



# BEXY D.M.

AND THE **ROAST BEEF SUB**

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## **“Bexy D.M. and the Roast Beef Sub”**

It’s stupid. Gettin' angrier about being angry. Its like, do you want to sit in a diner, smoke cigarettes, drink coffee and stare? It’s so damn typical. This whole scene is juvenile and I can’t take it. I hate “B” movies, especially when I am the Super-Star.

If somebody asks, it’s easy: I think of Bexy. My mind gets all muddled and then everything is clear. Watch the clock and see the time go by. I know it is the time. It is the time and she is thinking of me right now. It’s easy. It is the time and Bexy.

As I sit and stare, sometimes I smoke when I can bear to light another cancer stick. Drink coffee, it makes the heart pump blood and the mind go faster. Time doesn’t increase its speed in motion, just me, myself and I. I dunno... Sometimes I think that I am not just a product of my environment and actually have some influence. Sometimes I think time moves faster as I sit and think. Then again, who cares anyway? I know everyone else is fucked-up because they have nothing to focus on. Of course being fucked doesn’t apply to me. I’m fine because I have my focus. Smoke, drink coffee, and either Bexy or a roast beef sub.

Sometimes I remember what happened to her. Sometimes I feel like I know why she is not around anymore. Sometimes, when I care to remember

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Bexy, I go to the store and order a roast beef sub. At these times, I feel satisfied.

I get really excited as the girl at the deli makes the sub. She opens the bun, spreads mayo on it and asks me my favorite inquiries:

*“Lettuce?”*

*Tomato?*

*Onion?”*

“Yes,” I reply, “I want it all.” A smile crosses my face as she cuts it in half, wraps it, and hands it to me. I pay for it and gently cradle the sub. I walk home with a smile painted on my face. Although I attempt to conceal it, I imagine I must be beaming with joy as I reach my front door. I go straight to the living room upon entering my apartment. I think it best to live in the living room.

I place the sub on the coffee table. The room is cluttered with old roast beef sub wrappers. There is a lingering smell of old roast beef. I like it. I like it a lot. I wonder if the roaches will ever be confident enough to face me in the living room? I wonder if a roach has enough nerve to fight me in the light? I wonder if a roach has nerves?

I stare at the sub as it rests on the coffee table. I open the wrapper and marvel at the beauty of it. The tomatoes are slightly squished from the trip

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home and the moist lettuce glistens. Pieces of roast beef peek at me from beneath the onions. I tease myself by telling the sub I don't want her, “No sub, I am not going to eat you, I just brought you here to look at you.” **The sub looks sad.**

The sub speaks, “I thought you once said you would love me forever?” “No.... I will..” I continue to stutter, “Tonight you can just sit on the table and think about it because I am not going to eat you.”

Then my mind starts getting all muddled and I feel very, very sick. I stare at the sub with its beautiful tomatoes (slightly squished), glistening lettuce, and roast beef peeking at me from beneath the onions. I stare and everything is clear. “I love you Bexy!” bursts from my mouth. I know it is time. She is thinking of me right now when my mind is muddy. As I re-focus, my head becomes clear. It is the time.

I grab the sub and start shoving it into my mouth. I can hardly breathe as I barely chew and swallow it. I can't breathe at all and my eyes are pouring tears. Within seconds, the sub is gone.

A huge lump of lettuce, tomato, onion and roast beef is lodged in my throat. I take a shallow breath and hope I don't die. Slowly, (and thankfully) it goes down. The pain of this experience is more than just discomfort. My punishment and ecstasy is complete. I think about how much I loved the sub

## **“Bexy D.M. and the Roast Beef Sub”**

and how much it hurts now that it is gone. It is a lingering sensation that never quite goes away.

### *I wonder what it is that I want?*

The line between pain and pleasure is not thin. There is no such thing as a “razor’s edge” to distinguish the two. No thin line exists. There is no boundary at all. It is all so very much the same to me.

I look at the sub wrapper. I look at the shell that protected her on the way home. I look at the wrapper all torn-up and defeated. I close my eyes and it appears that I am crying. Once again, I’ve devoured my true love. I feel... I feel, I wonder what I do feel? I hate being in this damn “B” movie.

It is dark outside now. Maybe I fell asleep. Maybe the numbness overcame me and consented to pass time without letting me know what happened. I hope it is the latter. “Spring” one hour forward, “Fall” one hour back. I wonder why I thought about that just now?

It is the time. The invention of medieval man that now rests on my wrist. Without my watch, I would not know how much time passes. I could not possibly know how much time slips away as I wade through buzzard swamp. Searching through my murky thoughts it becomes clear that my focus has its very own time..... Then the other thing happens (it is something I fear and dread more than anything). The “B” movie rewinds

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and old promises flare on the screen. This is all so wearisome.... I go to bed without taking my shoes off.

Even with my shoes on, I wake up cold. I listen to my fan hum and think about the last time it ran without electricity. Night passes and, as always, I feel different at these times. I am so very tired, but my mind is far too active to allow sleep. I might miss something if I sanction rest. I think of Gregor and am relieved that my limbs still appear all so human. I decide that roaches have nerves.....

That is how the “B” movie ended. The time, the thoughts of roaches, and of course, Bexy are now part of my past. You bet I was pretty fucked up then. Not like now when I hear the girls say, “He’s nice...a little fucked up, but really nice.” In fact, from what I hear about me is that “Jack handled the whole incident pretty well.” That was then and this is now with no real thoughts of Bexy D.M. or the roast beef subs. I admit enjoying eating a couple of them since then, but it wasn’t the same..... Really....

I did not eat a single sub for four days. Then I ate one out of pure nostalgia.... The second was just for old time’s sake... Those first couple of times I went to the sub shop and watched the girl make the sub, I answered the same old questions about what I wanted in the past..... Of course, it was always the same answers, “I want it all.” At these times, I didn’t go very

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close to the counter for some reason.....something held me back. Then I decided I had no other choice but to quit eating the subs all together.

**Now I find myself walking briskly with purpose.**

I must be headed for something important like coffee. Then it starts happening and I break a sweat. Damn it, I know the sub shop is on this street. How stupid?

**I should have turned down a different street.**