

nick demske

Otis henry has been waiting for the bus his whole life.
The amount of time Otis has been a'waitin is so epic iot can't be measured in traditional years or centuries—
Nay!
Must it be measured *poetically*, in stanzas and cantos
Quatrains, I guess.
For otis Henry knows no fancy words for stanzas with more than four lines.
“Cinquetrains?” he wonders. “Sept or Octtrains?”
Yes. Otis Henry has been waiting for the bus for several volumes of millitrains.
Transliteration: Bo-ring!
Otis Henry dreams of one day the bus arriving.
Its inviting chrome
Its handsome insignia scrawled upon the side.
Oh Otis, you freak.
Admit to yourself
The bus is never coming
Because you aren't at a bus stop
But an enormous field
Not a tree on the landscape for miles.
You are waiting for the bus in an ocean of pasture
Which is not the traditional waiting place
But so what if you're untraditional, Otis?
So what if Otis Henry walketh to the riff of a different guitfiddle?
A gal can dream, can't she?
And otis Henry dreamasizes so fancif'ly
One day that bus *will* stop for Otis Henry
And Otis Henry will weep lyricism unto the bus's bosom
Otis Henry poeticize violently at the joy of having bussage
Until the bus driver ask, “You headed East, Mack?”
For Otis Henry is not headed East.
Otis Henry headed very very not East and the stars, they twinkle sweetly.

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Otis Henry, you bastion of cannery. You
Doomsday of explodicon, I will eat your children
I will eat your children, Otis Henry, an kill your babies. Do we have to hold on tight, Otis Henry? No, Otis Henry.
Not so tight.
My mom died Otis Henry and now I'm calling her on the phoneticism. Ism.
Wave your banner proudly, Otis henry, for you will be dead soon
That was a close stop. Is this our stop?
Did the people get off? Shut up kid, or I'll slash you face open with a chainsaw.
I hope I can manage to not disappoint you too much.

* *

Oh crap, Otis Henry!
I think you just tenderized yourself.
I think your sandals have flipflopped right off into the ocean. The pretty, delicious ocean.
I apologize. I spell apologize incorrectly.
Otis henry comes into considerably unpopulated restaurants and sits right next to strangers, which is considered taboo
in polite American society. Otis Henry makes the noise of the flatulence for song. I love Otis Henry. Though Otis
Henry is utterly anxious in the agora.
Otis Henry smiles not, lest he conscious efforts it.
Otis henry is so lively. I want to have doggy style sex with you, Otis Henry. I want to go to a party and see you across
the room and look at you just long enough for me to notice me looking at me. Why do you say things so stupidly, Otis
henry?
Well that's pleasant, Otis Henry. You just bombed my country with kung pow chicken
Well, otis Henry, it could be worse I guess. It's not like I'm against kung pow chicken, Otis Henry.
I just tend to prefer it, Otis, in portions much less abundant.
Henry.

* *

Nice legs, Otis Henry.
Otis Henry will part his smoothly shorn legs and offer you his happy hole and say, "Love Otis Henry—love Otis
Henry's happy hole por favour." Ah, you did not know Otis Henry hablas Espanol, did you?
That's because you stink.

* *

Otis Henry lays upon the rocks in the sun and tans his hide for the world to see.

Oh Otis Henry, you spicy pint of Life!

Otis tans below the summer construction workers, buttering his man muscles with the drippiest oils.

“Goddamn, Otis Henry” the construction workers say. “You make me want to divorce my wife and go totally gay for you. I would eat you up like popsicle from heaven, Otis Henry.”

But Otis Henry merely sighs and arches his back to the sun, his silhouette composing on the earth like a piano

You tease, Otis Henry!

You know that swimsuit is too small for you, blast!

What’s this? A stretching session upon the mighty rocks?

Have you no mercy Otis? You will boil the fish in their sea!

Otis Henry’s physique is responsible for global warming.

The national Guard—yea, even the Swat Team—they all are called in to save US from the euphoric lunacy.

But the soldier’s only swoon at Otis Henry’s tasty musk, they’re mortal men and women, what else can they do?

Until finally a survivor crawls up to Otis Henry’s feet, kissing and licking Otis Henry’s feet, but managing to speak inbetween flicks of his giddy tongue

“What are you doing, Otis Henry?”

And so Otis Henry responds:

“I’m writing poetry.”

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