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Dick for a Day

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Dick for a Day

I would do jumping jacks, jubilant, on my bed,
slap-thwack it like a pendulum off my naked thighs.
Secure a better paying job,
with insurance, vacation days, a window, and young Dolly Parton as my secretary.
Visit Alaska and scribe my name, my entire families' names, across the frozen Yukon,
find that wandering moose from *Northern Exposure*—pee on him, too.
Win a bar bet with any frat guy (they're all named Zack) because mine's bigger,
then use a urinal, un-hovering, un-thigh quivering, un-slipping and un-ass dripping.
Befriend Ann Coulter, go clothes shopping, fuck her in the dressing room, whisper,
"You're a dyke now," as she blushes like a petal and cums against the tri-fold mirror.
Take naked pictures of myself masturbating for this year's bulk mailed Christmas card,
"Dear Everyone, Look What's Up with Me..."
Jack off into an old tube sock and repeat,
"Who's your daddy?" while listening to Ted "Cat Scratch Fever" Nugent.
Make a sperm bank donation to carry on my name,
globally impregnate workaholic 40-year-old crazy cat ladies with octuplets.
Casually drop "cock-sure," "cocky," "and even "cock-a-doodle-doo" into conversations,
punctuate each syllable with a hip thrust and a fist pump.
Push it inside everything I can,
mittens, friends' ears, hot dog buns, empty paper towel rolls, and even my dog's Kong.
Catch the last plane to Paris and cum like a yeti on Jim Morrison's grave,
show that twerp what mojo risin' really looks like.

Kat White is an MFA in Creative Writing candidate and Instructor at the University of Memphis. Her creative nonfiction has been published in *Phoebe Journal*, *Photosynthesis Magazine*, and *Life As An (Insert Title Here)*. Kat's poetry has been published in *Stone Highway Review*, *Fade Poetry Journal*, and *Poydras Review*; she has an upcoming poem in *Straight Forward Poetry Journal*.