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Going on a Date

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Going on a Date

In the bedroom, I remove my eyes from their sockets and store them in Visine. The mirror stands squarely before me, and since I can't see myself, I am convinced I will accomplish my task satisfactorily.

Groping the walls, I reach the kitchen. I fumble through the cabinet and find a set of knives. These will prove useful in enhancing my beauty, so I grab the largest of the group and with head facing forward, I carve a firm and straight line in the area between my breasts.

This accomplished, I dig inside my torso, certain there must be something adequate inside to cling to for support. Finally, my fingers clench the tip of what feels to be the small intestine; and I jerk, disclosing it through the opening the knife has made. The cut mends and with my thumb and forefinger I stroke the fleshy scar that's left. It bulges like an aorta.

Then with intestine in hand, I wonder, "Girl, what are you going to do with this?" I discover that if I wrap the tube around my neck and allow its tip to rest near my mouth, it will appear that I wear a necklace and have a mole next to my lips. At least this is what I imagine because I can't see myself.

Suddenly, I'm thirsty and pick an ice cube from the plastic container in the freezer. I suck and chew. "Ice is an aphrodisiac," I keep telling myself.

After returning to the bedroom, I slip on leather heels and a stretch dress. Half my breasts show, wide and limp above the neckline. I touch between them to be sure the scar from the knife is not exposed.

I hear the horn, fumble for lipstick and paint it on. Remembering to feel erotic, I thrust my hair forward and back. I spray perfume behind my knees to exude flowers and not fish as I uncross my legs.

I step in the car, give him a kiss on the beard. He says, "You look beautiful." The corners of my lips arch upward, "Yes sweetheart," I reply.

Elena Perez