



the Hillbilly Cat (in Repose)

Eight burned strips of bacon
& four pats of butter
on a dozen biscuits
was the boy's breakfast.

His eyes were still blacked
from the night before, not
from fists but June's mascara,
palmed from the Biloxi Woolworth's.

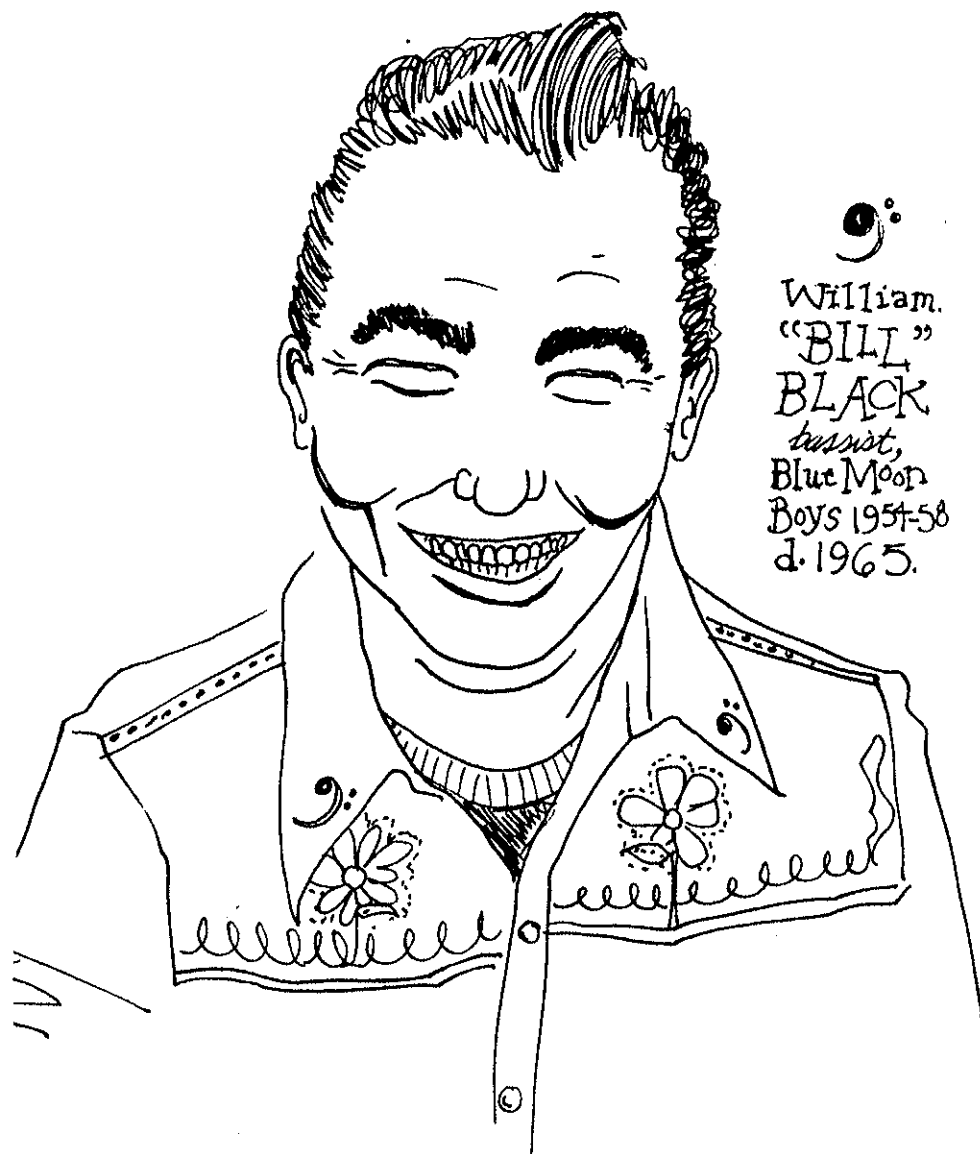
The pink sateen of his blouse
was two-toned now,
wide dark bolts up the back,
like a pyramid, wound 'round
his ribs like scarlet kudzu.

His mamma was in the
garden, knees in the cold mud.
A girl walks in, rubbing
her palm on her nose, making
a wok-wok-wok noise.

"I don't sound,"
like nobody.

Her arms are cold against his
collarbone, her breath is warm
against his cheek, her name
is not June.

From the open window
comes the smell of fresh
basil, high &
bright &
lush, bent & twisted
from last night's rain.



William.
"BILL"
BLACK
bassist,
Blue Moon
Boys 1954-58
d. 1965.

GOD SAID TO ABRAHAM

When they were on the set for *The Rock* (gotta change that goddam title said the old carny) the makeupman mumbled *Ha!*, his teeth are just fucked, snagged like a tiger.

The boy blushed, because they were. *I don't give a shit*, the boss grunted. *Just fix it.*

They used a yard of Polident to hold the caps down but didn't count that the boy was a bluff tornado atomic-powered striptease.

During the big number he shook it like a barroom queen, & one of those mighty white hundred dollar shreds of porcelain

jumped right down his throat, 3% royalty be damned.

Shit. SHIT! *I done swallowed it!* said the boy, but nobody believed the joy buzzer king until they heard it up close: a whistled backbeat to his breath.



DOMINIC
JOSEPH
'DJ'
FONTANA
drummer,
Blue Moon Boys
1954-58
1960-'68

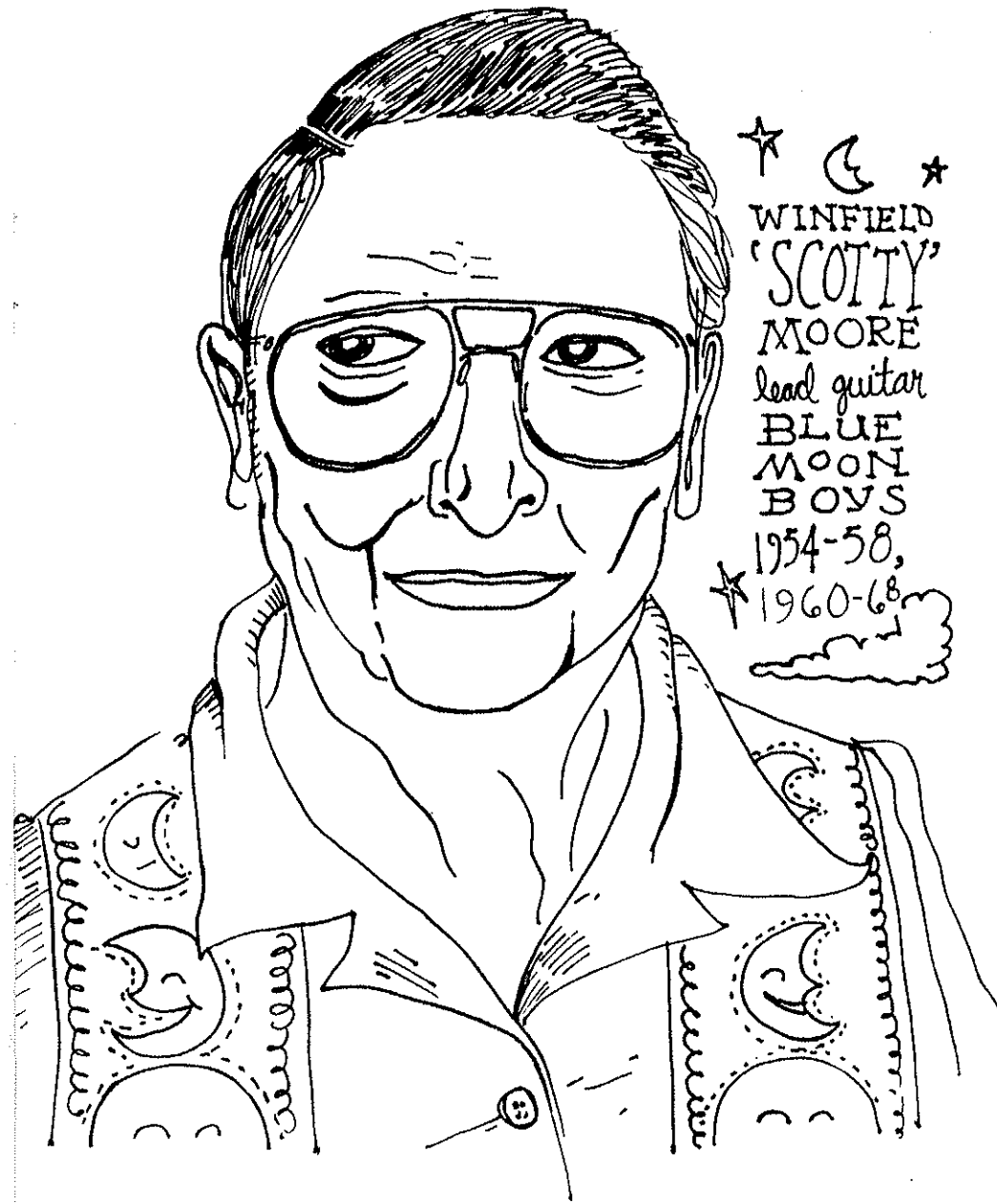
LATER THAT NIGHT at
Cedars-Sinai a drunk &
exhausted but well-respected
fortysomething gently-y-y...
e-e-e-eased the chords aside
& plucked the cap
from the boy's lung, just like
Butterflies in the Stomach, or
Charley Horse.

In the lobby, the young nurses
shook & wept. The old carny,
tough as iron, daubed at the
corner of his eyes with a
tent-sized polka-dot handkerchief,
visibly moved.
The makeupman was fired.

Good job, doc, he got
all night, although
for the life of Kim
the surgeon didn't
know why.

That night he sped home
like always, a pint of
Seagram's in his belly,
another between his
thighs as he goosed the
Alfa through the curves
of the canyon

As he eased up the
driveway a blonde
clinked cubes into
crystal, put needle
to Sinatra. He tossed
his hat on the sofa.
*Honey, you won't believe
the hillbilly parade today.*



★ ☾ ★
WINFIELD
'SCOTTY'
MOORE
lead guitar
BLUE
MOON
BOYS
1954-58,
★ 1960-68

*A Message from the
Big Boy Himself*

He still owe me
money. He
always will.
It is all I can
think about sometimes,
shoveling this rock.
That reporter think
I kidding him.
He belly wiggle
when he laugh.
But I won't say
that hillbilly name.
ELVIN PRESTON.
Elvin Preston, you
sumbitch.
You give me my money.
I got sweat sting my eyes
you smile on a cracker hayride.
It never gone be all right.

INTERLUDE.

or, Tom Sawyer's Comrade

Thought I'd see you at Bill's funeral.
Evelyn said you came by later.
I wish you'd even
say his name. You know
having the Colonel fire him
over twenty bucks
was low-down.
You shoulda come
to the funeral.
Maybe you shoulda just
stayed in Hawaii.

AUGUST 16, 1977



Morphine, Demerol, Placidyl
& Valium.

Codeine, codeine, &
even more codeine.

"Unknown barbituate."

Diezepam, amytal, Nembutal,
Sinutab.

Even more codeine.

The doctor said it woulda
killed three men.

Plenty to kill

one plain ole

Mississippi King.

★ ★ ★
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by GORJUS
of JACKSON, MISS.
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