

Muah

The mind. It clashes like the socs and the greasers.

The

Water

trickles

as his toes point f o r w a r d like a synchronized swimmer.

The air is thick and has a moldy yet earthy taste to it.

The curtains are stained and the tile grout is black.

The ventilation fan *howls*. The lights are on but it is dim and
weak.

He looks up at the sun setting yellow tar. He inhales the cool and
refreshing after brush taste.

It burns but it brings him pleasure. He exhales the sound of wind
sneaking through a closed window. The smoke battles its way through
the two sided white and yellow Chiclets.

He ashes into the toilet. Some pepper flakes land on the brim. He
tries to blow them away but they stick. He brushes them away with a
quick flick of the wrist. They stick to his palm but he goes on.

One foot rests on the cool cast iron tub as a generous amount of
gel is applied onto his legs.

It resembles silly string as it spurts
out and coils like a rattlesnake.

He lathers it on like cool whip
for five minutes while he whistles an old familiar tune.

He opens
a drawer full of rusty razors and chooses the second one since two
is his lucky number.

He starts from the bottom and slowly works his way up to his thigh,
just to where his fishnet stockings end.

He gets goose bumps down his neck as he feels the roots of his
hairs being pulled out like grass.

Then he begins to shiver as if his teeth were chalkboards and
someone was running their nails down them.

The grimy lukewarm water from the faucet peels away the remaining
crème and hair like another layer of skin. After he gently pats his
legs dry with a damp towel he squeezes a liberal amount of lotion
into his palms. He grins as his skin soaks it in. It feels like
licking your lips and gliding down an arctic mountain.

He urinates with the seat down and then snatches the stockings from
the towel rack.

He stands with his legs crossed, rubbing his soft foot over the
other as he admires his new look.

He's not finished yet.

He reaches for the shower rod and grabs a pair of black worn out
panties with white embedded fuzz and a silk bra that used to be
white but faded to a milky butter color. He struggles a bit as he
attempts to hook the bra around his large, hairy torso.

He swings his arms as if winding his body. He spins around with his arms extended trying to get a good look at himself while keeping his head in place.

Fuck owls, he wants to be able to turn his head all the way around.

Why don't they take fingerprints of your lips? I mean, why don't they take lip prints?

Ben grabs a tube of lipstick in his clammy and now shaky fingers. He winds up the tube, exposing its bright and vivid red. The room lights up and his pupils ignite in ecstasy. He glides it onto his lips like warm butter on white bread.

It was always hard for him to stay between the lines so he goes off course. It doesn't bother him though. He smacks his lips together and kisses the mirror. The mind. Jump up and get the points like Mario and Luigi. It's just that easy.

