

The Flood

[The following excerpt is a monologue I performed in 2020 called "Theodora and the Flood". Picture the storyteller being covered in dripping pimples and speaking with a deep southern twang.]

"My name is Theodora Grizzadora and I've come to dole a chronicle. I hope the mead in your cups are frothed because this tale is long and wide. I come from a small village east of great corn county and don't even bother going about there sniffing and asking of my name in the tabernacle; they will turn you away without a hitch right in your own shoes.

I acted as the live-in stablemaster for the Lady Godiva, Anglo Saxon noblewoman, for 65 years. I met Godiva in a small automobile collision that occurred on the north I-95 really not too far from here. And uh- There she was suddenly. I could see her purple irises and long translucent hair clearly from when I sat; she was but inches from my face as my car was completely inside of hers. There was puddles of gas piling up underneath both of our seats all shiny-like.

You see Godiva had been finding herself many a night argumenting over the shoofly pie with husband. Well endowed and employed husband was part of the Union Council at the time you see, and she pleaded with him for the crippling taxation clauses that were thrust upon Trundleville at the time were discouraging to herself and others. She tried to bargain with him but the company had just purchased him some fancy new digits and he didn't want to scuff 'em.

So Godiva came to me one evening in my stalls where I was milking the mares and she came to me. While I had lactation dripping up to my elbows and there was the smell of milk curd in the air and Godiva CAME to me. And she pleaded with me as if I were Husband (I am not Husband). She said, 'Theodora please I need you to round up your finest mare and tie her lead to the skillet out front. Rub her down well with grapefruit rinds and coyote micturition.

For on the marrow of eve we will ride this very mare into the heart of Trundleville; it ought to shimmy the council's boots when you and I arrive displaying our full set of medallions to the public. In the nude of course! And if the council's boots aren't shimmied by my advantageous appearance then they ought to be shimmied by your atypical complexion.

And so we did this; on the morrow of that eve we did ride this very mare into the heart of Trundleville. And while we rode I could feel myself bouncing in front of Godiva, her in the back. There was a thick trail of sweat that had left her armpit and entered my lap, and after having entered my lap it left and spiralled down the waxy pearlescent leg of this steed. So we got there to Trundleville and I think the boots were shimmied. The peeping toms peeped of course and the noblemen told their first of kin to avert their gaze from the blinds.

And when we returned to the abode that evening husband was very displeased of course and he was funneling dark liquids down his throat like a foie gras duck. And uh, he stomped his fancy new digits on the floor and told me he'll take a sickle to my cicada collection if his employer were to ever find out of this debacle, and I'm sure he did. And he told us there would be no tax reform. He ripped the refrigerator door off the hinges and threw it into the backyard, and he took a rake to the clotheslines. And then we all went to bed of course because every night eventually has to end. I told Godiva to sleep in the mews on that crepuscule.

For I awoke that evening with full intent and purpose from my slumber and I brought myself, I, Theodora, to the barn upon which Godiva slept and hastily began to gather endampened hay into my tunic, which I had fashioned into a basket by smartly bringing the bottom of the hem up to my navel. After having done this, I brought myself back into the establishment of husbands and uh- I stepped into my tallest pair of rubbers and I began to shove fistfuls of this pasturage deep within every conduit of husbands home.

And after having done this I pumped every well and I squeaked every spigot, flushed every bidet and I slammed the front door hard behind me with the contents of the drain pipes in husbands abode biting closely at my ankles. I watched from the outside and saw that blackwater spilling out, pouring underneath the door frames; rushing to mosh against each and every ninety degree angle in that goddamn inferno.

And soon the thick pool of sludge started to lift all that furniture, tchotchke and gimcrack and a tsunami of sorts came right out the window and brought the contents of this whole house right out with it; sleeping husband still included! I watched them slip down the Boulevard, into the horizon and disappear into the distance; just husband and the items of his house right gone on a surfboard of his own raw sewage.

I returned to Godiva that evening in our bed amongst the hay and we spoke on wage gaps and butterflies. We spoke of faulty plumbing and naked jockeys. Any fancy-pants bona-fide scientist will tell you that you know a liquid from t's space-filling. When poured into a container, it will rush sprightly as ever to touch the corners of that vessel. But floods don't just touch, do they? They push.

Can't help but speculate that in this affair, if husbands house were the vessel, then rupturing pipes were the push. If The Union Council was a vessel, a naked equestrianism would be the push. If this small town was a vessel, me and Godiva would be the push. That waxy sweat, that raw sewage, that puddle of gasoline, that sharp whisky, that coyote micturition, that mare milk. My dripping pustules.

Call it a delusion of grandeur, but if I were to jiggle myself around a bit, stick two digits down my gullet, and upchuck a bucket or two, you would take a step back. And when you step back I will step forward and when you step forward I will also step forward. This is what it means to flood."