

## Tapped Dry the Samaritan

--J

The lip of a ringed dildo is giant and full. It's metal. Sex is everywhere because of the season and the smell and I just felt it. I've been seeing it everywhere. In cars. In bottles. My friends say something's wrong with me but they're hypocrites. I'm standing on a silo. Overlooking a night where all the pastels have been mixed into swirls and shades. And the wind is cool up here but warmer than I thought it would be.

I've always thought about vegetable stock. It's there and it dies without us but it doesn't do anything other than absorb and build. Corn doesn't have thought and without our tending, every cob would turn black after it dropped. Maggots would eat it if it rained. Then the corn wouldn't ever grow anywhere. The retarded people at my school are like corn. They just eat and grow taller.

Wind again. Back of my neck and shoulders and my legs and it goes up my shorts a little and rustles cotton and the sky is blurred into competing colors of sharpness. Indescribable with Blue and Purple and Black and Red so it's all of those colors. Drowsy up here, a little. The sky meets the ground and maybe it isn't a happy meeting. From there spreads all the disease I can't express and all the war and conquest and love that isn't here. Endless corn but I know it terminates in miles and it's interesting to know I can only see a few miles ahead of me.

I haven't been around fields like this. It's dryer than the flower fields I've been around and there's less pollen, less sickness. The air is still humid, though. I let out my stomach. Feels good not to hold it in even though there's no reason. My girl told me she likes to rub it. She was rubbing it when she told me that and I had grass stains irritating my shoulders then and the wind was very much like it is now.

A week ago. Two of my friends were talking. One with black hair, the other with jeans.

See and hear no evil, right?

From the bible?

Yes. There's speak no evil too.

Means we should shut up and follow God.

Yeah, those Catholics. But I was thinking.

Let me turn my car off.

If we hear evil, where does it go?

We don't hear evil.

Okay but if we do, where does it go?

I don't know.

It stays on our ear.

It's earwax then.

No. Just in there and it tries to get into our brains where all our emotions and thoughts are.

Bullshit.

Some believe the id--the brute in you--is evil.

If it's us, it isn't evil.

Yes. So, it's like a natural mind.

Natural minds hanging from our ears.

Yeah. I don't know. It's weird. I know.

The wind blows my ears. Under the cusp of lobe. Into it. I fucked another girl last night and maybe I should jump. A long way down, long enough to smack all my bones into each other. Break my neck where lie the bruises.

My friend behind me. Where all friends are, behind me, where I can't see them. He fucked another girl last night. Mine and he's walking closer and I

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should turn around but the air feels so good. His voice is jumped.

Michael.

Yeah.

Like the view?

Yeah.

It's amazing. You're staring at it like I do.

Yeah. My lips and jaw spread the slightest but I say nothing, and my friend is behind me. He'll push me but he doesn't.

You're too close to the edge.

I step back a little. The wind is still. He puts his hand on my shoulder and pulls me back a little more. No more trance and I start walking in no particular order.

What's the weirdest thing you ever did?

I've done a lot of weird things.

I believe him. I've done some of those things with him and it means I've done weird things too.

What's something you remember?

I mailed a bunch of hate letters to people with no address.

What?

I was in the city one day and I was near a homeless shelter. There were some people outside. I asked their names. When I got home I wrote hate letters to all of them and only put their names on the front of the envelope and mailed it.

It never reached them.

I know.

Why did you do it?

Because I'll never know if they died like I told them they would.

Why did you do it?

I don't know.

What's something else then?

Something weird?

Yes.

I don't know.

Yes you do. Something.

You tell something.

Okay. I ran naked through the flower fields when I was ten.

Is that it?

Yeah.

That's not very weird.

It was a flower field.

Fine.

Something from you.

I still do this. You know those flat rubber bands you stretch in Health?

Yes.

I stretch those sometimes, at home.

How is that weird?

It feels like you're strangling someone. And like you're being strangling because you struggle hard enough.

That feels like you're strangling someone.

Yes.

Have you ever done it?

I've never strangled anyone.

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Okay. How do you know what it feels like?

I've done it to some cats.

Strangled them?

Yes. I held them underwater.

Why?

I don't know.

That's fucked up.

No it isn't.

It is fucked up but I don't say anything more. I haven't felt right around him since last night, when I didn't feel right about anything. His face, that face. *Saw his sex was red was red.* With my girl. I was going to kill him but he punched me in the face. I was going to kill him.

You know what it feels like when you look down off this thing?

Feels like you're falling.

No. It feels like the entire world is falling.

No it doesn't.

At least the silo then. Feels like it's tipping and you'll fall under it. This thing would kill you before you could shit.

It isn't going to fall.

I never said it was.

Fine.

Shut the fuck up.

Fine, okay. Okay?

I stop walking in circles. Near the edge again and the colors of the sky have given birth to darker ones and the wind has stopped whispering sin altogether. The corn doesn't stop. He's close again and from behind roam friends--I heard that in school--and he puts his hands on my shoulders. I piss a little and my heart doesn't do fear the way we read it, it only shoots panic into itself in a circle of a moment. I'm not dead or about to die. He pinches a nerve like he always does and I've still metal underfoot.

I push him away. He pushes back. I stop and he walks in some pondering shapes on the silo roof.

Did you think I was going to push you off Michael?

Yeah.

You know I wouldn't.

Sorry.

I'm sorry.

Complete vacance for a few minutes. I sit on the lip and my legs dangle. The metal answers my heel and the rhythm focuses.

We have reason to fear the closest. They have no obstruction blocking them from your heart or perineal tuck where all your insides meet. I shouldn't be afraid but he fucked my girl and he pushed me over but he didn't.

Sigh, relax. The sky is really quite beautiful. Magnificent. Darkling. Dead. Nuclear. Near.

He says something. Poisonous. Fearful. Stunning. Artistic. Dead. Darkling.

I tested gravity with a cat off this thing.

What?

I brought a cat up here and held it by the nap of the neck and dropped it off.

When?

Sometime. I was small.

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Why?

Its bones shot out of its back.

Were you going to cry?

No.

Are you now?

No.

His eyes are wet. I know those eyes, I saw them fucking mounds. Raven  
*where does apologize tear out his eyes.* It's nostalgia in them.

You're weeping nostalgia.

What the fuck is that?

Nothing. You're a prick.

I know.

Shit. You're so fucking sick.

No I'm not. I was four when I did it.

You're not sad.

I shouldn't be sad, I didn't know what I was doing.

Would you do it now?

I don't know. I don't think so.

But you drown animals.

I wouldn't drop any off a silo.

I am punished if I steal. If I kill, I am killed. This rule is a machine  
that keeps me from murder but it doesn't apply to him and it's horrible not  
that he did it, or that he doesn't care he did it. I can't judge him because he  
did it when he was small and he's older now and there's nothing to say.

The sunset is closing final and the sunset nipple where leak all the  
magnificent nuclear colors--I bite on those, hard--is drying into a single  
shade of murk. *Milk lips do spittle froth lovelovelove.* The ladder consists of  
tick marks on Atlas. Long way down.

The wind picks up. My friend hocks and spits off the edge of the silo and  
his hands are on my back, his breathing and small words--Sorry, It's Okay, I'm  
Not Really Like That, I Was Kidding--possess a pep that heartens and he  
massages the nerve for five seconds and his biceps tense. Long way down.

*Something without empathy cannot lie.*

--Anon

*Your friends make love and smother you.*

--Anon

--For Bryce.

Love, J