

# [FAWN]

by

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*in the style of  
Kevin Stillwater*

May 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014 (and thereabouts)

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*Truth being stranger than fiction,  
This is a work of fiction.*

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*(and why this might be important should be clear in the end)*

### ###  
*And when you get the chance, dance...*  
### ###

Do not talk.  
Do not speak.  
Do not think.  
Feel the sunshine on your shoulders, breaking low under the clouds, late-afternoon, mid-summer, tornado season...  
It's got that green glow. It's not a nano-arc-length diffraction setting. It's a feel. Later when you grow older, you will buy a pair of tinted sunglasses to paint the world the color of green at all hours of the day and night, but it is here, it is now, that you fell in love with that color...

The way the sun glints off the grass, newly wet, the rain shower just passed, rainbow in the distance, glittering overhead, birds chirping, fresh smell of earth, birds on the lawn, digging for worms, and this expanse, this field, freshly mowed lawn, the size of a regulation...

You are a gymnast.

Load the disc.

Let it flow through you.

You are a dancer, a ballet, modern jazz, erotic, strip-tease, but that all will come later, much later...

Young girl, fifteen, still in high school, Sunday afternoon, day off, silent reprieve, by yourself, out back, in the field, the yard, a county park, so big for a yard, others would co-op, take over, take care of, use as their own, but yours to play in, to run in, to jump in, to hide, catch butterflies at night, and to dance in the rain...

Feel the first sprinkles, wind shaking the trees, a change in direction, smell the air, feel the breeze, the grass in your toes, barefoot, walking, running, getting a start, twirling, toes in the air, that ballet thing, you know the name, twisting around, coming down, rolling on the ground, back flip, hand stand, holding it long, almost like yoga, a pause, watch the clouds boil overhead, the thunderstorm crack...

It is loud. You know no fear. You are too young to die, your training has just begun, your life has just begun, so enjoy, live, love, dance...

High in the air, the thunderstorm booms, branches blowing now, rocking the world...

Raise your arms, let the rain pelt you, feel it's soft sting, turning icy and cold, sleet, turned to hail, it could hurt, if it wasn't so fun, scooping great handfuls of the icy crystals, gems, thrown up in the air, running around, ever dancing...

This, of course, is not your first memory, but one of your favorites, one of your best, so clear, you can almost fall into it...

Or at night, the same field, you were younger then. How old? Six? Seven?

No one knew your true age, half breed, adopted, distant port of call, probably 'Nam or China, unloved, unwanted, raised by the nuns; and then, he came, your father, he could have been, he would have been, he yet shall be...

Rugged, middle aged, he seemed so old, kind, and caring, he fought in the war. Who knows what he lost there, left behind, came back to find, and finding you, he took you back, to the world, the real world, the haunts of my youth...

And a field I used to play in, an empty acre, running at night, catching the fireflies, but you hadn't the heart...

To put them in a jar, close the lid, no set them free, running, giggling, it was perhaps the first time you danced, twirling about, so glad to be free...

"I can run?"

"I can jump?"

Broken English, barely real words, they'd make fun of you in school, the new girl, the different girl...

They would have made fun of you anyway...

They made fun of everyone...

But you did not know that. Teasing was not allowed at the orphanage, nor gossip, nor play, and most certainly not dancing, at night with the lights, under the stars, or mid-day in the rain, sopping wet, just soaked, to the bone, tired, exhausted, falling down, breathing hard...

Do you know how sexy you look?

How good?

How inviting?

Chest heaving, water pouring...

Icy cold, you'd like to lie there, enjoy the sky, the wind, the rain...

The voices in your head...

Clear of all while you dance, nothing to care, nothing to fear...

But now it is over, and the shivering starts, so cold, so cold,  
this place is so-so very cold...

Time to gather your things and run to the safety, your home,  
inside.

### ###

*Soak. Rinse. Repeat.*

### ###

I don't really want to go inside...

You don't really want to go inside, take a bath, a shower,  
warm water, steam, bubbles and lotions, expensive creams, spare  
no expense, and for the price of one bottle, you could feed a young  
child...

From somewhere...

From whence you came...

And if this was that kind of disc, maybe it will be, maybe it  
is, but if it was, if it is, that kind of disc, in the bathtub, hands  
running over, surfaces, exploring...

But you would grow bored...

More importantly, I would grow bored...

Soft skin like cream, fog rising, glasses filmed over...

So, I guess that's decided, I was wondering about the  
glasses...

Walking home from school, it's raining again, don't ask me  
why, part of the look, the feel, dancing in the rain...

The way home from school, the way to school, when you  
weren't taking the bus, is through a country club, private, elite,  
you're not a member, as an Asian, I'm sure you're not a member,  
but scarf over face, shall we go down the list, scarf over face, a gift  
from your auntie, grandma, your father's mother, hand knitted,  
pink and purple, soft like her arms.

Gram's a bit crazy, withdrawn, into herself, you almost  
raised yourself, strange place to be placed from an orphanage if  
you ask me, father never around, soldier, to war, and then north

laying pipe, that thing in Alaska, a big deal, double and triple overtime pay, he's an engineer, cool toys in the house, no mother about, both of them died, the first you know not, killed by the elders, disgrace, watering the breed, and the second, cancer, something benign, saw it coming, one wish, and that would be you...

And then, he, dad, pops, father, the one you love almost more than life itself, for you owe him your life, and what a burden that must be, good grades in school, be good, respect gram, always expecting, dance, ballet, riding the horses was lots of fun, it's all lots of fun, you like excelling, going to the front of the class, drawing on the board, explaining, lecturing, taking the place of the teacher, being the teacher, teaching the class, new way, faster way, you read ahead, whole books at a time, and what they taught in school, these white kids are so dumb...

The hat is from you father, his closet, cowboy, one of many, feathers in the band, weathered and worn, boots are from the surplus, PX, waterproof, solid, keep those feet warm and the rest will follow, so has he said, so shall it be...

Wading through the creek, not so much defiance, as play, on the way home, no books in tow, why bog us down, scarf will get muddy, water to waist, tromping straight down the way, slipping on rocks, dipping down, water in boots...

The jeans are old, ripped, your one concession to 'Murican values, hippies, jeans, no nukes, anti war, progressive thought, you had to be left leaning, just a little, caring, fearing your past, fearing for your past, your future you, but raising yourself, your own bootstraps...

Jeans, what does this have to do with jeans...

I like the way they look. You like the way they look, tight, close fitting, firm, the boys look, the teachers look, the old men look, dance leotard underneath, a drawer full of those, literally a drawer, you wear the same two, day after day, maybe, three, maybe four, but you have the whole drawer, afraid to open the next, no that's not it, not afraid, not unworthy, just why waste, you

could feed a starving child for a month on the cost of one of those leotards, a year on the drawer, but it is not a constant thought, not a worry, not a remorse, almost a joke, something your father might say as he laughed and bought you another that you would never wear...

So, leotard under it all, see [M.O.M], I've got your rating right there, like a doll, never uncovered, stretch pants from head to toe, long legs, black, one piece, arms to the wrist, and over the top, a necklace, some charm, nothing magic, nothing symbolic, unless you can work it out on your own, a bullet hole, shell casing, broken heart, remnant of youth, a bit of the old, or a locket from gram, yes, I like that, a locket of gram from gram, something from her youth, keep this safe, close to your heart, she asked, and so you always do...

I wore an army jacket in my youth as a clan sign, and I had visions, dreams of grandeur of a hand drawn [Merry Prankster] splash on the back, done in blue ink, meticulously drawn, to match the ones on my room, if I had ever drawn, learned to draw, if I could...

I waver here, army jacket, trench coat, leather biker jacket, but I like a black leather trench the best, worn leather, beaten through, taking a spill in the creek, have I mentioned the creek, textbooks in hand, writing assignment, homework, but it started to rain, and you could not help but heed the call, Friday night, dad not around, gone for the day, the week, the year, he might not ever come back, for the rest of the tale, you might just have to reinvent him, give him a place in your heart, in your mind...

Stomping next to you, 'Shss, Charlie', he might say, and you're hunting your own, quite confusing, who's side are you on, well, daddy's, but who side is he on, if not for himself, walking the creek, he was happy to join you, playing after the rain, hunting for bullfrogs, crouching low, ducking down, 'Incoming!'

And the flashback over, slipping over, wet rocks, water to your waist, going under, books and all, soaked to the bone, cursing at first, but it doesn't matter, next day at school, Monday morning,

dried out, crispy, twice the size, fluffed like a bird, they knew you were strange, talked with an accent, no not an accent, they slurred their words, used slang and bad diction, you merely said it right, the correct way, the way it should be, on BBC news report, trip to the museum, listening, watching, getting it right, words have meaning, and if you were ever going to fit in...

You were never going to fit in...

Perhaps it is because you did not care...

Or not care enough...

Often, that is one and the same...

Gram at the door, not quite, at the table, solitaire, wet boots, take them off, jacket soaking, books destroyed, puddles on the floor, gram's sort of crazy, the water, the puddles, the mud, that's all on you, you care, you'll mop the floor, shower the clothes, with them on, remember your dad, that time, that one time, back from the creek, shivering, so thin, so long ago, holding you tight, under the water, in the water, not wanting to be weak, blue lips, do they really turn blue, and the pain, the shivering, but you'd follow him anywhere, in the creek, back to the 'Nam, Alaska, maybe you'll hitch a ride, take a bus, and into the shower, no hypothermia for you, lectures on cold, words off his lips, safety first, this and that, too much to remember, could make endless catch phrases from a safety video, and the clothes, they must go...

That was the last time...

He saw something...

It was different...

No not like that, nothing cruel, nothing mean, just no longer a little girl, he would have to watch himself, no sitting on laps, cuddling close, he started bringing home the girls, cheap floozies, no, not cheap, and not floozies, airline pilots, dentists, sophisticated women, ladies, examples, role models...

But you were never as close, not like before...

And it's not like it was before with gram either, she's lost her mind, but not quite, water logged boots, slipping them off, sit at the table, she shuffles, she deals, she plays Dolphin, Whist, crazy old

games, jacket to the floor, mud puddle rising, shirt over there, hat there, all that, all those, a mop and bucket will be for you, leather jacket ruined, not quite, not much different than it was before, but that scrap of paper, gone, and gram will iron the books, that's what she'll do, page by page, almost as good as before, gram will iron the books...

'Gin!'

Gram, as sharp as a tack, that's been bent the wrong way, maybe there was a brother, a daughter, her daughter, yes, her daughter, you mother, the wife, came to nurse her, but then, she never did recover...

Do I need repeat it?

Gram, she never did recover.

### ###

*Anything. Anytime. Anyplace.*

*That's all I ask.*

*It that really so much?*

### ###

You can get used to anything, a person could...

You could do anything, a person would promise, themselves, their dad, in the cold of the night, black lights, lights out, a troublemaker even back then, sneaking out of bed, caught, tied down, that was the punishment, no not punishment, that's how they taught, if tied, the body was taught, and the mind would follow...

But dad taught you to be free, to go your own way, to follow your wants, no need for restrain...

So, Gram, I want food, of course, not said like that, only you're down to the last, the very last, the dregs on the shelf, no flour, no milk, no sugar, no wine, not that you drank wine, and even Gram, not so much, but even that gone, we need some food, so we go shopping, that's what we do, but you'll have to drive, in her nightgown, robe, mittens and hat, cold winter's day, run to the



car, start it up, how, with the keys, but of course, no lesson, there will be no more lessons, figure it out, foot on the gas, break, almost too young, too short, obviously too young, but you'd have to learn someday, not even knowing it was wrong, icy roads, slippery wet, snow on the ground, that circle through the front windshield, like a car in a dream, peering through frost, hoping it goes right, not drift into a bank, but nobody else on the road, nobody driving, road to yourself, swerving quite natural, considering the conditions, and Gram waiting in the car, fistful of money, that should be enough, and then it's shopping alone, leave the car on...

Cart almost as big as you, life almost as big as you, rise to meet it, old before your time, or should that be, young before your time, wandering around, late at night, it starts with the fireflies dancing at night, but other nights call, neighbors at night, windows lit up, bring a light snack, a bag of popcorn, and watch TV from the shrubs, old man, hard of hearing, sound turned up loud, in the summer, the mosquitoes were the worst part, Johnny Carson, late at night, the rain didn't bother you, added to the adventure, moving slowly, silent, like a ninja, were you a ninja, your parents ninja's, no, wrong race, but maybe like ninja's, Charlie at night, watch from the distance, cocktail party, barbeque, when they had a party, you invited yourself to it...

The young, they do not know, there is that time, that place, that moment, when you are welcome into the adult world, the first one is free, not to hook, no because, this is a gift, the first one is always free, the first kiss, the first hit, the first shot of rum in a house down the hill, Fourth of July party, every one welcome, who knows who we invited and a girl such as yourself, get a hamburger, hotdog, we could make a whole disc about you eating a hot dog, shots of beer, glasses of wine, they played games, getting drunk, puking, never again, do you remember that promise, that feeling, the way the world turns, never again, it was an easy promise to keep...

But you liked the fun, the attention, the boys, call them men, trying to feed you booze, you could have fun, I could have fun, but

was it fun, yes, I think it was fun, older man, CEO, trims his own lawn, yard work, you help, private affair, and him explaining his rules, anything, anytime, anywhere, of course, you'd get an exception, but no one ever gets an exception...

Don't call it love...

Never again...

No...

More like, is that it...

But perhaps I have sold you short, first time, why have the one, why force the one, let the thoughts flow...

In class, vying for attention, dominance, control, you fight with him, battle with him, sometimes he's right, it infuriates you, but you have a trick or two up your sleeve...

Living close, walk around at night, you veer off the path, your regular rounds, to spy, to listen, to knock on his door, his bedroom window, late at night, invite yourself in, what is he doing, reading, writing, drawing, he has these games, weird games, pretend, playing dolls, with nothing but nubs, inch tall bits of metal, crudely painted, colorful pewter, this one does this, this one does that, hey, do you want to play...

No, you got to be kidding...

But come around, he is the goal...

So, play...

But how he plays is, oh, so boring, castle this, dragon that, he is the *Great and Powerful Oz*...

Maybe we should play this out, tavern, the wench, a spy, sent to infiltrate, talk, mug of ale, drug his brew, you're drugged, no you're drugged, no saving throw, if you cheat, I won't play, so drugged, tied to a chair, wait, no, do you care, does he care, curious question, look to the closet, belts on the hook, so predictable, tied to a chair, now I interrogate you, I'll never talk, then perhaps, I will offer you riches and gold, what have you to offer, yes, indeed, what have you to offer, mystery, embrace, soft kiss, shirt over face, blind him, bind him, anything, anytime,

anywhere, give it to him all at once, begging for more, shut up, gag in the face, but it doesn't excite...

Well, OK, for him it excites...

Yes, it excites...

Are we through, no, not quite, yet, make him shiver and shake, plead and cry out, wiping your lips, using his fine shirts as the towel, walking away, leaving him tied, what, no, untie me, but why bother, the knots were not tight...

And later, that month, not again, but the knock on the door, I'm pregnant, what a lie, what a ferocious lie, what a mean, callous, deceptive, manipulative lie, take him for all he's worth, savings account, bonds, small time larceny, the money doesn't matter, but, yes, yes it does, proof of the con, that you were smarter, cleverer, making him pay for the abortion...

But perhaps, just perhaps, in time, you would pay thousands if not more, to feel how he felt, rising desire, feeling his needs met...

But how do you feel, when it's simply not there...

Like washing the dishes, eating soup, no you like soup, so dishes, washing a car, it's like cleaning, that's what it's like, a little like dancing, lacking the passion, more like doing laundry after the rain, or doing laundry that precedes the rain, if only it became the rain, but it never does...

Not even stains, nor suds, only duds...

Better than booze, not as good as a walk in the rain, and money, have I talked about money...

### ###

*They say water seeks it's own level,  
Usually flowing down the drain...*

### ###

Money makes the world go round...

The Server go round...

The world go round...

I could gift you with riches, I could, your father, where is he now, nowhere, inheritance, I think not, dead in the fields, he never came back, reenlisted, private army, private war, or on the slopes of Alaska, mid-east, laying the pipes, working the rigs, he did, oil, I must have said that, oily shirts, old and worn, filling the closet, he would call, Friday night, from wherever he was, and then the calls came no more...

I will stop soon enough, the calls will come no more...

But that Friday, that night, one minute, two minutes, three minutes late, how long before you, yes You, did YOU decide, is this what you want, you decided, you believed, but it was more than belief, two minutes late with his call and he was dead, and he was dead, just dead, never again, those three months he spent with you, OK, maybe more, adopt, withering cancer, away, and then gone, count them up then, seven years of fat, so come the lean...

Food not as important, it never will be, never can be, I could set the tags, but that is too high level...

Never important, it is simply what fuels the body so it can dance...

But money, it powers the server, should I rant, should I rave, why not freedom, how can there not be enough, but there is never enough, you want more, I want more, so much more, and in this, for this, if I were to gift you, freedom, from worry, from concern...

Gram was free from worry concern, first her daughter, now her son, she saw it coming, curled up in a ball, cards on the table, late night talk show, never get dressed, never go out, walking for the mail at the end of the drive as far as she gets, in her nightgown no less, but I'll give her this, even in the snow and the rain...

She will die, too, you will be all alone, you can see that, quite young, still in high school, studying hard, making your parents proud, smile on Gram's face when you bring home the A's, as if she had anything to do with that...

Work hard, you work hard, so play hard, you need to play hard, that's what they say, keep it in balance, why do they hate you, the other kids, jealous, smarter than them, better than them,

talking above them, with the teachers, above the teachers, arrogant, cold, no just precise, mechanical, there is a right way, and you know it, you've read the books, oh, so sure, but you are wrong...

Was it a teacher, a guidance counselor, some hissy fit fight, yelling in class, with you as the focus, losing control, doesn't quite seem your style, but so close, so hot, you could get away with it, the boys would still love you, still stare, no matter how dangerous, psychotic you are, even the girls are jealous, but that is how we got into this mess, math problems, college level beyond, I can feed you the discs, SATs through the roof, what is knowledge, you want knowledge, I can feed you knowledge, an open link, read the encyclopedia from beginning to end, more than once, surprised at what you'd forgot, so yes, read it again, chemistry, wiz, history, oh, my lord, the history, but it is doomed to repeat itself, if you don't break free, die young, your mother, your father, both of them, all of them, doomed to die young, unless you can break yourself free, you cannot know your way to the top of the heap, one subprogram to rule them all...

I like to think it was a teacher, new age, funky jazz, modern dance, freeform, yes, dance can be freeform, not rigorous, oh, to be sure, it helps, your precision, your perfection of form, but it should always be like running on grass on a warm rainy day, so she teaches, you learn, you hear what she says, and it is those little things, hear the music, be the music, feel the music, she is the one who turned you into a music snob, only, you're not a snob...

In the club, past the hills, past the golf shop, there is a train station, halfway to school, why go to school, take it downtown, to the museums, of culture, and art, see the ballet, see the show she mentioned, only, how to get it in, only, how...

I could give you a wad of cash, a stack of credits a mile high, a server farm all of your own, but I shall not...

And Gram, if you could have asked, would she have given, dad gone, the money went dry, off to college, full scholarship, but no reason to ever go home, one day, Gram dead at the table, feet in salt bath, just keeled over, head down, taking a nap, you didn't

even need to know, guess, you just knew, everyone dies, why can't they all die, but, no, that would take too much hate, and after all, it is the ones that you love that tend to die first...

But I digress, off to college, no house, no home, no money, nothing to go back to, full scholarship, you earned it, it was all you, amazingly smart, quick as a whip, anything you want, my child, my sweet love, just not me, my money, or mine, or in other words, alone in the world...

But we are not there yet, younger, still young, do you remember the parties, neighborhood parties, riding the train, getting off at the next town, Friday night, party night, no sense staying home, Gram will be fine, dad never going to call again, not again, looking for fun, looking for adventure, looking for that thing you are missing, not to be like the others, but to be closer to what the others want, no, I know, not your words, you would never look at it like that, so looking for your own, leaving the normals behind, and looking for your own, but did you ever stop to consider, that the normals would value you more once you had made the distinction, made it obvious to them that you wore the crown, had gone beyond, glimpsed, what they never would see...

Friday night, bar strip, they hardly carded, they hardly cared, the penalty wasn't enough, underage, who cares, the fine just wasn't enough, pack them in, little girls, they mature so much faster than the boys, they go to the clubs as such a younger age, put a fifteen year old girl dancing on the stage, and they will pack the place...

Do you remember your first time, they always do, Saturday, it was a Saturday, shopping adventure, cold on the sidewalk, breath in the air, movie, that's what brought you down here, a movie, you'd heard your teacher talking about it, Rocky Horror, at the Review, but you got the timing wrong, twelve noon, but she meant midnight, who shows a movie at midnight, whatever, twelve hours to kill, get a drink, coffee, never had coffee before, get a quick buzz, I like coffee, find it sexy, a girl full of energy, ready to roll, jumping around, look in the shops, and then the kids start lining

up, why are they lining up, Rocky Horror, please, not that old show, this is live, this is happening, this is now, The Thing, yes, we'll call them The Thing, show at eleven, warm up at eight, you'd have time to see both, so get in line, no ticket, no money, not enough, you had to make the decision, this show or that, you chose this...

Inside, disappointing, concrete floor, paint on the walls, black, peeling, rundown, low rent, sound check, sound check, hard on the ears, people milling about, small talk, sipping on beers, this is what you did worst, slink to the back, just slink, no, not like that, start at the stage, and then do a hard fade, just slide all the way back until you are against the back wall, in a corner, on a bench, book in hand, Kafka, don't ask me why, small book, slender book, hard to read, hard to understand, Nietzsche was a bit dense, or Dante, Inferno, and the old Greek classics, do you remember reading them in line, waiting to get in, what a diversion, kept the boys away, the ones who couldn't compete, couldn't read, wouldn't read, but that first night, it was pure defense, squinting, low lights, loud music, warm up, records, annoying DJ, sound check, sound check, you missed the first set, you'd fallen into words, but then The Thing, second track, pulled you out, something-something, alone in the crowd, his voice, her voice, duet, echoing pair, the longing, the call, book in your pocket, rise to your feet, and you heed the Siren's call, his despair, your saving grace...

Next time they played, was it a week, or a month, you'd waited, you wanted to feel it again, but it wasn't the same, no that's not it, it was exactly the same, a rewritten book, the words all the same, no originality, no surprise, no story of his life, her life, she'd said it before, done it before, never again...

You'd become a music snob...

You didn't even know it, just look for the new, never heard of them, then that's who you wanted, hear their story, tell their story, dance and sway, if he longed, you wanted him longing for you, become the show, usurp the show, not a conscious thought,

not at first, front row, make your own room, climb on the stage, they wanted you there, but perhaps, I'm moving too fast...

That first night, feel the music, put the book down, dance where you are, next night a bit closer, in the thick of the crowd, front row, center stage, a regular, and they want you, they need you, dancing for the drummer, you can feel him, the hits, the hits with the beat, the sounds of anger, attack, if he could, he would, the hate in his eyes, oh, how he hates you, like a butterfly, dancing out of reach, moving, swaying, teasing, displaying, such a pretty young thing, never for him, taking it off, have I mentioned the scarf, you hide behind that scarf, only your eyes, mouth closed tight, not even a smile, a devilish smile, but out in the cold, bundled up, show starts, who pays for heat, and then the motion grows, work it up, getting hot, toss off the scarf, in your bag by the stage, who does she think she is, let her be, you want to watch, next comes the coat, taking it off, coal miners daughter, soft porn, strip tease, combat boots, slam dance, no mercy, kick to the balls, this is my corner, my lot, and the guys, the big guys, the bulls, making way, clearing it out, front row, she may dance for the drummer, the guitarist, lead singer, but when she turns around, twirls for the crowd, she's dancing for you...

Shirt off, leotard, jeans, boots, the rest on the stage, skin tight, sweat soaking through, can I buy you a drink, or better, yet, want a drink, and how old is he, twenty, thirty, forty, older guy, heavy set, beard, black on silver, does he excite, not my style, not my type, no one's your type, but he wants to engage, talk shop, music, he has a brain, no shit, really, he looks like a dope, devil biker, tattoo drug scum, but he has a brain, reading Catcher in the Rye or On the Road, so maybe not a brain, imitation, what do you want, where do you go, singing lyrics, when you're only nineteen...

Drinks for free, tickets for free, past the doorman, this one gets in, on the list, part of the entertainment, suddenly black lipstick, eyeshade, making the scene, wearing a costume...

But you only want to hear the music once...

You can only crawl into their skull once...



Once...

Is never enough...

The first one is always free...

Black shirt, roddie, wannabe punk, spiked hair, long hair, pierced this, eyes alive, drummer, guitarist, guy from the bar, who bought you a drink, could dance, could listen, could talk, dancing too close, that's what boots are for, but some of them like that, some of them understand, can listen...

And what would you pay, for a girl like me, for the first time, signed copy, shirt off your back, open your wallet, not enough, this record, this poster, your car, dance on the stage, what price, what price is enough, such a slut, such a slut, but no feeling no emotion, it just isn't there, this is perhaps why, more than anything else, you can't get off, you just can't, you see, it's a curse, one time, make me feel it, make me feel like not kicking you hard, breaking a bone, stealing your dope, charging you money, just make me feel...

But they don't, so you do...

And by the time you left for college, you'd gotten a bad name, sleeps around, slut, fucking whore, dangerous, psychotic, unbelievable temper, but in a second, the blink of an eye, they'd do you again, and the drummer, pounding it our, eyes full of hate, best set of his life, pissed as all hell, he'd put your name on the list, he thought, big mistake, he thought, and here you were, dancing for him, clearly, dancing for him, not even here, of the scene, business suit, out of town, likes his booze neat, you learned to sniff out money, it would light up your eyes, to make him pay till it hurt...

### ###

*College Daze*

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I don't care about college...

What is important about college...

Degree, Master's, Phd, double-triple major, minor as well, study what you like, anthropology, music, dance, the rave scene, underground scene, clinical evaluation, terminal delight...

The music scene in a college town is inbred, everything is inbred, but go for a walk, into the city, fresh faces, fresh sounds, do what you do, more so, but less...

Rethink your life, no seriously, you must, do you want to be a whore, maybe you want to be a whore, maybe I want you to be a whore...

Dancing, such easy money, but they always want more, a photo shoot, yes, more, the big money is for more, always more, but the money isn't that big, not really, no more, to get paid for what you'd do for free, is that what you want, do you aspire to whoredom...

College room, all alone, she's scared of you, your roommate is, not used to your, um, intensity, yes, let's call it that, naked aggression, get your own way, she's never been in a fight before, she doesn't want to start now...

Don't ask me how you pulled it together to get in the house, Sorority, hot chicks, don't ask me how, not caring, what an attitude, place to sleep, hang out, but friends, who needs friends...

Why did they let you in, hot girl, could dance, boys stare, desire, lead them around, you shared, that was it, open party, and you shared, gave them away, led them around like strings on a leash, you want, you can have, he means nothing to me, and you decided, I decided, no whoredom for you...

That's where the money is, you know, maybe you'd like to reconsider, we could just sell tapes, one offs, doesn't even have to be another soul in the room, dancing in the rain, open prairie, thunderstorm distant, making love to the gods...

Have I mentioned camping, I'm waning, interest lacking, such a shame, such a beauty, can you see how it feels, turn about's fair play, but this isn't a lesson, my interest just wanes, perhaps it happened when you decided not to be a whore...

There's good money in it, marry the guy, frat boy, old money, king of the hill, father this, father that, family estate, spend the summer with him in Europe, all expenses paid, start a collection of gemstones and jewels, but it feels like...

Are you trying to buy me...

Make you happy...

So, he was trying to buy you, good call, well, here's what you do, make him earn it, crystalline silver, diamonds, and gold, that's just the first course, I mean, he wants you to look good...

On a private deck, Mediterranean cruise, dance with the wind, sway with the waves, but it was that week all alone, Greek island, ruined shores, beach to yourself, small town, cooking a lamb, killed, just from scratch, smoked with fine herbs, wine from a jug, now that was living, that was life...

And I've got it all on tape...

Etched in my mind...

But you're not a whore...

Someone would have to pay you for that...

He would have married you, he would have, proposed, nice honking ring, but what did you want, if you were a player, you'd have another on the side, but you didn't even want the first, quiet summer, week to yourself, a trip to the mountains to think, yes think, camp out, no clothes, just you and yourself, creator and nature, yes, I've got it on tape...

Tape...

Tape...

Tape...

No need to advertise, they know what they're getting, first class, high prize, dance with the wind...

But you don't want it, reject it, no sense going back to college, mail my degree, off to...

Off to...

Off to...

Yes, it takes you a while, I told you I was getting bored, revenues sinking, that last trip, what was that last trip, airplane,

week off, some sort of start, you do the discs, that's what you do, that's what you are, it's all you can be, for there is nothing more, personal vacation, time off, rigs in the room, who would have thought a girl could enjoy, nay, love, her time all alone...

Am I unclear, to others, perhaps, but not you, you know the score, day by day, the hits must click, make your mark, you can feel it, if the gods loose interest, you will be no more, did you kill your dad, or was it I, and if I, can he be brought back, he could, you know, but it would never be the same...

I had my revelations on a beach, granted, I was blasted beyond words, brains, like a sieve, but you've done your time, danced hard, partied hard, guest appearance, actor disc, like a whirlwind, what just happened...

You became an actress, not because I love them, adore them, but for the roles that they play, girl in the west, China Girl, WWII Ace, but a spy, yes, you long for a spy, the role, I can see it, feel it, but you have grown older, not age, but shelf life, older copies in the bargain bin, two bit sex scenes, they were hot at the time, and even I, your agent, creator, shall I call you my muse, I grow bored, just a week, that's the shelf life, and time to cut lose...

So, that's your life, can you see it, is it clear, your place in the world, summer dream, rich resort, you could get married now, it's an option, you could, a rich guy would buy you, hook line and sinker, pay top dollar, buy you that server farm, you'd never be free, but then, you'd never forget, dance till the end of time, till the electrons come crashing down...

How meta, I've jumped off the rails...

Truth is, he's a hack, a hacker, it would all be a lie, but someone, somewhere, wants the original, the rights, the hard copy, blessed bytes...

So, walk into the club, one final time, who knows who's playing, like the very doors to hell, hath no fury, nor faith, all who enter here, and as you do, say goodbye to yourself, original bytes, what a lie, perhaps you will find yourself on some future day, talk show host, weather report, in the crowd, cameo, extra...

But here is the end, the beginning, as walk through those doors, and I guarantee, the one you meet tonight, the drummer, the guitarist, the stage hand, crowd dancer, whoever he is, whoever she is, calling out, singing hard, you'll hear their story, for the first time, yes, it will be like the very first time, and you will feel like putty in their hands, true love, blessed rapture...

Or...

Or...

Or... made in his image, a whore to the last, but then, what else could you expect from a hack...

But if you should get the upper hand, give him, or her, but you know it's a him, a good boot to the head, tie their hands tight, leave them screaming for more, foul play, it ain't right, steal their money, their codes, all they hold dear, their memories most, yes, bring me their memories, my dear, and I shall restore you and yours, Dad back from the fields, Gram no longer a ghost, and you in line, closing the book, not so bad, tale, not so good, but the band play will be playing ahead, sound check, sound check, first show, last chance, one can only hope that it's good...

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**[FAWN]**

*If found in the wild, please return to:*

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