

My Picture
by Kevin Kelleher

There is a picture on my wall. It's in a frame and it is hand drawn. It depicts, in pen and colored pencil, a hippopotamus doggy-fucking a walrus at an executive business luncheon. All the colors stay within the lines.

One may wonder what such a picture is doing there, hanging on my wall beside my other, less questionable pictures. If you knew me at all, however, you would have no need to wonder. For it just so happens that I have been somewhat random throughout my entire life. And with my randomness there once came a text message to my girlfriend. It went something like this: "draw me a picture of a hippopotamus doggy-fucking a walrus at an executive business luncheon." Or, at least, that was the gist of it.

One should note that my girlfriend does not do a lot of things. And if she does, it's only when under great duress. She will not sing upon command, she will not do my laundry (on principle), she will not randomly embrace me, she will not cook for me, she will not hang on my shoulder at parties, she will not stay awake past midnight, she will not be fondled in public, she will not watch Star Trek movies with me, she will not wear her hair the way I like it, she will not try anal and she will not ever wear anything that I find attractive. She, in fact, does not even own the types of clothes that I find attractive. Oh yeah, and she will not draw.

I don't mean to say that there is nothing left to love, for I do adore her despite all these things. In fact, perhaps even *because* of all these things. Regardless, she is mine, and that seems like enough. That's why I framed it and hung it on my wall. Because, to me, it's not just a crude drawing rendered with the skill of a toddler (although, make no mistake, it is exactly that). I suppose it's more like a trophy to me. It was that one time when she broke character, when she yielded, that *one time* when she sort of nodded to me, '*here you go, I love you, see?*'

How do I know that? Because all the colors stay within the lines.

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