

Douche Process
Dina Del Bucchia

MODEL

Douche Process

Notes from Vintage Ads

To keep clean you must insist that others not disagree with you.

There's a womanly offense greater than body odor or bad breath.

For maximum freshness use a gaslight to see how much fuel is left.

How can he explain to his sensitive young wife?

Act as though it's not personal, you just can't handle the rankness of it all.

A modern mother won't fail to tell her daughter these intimate physical facts.

Make demands, then threats, so they will see they're mistaken.

She was a jewel of a wife with just one flaw.

If others are in a vulnerable position use this to your advantage, to advance.

The trouble madame is not with your heart... but in your head.

Position the nozzle carelessly and douse as much surface area as possible.

Too late to cry out in anguish!

It's a summer's eve and I haven't showered in days.

Ad Hominem Attacks!

Tweets are a competition to see who can come up with the best horror movie title. The man doxes and dismisses, in simple terms he calls a woman a liar, another he threatens to rape, and others merely bitches who deserve to die. After a short break it's all caps: VILE WOMEN FROM HELL. Vicious banshees awakened by the block function, gain strength through gifs of women in bikinis farting, gifs of adorable primates hurling shit. Not tools, but welcome distractions. The man wants to appear brilliant, desires ideas elevated through a sprinkling of Latin. Google translates for you to see, "to the man". Like a tag under a tree, a gift wrapped for the serial killer hidden in the basement. To the man goes the spoiled flesh, ripped wrapping paper and ribbons, snapped bra straps, torn white tanks. But when the camera pans we're deep in a revenge fantasy. Breasts illuminate dumpster fires, nipples spurt flames that lap at the man's cheap polo and ill-fitting chinos. When the banshees open their mouths wide a series of rage emojis attack, fly en masse into the eyes of man. Lined up in front of meat hooks and rusted pipes like a Care Bear stare of fury they watch the man try to run, but the stairs are animated hearts covered in kittens with knife-sharp claws. Attacks rip into the man's feet, calves, genitals, they climb his body like a cat tree. Their mewls accompany the crescendo of banshee screams, harmonized.

Shush

Build yourself a soundproof room,
the best you can afford. Walls
must be thickly lined. Get yourself
a staple gun, a construction holster.
Let it all out because you can't keep it,
it's already destroying you
from the inside. Constipation,
beads of sweat wreak havoc
on your sensitive inner thighs
and your head burns too, flames
on the side of your face.
Because if you hold it in
that won't be pretty. You will
be let loose all over the city:
entrails, plasma, blood, brain bits.
Even to think about holding back
ruptures a blood vessel.
Drop your jaw, diaphragm filled.
Use your memories, like that time
you were shushed for laughing,
for having too much fun
next to a carved wooden spoon,
over a rustic stew. Patrons
found you had less charm
than a bread bowl. Boisterous
is banned. Don't let them hear. Keep
your loved ones safe from your
frustration. Scream and bellow.
But one day the rest of the city will hear
you, when really you want them to.
Open doors, windows, vents, open maw.
When you're ready to stay loud.

A Man's Life Destroyed

Have you asked yourself what this might look like?

Is it splashed on a busy street in neon?

What Instagram filters best suit destruction?

Reverse the stereotype of ruin and use a lot of pinks?

Does anyone know what due process means anyway?

Does anyone want to know?

Does it have to be this way?

Have you wondered how many poems could get you used?

Have you thought about what's still in his life?

Does he own a home?

Does he have love?

Does he have all his hair?

All his money?

Was his career even that interesting to begin with?

Can a man with a purposeful life have it destroyed?

What is the purpose of destruction?

Did he do something to ruin someone else's life first?

Does anyone even care?

Sad Bad Dads

Sad

Your business failed but you pretend it never happened. Not everyone was into paying for cakes decorated like famous dictators. But some were and you'll always have those customers' Instagram tags to keep your heart at ease. Doors are shut and ovens sold off to pay debts. Your mind is the only place you let this live. When anyone asks you say, "What bakery? How is your mother in law? Is she still a cruel old crone?" At night alone in your dark office/weight room you strip down and put on your novelty apron, "I'm Not Stalin, Your Cake's in the Oven." You sip a warm Moon Mist Faygo, and log on, fingertips at the ready. They're primed. From fondant to futility.

Bad

*I think I know a little about what it's like to be
subjected to a witch hunt by the social media mob*

You posted that straight to the timeline,
like swinging a sword shaped like a dick.

Referencing a witch hunt on the internet
isn't as cute as it was a few years ago.

I've made mistakes, and I'll make more,
I think I know a little about what it's like

to be a shithead, an apologist, a person
who is learning what an apology isn't.

OMG, like, it must be hard for you.

To have people see you for who you are.

We're all scared of it, but some of us
have something called self-awareness

or a little taste of shame. These things
don't keep us safe, but we keep up

appearances. We are tired, but we can't rest.

We gotta watch our DMs for SBDs,

Sad. Bad. Dads.

The rhyming renegades of social media.

I hope you're enjoying your wife's dinners

made for you after your long days harassing
women online, your wife scrubbing skidmarks,

mumbling to herself. Unlike the words you shout
at the barista for forgetting a second lid,

the non-apology that involves confidence,
saying, *you're hot so I forgive you*. Your wife

drinks decaf. Your wife lets her coffee go cold
while she finds your missing pocket knife.

Your wife's comfort, your wife's ability
to lie to herself. Your wife, because somehow

someone emotionally supports you. Your wife
posting photos of your family online. Your wife

(yes, you say *mah wiiife* we get it) forgives you, defends,
disassociates, divides herself into slivers. When

she logs on she puts on a happy face, fat
babies, puppies licking your cheek. Effort.

Dads

Your children whisper in their bedroom. As you
pass their soft voices creep like ghosts. You hear

Sick

And

Dick

Boo

And

Doodoo

Dad

And

Dud

They learned how to rhyme from watching
you. How to hate themselves too.

Miss Cancel Culture 2021

I act like I'm ready to win, but I want to lie down,
soak until I'm shriveled, become a Craisin. My body
is dirty because I don't want to clean the bathroom
and no one should bathe in a grimy tub. I scrolled
so much my fingernails got brittle. I held my phone
above my head until I fell asleep and it fell and broke
my nose. I want a nose job but then everyone will
tell me I'm superficial for not loving my deviated
body. I keep the nose. I stay unwashed. I write drafts
and never publish them. One time someone tried
to tell me to tell someone else something they
thought was intimidating, but I didn't like that person
so I just responded, "K." I deleted our correspondence.
Another time I crossed the street to avoid confrontation
but it didn't help. I wasted my chance to say something mean
even though it's what I dream of every night. I keep
a tiara with broken combs because it still works
just enough. Like me, just enough to get by on shreds
of energy and cheese in a resealable bag. I wrench
it onto my head until it scrapes the scalp, wrap fleece
blankets like a greige strapless gown. I parade
through the single room of my apartment, turn
and wave with my wrist at my reflection in the window.
She looks back and groans at how little glamour I possess,
how disappointed she is in me for not doing more, or much
of anything. Asks, "Why should you win this pageant?"
I turn again, this time to my reflection in the television.
"Because, I have already given in," I roll to the floor,
knock the dying flowers from the vase. Water pools
and I clutch tulips to my chest, wet and crumbling.

Dina Del Bucchia grew up in a village and now lives in a city. She has written four books of poetry and a book of short stories. She barely updates her website: dinadelbucchia.com

MODEL PRESS 2021
Toronto/Tkaronto, for now
rcfmod@gmail.com