

last trip to the doll house

christmas
the most wonderful time of the year
 or so that cheerful guy in the annoying song
 keeps telling me
time to huddle up with the wife and kids
 mom and dad
 brothers and sisters
 the whole family
but what if there is no wife and kids
what if the family is busted
 like a holiday plate
 someone dropped on the floor.

I got what I wanted for christmas one year
 I got to spend the day with myself
 I didn't have to lie to anyone
 or pretend everything was fine when it wasn't
but the evening was restless
 and bored
 and lonely
so I went out in search of some heat
 a connection
even a fake one would do.

the connections were fake
 but the tequila was real
 and so was the hot blur that came with it
and so was the desire to end the night in the illusion of intimacy
 if only for a few moments
even if I had to give up a piece of myself to make it happen.

I hadn't paid for sex in years
I didn't know where to go anymore
I drove around for a couple of hours but
 all the old places I remembered from wilder days
 were long gone or locked up tight
the last place on my list was a joint called the doll house
and when I got there I discovered
 that the doll house had been eaten by a fire
so I ended my search and my christmas
 sitting alone in a parking lot at 4 AM
 staring into the blackened shell
of a burned-out doll house.

I took the hint
I got the message
 and I was relieved

I knew this was my last trip to the doll house
end of the list
end of the line
no more hookers for me.

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