

2024

Bruce the Thirty-Eight Year Old Neon Artist Tells It Like It Is

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Recommended Citation

DeMay, Anna (2024) "Bruce the Thirty-Eight Year Old Neon Artist Tells It Like It Is," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 03, Article 22.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol03/iss2003/22>

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**BRUCE THE THIRTY-EIGHT YEAR OLD NEON ARTIST
TELLS IT LIKE IT IS**

I'm revving my Harley
and there's CeeCee
throwing me looks hotter
than the Baja in August,
hair yellower than a blooming cactus,
great ass, nice tits,
so I go for it.
Other mamas I humped
lifted my twenties, snorted,
then whined all day
like beached whales over in Monterey.
Not CeeCee. CeeCee was Mother Hubbard.
I'd throw her my bone
and she'd be sticking
to me like axle grease.
Plugged together, we was neon electrified.
But the flash went out of it.
Found out CeeCee's the lady
who-lives-in-a-shoe incognito.
Me, I travel light. I pick up and go.
But CeeCee, she was a cargo carrier—
six kids! I say, *Look CeeCee,*
you wanna be my side car?
Drown them. Axe them. Do something.
But CeeCee, she never got the drift.
Yeah, CeeCee was a ten,
but I'm still looking
for my Cinderella—
hump her 'till midnight
she'll turn into a cig and a six pack.