

Facts and Little White Lies

I have never read *Lolita* because I am afraid of the little girl. At the gym, I read magazines while making little steps on the machine, or look out the window at birds following one another. A branch breaks if too many birds sit on it. How many is too many? Just a little skirmish in a little war, but I still get sad sometimes. When I am sad I curl up with my little cat and let the sadness make me sleepy. When a man talks about *Lolita*, I get nervous. Does the little girl look like me? Nervous that if I read it it would make sense or it wouldn't. After all I was not a little girl and he was not a handsome expatriate. I don't know if that is the plot or something I made up from the movie poster. A man once told me Nabokov studied wild butterflies and I wondered what other kinds are there? The truth is I was a little girl but he was not an expatriate. The truth is it was a long time ago and now I am in love with someone who says *Lolita* is a complicated book but doesn't say *you have to read it*. On our first date we ate cupcakes and I took little bites so I wouldn't have to lick icing off my lips. The tongue is a strong muscle we need for eating and talking. The littlest muscle is the stapedius, which is in the ear. I like facts because they keep me here and not in that little trailer out in the weird suburb. One day I will read *Lolita* on a beach vacation. After all, it's just a novel and I am not a little girl.

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