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The old suitcase

The big old suitcase felt apart, mysteriously thrown away from the musty basement that was decaying, moth ridden disintegrating in thin air. Tatters only left and the contents they lay on the ground. Sunlight shined on Portraits of Midwestern saloon girls from the gay eighteen-nineties. Piles of faded black and white photos of sexy flappers from the nineteen twenties modeling in bathtubs filled with champagne and harlots dancing naked under the huge chandeliers in long gone art deco theaters. Pictures turning yellow from age, flashing glossies of dance hall girls, snapshots of Mexican hookers, studies of gangster molls fornicating with their hoodlum boyfriends, scenes of old fashioned gang bangs and orgies. More piles of photos lay next to them of Sailor boys posing on the New York City docks, sucking each other's thick hung cocks and interracial couples fucking, sucking, frenching and doing the sixty nine in every gymnastic position possible. Torn and tattered magazines were hugging the earth with them. Titles like All Beauty Parade, Titter, Eyeful, and on the covers were Betty Page, Blaze the Tempest Storm, Gypsy Rose Lee and if you looked hard (But nobody did!!) there was Marilyn Monroe on the first issue of Playboy. Close to the magazines, ancient rusty canisters lay cracked open with weird descriptive titles such as, A Stiff Game, Matinee Idol, Office party, Buried Treasure, A Girl's Night Out, and Mexican Dog. The odd collection laid there for hour's .Nobody came by. The gaseous sphere, our sun which is above the earth left with its heat and light, and darkness snuck in. Then the wind came and the rain and the snow. The next day, what was left of the contents of the old suitcase was good fodder for the nests of our rodents.