

Iris

Iris, you can stay at the Econo Lodge. It was across from the office. The office was in a strip mall. The guys there sold irrigation products and irrigation systems, and irrigation consulting.

Egregious shit they did to me	What I did about it
Egged my car. Spilled coffee on my family pictures. Sexted dick and asshole shots to me on my private phone that I had not given them the number to. Called me I.V. (for Iris the virus).	Keyed their cars. Slashed their tires. Posted screen shots of their dicks/asses to their wives' facebook page. Forgot to file company taxes.

The office windows bugged out so even when I got to my room at the lodge, it was like the irrigation guys were praying mantis blinking at me; the Econo was imitation adobe. Maybe at night the two buildings talked to one another over the six lanes of traffic. The irrigators were preparing for an audit. Their last accountant quit because they were assholes and only got him the numbers he asked for at the last minute, so he had to do a ton of overtime and file for extensions.

My brother was an asshole, he'd strut around the house in a tanktop and ask me what an asshole was for. Iris. If I hesitated, he'd shove his pits in my face and remind me that it was to teach me that no matter how porcelain my

skin or lustrous my curly ringlets, Iris, his pit was the law of the land. That was an asshole – I'm king; I don't even see you. Where's your face, Iris? Oh, it's in my pit. That's why I can't see you. What's your face doing in my pit? Our parents weren't home a lot. The executives didn't scare me.

First day they wrote me an interoffice memo: T.G.I. Friday Happy Hour is not optional. And. The numbers better add up. Iris. The stockholders are easily led and want good news. The job paid a shit ton of money. The work was stupid and simple. And they were so easily led. Hey, honey, got the P&L Forecast? No. Hey, honey bear, better have it by this afternoon. Hey, asshole, I'm going home now. Because these days how do you not talk like this? Whose to stop you? Hey, um can you. . .before you go, get me those figures, please . . . got a big meeting. See, it's that easy. I fantasized they fantasized about my hair. There was this one VP who moved his desk behind mine. I'd appreciate you not smelling my hair I said mighty loud. Everyone turned. Are you on something the VP said. You wish I said you wish. I stopped shaving my legs. Chet was miffed; he got quiet –er, like a slab of polished onyx. Oh, please. I wore skirts to work. They tried to change the dress code, I wore sweaters my mother's friend made: the blind one, we used to say. Hahahahaha. Mole colored, mopey sleeves made my breasts look like those ziplock bags of mashed potatoes my mother handed to guests when they went back home after Thanksgiving. Then I packed on the makeup. I wasn't stupid, yes I was, but at least I knew making myself look deformed wasn't going to stop them thinking about me. I withheld the numbers; they eased off

on the memos and I never did go to a Happy Hour. Cocktails make you old, anyway. I was twenty -four.

They would pay for my motel room for ever, I bet. I made sure they needed me. Hardly cost them anything. Way cheaper than locking me in the supply closet at night, which they did to the last guy. Hahahahaha. Not for a long time, Iris. I filed their shit at one minute to midnight. I watched them from my window across the street. They stayed in the office fretting if I'd file or not, glancing up at me. I just watched them and then at 11:59, BAM! I hit send and watched them drop. Still, I could have moved out and found my own place, but I liked the motel. The plaster on the walls buckled like beaten egg whites. The whole motel was a message in plaster code.

You think I think men are stupid. Yeah, you do. Yeah, you do. Yeah, you do. You don't know what I'm thinking. Ok, what am I thinking? See. I'm thinking you probably don't want to be in their room with me, cause you're all the way squished over the other side of the bed pretending to sleep.