



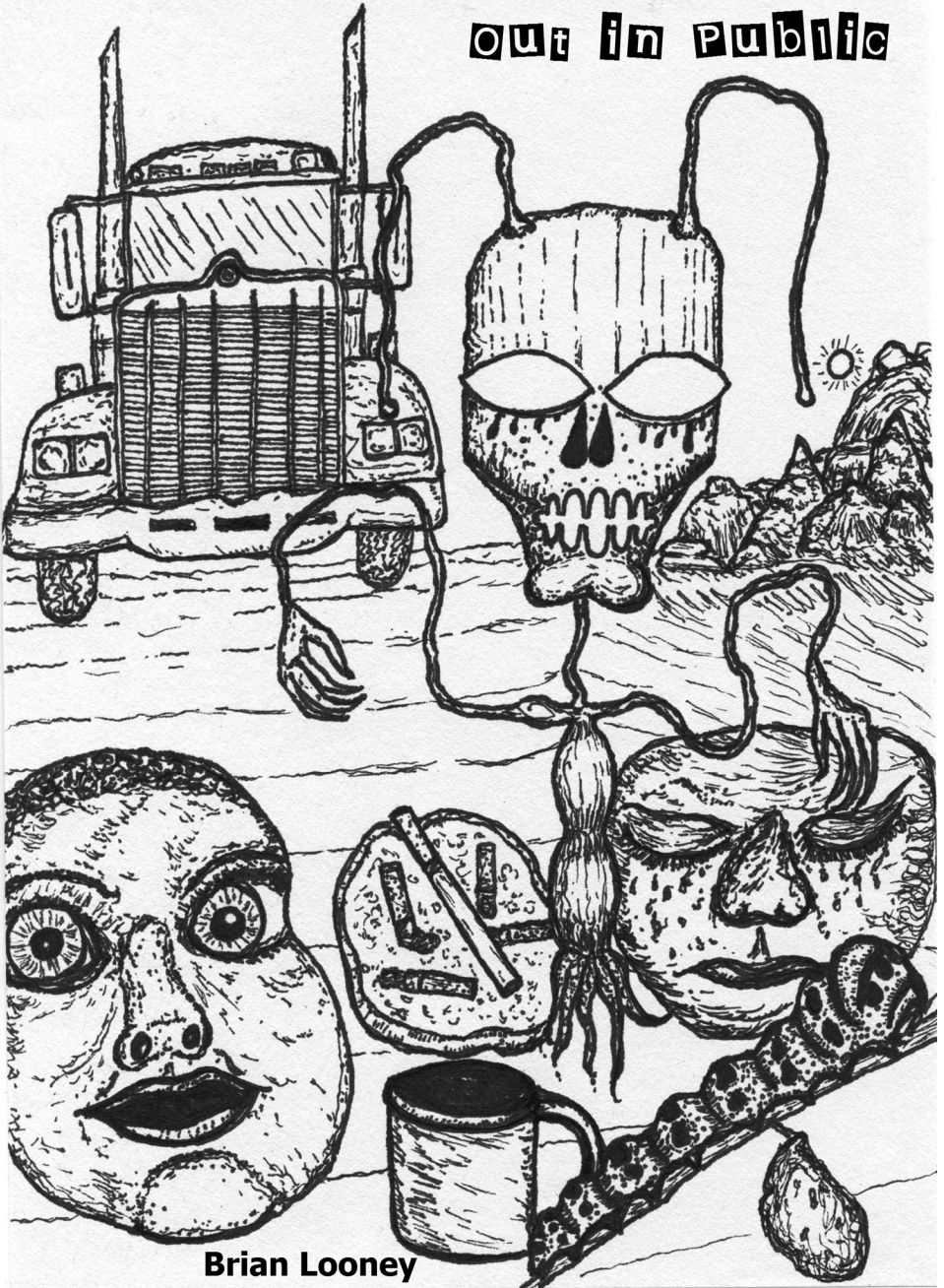
NEW CREATIONS
OUT IN PUBLIC

BRIAN LOONEY



NEW CREATIONS

Out in Public



Brian Looney

- A: My goal is to awaken, as from a heavy slumber,
through blankets of rain and misting sheets.
I am the dreamer who has never been awake.
- Q: You have chosen, against the advice of the
court, to act as your own advocate in this
affair. You will keep your statements objective
and matter of fact.
- A: It appeals from a distance, and even in the shal-
lows, the current tugs at my ankles. To sur-
render, and be often afraid to breathe...
- Q: Oh *do* remember to breathe, lest you lose your-
self in semantics.
- A: To lose oneself is part of the charm.

ECHOING

As yet the place is sparse.
I like to think that I have time
and not the other way around.
I'm not scared of going gray,
I feel that *something more* awaits.

Just my fingers and I in New Creations,
tapping a disjointed rhythm,
enabled by a wall of space,
walls of promise and of space,
echoing disjointed tappings,
finger-licking space.

She waits behind the ink.
The key behind the ink.
She waits behind the ink.
We wait behind the ink.

ONESELF

Compose outside or above the influence,
but never underneath.
Think, “contamination.”
Think of group hypnosis.

To be influenced
by oneself alone,
a dot outside a circle,
dubbed “Oneself,”
so that all there is,
is all I am,
wholly mine,
or as much my own
as it possibly can be,
on a solitary journey
through oneself,
to make proud
existentialism,
the negation and
the augmentation
of oneself.

Oneself sustained,
soulful sustenance,
improvement of technique,
forward motion,
doubt-rebellion-reconstruction,
unpolluted self-expression,
anti-social daydream growth,
with none to thank but thankfulness,
for dancing with the moon,
dancing with the harvest moon,
I alone the blue-glow crop,
the silver in the moon.

GREAT MEN

Inside(the artist) kicking fits. A future
so blank, barely planned—unplannable,
in fact. A past so recent, the ink is
barely dry, and all she has to show is
promise, and *I know I know I know* it
takes a loving touch, but lady love is all
too flippant.

I am quick to anger, slow to rage.
I am tongue-in-cheek depressive.
I'm sporadically euphoric.
Do you know this hopeful brand of joy?
We artists are like porcelain dolls.
More delicate than great.

If great men refuse power,
if great men avoid it,
all the same,
great men reek of it,
because
great men wish for power to
be thrust on them, if only
to be tested, and also to
declare that,
from the start,
they never
wanted to
be great.

Q: Interesting. What else have you in your defense?

A: New creations aren't enough?

Q: Enough for what, precisely?

A: Enough to make a rousing fight of it.

Q: A fight for what, precisely?

A: To pour it out, in a frenzy, and,
after an exhausting scene,
attend those newborn mewes.
Because, I'm convinced,
the human brain is a well of ink.

Q: This power...is this why new creations are enough?

A: The will to live, to continue, to persist.
New creations are enough because they
give one many reasons *not to*,
and every reason means
the sun will rise
tomorrow.

(applause)

UNDERSHIRT

My mind remains at the kitchen table,
though the body lurches to labor,
cleanly uniformed,
groomed to specs,
hourly paid,
and resumes
the private hell
that is employment.

There,
the shell of me,
in a dejected loop, performs
an act devoid of spirit,
for I only receive the most
basic sensations
as my kettle shrieks,
my waters bubble over;
through all this
“sense of urgency.”

OCCUPATION

Sir? Sir? (Sirrah)

‘Sir’ is a diminutive in the industry,
yet they use it as a sign of cordiality,
which I can never return,
owing to my cynicism.

“Well, Sir, the sun came up.
The sun came up, and it was fine.
May I take your order, Sir?”

But I can unpretentiously state,
your Honor,
that I am holier
than thou.

“You must be an artist.”

“*That’s* right. And I need your opinion like I need a hole in the head.”

Obviously, this ain’t the afterlife. Remember that, your Honor. Remember my susceptibility. Those habits I retain, to repeat within my mind, to dwell on, to profit from, often at the cost of relationships and family(your Honorship knows what I mean); that’s the pity with development, the illusion of control. So take a few, steadying breaths, deeply now, and exhale slowly, evenly. Exhale away from the baby, and listen to a sound report.

The afterlife for artists
is continual inspiration,
where the lows are banished,
because there simply is no need for them,
not in the realm of Perfect Creation,
where development reaches its zenith
and stretches for eternity,
where nothing is wrong or sinful,
and competition is a memory,
a billion worlds created,
ineffably created.

CUT AND DRY

Who are these people and why do they knock on each others' doors?
Who are these people and why do they knock on each others' dreams?
Why do I shrivel when they knock on mine?

The conundrum: I am not the man I am when I'm around them.
I unravel them as we speak.

They wish to assure themselves that my life, my habits run parallel to theirs, to place it on their own shoulders, commonplace, there to resemble the thing, but only just a semblance of the thing, because I might not be around when it awakens, for I will have flown the ____.

Solve it any old way you want, any old know how, any old folk remedy, any old way at all. Better than sitting around, waiting for the pubes to gray and the lust abate. Don't you make allowances for the artistic temperament?
Mind v. Body?

Q: Inadmissible.

A: Perhaps then, for the depressive nature of the recovering addict?

Q: Perhaps, but only if you honor this court with the whole truth, and nothing but...

A: The truth? I told her, straight to her face, "Royalty is dead," when she accused me(me!) of idleness. That is when she flinched, but I swear I never struck her. I do so loathe a princess, but I never struck her.

The truth is, I would never raise my hand in anger. I would raise my pen instead. The truth is, I could have cast her in the most humiliating of roles, depicted her basest qualities for all the world to see; illustrations and creations to pierce the very marrows of her memory and hound her into the catacombs of psychosis and self-doubt. She would wish I had, in fact, only raised my hand in anger, because that slap lasts an instant. That sting is cut and dry.

Q: You have a very studied eccentricity.

A: Everybody loves an eccentric.

Q: Not a guilty eccentric. This court loathes the guilty.

GOOD NEWS DOES NOT COME KNOCKING

Before we recess,
allow me to demonstrate the way
it pools and overtakes the fibers,
to show that I am lucid.
Observe.

You see,
ink punctures paper,
until an image forms,
and I hold it with
uncertain hands,
with permanence embodied.

The purpose being
to unlock oneself,
and to, win or lose,
be buried by ideas.
What is that behind the door,
bubbled by the peephole?

When there is an unexpected knock at my apartment door,
slicing through this dire haven, I am likely to ignore it altogether.
Let me state my reasons.

In my slumpy wreck of new creations, my pasty, projectilian,
glossy, spear-stained, cotton, ink-black tee of new creations,
you can bet that door stays closed on most occasions. You
can bet my depantsed, disheveled, crumpled sock state isn't
coming to the door today. So take your pie and hit the road.

Q: New creations, new possessions?

A: Were we just discussing guilt, of the eccentric variety?

Q: What does my question mean to you?

A: I didn't hear the question. I'm sorry. Could you repeat the question?

Q: Four line breaks northerly. I mean above. At the start. Line one. Scroll up.

A: Ahh, that simplifies, and yes, I think, is true.

Q: Does the one follow the other, or vice versa? Are they simultaneously conceived?

A: Ahh, I see what you want. "Do I possess it before I put pen to paper?" The answer is "absolutely." But my possession is more pronounced after the act, when possession becomes tangible, though I always possess and am possessed, even after a piece is sold, and the money changes hands, and my work takes root in foreign soil. It still belongs to me, though I wonder how it looks upon the stranger's walls, or even(shuddering) within a stranger's mind. For that reason, I prefer my buyers to be female. I charge men twice as much.

Q: So then...new creations, new possessions?

A: You could say that.

Q: You may step down.

(sexist pig)

REARRANGED

Good morning, brainchild, the first you've seen. Please come in. Through soft cascading light, your newborn features, in completion, usher new sensations, my creation.

Good morning, brainchild, you birth of ink, your image was the last thing in my mind the night before, before the mists of sleep prevailed, and slipped my need into a drowsing pool.

Bonjourno, oh my child(put *the drugs* away the baby's here). It is clear that hunger makes you cranky. Make your culture, make your life, babycakes. Baby braincake mix. Oh my famished babycake brainchild. You listen close now. Take heed. Mind you do not drop the baby.

When I'm through with you,
your own mother won't even recognize you.

BLAM!! BLAP! BLAP! BLAM!!

Good night.

ANIMATED

It travels through the body, down the hands, out the fingers.
Being giddy with it, being giddy with it.

An unblooded killer. An underloved lover.
Why the silence seems so loud once the music stops.
When abruptness plays an undertune.

“If it’s from the heart it’s bound to be good.”
Sounds simple. It is not. Humans have many false
hearts, and a complex individual the falsest, the most
deceptive, the most convincing, and the most sweeping.

To be jealous of one’s new creations, covetous, hostile
toward others, especially well-wishers—unwilling to
believe in their sincerity, sensing condescension, or
empty words. Well, it’s harder to ask for money than to
lend it out. I don’t know what the problem is. Rather
not ask at all.

The art of poise eludes her. Seems that she is ever itch-
ing to escape: shifting, edging, eluding toward escape.

Q: May I remind you of your oath.

A: You betchya.

THE UNIVERSE WITHIN

I tell ya those low days are low but often fruitful, and merely a part of the life that was granted. For better or worse, I'm no worse for the wear, not restful, not weary, full of doubt and rebellion, and I hope(I hope) with new creations, because without them I am at a loss. Without them I am merely low, in a commonplace way.

Good god man, eegad, gadzooks, enough of this self-important hockey. I wished to craft a celestial telescope so that I might watch the gods at play; to narrate, to sketch their lurid scenes. Was that so wrong?

I imagined
they spanned the galaxies, dressed by every color of the spectrum, plus colors never perceived by the limited human range...or even no color at all, absolute colorlessness, devoid even of white and black, not so much composed of darkness, not composed of light.

But the truth is we are only staring at ourselves.

Q: There, you have it there on record.

OH MY MY

Place it in the well-lit windowpane. There it should do well.
You know it'll never bloom without the sun, though
fluorescents go a long way.

Q: Describe for us your process.

A: I start at the lips and work my way down. Nothing that I
do is wrong. Pistol starts the clock.

It's a cold, cold world for dreamers. It's a cold, cold world
for dreams. But I wave hello to the neighbor as he
shifts his ponderous weight in a rolling gait which
propels his girth between two great trunks. A motion
which causes his momentum to carry him forward,
but stopping takes some doing.

This man I invite to New Creations, to give him a taste, a
tincture of what else there is, to view my haven from
a narrow world, as I view his from behind the win-
dowpane. But more and more I'm finding things to
like in everyone. Maybe that's *the drugs* at play, their
dissociating effect, which causes me to withhold judg-
ment, and simply hang on for dear life, for the sake
of equilibrium, too preoccupied to opionate. In
this state I find contentment. That disconnectedness,
unburdened by the mundane, my spirit untouchable,
able to endure without a wave of discomposure.
Even though the baby is aware. Even though the
baby knows.

Oh my my to make it last.

Oh my my humanity.

Oh my my to make it last.

When the day is clearly done,
you won't want to close those peepers.

FALSE ENTHUSIASM

Take a turn around the park, and you may see the relevant lines. The streaks and dots you would like to recreate, if only time and ability would serve the purpose. Pan your vision right and be arrested by the curve of a twig, the tussled grass, the depth of a shrub: to be capable of all when all is capable of beauty. Just wait until it gets to the end of the string.

Q: Think you got it all figured out?

A: Only on these days. These days are special. These days I'm convinced the key(the cure) is found, and nothing in the universe is truly wrong. As if the god of art or knowledge—Apollo if you wish—graced me with his clarity; now all is simple and featherlight. But tomorrow, all too often, tomorrow I will have lost the way.

Q: Let's not peddle in no-man's land.

Turning circles now, but months from now, progress will be clearly noted. Like a massive river which traverses the continent: veiny runoffs and tributaries denser than the offshoots of a branch, or the branches of a tree. It flows the same direction, more or less, toward the great vast What, scrawling a path across the texturous landscape, and returns unto itself where the land, at last, terminates.

There she is again, with ciggy perched and bathrobe tied. Looks like she's been dropping off at daycare for a lifetime now, up at the clack of dawn, lost her rhythm in that bathrobe, in the butt of a cig she never quite smokes all the way down. But don't you talk to me about a noble sacrifice, about development and child-rearing, about the future of the nation. Just answer me this: Where do you get your spirituality?

- A: My point is, you know it's good weed if you have a good orgasm.
- Q: Alone, or with another person?
- A: Hide the weed, the landlord's here. Illegal is illegal. My point is, I'm a rock star, doesn't matter whether you agree. I exist outside of time, and the only cheering I need to hear is my own, because it is the only voice that truly matters.
- I hear it sitting at the kitchen table, putting pen to paper.
- Q: Blasphemer.
- A: Pen is to paper as lightning is to water.
- Q: Don't you maim me with analogy.
- A: Don't you pepper me with pejoratives...where was I?
- Q: At the kitchen table.
- A: That's right. Sitting at the kitchen table, putting pen to paper, harmoniously adrift. Disconnect, then rush back. Disconnect, then rush back. We fall into a switchback rhythm. Sounds of heavy breathing. Your Honor, may it please the court, in the interests of justice I must ask, 'What is the human language but a series of phonetic grunts, evolved over the centuries as a result of need, the need to go from simple to complex on the path of lexical self-expression? That is why I doubt your apparently sincere enthusiasm, your Honor, as good as it is to hear, when your average, less-than-enthusiastic appreciator may be far more moved. I am thus obliged to doubt it, because talk is, talk is _____. All I really need is a nod of the head, and maybe a sacrifice or three, to propitiate my wrath, for us to amicably coexist, may it please your Honor, the officers of the court, the ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the upright citizens in the stands, and the laws of the land.'

SOCIALIZED

A new park opened just last week. They fenced it for a solid year. Something about the grass. I blessed it with my presence, and the city was pleased. Tomorrow I may curse it, because it works both ways, and the city will not be pleased. At the park, all is *need to know*. But if I see another dog I'm like to shriek. Make it sit, roll over, smile. Good, good boy. Joyous wags. Lob a treat. Swish.

“What kind of dog is that?” Enter conversation. Wish I was a dog. Eat and sleep and sniff your cooch. “Once I had a poodle.” I loved it, yes I did, I swear I did. Can't believe what happened to it. “What a precious pup. Reminds me of my Shnookems. Would you like to...” Blessings today but curses tomorrow. Paralysis tomorrow. Fighting to the surface.

Tomorrow, we watch the dog take a dump, chatting casually, nonchalant. It squats in one spot and silently pushes the offal out; its porkrind snout locked in a half-open, tongue-lolling, shit-licking grin. She scoops it up with clear complexion, with peaceful, yogic fingers.

She glares at me for spitting on the grass: spit for spit's sake, to amp my blood and up my skill, to purge the nervousness and plunge into performance and perfection. “Don't looked so shocked, you fragile dear. It's all part of the routine. Woah your dog is at it again. Whatchya feed that thing? Cheese?” I mush the spittle with my shoe and return to work. Bourgeois bitch.

See, I know a thing or two about a dog's digestive tract, but they know precious little about an artist's salivary glands, having never encountered it before. Let me explain. Artists of my type and description tend to salivate and, growing tired of the swallow, opt to blow it out in filthy gobs onto the urine-soaked crab grass at the local (dog?)park. This has a renewing effect on the creative brain.

QUOMONE

So why are we even talking? You cannot influence me. You who traded her integrity for a narrow vision. Will you extract me from the industry, creation intact? Under what specific terms? I fear your asking price, your OBO, because I ain't no breadwinner, babycakes. I want to be enabled, enabled without strings. Just remember, the weak hand follows the strong hand until they are a match. For years I have unfurled a pair of not-so-dirty socks and turned them inside-out. I am tired of slinging slop. Life really is a set of hypotheticals.

Fill the gladiatorial stadium!

The only white space I want to see is the inevitable white space. That's all I want. Maybe afterwards, a cup of coffee and some casual intellectualizing...maybe a little sex, if the prospect presents itself, if I present myself, if you agree to A-Z, and consign your soul to my good offices, and leave your guns at home.

I am open to you, babycakes. It's just that, in exchange, I would ask for your soul, since you seem to have given away your body. I'd like to press it to my cheek and hold it up to the light. And I'd like for you to trust me not to crush it. Please, it is your last, true possession.

She was surprised that a psychotic could be so clownish, so undeniably slapstick, how this man could trip over the rug as he crosses the room and timidly chuckle at his own ill luck, sheepishly glancing left and right—while in his mind he commits atrocity.

Have you ever seen a man's leg jutting limply from the twisted, battered wreckage on the highway, wreckage which crushed the man simply because he had someplace to be? Was he smoker or non-smoker? Did he die with cigarette in hand or a bottle of vitamin water?

Every hobby has the potential to be art, the take off and the landing, the altitude gain. But stay off(I repeat, stay off!) the corrugated highways. So light up, my kiddos, because working for the man will never be art, and exhale away from dog-and-baby. *There, there*, little bean, all awareness in due time. Listen to some Lennon: *coo-coo cachoo cah coo-coo cachoo* to lullahalloo you in your cradle, there to define innocence, but only for a time, because I might not be around when you awaken.

Q: Traffic death?

A: They put it down as natural causes.

Q: What did you tell them?

A: The truth. That the first naked woman I ever saw was on a pornographic website. That the last naked woman I ever saw was on a pornographic website. Give me just ten more minutes of your time, your Honor. I just wanted you to know, I value my solo time, even though the images are fed, and they affect my driving.

Q: Do you really want to go that route?

A: I stand by my decision. You know I almost became a teacher? Teaching is the last noble profession. I discussed it once, at a bar. I do miss those barroom conversations. I was social once. The conclusion was that humans are their own best teachers, and a true teacher encourages his or her students to become self-taught.

Q: Let's talk perspective.

A: Certainly. Will you excuse me for a moment? There, that's better. Of what were we speaking? Ah yes, perspective. Perspective. Yesterday, as I was extracting nails from the apartment wall, it was like wrenching them from living flesh. Notions of animism at play. Take, for instance, the clitoris. Now why would you want to cage that magnificent bird? It seems clear, your momma's cooking is laced with poison. It takes a lead belly to stomach so much filth, especially these days, these days, when the clitoris is on the verge of liberty.

Camera shutter machineguns subject. *Rat-atat-tat-atat-tat.* One out of one-hundred is a hit. Reload and fire at will. The gunner possesses a bare-bones understanding of what (s)he is about. He knows that much, at least, of art. There's your contemporary artist: never spilled a drop, though he acts as though he spills it, heart and soul. This showman who unloads a machinegun at an elk, who roosters about a court of law.

Let me state, for the record, that I have no issues with photography—only with photographers. In fact, *photographer is to artist as alchemist is to chemist.* A scoop of green starts the man from sleep. A scoop of red puts him down at the end of the day.

Q: Enough.

A: Don't believe me? Here's a lil' anecdote:

Q: I'm afraid we're out of time.

A: Just ten more minutes, please. Even now we're wasting seconds. It's about Walmart, for chrissake. I was there today, racked with guilt, with the grim intention of making a purchase. I debated the innate corruptness of the corporation, the nature of the institution. I held the product in my hand, outstretched, anticipating the queue, the cashier, the carry-out. The swipe of a card, and a few authorizing seconds, the brittle collapse of plastic satchels, and lastly the weight of the purchase tugging my arm as I reentered society. No sir, I would not have it, I could not. I walked out of that store empty-handed, but even so, I felt as though I broke the law.

Q: I assume you have a point?

A: Weren't we just discussing the group mentality?

Q: Unbridled sophistry from a drug-addled brain.

A: Please, if you would only think of drugs as medicine...

Q: Unceremoniously declined.

NEW CREATIONS OUT IN PUBLIC

Put some clothes on, baby.
I mean cover yourself up.
The hive, you understand,
every insect eye on you.
Cover that up now.

New creations out in public.
Spritzer if you please.
Won't you get arrested?
Lost your fear of jail?
Got you up against the wall.

High-dive, corner pocket, black.
High-rise, piping hot.
New creations out in public.
Straight brew, double-strength.
The beans, the beans, the hill of beans,
penny for a bean.
Can't you smell the beans?
The aroma on the loose?

New creations out in public.
Is not up to task.
Wholly out of element.
Patience fraying thin.
Twitch of eye and flesh.

New creations dark in public.
Frown is deeply etched.
Crescent craters equidistant.
Some folks call them dimples.
Tinny smiles grate the nerves.

New creations out in public.
Shifts to Savage Culture face.
Prince of Art face, worn
to smirk at dog and baby.
The dog-and-baby couple at the public park.

“Driver, avoid at all costs. Circumvent. See here, take me to some secluded spot. I wish to think away from dog-and-baby couples. Driver?” *::snores drunkenly at the wheel::* “Driver?” *::the drunk begins to whimper::* “Ah what a pity, nevermind. I’ll see to it. Relax, my lad, we will get us there, away from dog and baby, man and wife...”

The nuclear unit, bundled up, lovers sprawled atop the leafy rust-strewn field, a picture of peace, promise, virility, health and future, of living creation, blessed by the lightweight touch of a desert winter’s mid-afternoon rays. A bold sun, but innocent. Pale blue love. Should I be doing that? Shouldn’t that be me? The natural order speaks. Drive into wind.

New creations out in public.

“Wake up, driver, take me back.” *::roughly shaking him::* “Snap to! Thumbs at ten and two...looks like I’m driving you, happy or unhappy you are drunk. Have you got a smoke?”

I know I shouldn’t smoke. It is a risk to health. All those advertisements.

But I plan to cut back on my automobile time, as it too is a risk to health.

Traffic accidents are one of the leading causes of death in this country.

Traffic also causes heart disease. It’s the added stress, you know.

If I cut back on traffic, then I can smoke, and my chances at longevity

remain the same—maybe even increase.

What hazards do you embrace?

Which can you stand to lose?

New creations signing off,
follows the neon lights.

FIRST FLIGHT

Ask yourself,
“Do I know what it is to be locked?”
Posit the question. Entertain the premise.
A locked man unlocks no doors,
but at least he has a purpose.

To be locked, the very state of being,
necessitates a need to be free.
Eager lockpick takes a dip,
achieves a partial penetration,
hesitates and
shrinks away,
resolves to
start again.

Any user knows that
drugs'll click it open,
though they padlock
the user in other ways,
but(hey) at least they get
the user out into the open air!
No, no, no, I make no argument
in favor of *drugs*, You Honor,
I merely state the facts.

Invite out to New Creations.
The invite comes again.
This ain't no *one-time offer*.
It stands to be repeated.
Dial when you're ready.
So free you'll speak in tongues.
So free the very air becomes
a guiding current.

At first flight you will be arrogant, insecure, tied to your victory, the need for honest victory; honest victory, hard-won freedom, proof that you have got it, getting better, maybe best. These kind of things take time.

Until the power of flight is yours to own and cherish, to tweak and maintain. What is natural for you will be magical for others. That which you complete without a thought. That seems to be my heading.

Q: So, tell me about the rhythm. Could you describe the rhythm for us please?

A: Well, the rhythm isn't merely sensed, it is a conductive current. I'm not sure which came first. (I think) The rhythm and its maestro were, how you say, simultaneously composed, and that solves your chicken-egg dilemma. To continue, it tends to guide the actions creative, until you find yourself giggling, whispering, levitating. Just ask Mr. Blue Sky. Of everyone and everything, Mr. Blue Sky gets it. Pity that it ever ends.
Describe the rhythm?
Describe my drive.

Q: The product of a drug-addled mind.

PARASITE IN PARADISE

Body ripples in that wave-like manner, disturbing the wild, streaking, contrast smat, so that a bulge of motion traverses the length of the shag-rug strip, the multi-legged creature, and shimmies it forward, big and healthy.

Parasite in paradise.

Wriggledy-jiggledy moustache march, which bumbles slowly, aimlessly; very nicely camouflaged by zebraic strips of ink, blending with the leaves of new creations, to sliver along the branches, across the many paper blades, proper sheaves of new creations, to feast upon the mental buds of new creations, because it simply has the need.

Parasite in paradise.

Its own maligning beauty.

Emblem of consumption.

Parasite in paradise.

COLD, COLD

Put the baby away,
the cops are here
to make an arrest.

Can't you see the red and blue?
The gleam of their badges?
The weight of their guns?
The predatory eyes?
The warrant in their fists?

Can't you hear the radios purr,
the formal (im)politeness of their
knuckles on the door, their knuckles
rapping on the door?

No, not there, *the drugs* are in there,
don't put the baby with *the drugs*,
although the baby might be safest
with *the drugs*, since the baby
owes existence to them.

No, no, put the baby someplace safe,
like the garage, in the carseat,
and be sure you start the engine,
be sure the heater's on,
so the baby doesn't
catch a chill.

FEAR OF SELF

Q: Where did you last glimpse it?

A: Underneath the pass, parallel the river,
although there was a heavy drizzle at the time,
a multitude of slender scratches scraped
the moody, mist-lit night, above the taciturn populace,
but know that it was just a glimmer of the thing.
I hardly even knew the thing.

Deaf eyes, as if the voice internal was the loudest thing, the most distracting, and caused the sight to introvert. That's when you know you've had enough, when the eyes go deaf like that.

Q: To drink?

A: No, to feel. But I suppose the two go hand-in-hand.
That much of *whaddya know*, and then to glimpse it, glimpse it...there is nothing that can't be captured, embraced, preserved, translated, enhanced, through the lens of your respective medium(not the camera), and watch it metamorphose, turn into another thing entirely, all your dreams in bloom.

But it looks as though the kids are now in trouble, preteen paint illegal, red like blood, evidence of work behind, and the footfalls of the law pursuant. They smashed a glass along the way.

Oh my children, do you wish to be feared? A rat, a roach, a spider is feared, as well as the mighty lion. You have only to fear yourself first, then others will follow. What fearful creature will you be? Fear is common, love is not.

On the other hand,
don't go falling in love with yourself.
That is just another form of fear.

RUN AMOK

Even now, as we move through all these *my's* and *I's*, I stop to wonder if it's poetry. Even now, I have something still to say, the will to veer away from relatability, to plunge headlong into an unpredictable mania, eighteen-wheeler run amok, and you better move out of his way because the brakes are shot, the mountain's got some nasty curves. We're at the peak, your Honor, here is where the fun begins, life or death it seems.

Excuse me, your Honor? Are you lucid? Think that I might ditch the cargo? A pull of the lever and we swing free, the trailer down the cliff, to better our chances, see? It's done already, off with the weight, an executive decision. We fall into a switchback rhythm.

Attention is drawn to the snow-capped peaks, and debate ensues. Party 1 alleges that this snow has been around for eons, indeed since the formation of the mountain, as it never truly seems to melt, temperatures being what they are. Party 2 holds that some of the snow must melt, which accounts for all the rivers and streams, and the simple fact that if the snow never melted, it would stack on the peaks, miles high, to the very edge of the atmosphere, and that adventurers would ice pick to space in special suits. Party 3 is frightened to tears, but states her tears were once the snow on the mountain.

"But gad, the steering wheel is cold. Not ideal to warm the hands."

"What has the highway done to your hands?"

"Relax, I just need a glove or two."

"Don't they come in pairs?"

"I only bought the one. One hand in a glove, the other at the pelvic reaches."

"You are such a pervert."

"Only trying to warm my hands. One glove for my two. One is all you need. Bought it from the one-armed man without the use of currency. He wore the other on his only hand, his right. He had no use for its brother, but I certainly did, for at the time, I was still one-handed, and desperately needed a left-handed glove to fit my right-handed disposition."

SUNSHINE DOWN

Have you ever felt the heat of a flame, like a coal between your legs, the threat perceived, so real your brain transmits a signal of pain, which causes you to shriek and slap the blushing area?

She stops to wonder why *some days, some days* her flesh(to him) is fuel ignited. Doctors maintain it has something to do with flying too close to the _____. Because(do I have to say it?) the baby isn't altogether human. "Lifeless," says the court. But the baby isn't lifeless. I know because I gave it life(inanimate life, yes), and I woke the next day humming. And that was proof enough.

Q: God Complex?

A: Well sure, if it justifies your cynicism. On the seventh day, I rested.

Fact:

What I felt for her was lust, white-hot perhaps, but I know it wasn't love. However much I loved to hurl myself into her flame, I only burned for a short-short period, and it was fierce and wild and frightening and blind, but *oh so satiating*. With dirty hands, I touched her places.

Q: There. You have it there in writing. The state rests its case. Let the jurors ruminate. We are confident of a just and expedient verdict.

Out where the arroyo cinches to form a canoe-shaped junction, and the highway crosses the river, lording over the waters like a monument to civilization, I sit on a wall of stone. Go fifty paces westerly, twenty paces southerly, twenty paces motherly, sixty paces easterly...four linebreaks northerly. You should arrive at an igneous formation, shaped like a crouching toad.

There.

*I will spread your ashes there,
my extra-human babycake.
I will smile sunshine down.*

scarsuo!teo!iqnd

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