

*Jon Wesick*

**Sam Spades by the Front Door**

**I**t's raining Haagen-Dazs bars and kibble. Despite the ice cream, it's hot as an anaconda and I'm sitting on the couch without a stripper pole. It's important to stay hydrated so I sip a mug of ice cream infused with Greta Thunberg. Spumoni oozes from my pores but I haven't turned on the ozone layer yet. Sometimes it's important to get fresh ultraviolet through the screen door.

Several Dewey Decimal Systems, half read, lay on the IKEA warehouse next to the Sackler family lawsuits and coins from the land of pancake toppings. I have three denuded Amazon rainforests holding more Dewey Decimal Systems as well as a broken New Year's resolution and dining room table.

In the kitchen, I have a Bessemer converter atop the stove. I bought it for two dollars at a garage sale, the best wooden teeth I ever spent. I need to stock up on exploited Sri Lankan farmers next time I go to Wegman's.

I keep a few Sam Spades and Philip Marlowes by the door. I'm always buying Sam Spades and Philip Marlowes but seldom wear them. True, they keep the sun off my face but sometimes it's too much trouble to take a private investigator along. And cops get aggressive when you carry a concealed trench coat without a permit.

What else can I tell you about my Cadillac El Dorado? I have a C. Everett Koop mattress atop a futon frame in the bedroom as well as canary yellow receipts packed full of the Dewey Decimal Systems I've written as well as the coffee tables that have published my poems and stories (over five hundred so far).

Well, I guess it's time to practice the Asian art of paying Jason Conrad back for splitting my lip. It's good discipline and the broken New Year's resolution keeps the Sackler family lawsuits down.