

## last trip to the doll house

christmas  
the most wonderful time of the year  
    or so that cheerful guy in the annoying song  
    keeps telling me  
time to huddle up with the wife and kids  
    mom and dad  
    brothers and sisters  
    the whole family  
but what if there is no wife and kids  
what if the family is busted  
    like a holiday plate  
    someone dropped on the floor.

I got what I wanted for christmas one year  
    I got to spend the day with myself  
    I didn't have to lie to anyone  
    or pretend everything was fine when it wasn't  
but the evening was restless  
    and bored  
    and lonely  
so I went out in search of some heat  
    a connection  
even a fake one would do.

the connections were fake  
    but the tequila was real  
    and so was the hot blur that came with it  
and so was the desire to end the night in the illusion of intimacy  
    if only for a few moments  
even if I had to give up a piece of myself to make it happen.

I hadn't paid for sex in years  
I didn't know where to go anymore  
I drove around for a couple of hours but  
    all the old places I remembered from wilder days  
    were long gone or locked up tight  
the last place on my list was a joint called the doll house  
and when I got there I discovered  
    that the doll house had been eaten by a fire  
so I ended my search and my christmas  
    sitting alone in a parking lot at 4 AM  
    staring into the blackened shell  
of a burned-out doll house.

I took the hint  
I got the message  
    and I was relieved

I knew this was my last trip to the doll house  
end of the list  
end of the line  
no more hookers for me.

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