of Baptists
discovering their preacher in a brothel.

Her belly poured over the top of her tights in two swells,
her breast flopped flaccid just above.
With grocery store wine and menthol cigarette breath
she looked at me with a sexual appetite.

I tell her I've already eaten and if she
was the last piece of fried chicken on the planet
I would rather starve.
She likes this talk, thinks I want her.
So I tell her, "Maybe you're not hearing me
or your mind went south with the rest of your body,
I'm not interested Lady!"

She puts her hand on my knee and says,
"I like men who are playful."
I push her hand off and say, "I don't like you!"
She smiles putting her other hand on my knee.
"I like tough guys. You a tough guy?"
I pull my 45 caliber semi-automatic Browning
with the six inch barrel from my boot,
jack one into the chamber and say,
"Back off Bitch!" She smiles and says,
"I like it rough."
I jam the pistol under her nose and say,
"Do you like dead?"

Her smile spreads. She moves her hand up my thigh
and says, "How long has it been dead, Sweetie?"
I pull the trigger. It goes click.
Her hand moves further up, she says,
"What's the matter, out of bullets?"

I drop the gun, dive to the left
rolling on my left shoulder and back up
on four-minute-mile feet.
In the distance I hear laughing and then her shout,
"I like men who play hard to get!"