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Backing Up

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Backing Up

I'm gonna murder Edward Peterson.

Who's that?

Fucker invented the Bac-A-Larm.

The back whut...?

Shitass beeper that makes a racket
every time a goddamn truck backs up.

Hard not to think about digging his ass up
and killing him again when the garbage truck
beeps down your street at four A fucking M.

Got bumped by a backhoe once on a jobsite.
Almost killed me even with the beeper.

And isn't that my motherfucking point?
A goddamn diesel engine's loud enough.

You got a kind of garbage mouth today.
They should put Bac-A-Larm on you
so decent folks'll know you're coming.

Yeah, yeah. I know. At home, it's five damn bucks
in the fucking cuss jar every time I cuss
so I won't be a—whatcha call it?—bad
influence on the kids—a bad role model.

You're kinda like the golden goose of cussing,
ain't you?

Gwen's right, though. I'm working on it. I'm shamed
sometimes at how I talk around the kids,
but things get weird: we had to made a list.
Kiss my ass—cussing. That bites my ass—
cussing. But the dog bit me on the ass?

I'm not sure that really counts as cussing.
What else you gonna say? Bit my behind?
Don't matter, though. Ass is on the list.
So's effing, which is deliberately not cussing.
But you know what it means and so do I,
she says. It's now five dollars an effing eff.
Man's got to cuss. You don't just build a building,
you cuss it up, beam by goddamn beam.

What if it bit you on the dick?

What?

The dog. What if the dog bit you on the dick?

When I did something stupid, *Jesus wept*
is what my mama said, and now I say it.
I'm quoting scripture. Pay anyway, Gwen says.
Jesus wept. And Jesus wept some more.
I'm cussing all of us to Disney World.

Then you could cuss Snow White.

Damn straight, I could.