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J. MARCUS WEEKLEY

There Is a White Man in My Soup

He yells a lot, like a boyfriend who wants all of my time, but at least he floats on a Y. Y is most like God, and this man asks too many questions, and his hair is too long, like a llama, but different. I ask him why he doesn't move to someone else's soup, like the lady in the leopard print dress, or the police officer with pink shoes. The white man asks me why I'm so much like a plane that's been shot down over the ocean, and I want to know who he thinks he is, why he's talking to me at all; I don't date men in my soup.

While the waitress asks me if I need anything else, the white man flirts with her, commenting on her perfume. She thanks him and I ask, "Can I have some more water, please," but she moves over to a guy in a gorilla suit. What happened to the world? The white man asks me again why I'm so much like a plane that's been shot down over the ocean, and I start dunking him with my spoon. He's not drowning.

Embarrassed that someone will notice, I stop and look out the window at a lady who follows a golden chicken on a leash. She wears a wreath of fingers around her neck, and each of the fingernails is coated in emerald nail polish. The white man has moved to a B, and asks, "Why aren't you wearing any underwear?" Bs are so much like those annoying people at banks who don't wear deodorant and take six hours to process one transaction. Sick of this meal, I just want the white man to die, at least to get his ass out of my soup, so I can get back to work.

He latches onto my spoon, stands in the middle of it like a lizard on a rock, and I get ready to fling him into the cop's hair. "Wait. If you take me home, I'll love you forever. I'll even love you more than Snow White." And I cannot resist such an offer because I have lived my whole life like a poisonous apple or a piece of cloth which has been tucked into the pocket of a conductor waiting to blow his nose. The white man and I return to my office, where he is surprisingly quiet.