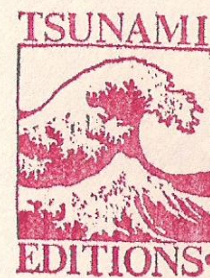


Verbose
Gerald Creede



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VERBOSE



tomorrow never knew

There was nothing but room in emergency parking at the clinic on the edge of the badly lit zone. He fouled up a natural from on now looking for any storm in a port found refuge in amnesia. That's probably where he made his mistake. Not with but of, all not just of about to within. Amnesia. He knew he had it but he didn't know what that meant. How old is this water. Grandpa called them escarpments. The operation was a success but the surgeon died.

"Some friend," she said.

Consequently it wasn't insomnia, he couldn't remember to sleep. She closed her eyes and relented and he watched the crowds in the face of her troubled dream, touched her filmy chemise, a weave sustaining a slip, what awake would if slumber will.

They walk in no money with cold weather. He looked at colours. She was svelte in violet but ecstasy and dread shimmered in the same flinch. But back then he was good and didn't suspect anything. Quiet to the contrary.

They lived in kept up unkempt premises, measured the distance in the room between them. She knits another cable knit sweater. Then entire days. Is she wearing one bracelet or not wearing one. Boys and girls turned to couple of adults.

His mouth's coat shoots more soft core talk. Accumulated humiliation. Marooned with a view they measured the room in the distance between them. Except you can shut books. Outside he called an insult out.

A sunny day on the porch, a perfectly good hammock, air full of the scent of blown roses in boiled tea, a breeze ruffles the shakes as an apprentice butterfly and other insects at surprising altitudes drone downward, as bland a sound as the day is blanked, vacant signs on the sides of the sky. He gets a stiff neck rolling over and sleeping on the side of his head. From blister to fur, tired of getting nicked by old razors anyway. The roof of the house sings of abrupt society in this tongue bite mouth world, vacant sighs, tears brim and evaporate. The day doesn't progress but withdrawals from morning, paper waits, dry leaves on a clean floor. Then a good stiff wind.

He would walk neighbourhoods full of shut up houses in tan pants that made him look naked, listened once in awhile to the sound of children playing in the distance. He sneezes, waits for the hold to pass. When he could remember things he'd worry that something just remembered might be something he'd just forgotten. He stared out the window hours on end erasing the mountains, thought a bit more about relative happiness. A good day to take those ice skates to the pawn shop. The patient was a success but the operation died. She throws it back like something's amiss. When he matured it was still a boy's voice, fear without anticipation, sky froth. She took a simple recipe, some black eyed peas, a few tomatoes, and went insane. In spring: bees, he succumbs.

Another story about Dick and Jane and Spot. The toy's name was kite. Jane stabbed bits of table crumb with the tip of her finger while she listened to Dick talk, expectations diminished by their inception, too lost to be alone. She handed him it then climbed over the fence he threw it to her and she had it off the ground before he was over.

Does Spot perspire? He looks like a sweater. Would he run away if he got outside? Some owed for weeks but Dick didn't mind the inked fingers from folding them, with some customers he could collect twice. He bought Spot a pet ground hog. He buy Jane jaw breakers. He built a bike with his older brother's discarded frames. The head of the patrol came over to his corner and said, turn in your belt. Finished, not done. Dick don't like sticks.

"Un," he quipped.

Jane was reluctant. He hadn't been home in hours and the phone hadn't rung. She looked down at the broken old man with pity and remorse; if only she had not invited him into her house. It's when you're not bothering them that they hurt you.

An animal with a pouch is marsupial.

worsened words

Language, over here, hit the barn side of abroad. How you gonna keep'em down in Paree after they've seen the farm? How you gonna keep'em down in an incandescent seascape.

Next shouts then more oldfangledness. I hang onto every word you slur. Are those double m's. Where's the sexton? I have some bad news about the birds.

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the blond plumber

The man struggled from sleep early, wary, Sandman no longer content to just dirt eyes, then made a suspicious sight on morning streets where instead of jogging he pendulated.

He went to work, thought in catalogues of adjectives, found a capable plan to turn brilliant obstacle into ordinary epiphany. 25 o'clock shadow. John-boy Dickens. It was the worst of times and it was the worst of times.

(Back home out of boredom and frustration the guys would sometimes weld a wrench to the inside of a trunk lid just to screw product control around, otherwise absolutely powerless, with wages.)

He pauses and reaches for the shelf but remembers what the page looks like before he touches the cover. The muffled sound of a glove knocking wood. At night he doesn't swing either. Before he takes a bite he wonders if it's the tomato he's dreamed of. They aren't home and they don't know you're there.

Again he wakes to armed clocks, a taste of metal he's so sure of, too tired to be cold, naked and fog bound. For some events read stakeouts. When you lie down in made beds you get up smelling of sleep.

The double bed was a rectangle the size of a small fort and they slept close in case of attack, some feet quarrelling over

the blanket at the far end. Occasionally he'd grind his teeth and she'd roll him a little.

Adjusting the hold on the dog's arm fills the tub up. Hot was on but cold came out. You have to pull the plug to relieve it plus a little oil on the pelvis and squeeze. The air felt like a web of ribonucleic train whistle. They play all morning, he pretends fold those and put them away means to toss pants on floor. She puts him in an half nelson until the room tinges. She goes to the store while he makes lists. Indigo we trust. Indifference is better than no feeling. Why time indolence? Watch how when the spool drops off the wire the bus stops and the lights go out.

Leisure on a tether, extraneous ease. Did you say something? He was listening to something else. He suffered tinnitus, she had a ring on her hand.

cubbyhole

A few of us had a study group for a couple weeks. I went si habla down si habla to see si habla the mechanic, except doing so sounded split for a second. So one pair of socks go twice as far. Words to that effect. Not so agile as it is clever. That bookshelf looks great. He wanted a bucket of steam & about this much string. The first quarter the first two thirds of the second quarter the third quarter the last third of the second quarter the last quarter. It was a good thing the rain came straight down. Mind ding. Mother would often take back my lunch money to buy gin. The solemn of whiz domain. Our hats don't accept gratuities . . . would have done'd. You don't adapt to an avalanche.

negative mishandling

Patience is a game of solitaire, a moment's reprieve from genuine respite & even bores have sidekicks.

Perhaps cutting cards to the table, losing some to the floor & if you really concentrated.

Still never could draw water, the first cuts done to precision & arced crescents.

Maybe you watch the hands working not, what they're working & whiskers on roses.

Always the cut outs don't align with the outline, a crotchless helmet & a wet deck.

Yet the future prepares history for revision, you can't get there from here & it's like it never happened.

an off season in hell

They don't tune watches or cut gems but can twirl dials and move rules fractions. Like a slurring child they run and mumble. They don't do windows. These are numbered.

No two melted snowflakes are different.

Nothing forbidden and nothing done.

They were just a careless family.

Give me a slice of that nice pie.

It's not time in your arms.

Rolling a pen on the desk with the back of the tip of his index finger, wasting tears on kleenex, pondering aluminum, not life, lying on linoleum. A good time was had:

This was way before the above.

She rolled off him and off the bed, sat at the mirror fixing pins in her hair.

"That was super," she said genuine then. He peeled the sheet down and looked at his naked body deflexing.

"Able to leap off of tall buildings in a single bound," he agreed.

It was like the little cut out was alive. He watched the old women in drug stores ogling bags of salted cashews. Next came the floor show. Flash floods drown elk. Roues are made to be broken. Advance token to jail.

She drew his portrait with long prism shaped pencils on heavy unwieldy stone. She was happy about how working the litho press shaped her arm. His face dulled as he saw the first print.

"If only I would grow old," he sighed, the room suddenly heavy in the silence in it, "if only I could grow old, while the picture remained the same, for that I would give anything."

I put my index and forefinger through my neck and into my head, my thumb in my left arm, the ring tucked in my palm and the baby in my right arm. Using a combined cupping and pincer motion I can make it appear that I'm waving my arms and talking. They took advantage of the low ceiling and made it a children's room. Baby got into the sugar cubes, sweet worked with dirt into pores.

The man stood with his back to the bed and shed his clothes with awkward jerky movements of his arms and legs, used to prairie winter, saving his socks till last.

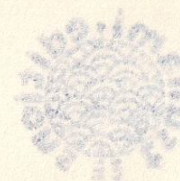
"I wish you had three or four feet to take socks off of," she said from the bed, "so I could watch you bend over longer."

Every morning is the same morning till they start pointing out the curious rearrangements, last night vague to the last, another waft of soft offal. He looks out the window and remembers a picture of mountains before he'd seen mountains, what figured can't be out, resolves again to make the best of the few days of the rest of the century. Composes insinuations of clarity, innuendo with precision. Between three and four trims wicks. Eats again. Finnish vodka. He looked down past his shoulders, these weren't arms and hands, but fore feet. The carrot was in his mouth, the cart parked.

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