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Photograph by Hugh Findlay. Illustration by Stacy Reece.

FRANK O'HARA GETS DIRTY IN BULL CITY

IMAGINE YOU PLOPPED A CRAZY
1950S NEW YORK SCHOOL POET
DOWN INTO A 21ST CENTURY
SATURDAY NIGHT IN DURHAM.
IT'D BE DIRTY, YOU KNOW, IN
THAT GOOD WAY.

how *dirty* you taste today Durham!

By Hugh Findlay Mar 16, 2023

like Kevin Costner in anything he's always the same anyway
just like you underlying everything no matter the eclectic dirties
who crowd your breweries and klatches down on 9th street
where the crusty anti-bourgie shop owners grouse about the poseurs on the sidewalk
or when the parking rates go up or even if it rains which makes things dirtier
they just don't bullhorn it so they can say they are so relaxed
so they can flow South forever like the Carolina Zephyr past Sam's Blue Light 44 years
running

let's go then to the generational fruit salad Saturday morning at the farmers market where mixing is the point cuz without it nobody would go or smoke the short fat black vapes that are just loud enough to make a statement while wearing rainbow Rasta beanies and Bluetooth ear buds where the family dogs and tie-dyed kids swirl around like a vodka and Campari and new mothers show off their new babies and new boobs and new world view

gruyere and green salsa I swear it's totally amazing but also bloats you so we head back

next street over at the food truck rodeo we grab an Only Burger topped with egg and

Jonesin' then to the low density downtown apartment condo with pool and gym privileges fenced in of course — brownstone! — that keep out the gentrified street trash and gang bangers
half a blunt and a 4:20 nap then Uber to the ballpark

either for Duke v Navy or the Bulls against anybody
doesn't matter it's all overcast afternoon lollygagging anyway
and damn cheap when you think about it
not like a hockey game which to your bank account is like a hickey on Sunday morning

so we go all chicken-and-waffles at Elmo's for breakfast and

and after that that new rooftop bar is too crowded but Alley 26 is always dependable and everyone drinks this week's best dirty (*neat*) bourbon ever! until the foul subject of basketball comes up and you better crash before you fight again or purge

afterward there's wi-fi and coffee down at Cocoa's with DeMarcus and Taylor he's so sweet but won't come out
I don't know what he's waiting for maybe it's the Prince Albert

and you know *she* can be rough as a cob even with her marvelous *au natural* tan but you can't choose your roommates sometimes

I wonder if they hook up sometimes?

I wonder if they hook up sometimes:

I wonder if she'd hook me up sometime?

I don't know I can't even seem to choose my friends anymore I always accept requests

and maybe catch Ben Folds or Phonte working out something dope

but we opt for Fullsteam brewhouse and have a Cackalacky or

the rush just jacks me up and I need the bump after nights of being out there it's kinda like work it really is now around the corner we can ease into Motorco or the Blue Note

pumpkin IPA with all the dirties there in jammy pants and t-shirts with arcane emblemania (*all your base are belong to us!*) and half-dollar gages and damn gorgeous colored ink past elbows and necklines with white boys in dreads talking Linux and wedge-heeled Latinas throwing shade on black dudes face-sucking they white girlfriends and lesbians hanging till it's just not dirty enough and they wander back to The Ba

and lesbians hanging till it's just not dirty enough and they wander back to The Bar where they can use any bathroom they want so I have to jack it back and chill a sec and then just to take inventory and get a filthy thick flavor I count 29 iPhones and 58 eyeballs all lapping up the love of mister nobody on Zantac and mint mocha lattes

sweet bull city it's so dirty to be alive! they ain't got shit in Chapel Hill

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About The Author

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Hugh Findlay lives in Durham, North Carolina, and would rather be caught fishing. He drives a little red MG, throws darts on Tuesdays, reads and writes a lot, dabbles in photography and makes a pretty good gumbo.

Hugh Findlay

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