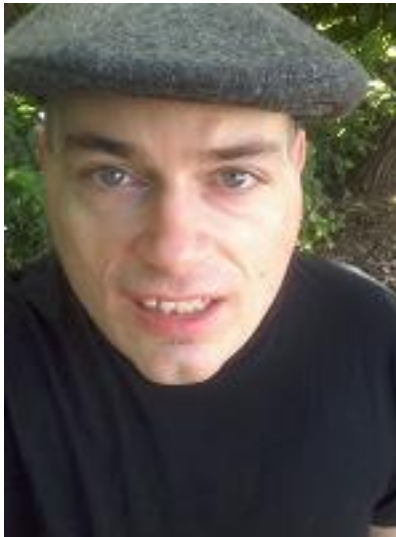


On Becoming a Sir

I held the hotel door open for the brunette in the
teal t-shirt schlepping a Samsonite suitcase
as she might've dragged a corpse through a cut-rate slasher flick.
After she'd coughed "Thank you, sir,"
the same phrase sputtered from the lips of her
scowling satellite lugging pale ale with tattooed arms.
I realized I'd slipped into slumber limber on
a comfy sofa like one of the Friends at Central Perk and
awakened just a few wrinkles short
of the youngest Golden Girl on the lanai,
with under-eye bloat and a lower back stiffer
than the Purity hard bread in Newfoundland larders.
Grieved is the death of "Hey dude!" once doled out to
a convincing swagger and sexy elasticity now
evicted by sprawling silver chest whiskers and
a gut begging for antacids to quell the rebellion
instigated by a weak cup of Pot Noodles while it
takes longer and longer to locate
my birth year
in drop-down lists.



*Frequently crossing the Canadian/US border, **Adrian Slonaker** enjoys jangly folk-rock music, guava juice, wrestling, Google architecture and rain. Adrian's work has appeared in *The Pangolin Review*, *Credo Espoir*, *Algebra of Owls*, *WINK: Writers in the Know*, *Aerodrome* and others.*

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