2007

First Will and Testament

Bob Hicok

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6297
First will and testament

Wrestle when I’m dead as if you’re Etruscan and naked to honor me, but that’s the day after tomorrow at least, you have time to learn the hammerlock. I don’t care. All this bar talk about what people want done when they die makes me want to talk about what I want done when I don’t, like right now I’m not dead and here I am alive again just now after that time a second ago and here’s suddenly a third moment in which I am not a stiff. To revere this continuing state of knowing roughly where my car keys are and how to evade the hound my neighbor feels deserves a piece of my ass, I ask that you drive the kids to school and eat your pizza crust first and lick around the best parts of sex before you get to the panting, that you do what you’d anyway except that you act as if everything has a soft little bunny inside it. This is how it’ll work: you’ve pulled out your machete and are ready to go to town, but then you realize you’ll kill innumerable soft little bunnies along with your in-laws or the potting shed you’ve got the eye of your wrath on, and you drop the machete and kiss your in-laws or the potting shed, and they leave you alone because this is creepy and the potting shed feels appreciated and your roses win the blue ribbon at the county fair. This is all I want for you, no in-laws and a chance to stand proudly just a look-see away from the three eared pig. Then I can die in peace, and by peace I mean in a wailing sort of way, like my voice is where barbed wire is born and it’s reaching out to grab hold of everything.