

# Fly Fishing For Bats

*by aksania xenogrette*

she is fly fishing for bats in a slurry memes and mimes. they pin a corner of the sky up to keep it falling down but their arms get tired so they sleep in shifts and slants of rain. minuscule distraught her mind was fraught so she thought she wood go to the zen garden to leaf footprints on my petal her thumbprint wandering whorls an implausible cat less grey than lavender with Aegean eyes eclipsed by a dusky moth, reflect reflex retract, a lip smacking burst of umami, the brooding maudlin squall abates. track 3 by EAT MY RUST on the vaporwave compilation is a vexing listen. first she is like... running fork tines along a mangled array of cooling fins from a cpu. then something like a shark gnawing on a harpsichord. Her drum kit apparently is an entire laundromat. A pocketful of marbles spilling in rivulets, down a set of narrow linoleum steps, merrily as two warblers splashing in a birdbath. several octaves below the level of decency we hear a pair of fucked off gin soaked bull whales thumping on mahogany pleather bench upholstery in the corner booth with the wonky table next door to that Lebanese place, her voice is sepia fucklust pipe smoke from 1923. Lord Knows how she conceives or executes jingle-jangly moog anthem about starlings falling from the sky. stiletto de milo on pepper-grinder, maracas and jet fuel. throw my pillow in the osterizer. them grackles gone frappe, spilling out the turbine, scissoring sleet, doused hemoglobin, teethe me seethe me zorro, I'm a flock of hollow bones, mollified bereft of minnows to saunter replete with sideburns toting enamel goslings in a radio flyer, chugging along to a podcast, the digital sage sips from an etsy mug emblazoned with smirky I AM THE FUCKING QUEEN OF ILLITERATURE in full regalia strewn witless semblances of incendiary pamphlets drown the wick as drawn phantoms meander along the ceiling. twirl a strip of it and snort glitter walking together in our dream show you are fire maples improper scarlet so all the other shades nod to the melody of your simple delight sometimes you just sit on your ass with dust in your mouth and grit in your nails

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and teeth close my eyes as the crow flies i sew my heart to your content. they drink mad coffee and spend the afternoon pretending they're blind with tape over their eyes. a couple bruises. smoking & bonking skulls i spy a trio of kangaroo mice nibbling on a cerulean mushroom BLINK a dram of pinwheels BLINK fuck it you can't hide overnight in my silk flowers this is bonsai season motherfucking my tinsnips winnowing gunships this tsunami of plum blossoms and spindled writs of mandate. i try to think what I want if I could do anything so many parasols for all the teardrops in the ocean (the visage you conjured in broad swathes of indianthrone, once anchored in manifest by quick sable, in mesmeric calligraphy the emblem so resplendent to behold, the elixir of oracles was a lukewarm pitcher of cobwebs by compare to its generative force of zeal. fuck me i've groped in the ashes for the dross by the din of this tacky rococo frame our majestic rune is rendered utterly tuneless) to see you once more it simply was never enough to burrow in the loam or slope with marsh herons deep the quill. ravenous for shill pop candy, nearly translucent dawn sparrowing aimless vitriol off in swales vetch tangents repurposing admonitions nigh on six gigs a cackle were it not so lithe in her wet sundress reviling all notions of balance in this ludicrous sudden rain OscarLavar OscarLavar on melodica (eharmony indeed) the raindrops they wearing herringbone tweeds for stable weather models drank my visible ink ^x.X^ b l i N K neither of you will ever want for anything ever again. swimmingly crisp articulations gesso haphazard dynamo blueprints tetherball eclipsed by lunatic burns ellipse mollified nonetheless no spring no spark drown the wick to chase shadows across the ceiling a cats-eye moth of years loom on silent lips/ whisper aching for a single breath/ as you stand pouring pleas upon prayers/ your sigh/ the absolution i crave/ a kiss so strong bullets stop flying rhododendrons bloom desolate tank cannons shoot glitter bombs we two magical fools dance in the rain with a plethora of spoons. we spit pits, touch irises, lips drip, go all pandemonium in a cool stairwell agog, the pure physical perfection of a cute little baby caiman. look at those razors galavanting the rushes and reeds less

mogul more slalom she is sparkly in the gloaming these voices in your head are listening you told me you love my lips and how i mostly speak in monosyllables you seem so at peace with your puzzles I thought it best to just leave you swimming in thin air but now you ask me a question so hard I revoke, revolt, resigned, on vinyl my rain slicker utterances clutching a mascara. my hands are startled doves (pockets sewn with enormous tortoise shell buttons) reticent, redolent, yet dulcet in blue galoshes I answer, of everything you give away for free it's your smile that's the best and it will never run out of ink. By the bald myopia he seizes me and I thought he would slit my throat or twig snap my talons or slurp my tendons in a piercing stew where strange thirsts go to die. Hold still indeed, i think to myself as he goes about making five slashes one at a time in a bolt of flannel, now it seems you are a starfish in ether but that makes it go sideways like broiling an orchid. your life is a jade shaped like a bird so play hopscotch or burn a hole in the floorboards like a good little girlscout with your drill and bow. i find your marbles more charming the more flecks and jags and scratches they gather, do you wad them up in a rag like a raven and do a zombie dance all mashed up with rubies and stolen diamond rings? with half a wink and a missing tooth you tell me it's all on account of the agates, i smirk for a beat but not even those back alley runes can withstand the threshing of unmet stones. you remind me of a kid on cough syrup riding a rocking horse in a lightning storm. The weight of your madness, the fallout, your oblivious nature, the trauma by proxy of it, i keep to myself in a baby blue bowling ball bag from the seventies i found at a garage sale. forget about weeping mother Mary and her little blushing palms. throttle my clover with this brook force of anthem. i consider it a minor miracle how you to touch me without a body. your heart feels better tracing contours my skin than anyone walking my streets. my whole being glows with you. what is that noise? everything you cant see. can you make it stop? does it listen? if you close your eyes in my sleep. ask it. your dandelion wish lost like hay fever in an orgasm (what a summer) little parasol return aflutter from your paroxysm of pinot

(that tantrum surely had legs) much bereft of expectations, having flung a crystal goblet haiku in one languid gesture. we kept the stain there for months because it looked like an alien behind the potted plants. no semblance of a grudge did our tempests survive, ditched, the husk of good or bad reason, laughing about sin tax syntax sin tax, by the red stem fell my requiem for a squall. raking up the fire maple desolate the next day i coined a #flyku considering all them leaves a fallen cult of Monarchs but the sound of the word is ill suited to your lips. They go a little vexed on Sundays so we gave that death knell tome the title Viceroy after our kitten that slipped away with a murmur in her heart. A veritable forest of whiskers later the skeletal locust plum razored without another kind word, a sip of mercury, a dollop of fully adulterated...honey how do I say this in whole cloth? it's just I was gonna crash down hard and become a shadow of a bird, retreat into a sanctuary of burrowing napalm. to say it right is like stripping off thigh highs soaked in superglue, splashing in a kind of maudlin that goes way beyond the usual semi-suicidal post-it note notions. if only Hallmark paid by the word. what loss? you don't lose your body when you burn alive. what happens is your joy turns to stone and i was getting ready to go swimming the fictional we, gale and squall, fearless of cruel sidewalks but then, you know how she is, she scurried all the butterflies back in the jar. screw the rain. we seek for things beyond us to entertain when all can be found within.

