

# The Curse {!!!} ( Help! I'm cursed!!!!)

## .....of the Restroom Hand-Dryer

By Deb Victoroff

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes...If Dr. Seuss was incarnated as a woman, composing adult verse, he would have been assured to be writing under the Geisel of Deb Victoroff .....She is rhythmically rhyming and racy, straddling X-rated, who's being bated? modestly jaded--but mostly uproariously outrageous. It's just missing the uncensored illustrations and deliciously illicit sketchy etchings--to straighten out the kinks. 'Oh, the Places you'll go!' Let's get started: "T'was a date that I wanted to happen and did, / With a man whose attentions for which I did bid"... "The night was to end horizontal I planned: / on his couch or in somebody's bed we would land." I never had assigned assignation like this...how do you meet these people? "Because that's the best way to approach the first date: / With a hunger and wonder and lust that can't wait." Next, the movie, "So for hours (just two), we sat close in the dark, / Sharing popcorn and bloodlust and fire and spark," I'll leave the rest to you, the handwringing loo scene is hilariously funny. It makes for excellent bedtime reading, if you feel like doing something other than sleep." 'The Curse of the Restroom Hand-Drye' reads like ♪...fsssss steam heat ♪--Solicitously side-split-tingling...(Spacing is poet's own.) HS*

## The Curse of the Restroom Hand-Dryer

By Deb Victoroff (2021)

T'was a date that I wanted to happen and did,  
With a man whose attentions for which I did bid  
With sweetness and batting of eyelids I vied,  
I used every trick; there was nothing untried.  
And fin'ly I had him locked tight in my sights:  
The predator/prey game was in a few nights.  
The night was to end horizontal I planned:  
on his couch or in somebody's bed we would land.  
So thinking it was all up to me to seduce,  
My outfit must cling, to imply I'd be "loose."  
The tighter it fits is the key to the night,  
If you cannot breathe, then you've got it just right.  
The doorbell did ring right on time; I did note  
That perhaps he was as happy as me to be smote  
By a partner whose skills were so obvious to see,  
And perhaps he'd spent slow days just thinking of me?  
Because that's the best way to approach the first date:  
With a hunger and wonder and lust that can't wait.  
And thus it began just as well as I'd hoped  
For it seemed into trouble, we'd gladly been roped.  
It seemed almost pointless to go to the show,

Since predictable stories - we know where they go:  
That the hero and girlfriend would bond at the end.  
Let's just stay home! For themselves they could fend!  
But no, the whole point is sweet torture, of course;  
All the petting and leaning and sexual Code Morse,  
Or at least that's what women are wont to pursue;  
For the best way to keep the attraction brand new,  
Is to drag it as long as one possibly can.  
(And that is the difference twixt woman and man.)  
So for hours (just two), we sat close in the dark,  
Sharing popcorn and bloodlust and fire and spark,  
And so finally, FINALLY, credits do roll,  
'Cause the heat and our passion have taken their toll;  
He can barely stand up, and me too, I'm not well  
(If we're Catholic at this point, we're going to hell.).  
So wanting to wash up (from popcorn, my dears!),  
I head to the bathroom, to check out the mirrors,  
And to fix my ridiculous hair since I know  
That my partner has mussed it (we were in the last row),  
And to pee and prepare for the evening to come,  
Expectations for which caused my body to hum.  
And so I did all of those things that I said,  
Left my stall to wash hands and to check out my head,

When the worst thing a person can see in that room,  
Did appear in my sight, clawing me into gloom.  
For instead of the towels of paper you see,  
Were those fucking hand blowers that really irk me.  
They show up in bathrooms; the last thing you'd wish  
For they are as useful as bikes to a fish.  
You can stand there with only two drops on your hand  
And the blower will blow it all over the land,  
But it won't dry you off, because that's not its job,  
For it only makes noise, like a torch-bearing mob.  
And so, there I was, holding hand into space,  
Cooking flesh for no reason, as always the case  
And waiting and waiting for drops to disperse,  
Which is part of the battle and part of the curse.  
Just amazed at the ultimate nothing it dries,  
And resenting the option to wipe on my thighs.  
So now it's been minutes and longer I fear,  
I've lost track of time, in my battle in here,  
With the man of my dreams tapping toes right outside  
Yet I still can't come out 'til my hands I have dried.  
I'm mad at these things! Wreck my life, will they now?  
For decades they've dithered, and I've made it my vow...  
... to not let this thing get the better of me!

Yes, I'll stand here as long as the bathroom is free,  
Wasting energy, time and the patience of folks  
Gathered round with their own hands, awaiting for pokes  
In the air blast which nothing it does, take my word!  
So long have I stood there, it's getting absurd.  
And think (as I do) of this handsome young man  
With blue jeans and white shirt and lovely firm hand,  
Awaiting out there as concessions do close,  
And he's getting bored now, and beginning to doze.  
But still in the palm of my hands I do find,  
That the moisture is clinging; to me it does bind.  
And finally lights flicker off in the halls,  
And all the employees depart with fond calls,  
To each other, "is everyone out of this place?"  
"Ah, no," they respond, "there's a nut in no haste,  
To retreat from the bathroom, where her hands are still wet  
From the useless devices in there, I'll just bet."  
And just as the last light is ready to dim,  
I give up the battle, so hungry for him  
And that body be-clothed in that fitted white shirt,  
That I wipe off my hands at the end of my skirt.  
And so I emerge worse for wear and still damp --  
To an empty theatre, a-glow with one lamp.

My date has decided that this was enough,  
After waiting one hour, he'd left in a huff,  
Thinking I was the one who had cast HIM aside  
When in fact, in my mind I'd imagined the ride  
That I'd hoped we would share to the end of the wire.  
My friends: this is the reason I hate the Hand-dry

**THE POET SPEAKS:** *This epic poem "The Curse of the Restroom Dryer" was inspired by such comparable works as Homer's "The Iliad", Virgil's "The Aeneid", and Moore's "The Night Before Christmas", as well as some dirty limericks my brother sent me. None of that's true. I was actually inspired by the actual experience of trying to get my hands dried using one of those hand blowers in every bathroom where they have appeared. Give me a square of paper and I will be out in 30 seconds! I know we're supposed to celebrate the supposed ecological benefits of getting rid of paper towels (less paper), but no one compared the benefits against the use of electricity, nor the noise pollution. So, I try to dry my hands, and as I do, my fury grows! Regarding the use of poetry - I may be a philistine, but I respond emotionally to rhyming poetry, especially when it tells a story, whether it be Shakespeare or yes, Clement Moore, Ernest Thayer's "Casey at the Bat", or Lewis Carroll's "The Jabberwocky", and of course I love humor. There are some prose poems I love (anything written by Billy Collins) but I appreciate the work of rhyming words, particularly in the service of telling a tale that establishes some suspense at the start, and ends with a surprise, or a moral, or a reward of some sort. (Ok, stop calling me a philistine!)*

**AUTHOR BIO:** Deb Victoroff started her writing career producing humor essays and articles for a medium called "print" (which, like vinyl records, used to be cool, but now is sort of rare and ironic) including The Village Voice, Penthouse, Healthy Living, and Cosmopolitan magazines. Her humor commentary has also appeared online on Open Salon, and broadcast on WNYC. She's written many short plays which have been produced around the country. Her short horror story is available on Amazon at <http://ow.ly/cXFu300xyvl>.