

## Serial Aileen

Because you tied me face down on the red backseat of your Cadillac Seville in Volusia County and took away my power and made me float above myself and watch like some scuzzy bird—a pigeon—because no fucker would give me a job not even waiting tables so I had to turn tricks on the highway and because you had that twenty-two in the glove compartment waiting there just for me, I shot you.

Because the rubbing alcohol.

Because you had that cheesy, mustard polo shirt with the little guy on a horse with a golf club that said stuff to me about a world I would never understand because everyone said *you don't belong here*. Because Edgewater, Florida. Because you can stick your golf club up your ass.

Because you said a hundred in Brevard County but you only gave me fifty and how am I supposed to pay the motel for me and my lady with fifty? And there was three hundred in your wallet, thanks for that.

Because in Daytona you smelt like Listermint like my grandfather and you had those ugly, tombstone choppers, probably dentures.

Because you didn't rape me in Suwannee County but you were gonna, given half a chance. Because it was a defensive, preemptive strike, Your Honor, like the natural world: eat or be eaten.