



Paul Fattaruso

ALL MY
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151 GROTON AVENUE | Cortland, New York

Here I learned to talk, walk, stare out of windows. I discovered earwigs nesting in a shoebox of Easter straw in the attic, and potato bugs under rocks in the backyard. I rode down the stairs in a sleeping bag. I passed out when I tried to stand up after a bath.

FIELD HALL, UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS | Amherst, Massachusetts

Here I wore a hideous and itchy bathrobe to and from the bathroom. Eventually I turned the bathrobe inside out. It was less itchy, but more hideous. I learned how to roll my own cigarettes. I learned how to smoke cigarettes. I fell in love with my Resident Advisor, Priscilla.



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Paul Fattaruso is the author of *Bicycle*, *Travel in the Mouth of the Wolf*, and the chapbook *The Submariner's Waltz*. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Octopus*, *Denver Quarterly*, *The Tiny*, and *Another Chicago Magazine*, among others.



For two weeks I worked washing dishes and peeling potatoes at a Greek restaurant. The potato peeling machine was a violent, rotating, sandpapering thing. I opened a door and the potatoes came flying out of a chute, more or less peeled. My roommates got mugged.

614 AUBURN AVENUE | Buffalo, New York

Priscilla kicked me out of the bedroom when I turned off her alarm clock, and then I slept in the living room, and smoked out on the window ledge. It was here that I read *The Brothers Karamazov*. Late at night I went to the supermarket, drunk, and returned with stuffed clams.

THE BOULDERS APARTMENT COMPLEX | Amherst, Massachusetts

112 KING STREET | Northampton, Massachusetts

Here my jazz records were damaged in a flood. Thumb-sized millipedes scurried in the corners. The plow plowed snow in through the window, smashed the window with the force of plowed snow. I moved the refrigerator into the bathroom. Immediately upon moving in, I watched *Pierrot le Fou* on videotape.

223 32ND STREET | Queens, New York

I couldn't afford to ride the subway. I could afford bagels with butter. I wrote villanelles on an electric typewriter. Out the window, kids played on the parked cars.

20B GRAVES AVENUE | Northampton, Massachusetts

The previous tenants had spraypainted I LUV 20B 4 EVA on the wall. My roommate found me standing in the closet, and was convinced something was wrong. Together, we romanced our downstairs neighbors. We eradicated the ants. We bought an enormous pork tenderloin for twenty dollars and froze it.

The previous tenants subscribed to lots of catalogs. Every day the mailbox fills with them. Cats sneak into the garage and startle me.

239 WEST ELSTWORTH AVENUE | Denver, Colorado

Here I periodically rode the elevator. All the closet doors were enormous mirrors.

2500 SOUTH YORK STREET | Denver, Colorado

I moved most of my stuff in through the window. I walked to the high school track and ran in circles. I wore a green headband. At some point, geese landed on the track and shit all over it. This was the house my mother-in-law grew up in.

457 CABOT STREET | Beverly, Massachusetts

12 KNIGHTLY ROAD | Hadley, Massachusetts

Here I fed pears to the cows. I learned how to watch a baseball game. I found a bicycle in the barn, and rode it in circles around the house. Someone built a temporary smokehouse in the front yard. When winter came, I adopted an abandoned kitten, orange.

38 NORTH ELM STREET | Northampton, Massachusetts

Here I shoveled the roof and proposed to my wife. I grew a beard. I bought rugs at the flea market. I fixed a window. I picked out a Christmas tree.

107 FOREST AVENUE | Vermillion, South Dakota

I won a free turkey in a raffle at the florist. It was in the newspaper. I ate the whole turkey singlehandedly. I got up to pee in the middle of the night and passed out. The noise terrified my wife, who was uneasy for weeks afterward.