And Her Fans

Walter McDonald
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Enter rare mud, real dirt, the lady boys my age entered on tip-toes to ogle. She swayed, dressed in white pasties and feathers, the only wholly naked thing we knew. State Fair barkers let us in for a dollar bill and a wink, slinking inside, sitting on the edge of chairs by men old enough to be our daddies. This was the body we came for, flesh worth slopping hogs for all year long, worth all those winter hours milking cows for entry fees. Now let it begin, we whistled, rubbing our eyes all over her on stage, our only sober work all day, drunk on the dung of swine barns ripe in the heat of October. Never mind the tune, the scratch of a warped record trying to turn with every bump and grind of our lady. She was our hearts’ burden and desire, to hold her feathers forever, groaning, so close to pink fingernails we could taste them.

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