

Dick Hats for Sale

On a stroll down town
there's this store
with a sign.
It reads, in bold:
"Dick Hats for Sale."
So naturally, I walk in.

And it's true.
There's a dick hat sale!
Red tags.
Everywhere!

And there's this lady,
she works there—
and she dangles
this tiny string of measuring tape
in her hand,
and her tag reads
"Susan" in bold.
Susan! What a name
for a dick hat saleswoman!
Susan, what an enchanting
way to walk! One foot out
in front of the other!

She asks if I need help,
I almost yell, "Jesus, YES!"
But what I really say is,
"Sure, why not."

She asks me to drop my pants.
She says to relax—
she's only measuring the head.

She exclaims
I have the most wonderful head.
My penis wants to blush.

She sets up a small three-way mirror in front
of my pelvis—I mean, not exactly *small*,
just small in comparison to a full length
three-way mirror. But really, it is quite large.
In fact, now that I think of it,
it's enormous.

She brings out options. She tells me
to get firm. She makes a joke about hats
not staying on well if you're a sleepy
head. *I slap my thigh and laugh.*
*It was purely one of those "in the heat
of the moment" type of reactions.*

I close my eyes. I think hard. I think real hard.
Susan tells me that's fine. She makes a joke about
me trying on hats—not going out elephant
hunting with a long spear in the Sahara.
*Dear God, Susan, you kill me! What an
imagination! We're nowhere near Africa.*

She puts a miniature cowboy hat on it
with a large brim. Susan asks me what I think.
We both gaze into the mirror
and say "John Wayne"
simultaneously.

She tries a suede Fedora and says it's a
well-composed look in both formal and casual
occasions. I tell her it feels great,
but it looks a bit pretentious.

We go through an array of dick hats:
Mini beanies, tiny bowler hats, bobble-
head-sized sports caps, a miniature turban,
sombbrero, straw hat, a woman's Sunday hat
with a flower and strawberry design.

Hours go by, maybe minutes, but they felt
like decades, and Susan asks
if I've decided on any of the hats.
I take Susan by the hand.
I get on a knee.
"Susan—Goddamnit, will you marry me?!"
"YES! YES! YES!" she screams!

We run out the store together,
hand in hand,
and there's people throwing
rice at us through a boom of applause,
and my pants are still down
and no one cares.

I'm a husband now.
And Susan gets into a limo
and we drive off to an exotic island
where the sky is blue forever
and the drinks all come with
miniature umbrellas.
And Susan whispers
into my ear
as we rock on a hammock
under the bright island stars,
"Did you bring any rubber hats?"