

## **Chuck**

By Pawl Schwartz

Nice lips....

Nice inviting lips.      Look down to hands.      Grimy hands.

Wipe on pants then rub together. Let strange grime tubes fall to floor.

Ding dong. Door opens. Girl enters. Check her out. Attempt to meet her eyes. Rub hands together again. Grime never leaves.

Scratch ass. Feel spiteful towards girl for not returning your glances.

Look to beer and smile.                      Check position of hat.

Settle back onto stool. Feel its impression on freshly scratched ass. Wipe face as girl approaches.

Stand up.

Check out.

Give incorrect change.

Watch ass as she exits and wonder if she's noticed. She hasn't.

Settle back onto stool. Revel in strange gas station buzz. Check floor for anything interesting.

Think about sex.

Think about sex.

Try to calm down.

Step outside for a cigarette.      Lean into worn place in brick. No one out here yet.  
Admire the simple red emblem on the cigarette package.      Light up.      Feel gas station  
grime flowing down throat.

Sit. Sit. Sit.

See customer pull up. Fix hat. Take a deep drag and revel in the nicotine high that still rushes to the head as smoke flows over back-of-throat. Feel ashamed and quit thinking about it.

Hope customer pumps gas so you won't have to go inside. They don't. Crush cigarette and walk to the door. Note strange smell coming from sewer.

More like dirt than sewage.

Reminds me of first porno magazine I ever found.

Found it in the drainage ditch where the older kids hung out.

It was covered in dirtwater and never lost its smell.

Settle back onto stool. Watch woman search for crackers. Look down and notice slight erection.

Answer her stupid question.

Think back to the dirtwater smell. That infinitely erotic scent that will never leave me. Watch woman bumble around store. Picture her on cover of magazine. Breathe in through nostrils and imagine that scent.

Watch woman approach.

Stand up so counter masks full erection.

Ring her up.

Give incorrect change.

Watch her walk away.

Fix hat while staring at ass.

Contemplate masturbation.

Watch her car pull out.

Look back down to still raging erection.

Try to calm down.

Look to beer and smile.

Aw, fuck it.

Go to bathroom. ----- Open stall door.

Smell chemicals and shit. Neither scent covers the other. They just bolster each other.  
Plastic flower covered in filth.

See shit floating in blue water.

Flush it down.

Put hand against wall.

Pull up shirt.

Suck in gut.

Take out penis.

Pretend its now half erect state is its smallest flaccid.

Feel pride.

Pride. Pride.

mmm....

Begin to rub up and down. Hold it over the diminished blue water.

Pump.

Watch the water trickle in.

Pump.

Look down to observe penis in fully erect form. Note how horribly

average.

Forget.

Close eyes and pump **HARD**

Pump pump pump pump pump pump pump pump pump

*Wait....*

*Wait...*

*Wait....*

Feel it approaching...

Remember scent. Remember scent. Remember scent.

Feel penis on dirty dirty porno water let it fill the nostrils let the magazine seep in through pores through all openings let it pour

Oh yes. It's somewhere close.

Try to picture women. Try to feel it. Make it happen.

PUMP. Push it. Fill head with sex sex sex sex sex sex sex

sex sex sex sex sex sex sex  
sex

Brain overload.

Oh shit. Oh shit.

*Coming.*

Try to hold it over the toilet try try try think of sex think of-

Fuck. Not trying to think of any non-sexy things think of FUCK  
Accidentally think of dog. FUCK get it out.

Spurt spurt.

Look down. Note utter lack of feeling.

Breathe.

Notice most of semen on the toilet seat. Note horrible smell.

Wipe semen off of toilet seat with toilet paper.

Roll paper into ball. Toss into blue water.

Turn around and pull the door open.

Go to sink to wash hands.

Splash. Splash.

Look up to ugly mug in mirror and

note utter lack of feeling.

Note utter lack of feeling.

### **About the author**

*Pawl Schwartz currently stagnates in Louisville, Ky. His writing has been seen in shoddy, shameful places. Pawl enjoys bathroom graffiti, magical things, and non-people. If you see him on the street, don't look him in the eye. He's wiley.*