

TIM JONES-YELVINGTON
STRIKE A PROSE
MEMOIRS OF A LIT DIVA EXTRAORDINAIRE

co•im•press
normal, illinois

THE GRAVEYARD

Paparazzi photographed TJY wearing a black veil. They found him in a cemetery, under cover of darkness, perched beside an unmarked grave, sucking one of those super skinny cigarettes.

TJY shed a single, sequined tear.

A reporter asked him, “*Who* are you mourning?”

And he answered: “After the death of the author, comes the rise of the literary diva extraordinaire.”

INTRODUCTION BY THE LIT DIVA EXTRAORDINAIRE

All sequins is false.

*

All sequins is perfect.

*

All sequins is a revival.

*

All sequins is adopted.

*

All sequins is secondhand.

*

All sequins is organic.

*

All sequins is single.

*

All sequins is sentimental.

*

All sequins is guilty.

*

All sequins is sneaking.

*

All sequins is happy.

*

All sequins is religious.

*

No sequins is consoling.

*

No sequins is idle.

*

There's no sequins not like show sequins.

TJY WORE SEQUINS

I wore a sequined, embellished shirt for my birthday. I wore sequins to cheer myself up! I wore sequins for absolutely no reason at all, and had a spectacular time doing it.

I wore a sequined flapper's dress that I bought at a carnival. I wore a sequined top I bought at Forever 21, or, as my aunt calls it, "Almost Fourteen." I wore a sequined Givenchy gown with giant holes cut out of it. I wore a sequined leotard with my bright pink bra hooked onto my butt, and I paraded around with a magenta tail courtesy of Victoria's Secret.

I wore sequins. Lots and lots of them. I wore sequins and no one else did, I was calling attention to myself,

and probably knew that when I walked in wearing sequins. I wore sequins from head to heels. I knew everyone. And of course they knew me. I wore a sequined dress by Robert Rodriguez to a benefit, and somebody said I looked like Diana Ross. I wore a sequined number that Nancy lent me, and it made me feel like Marilyn Monroe. I once wore sequins while pregnant, and ended up getting called a pregnant Tina Turner.

I glued sequins on everything I could. I glued sequins onto a pair of shoes for a costume, and then when the damn glue dried the shoes were too tight. I glued sequins to my hat. I glued sequins on my face. I glued sequins on my scrotum. I glued sequins and glitter sparkles all over my pecker and put a lampshade on it, then lay very still to see if anybody would try to *turn me on*. I wanted guys to be embarrassed to be seen with *my tulle* in their hands.

I glued sequins on the ones I really wanted to keep. I hung upside down in a yoga sling. I was surrounded

by friends. I wore sequins, he wore peacocks, we four enjoyed a mess of tacos against the backdrop of the skyline, a better skyline there never was.

When I performed an erotic striptease at The Bijou Theatre, the world's oldest gay porn theater/bathhouse, I wore a sequined dress, which I think conveyed *how classy a clown can be*, then stripped down to a very fancy rainbow-striped sparkly vintage bathing suit, then eventually, to nothing. Do you think anyone took me seriously if I wore sequins on a regular basis? I wore a sequined suit...it was a political statement. *And then the Queen smiled, pressed a secret button hidden inside her Givenchy purse (Fall 2010 collection), and all of a sudden she grew twenty-five feet tall and roared a mixture of fire and sequins.* I wore a sequined dress and crept out the inhabitants of what is quite likely one of the creepiest towns in America. I wore sequins just last night. Very dashing I looked, too, and I only got beaten up twice.