What I Learned From the Incredible Hulk

By Aimee Nezhukumatathil

When it comes to clothes, make an allowance for the unexpected. Be sure the spare in the trunk of your station wagon with wood paneling isn’t in need of repair. A simple jean jacket says Hey, if you aren’t trying to smuggle rare Incan coins through this peaceful little town and kidnap the local orphan,

I can be one heck of a mellow kinda guy. But no matter how angry a man gets, a smile and a soft stroke on his bicep can work wonders. I learned that male chests also have nipples, warm and established—green doesn’t always mean envy. It’s the meadows full of clover and chicory the Hulk seeks for rest, a return to normal. And sometimes, a woman gets to go with him, her tiny hands correcting his rumpled hair, the cuts in his hand. Green is the space between water and sun, cover for a quiet man, each rib shuttling drops of liquid light.


Source: Miracle Fruit (Tupelo Press, 2003)