

You're All Knuckles

by Shawn Misener

Her eyeballs are made of fur, like plush little bumblebees at home in her sockets.

She's talking about process. About building the world's greatest rocking chair. About climbing the walls of her apartment with nothing but a spatula coated in Nutella.

I hear her. She's making sense.

I want to rip off her clothes but they're made of some gelatinous mess that only gives up one wet handful at a time. This is funny to her but not so funny to me.

I think back on a life of sexual frustration. She must be the goddess that made my exploits so miserable.

This is what she says before slipping through a hatch in the floor: *You're all knuckles. Even that funky penis of yours.*

