

Agent 3

by Fin Sorrel

Agent 3

xxiii.

"Use the tuner
for your mind
eat your apertures." The morning news blares out on the sonic radio
yellow rose notations into thin air in the trash house sector of city
apartments section where Agent 3 and Andy live.

xxiv.

Everywhere Is a leaf I've torn, and left behind, along with my home
appliances, all leaves torn along the static lines of the zenith
television. I've packed in an extra handheld tv for work occasions,
but my main tv stays home to be ubiquitous (everywhere) altering the
clothes with needle and thread, with its interference sewing eyes
within my and Andy's blankets, canning fruit... And so on.

GOO plays in the back room -
Off to work; Andy prays to his electric god. The doctor I've become
(who Andy no longer worries about) stops at rust Avenue, slithers
through the terminal, emptied from a bag of fluids, into the subway.
So, I've left Andy at home with the TV.

Andy weaves his baskets as he waits for the silverfish east to
Littleton.
(Ah, there he resides! we will now morph back into one body.) That's
better. He reads the times over a morning bowl of scurvy to ease the
tensions, the talk, I watch the workers enter and leave with special
briefcases, gaunt fellows.

A boat has now come in through the subway, all its newspapers screeching metal blue lights; Andy eating four bags of rice, Andy returning four credits to the booth car, where the butler stalls hover beneath two emergency signs.

Littleton fish believe the subway cowers through to thier days work, sighing cows, and winter scarf, they lumber through rust Avenue, scraping metal with blue light torches, to pass along the rafters, where Andy gathers his suit cases and boards to Littleton wharf (east.) on the giant, stinky fish car.

xxv.

From everywhere at once I leave my tv at home to help fold the laundry and do our sewing, thinking strict goals, beating myself with bruises until i have become something closer to this guy named andy, atleast in similar shape and form, i beat myself back into the littlon fish door, the algae sealing strip connecting as it does. Eons ago, i fell, and andy and i met with hands of crab and lobster in an eleborate room benaeth here, but I know very well, i am not him. I am a doctor of Littleton. pretending to behead ghosts in my spare time, pretending to dissect frogs, drain moats, falate children, dream waterfalls, pour out burmese cats from a bag, dry out figs in a small room under the sewer, and teach flying lessons over at the nursing home behind stantown elementary school.

from which everywhere comes through the small apartment at the desk of my tv where she tirelessly sews and cooks, knits yarn sweaters for our whole life into each closet so that all of the rooms can be spoken for in the cyatic nerve of her silence, while GOO plays in ye who shall not be names back room. the ironing board was there for awhile, bitter old bitch, but she is still somewhere peeping, and poking around.

when I'm set under the trance, I lay back next to Andy in the guts of the sturgeon, stars and seeds, warm heart beat. I take rest in it. Rytymn, neatly ready and able to set up my knapkins and fork, knife

and spoon so as to enjoy a nice nap, with dark warm heart, fish swimming under subway, and a side of swirly popsicle colored candycane fish nicely packed into dank sub level station.

When Andy and I (Agent 3) enter the shade, the texture, the cloth bound British tongue, cloth bound because its sequence is a lesson, the sounds in the air surround us in fishes spilling from the sky of the subway tunnel into new Portugal. Auto tape is what is heard echoing the concrete steps of the exit. Scuffling around are the briefcase holders, the agents in their comfort zone, we all take to the red carpet that leads us out of the dingy area of echoes, and into lake town, where the restaurants and shops gleam up from the train car fog from the engines.

The streets clog up with passenger agents, dressed up in the standard contrast suits, they'd hire the better agent, an average man, the bobbing of strict haircuts cancel along the red carpets to the city.

The city of blaring, angry-looking agent haircuts and high contrast. The acid trip of my newspaper now, word puzzle Starts Now: hold on to your Purity, criminals, Global erasing we must demand is changing amnesty, if we are to prevent children to become wider-

I've had my article run in the newspaper. This City blurs past, everything slows down on the edge of the red carpets about a foot away from arms reach.

The aliens lounge on the lemongrass, glance over, they hide their silky gray skin Behind The Umbrellas, behind them in the parkway a totem pole, one alien twists a lollipop they watch the broken links in the chains of stranded looking agents, crossing the Avenue.

Alaska is in my vision, in dot-Matrix there, before the dawn, there's a man I-Pass pumping up helium balloons and letting them fly. An old woman serving people soup. On the docks people inch along the wooden boards, nuanced whistling is heard there, a mouse jumps across the red carpet and hides away down the sewer underground

tonight, I sleep under the blue ceiling, featured with a pen. I think
fragile memories...

