

## FAULKNER FOX

### PIRATE

Inside my eye, during the curve of my days, I began to see a blue ship. I was sitting in my life, my pale sort of life, wearing moldy yellow gloves, wasting at the kitchen table, when the blue ship hooked me.

Soon, I began to crave more. I craved a pirate self, a self confident to take what she wanted without shame. After all, what would a blue ship be worth without someone to ride it?

As I was, I could not go. I had been working too long with mixing bowls, making rough raw ingredients smooth. I had been too productive with food, and I had smoothed too much lotion on my body. Whoever says smooth skin, smooth water, smooth tones are better than rough things is lying. If someone tries to smooth you, or worse yet, to persuade you to smooth yourself, go rough.

Before the ship, before the pirating, I was interrupted. Outside, walking to the store, a man in a Mustang would roll down his window, lean a swaggering head out and say, "Yo bitch, what's up?" I would be interrupted by this, my pace would be broken. Inside, my husband Joe would finish sex just as I was beginning to begin to feel a little something. He interrupted my beginnings then tried to smooth away my need for middles and ends that would begin again, begin differently, begin in places that went somewhere—somewhere fiery, somewhere jewelled.

No one interrupts pirates. We set our own pace, we determine when the rocking stops and starts and what it is made of. If interruptions are to be had, we create them in the name of stealth, in the name of being everything but cute, in the name of turning the tables way over.

As a woman pirate, I am not what I was taught to be. Ruthless and red-haired, sucking it all in, having it my way, sabering all obstacles, I ride the crest of every wave.

I would recommend piracy to every woman.

You may have to go it alone, though, at first. There are no stories of

women pirates. There are many stories, of course, about men at sea—vikings, whalers, pirates. The sea is always feminine, the boat is always feminine, and yet the goer is always a man. Why does he go where he does not understand, where he does not belong, where he is not welcome?

I go and understand, I travel in sharp, yet un-war ways, never battling the sea, taking instead from those who have taken and taken and taken. The sea and I have the same enemies. We work together to sink them.

When we steal from Hugh Hefner, stealing is mercy. When we kidnap, we take people who need to go—women from liposuction waiting rooms, trick-turning girls, wives in jail for killing their husbands. It's not too late, we say. Sail on our vessel, we say.

Some come willingly, and some do not. We take them all because we are ruthless about our choices.