

Mayfly Violet Out of the Blue

Mayfly Violet knocks in the middle of the boiling starry night, and opening the door she is already in the middle of a manic explanation, explaining to me about the bruise on her face, so that it is for sure she is lying. She skips right past me inside and makes herself at home. She turns on MTV and plays with Monster in the living room. I feed her and Monster strawberry yogurt as a special treat, turn the air up until it's a walk-in cooler and Mayfly falls asleep under piles of blankets on my yellow sofa lounger. I watch her for a long time. How large my small sofa looks with Mayfly there. In the morning she is gone, leaving the blankets folded, a washed cereal bowl, spoon, and a colorful note adorned with doodles thanking me.

I go to work, and most everything is like it was yesterday. Just a local run near Ybor city. I deliver a shipment to the Electric Circuit warehouse and it takes them half a day to unload. The usual. I know all streets, all shortcuts, all detours, all dead ends. Any place around Sarasota, Miami, Orlando all the way up the gulf coast to Pensacola I could tell you about how to get there the shortest, most efficient way.

Mayfly is in all dimensions a child, and underneath all deceptions and make-believe she is vulnerable and affected by what happens to and all around her. The best way I think to paint a picture of Mayfly is to tell you the things that she cannot live without. She is *always* with Walkman and headphones, Walkman and headphones. It is always about the music with her. She is a pioneer; she is a missionary of punk. She is a walking advertisement for everything ANTI.

She is always wearing different colors of lipstick, Amethyst jewelry, and a style of denim jacket that hasn't been in fashion since I was Mayfly's age, even when it's ninety-degrees out. Courtney Love, Polly Harvey, and Elvis are her three real heroes. She paints beautiful in-

depth paintings with a speed beyond comprehension and opposes everything nonsensical in a direct, head-on, no-nonsense way that makes me wish that it was a different world that Mayfly was born into.

Mayfly's world is an eight-foot-wide in Wildwood trailer park approximately three-and-a-half miles southwest of Asylum Bridge. You take the fourth left after the only stop sign, go straight until you pass the dump, and then the second right after that, and you will be there.

Late the next week she comes again in a bad storm, soaked and frantic. This time it is worse. Mayfly's right eye is almost swelled shut and there's a nasty cut above her temple, under her clumpy wet orange hair. A shoulder of her green tank top is torn underneath her denim jacket. She's shaking and somewhere else entirely, dripping water on my bumpy kitchen floor.

"How did you get here?" I ask, but she won't say.

"Don't you have school in a few hours? Did you walk through the storm, May?"

Because I've driven that route before I know how far it goes.

"What happened to your face Mayfly?" but she's no snitch. She sits down, starts chain-smoking cheap Menthols. I bring her an ashtray, a massive tan towel to dry off, and some of my clean clothes to change into. When she comes out of the bathroom and settles back into the sofa Monster jumps up on her, but she pushes him off. Eventually the Rocky road ice cream I bring out in a small white dish melts into soup in front of *Jem* playing on the T.V.

Later after I finish cleaning out her wound, I say, "What is the number on your trailer so if I ever have to deliver there someday? It's the gray one yeah?"

An hour after that Monster and Mayfly are knocked out, purring softly on their sides. She looks so small and peaceful under a dozen dark blankets.

I sneak out quietly before the sun with the car, take the second right after the dump, and

her father Hopper is sleeping too in his bed he made for himself. But oh I wake him up by smashing the right side of his head in with two wild swings from a black L-type Lug Wrench from my trunk and tell him he's done hurting Mayfly. Then I burn the fucker down.