

The Messenger

Volume 2008
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2008

Article 10

2008

Mr. Curious

Chet'la Sebree

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Sebree, Chet'la (2008) "Mr. Curious," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2008: Iss. 1, Article 10.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss1/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

MR. CURIOUS

Chet'la Sebree

He lived on Kemp Street, two blocks up from Cory's Fish Market on King. His fourth floor apartment was a little bigger than a kindergarten cubby. The one room nook had a kitchen, a pile of blankets, and a door leading to the bathroom. The only decoration was an indistinguishable sculpture made of fecal matter that stood behind the door. When asked why by his former best friend, he responded, "To keep people like you away."

After retiring, he spent his days eating expired yogurt and watching the daytime dramas of his neighbors through his window with a pair of binoculars. Mr. Lefthand was usually caught with his right hand on the remote and left hand down his pants. Mrs. Houseslave spent the whole day cooking and cleaning until her husband came home, ate, fucked her, and went to bed. It was a pretty normal routine until she found condoms in his Dockers. She was far more interesting after that: breaking dishes and arson were her new daytime endeavors. Unfortunately, she got arrested for bludgeoning him to death.

On his day out of the apartment, he found someone new, Ms. Hot Body. He'd followed her around instead of stealing soap for his weekly shower. After some stalking, he discovered that she lived on Kemp in the adjacent building. During his soap-less shower, he wondered if he could see her from the tiny frosted window above the tiles. Stepping on the lip of the tub and bracing himself against the wall, he hoisted himself up so he could put one foot on the soap dish and the other on the water tap. He stuck his face in the little nook and pressed against the window. Feeling a rush of cool air, he scanned the wall in front of him for her room and found her standing next to the window one floor down. At the same time his excitement peaked at the sight of her, his toes slipped out of the soap dish causing his other foot to simultaneously slip off the faucet. He then knocked himself unconscious on the soap dish and therefore did not feel his vertebrae shatter against the porcelain lip of the tub. His last image was of a voluptuous 76 year old woman, Ms. Hot Body.

