

A Paper that Changes Things

by Adam Robinson

Into Dark Wood I think there came some fuss of paper. One paper now said a brilliant thing. Something shone in its brilliance. Brow people came to read it. They wore scented hats, each hat stank in its own way. Caramel, honey, fart, orange spice, spicy caramel, honey fart, orange caramel honey fart spice.

The dowdy woman in fart nailed the vim. Where is this paper, she said crossing into Dark Wood. She carried a commendation from the Dean of No University.

The table sat with stumpy legs. Smells wafered through the trees. Bears drew from their tents. One boy was ate, a young doctor, a special assistant who stood too near the patch. Still now everyone shuffled around the papers. They handed the papers back and forth with brainy fingers. Many of them fainted, all thrilled.

I thought to myself uncannily. I haunch-hunkered low in my corner, thumb amouth, visualizing the paper in her leafless New York grip. What words? What muck in this truth? Now the scent rose fulsome from my sweet wrinkled tam.

