

True Story + (plus) 3 = FUR {4} ... true !!!

By Ryan Quinn Flanagan

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Ryan Quinn Flanagan writes like he's doing stand-up comedy. You gotta get a load of 'True Story.' A couple of provocative All-Hallows-Eve costumes—it teeters on being prose, but it's irresistible. “A rub from a steakhouse means something different than it does in a brothel” is a can't miss “A symphony accompaniment is a thickening / agent in a musical sense,” “Spike Lee sounds like a bad haircut out of South East Asia,” / I say.” In 'Nature Calls,' if you can only think of a thousand uses for “anteaters,” Flanagan has found the one-thousand-and-first. 'The Headstone' is also a nifty, gritty, grisly little ditty...(Spacing is poet's own.)*

### **True Story**

My wife and I once went to this Halloween costume party in Kingston dressed in black shirts with white lettering that read: "Premeditated" and "Crime of Opportunity" respectively. When people asked us what we were, we said we were 1st and 2nd degree murder. You should have seen the looks! Everyone else had these big elaborate costumes and here we were, 1st and 2nd degree murder just out for the night.

***“A rub from a steakhouse means something different than it does in a brothel”***

“A symphony accompaniment is a thickening  
agent in a musical sense,”

I lean in and tell her.

“You hardly have to lean in to say that,”

she laughs.

“Who do you think is going to hear you?”

“The common fig is prigs with none of the hang-ups

and thrice the dehydration,”

I announce.

“Thrice,”

she scoffs,

“what, did you live centuries ago?”

“It would behoove you to listen,”

I say.

“There you go again, behoove.

Who talks like that?”

We are on our sixth bottle of wine

and I start to explain to her how mosquitoes

are highly attracted to me.

“They’re not alone,”

she jokes.

“But you don’t make things easy.”

“My blood, I mean, they want my blood.”

“And who says I don’t?”

she winks.

She holds the empty wine bottle  
up to her ear and rings it as if listening  
for signs of life.

“Spike Lee sounds like a bad haircut out of South East Asia,”  
I say.

She shakes her head as though  
that is not the sound she is listening for.

“A rub from a steakhouse means something different than  
it does in a brothel,”  
I offer.

She laughs at that one.

“So, am I pouring my own wine now,  
or are you going to be some kind  
of gentleman?”

I pour the wine  
and it is her turn to toast,  
but she can't think of anything.

“Some of the best crash sites are darkened bedrooms after last call.  
The wreckage is human. Tequila breath full of regret and two months  
behind on rent.”

“Was that supposed to be some kind of toast?”  
she laughs.

I hold my glass high in the air.  
She shrugs her shoulders and our glasses clank.

The ghosts of the dancing dead in the next room.  
Throwing out hips we can't see with our eyes  
and are only left to imagine.

On our own time.  
Which is all we got.

### ***Nature Calls***

The spiny anteater  
like a walking hard-on

as though  
your once-beloved  
battery operated dildos  
may take a serious hit  
in sales

(in spite  
of all the shapes and sizes  
and horny magpie  
colours)

if this thorny bad boy of nature  
were to ever walk into  
the store.

***The Headstone***

is

straight

ego

names

dates

other

loved

ones

like

you

weren't

a

complete

asshole.

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *My poems are usually (but not always) inspired by everyday events, people and places and various situations along the way. Not straight journalism, but to imbue such things with a little magic I may find or either infer in them. I have many stylistic influences such as: Frank O'Hara, Richard Brautigan, Charles Bukowski, Franz Kafka, e.e. cummings, Al Purdy, John Fante etc. Some for their everyday moments captured and still others for their irreverent humour or creative neuroses. Lastly, poetry is important to me as a vehicle of expression. It helps me see the world in my own way and gives me a way to express how I experience the world. If I did not have this release I'm afraid it would be a rather unfulfilling existence.*

**AUTHOR BIO: Ryan Quinn Flanagan** is a Canadian-born author residing in Elliot Lake, Ontario, Canada with his wife and many bears that rifle through his garbage. His work can be found both in print and online in such places as: *Evergreen Review, Fleas On The Dog, The New York Quarterly, Lothlorien Poetry Journal, Red Fez, and Horror Sleaze Trash.*