

Horror Movie  
By Holly Raychelle Hughes

I was out there  
in the world  
wanting to date a man.  
One with a job  
and a car  
with a place to live  
and not too many roommates.

One who didn't keep secrets like:  
I'm a cheater  
I don't clean my finger nails  
I own one pair of boxers.

So there I was  
on a first date  
with this dude  
it was winter in Colorado  
so cold my snot crystallized  
when I inhaled.

He was a gentleman and dropped me off  
at the front door of  
the movie theater  
handed me his wallet  
and asked me to get the tickets while he  
parked the car.

But I knew it was over when  
before the previews and popcorn were served.  
I opened his wallet to get the cash  
and caught a glimpse of  
his drivers license picture.

The tiny square was bursting  
with his obese face.  
He must have lost 100 pounds  
since that photo

As a fat man  
he looked identical to my cousin Peter.  
So even if I could get past the

fat image of him- and I could never,  
I couldn't get past the thought  
of kissing my first cousin  
ever.