HEATHER WALKER

The Fisherman is Fucked

He’s stuffed stiff above the mantel and she thinks of Bart’s dick when he fucked that fucking whore at the Lodge when he caught this forty fucking kilogram marlin with the big stupid penis-nose and brought it home to her and showed her the stupid pictures of him standing fucking straight fucking stupid in his old man pants and wrinkles with that fucking fish and all Mel can think of now is Who took that fucking picture, if it’s you and your fish and your captain in the fucking picture and Mel sees painted fingernails on the camera and smells the smell of fucked cunt from when they must have fucked that morning from this picture that he’s framed and nailed beside the fucking fish on its mahogany when he wouldn’t even buy mahogany for the dining table but the fish gets it now and silver too for the engraved date and time of the fucking fish conquest to mark the week she figured it out (so stupid) she figured it out after it must have been years of him fucking outside of their bedroom until now he caught that fish and mounted it on her living-room wall to piss her off and hurt her and if she didn’t know it’d be to mock her and even now that she knows he mocks her because he’s so fucking stupid that he didn’t see her eyes when he kissed her and showed her the picture with the missing photographer and now he’s left her with the fish and she can stand in front of it and see what it saw when it was pulled from the salt water and before it was whacked on the head or its neck broken or whatever they did to kill it because it had seen Bart and that whore together in the boat so it could show Mel what she’s been stupid to these years and Mel can get the most expensive knife from her kitchen and stand on a chair and grab the fucking marlin by the throat and slice up and up and cut that stiff and stupid nose off with a shellac crack into her sweaty and shaking hand.