

Baffled

by Cooper Renner

You've seen my chest, you know, the underside, under the blot, I mean, the nipple, where there's that glimmer where a hair's going to come through, I mean, it's down inside there already growing, it's grown, it's overdone and it wants out of its oven. It's the half-crushed insect trying to wheedle its feeler through the windshield, its lips moving the whole time. It's a tunnel, you know, like the neck of a bottle, the tunnel the hair comes up, it's coming out soon, I'm an adolescent now, dammit. I'm feathering out all over, you'd see it if you knew how to look, how to get off the damn buses you ride around in all day and push your stupid sunglasses up onto the top of your head and find them on me, the places that look like wrinkles, where the hair is just waiting to meet the wind, like all those fluttering strings on the legs of unhemmed shorts. I'm waking up, get it? Sit there baffled, you dimwit. I'm in the truck. I can grind the gears without you.

