

# If This Is a Story, How Come There's No Plot?

by George Ella Lyon

There's blue under  
that rumpled gray sky  
somewhere.

\*

I have seven questions.  
Here are the first twelve.

\*

I don't know any better.

\*

Never mind.  
All the men  
in his family  
are like that.

\*

His mother tried  
to smuggle him  
drugs in jail.  
"He's my baby,"  
she said.

\*

Bless you.  
And bless whoever  
has to put up with you.

\*

She came  
like a house afire.

\*

Died before they were born  
both of them.

\*

You don't keep your treasure  
under the toilet lid  
do you?

\*

The reason I cry  
all the time is  
my kidneys is too close  
to my eyes.

\*

If she's a martyr  
she climbed up on the cross  
herself.

\*

They're fighting over the key  
to a house that's all rubble.

\*

In the third place  
I am flat-out allergic  
to you.

\*

It was the last thing  
I wanted  
but it was wrapped up  
so pretty.

\*

A fish don't know  
how big the ocean is.

\*

He only wrote one poem,  
thank God.

\*

I'd as soon sky-dive  
as go down that street.

\*

I had a double major:  
shit and miracles.

\*

If you need anything—  
day or night—  
call somebody else.

\*

I've had a ton of BEFORE.  
It's AFTER I'm after.

\*

What do you mean  
how did we get here?  
YOU drove.

\*

We kept our old car  
in tip-top shape.  
It was the road give out.

\*

Ask me no secrets.  
I'll tell you I'm wise.

\*

I loved the part in the dream  
where the baby ate California.

\*

Fiction—  
real or not real?

\*

If I could walk into  
that little tract house  
right now  
and find them all  
about to eat dinner  
I would say a blessing  
that would burn their ears off.

\*

If you don't want more pain,  
don't breathe.

\*

You mean I was  
supposed to be  
happy HERE?

\*

That's the first penis  
I've seen  
in ten years.

\*

I feel like the Ark  
right after everybody  
got off.

\*

Pass the poison  
and tell that one again.

\*

Turned out he was NOT  
Calhoun's long-lost brother  
after all.

\*

Holes up is what she does.  
It's the Irish in her.

\*

I've had about enough of you.

\*

He didn't know  
which end of the match  
to strike.

\*

This is where I get off, boys.

\*

You're about the most useless woman  
I've ever seen.

\*

Yeah, well, ask God.

\*

Zip it up before  
I cut your balls off.

\*

Strangled her with the clothesline,  
he did.

\*

I apologize  
for all the elements  
taken up  
to make the molecules  
that enable me  
to be so sorry.

\*

Come here.  
I just want to *love* on you.

\*

After one bite  
I put the fork down.  
I could think of better ways  
to die.

\*

Who made you  
a guest of the world?

\*

As soon  
as I finish this dream  
I'm coming home.