

K. J. HAYS

coffeand

a boy (Earl) sits, dumbstruck, collating horny daydreams as shockingly cliché as a row of gooey, shabby, severed heads slipping down palings in a stinky dungeon, while he pours Robitussin cough syrup on the tiny hillock of his buttered flapjacks in hope that he won't botch his shrove. ¹

he seizes a fantasy: he mashes a thirsty flower amid the wet seashells cupping her gold tits with the rhinestone nipples. lips tell of a love moist, warm & truer than shit on shamrocks. ²

kismet sashays in on long, bibulous legs & swirls thru the whirligig diner door. ³

she (Anna) strolls smoothly through the room—a green wavelet reclining across the damp sand. he notes the cramp he feels bunching in his chest is really his exhausted heart straining to bear the quotations he yearns to recite to her ears from the comprehensive, string-cheese-dick book of human sexuality. ⁴

a napkin jigs in the table salt air of the diner. her darkly outlined eyes burn the half-free booth. ⁵

her hand tucks the blue skirt before she makes the common, ass sidle. her face: a putrescent viridian creek damming back vomit water at the site of the curling, cough syrup cakes. his face creates a white horizon. ⁶

1 Okay, this stupid, lonely guy has several sexy fantasies to confess to some unsuspecting woman. He is abusing cough syrup heavily by pouring it on his pancakes, at a local diner, to get his courage together.

2 He has some kind of fixation on bosoms. The flower represents his penis, and the breasts obviously satisfy some kind of lack, or emptiness he feels he has in his own person. The cliché involving shit shows how awkward of a person he can be. He'll probably just give her a mix with some Marvin Gaye on the last track, someday.

3 O, fuck. She actually shows up at the very same pancake house. This part still gives me pause. O muses!

4 He finds her to be really intimidating. The reference to the string-cheese-dick shows how emasculated he feels in her presence. The bit about the heart shows how madly in love he is with her. Like, whoa.

5 They're not going to get along. Already their purposes differ. Conflict weds false difference. Bring Punch & Judy.

6 She sits across from him in the booth, but she finds him as repulsive as his food. He thinks the sun rises on his love for her, so he smiles. The disordered state of his pancakes shows how nervous he feels. What a guy...

he starts a vanishing act: miss, deny me the fortune to assuage my afferent nerve endings on the sessile, embonpoints lobbying for autonomy under the confinement of your farraginous raiment, & i shall wish you had diced me into boy cutlets with hedge clippers, sparing only my canting countenance to beseech love chapel from your holy of holies! ⁷

(time waits for the crippling awkwardness. Denise, the waitress shows up in time.)

the pen jots her gut down for coffeeand; the pangs of hunger circle with scavenger tact. need shuns inhibition; even when it takes the form of a breakfast boy with piecrust in his knickers. ⁸

his stolen glances turn to grand larceny. he glorifies airplane glue hobbies. she makes inflection based jokes about her cat. her cute, fuzzy, goofy kitty & its litter box antics. “o, kitties! ha.” ⁹

two piggy chunk-lets savoring their bitter OJ on the shore of a sewer water pond. ¹⁰

a furtive waitress named Denise swoops in with her exigent, enchanted carpet: the bill. as she walked away she heard Anna inject Earl’s name into his body with enough practiced needling in her voice to rival the anesthetic in a mosquito bite. when Anna went to check her make up without paying her half, the itching came. Denise smiled over at Earl & said that she’d let him slide on Anna’s half of the bill because he’d be back, & she’d only ordered coffeeand. ¹¹

7 No one talks this way. He vanishes with these befuddling words. He manages to refer to her clothing as random...that’s not so hot either. The holy of holies line just shows how repressed he allows himself to be. He probably has some kind of pornography shrine devoted to her. I do not know what a pornography shrine is though.

8 She loves food more than people. Most people do...kind of sort of...if you think about it. She can smell the unpleasant fluids drying in his underpants. His chances are forever dashed.

9 He ogles her the whole time. She talks about her cats because she is panicked. She is not actually a boring person who only talks about her cats. She is just fucking terrified of this crank who has tucked his eyes in for a nap on her torso. I also just happen to like the phrase, “o, kitties!” It is cute.

10 They ignore the fact that they can’t get along. The allusion to Epicurus makes the whole scene even more ironic as one can be sure that this guy & this girl can’t relate. There is also the added irony that they’re pigs eating breakfast, which would not be possible without real pigs. Got to have some oinking pigs. Oink. Oink. Oink.

11 Earl won’t be able to clean the crap off of his ego from Anna for awhile. Earl’s not alert enough to pick up on the fact that Denise likes him. All is lost, forgotten, destroyed in obscurity, & picked to bits by tiny park birds.