

JASON VOORHEES' FIRST DAY AT IN AND OUT
BY AMANDA CHIADO

You can understand Jason's discontent
On his first day of work.
He was too old for killing
And thrilling the panties off of young hotties
On the lakeside.

He was a wrinkled man now
And he needed a non-killing gig.
He couldn't stand the white
Uniform, he just wanted to get his hands
On some ketchup to destroy it.

He'd been fired from Dairy Queen,
Slapped his boss with a Dilly Bar
Yanked his arm from the socket
Then, made a blizzard out of the arm.
Apparently, that is against policy.

He'd also been fired from Petsmart
For eating innumerable parakeets
And one small dog
That wouldn't stop barking.

But today he felt good about burgers
And dressing them up in ketchup.
He decided he might smile
For the first time
if a pretty girl ordered a double,
But first he washed his
mask, and practiced his hello.

In the blur of training videos
And people, whom he thought,
All harbored a legitimate reason
To be murdered—
He was capable although
Non-communicative.

"A killer fry guy," who could tell
Just when to give a rest to
what burns. He over salted.
That was his "good quality
gone bad," the boss said.

That night he lay in bed with a little
Cheese left on the corner
Of his scarred mouth, his free meal.
He was surprised at the thickness
Of the vanilla shakes. He thought
About the thickness of human skin.
It made his old scars hurt
To suck out that vanilla sludge.

His uniform lay on his chair
As he watched *Three's Company*,
The apron happily red.

He started to dream about
His favorite part: the sizzle
Of the grills, and the pink meat hissing
On gray skins, how it burned a bit,
When it was flipped from back to front.

*FOR THE MEN WHO CALL
THE RAPE CRISIS HOTLINE AND MASTURBATE*

BY CORRINA BAIN

When the counselors meet to discuss techniques
invariably a few of us have heard from you
town criers of a dreadful village.
Perfecting your narrative, pretending
that you are not doing what you are
breathily, doing. Sped-up edge of the voice, reflection
of your slapping hand. Or else a damp languor
like quicksand, how slowly you unfold the syllables

into the receiver. Raped, you say, by a gang
of teen-aged girls in leather mini skirts.
You say, they drizzled chocolate syrup over you,
that you licked the soles of their shoes. The list is endless.
And how can you think that would be new to us? To me?
How can you imagine that we have had no news
from the Land of Penthouse Letters, from the coercion
of quote unquote amateur films?

So the counselors, as I said, report on it.
I think you would like that part, the gale
of nervous laughter like cherry blossoms
flitting in the air. They say how they handled it.
How they got rid of you, Sick-o. Shifting their
feminist buttocks in the folding chairs.
The handful of minutes you secure for yourself
stolen from us. If you must know, the counselors
are lovely. Everything you would hope from their
reliably female voices, encouraging, listening, on
your lonely nights. Their big, dewy eyes like fawns.

I wonder what exactly it is that you like. If you are hoping
for the quivering nerves of a new counselor
afraid to cut you off. Or if you enjoy the moment
when we recognize you, the sharp inhale that means
you have been severed, again, from human contact
found out for what you are.

You may well think you are the only one. That you
invented this. Not knowing that we keep your
number on a special roster, alongside a dozen
others. Not knowing how familiar, the desire to think of sex
that is not your responsibility. I sit with the other counselors
and their pantomime disgust, but to me
you sound like the squeak of flesh across a greasy mirror
the whole, false, detail-laden story something I could come up with
as I surrendered to the vibrator's humming petition.

I think of you often, as I look at the picture of someone
who does not know that I am looking at a picture of them.
I wonder whether you dress up for it—if the pasty roll
of your gut oozes over the top of your lacey briefs.

I follow protocol, I get you off the phone
but in your damp breath, I hear the echo.
I know that we are both alone
in messy apartments. I imagine us twins in that
no one we truly wanted has truly chosen us
that underneath the ring of filth at the back of your neck
behind the furred yellow plaque on your teeth
is the gleam of loneliness, like a family resemblance.

More than any other story that I can tell
you are what spurs outrage into my friends
what the other counselors say they cannot abide, cannot sustain.

If it were only my choice, I would let you go on.
Questionable, if that is even kindness.
Let you tell your whole imagined story—
grunt and swear and finish it
palpitate—
writhe.

