

1993

## Immobile

Adrienne Fair  
*Denison University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Fair, Adrienne (1993) "Immobile," *Exile*: Vol. 40 : No. 2 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol40/iss2/9>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

# Immobile

I have a fascination with trailer courts.  
fifties' styles, pinks and blues, Jetsons shapes, rotting,  
modern double-wides that might have hot tubs inside,  
boarded doors and windows, graham cracker wood additions,  
junked cars in too-small yards, chickens sometimes,  
always a television moving light in the windows, the heart,  
cats and dogs underneath, litters and litters in the underbelly.  
Inside, the feeling that you're not safe:  
the floor is hollow, the ceiling too low, the rooms small.  
In one, the grandma had fallen getting out of the bathtub.  
She weighed over 200 pounds and made a hole in the floor—  
Darren showed it to me under a board under the bathmat.  
Next to the toilet, a giant terrarium full of cigarette butts.  
On the john, smoking and shitting her days away  
until she died of lung cancer, the grandma.  
A Buddha. A Priestess. *This is how it's done.*  
Then the time I crashed my car, over the drop-off,  
into the space below, between trailer and telephone pole.  
I wonder if I wasn't sucked in, pulled by curiosity.  
When the car turned over, I was two feet from his front door.  
He let me use the phone.  
A morbid collage of family photos coated the walls:  
frumpy married couples and high school seniors in poses,  
lying on the grass, leaning on souped-up trucks, holding pompoms,  
and tons of grinning children like the picture from the tabloid:  
"Boy Pokes out his Eye while Picking his Nose"  
And then there was Tina's trailer;  
her mom worked at the truckstop and had porno magazines.  
Tina's arms had rows of cigarette burns,  
in their living room the TV had been kicked open,  
dead and busted, the heart of the hive.  
In Missouri, there may be more trailers than houses.  
We're all hoping for a big tornado  
to gut out all of our accumulated trash  
to take us the hell out of this fucking dump.  
*My house is on wheels, I know I'll roll out soon,  
in a few years. When the kids are grown...*  
Some towns are nothing but trailers...  
as though nothing is touching the earth, just poised  
and waiting. Prathersville is all mobile  
except for the massage parlors and the diner:  
"Sunnie's," "Scorpio's," "Al's." Everything else on wheels.

Crystal's aunt was so far she never went outside:  
she babysat us in her trailer after school.  
We perched on top of her jigglely side  
and watched Lost in Space, The Beverly Hillbillies,  
Gilligan's Island, bouncing up and down on her.  
Another Buddha. The result of years of training,  
of giving up everything. Nirvana. *This is how it's done.*  
Now Crystal's dropped out and drinks all day:  
Aristocrat vodka from a plastic bottle, playing Sega.  
She lives with Wayne who pisses on her when they have sex.  
Tammy and I used to play prostitutes in the fourth grade.  
She got married when we were fifteen:  
I cried at the wedding because there was a coffee stain  
on her dress, the dress from some woman,  
dug out of a trailer's closet.  
I haven't seen Tammy's new trailer or her two kids;  
I heard it's a double wide with a hot tub  
and a big oak console TV. Her husband sells vacuum cleaners  
and sleeps with other women.  
*Maybe after the kids are grown. . .*  
My bus route went through three parks:  
"Candlelight Court" "Rustic Estates" "Crescent Meadows"  
the streetsigns were homemade, paint peels read:  
"Tammy" "Winston" "Wild Turkey"  
I stared out the window at potholes, lawn ornaments, car parts,  
(my parents never bought us twinkies)  
and sometimes a grandma would be out in her housedress  
cigarette hanging from her lip, or old guys  
whose pants didn't fit wearing tractor caps and spitting chew.  
Angel sat in front of me. She had teased hair and hated my guts:  
"Who do you think you are? You ain't better than the rest of us."  
One foot. Even in college one foot is planted  
in the shag carpet of a trailer. I can always  
enjoy swigging my Southern Comfort a little too much  
or spend a little too much time watching daytime TV;  
I love talkshows and infomercials, Family Feud—  
I could sink back on velveteen couch cushions  
with a Virginia Slim and a can of Diet Pepsi  
or steer a little to the right and crash down the hillside,  
the trailers drawing me.  
I could never talk back to her.  
*You ain't better than us.*

—Adrienne Fair '96