

[Noon. A, b, C & D.]

by Fin Sorrel

| noon Aa. |

On bundled fuchsia, the big, pink, and purple ligaments of straw ink, all German green, Gorging the dripping seeds spilled on the silverware; her hands painted white to the finger nails. Of fluids A rainbow, slower, of white doors, falling into the ocean, spiritual fingertips down her white arm's, holding up the great American Idol. She holds a wad of 100 dollar bills, all together in a strip of tape, and lights the stove with gasoline. Gorging on the fuchsia, she cries, staring at the peach colored thread of the loveseat, and paints her self all of the way white, thrashing in panic, paranoid, seizures, and throws the perfectly wrapped hundreds in the large flames, her hands shaking; crumpled to a bowl of flowers, she rubs red paint onto her hands, washing in the flowers, and puts on a daily outfit of brown, chestnut tattered rags. She does her best to make her hair nice, but the red paint makes it difficult, and dirties her more. She wanders outdoors, begs men for money, her hands shake a tan hat with a few coins in it. A number of white trash scuba divers float in the back yard, in a few ft. Of water, little neighbors rollerskate by, giving each other a ride on the refridgerator, and on the phone, with little gurney they pull alongside full of telephones. The roosters peck on the tape recorder.

| noon Bb. |

Neighbor girls in white, and cream throw a boy in the pool, screaming at least once for icecream, and kicking a scuba diver, until a gift is issued, tiny geniuses, girl subacute, scuba telephones, are finally starting to generate. Six clocks are brought to a tool shed, behind the house (three black, two white, and one red.) The moving company leaves the white clocks stacked on top of the black ones, on top of the red ones, and the shed doors are left open, so when she gets home, she can see the many different time zones. She has made seven dollars. In China this is pretty good, in Brazil she did okay, even in Alaska not bad, but by the time in New Orleans, she didn't

make enough. Neighbors rollerskate by, and freeze, stop, roll straight, bend, contort, back and forth gliding to the card table in her lawn. Computerized by their own way of moving, like glass shards, blocks, and interference, the neighbors forming more than one picture of themselves, a six car pile up in the background, makes her neighbors rolling glitch movies as normal. Especially The Ventures song that plays, and the blonde hair, a boy in a wrestling mask lights a firecracker, between mirrors, glass shard like chunks of a computer glitch, gliding the neighborhood, that generates around him explode slow.

| noon Cc. |

Were driving far. She gets into the blue Chevy nova 1977, and the engine starts up slow, and rumbling. Her makeup is done very well. It is not the same white you usually have on. He says, pulling out under the willow tree, the limbs scratching on the hood. He notices her eyeliner goes from bottom eyelid, to ear. She has touched up the upper eyelids with rainbow glitters, the lipstick is faint rum, her jet black haircut is recent, and long strings of it curl behind her rosy ear. She laughs, and pulls up her purse, warming up to the car, and pulls out cigarettes, and then straightens her jacket. He's been doing this staring contest with the lines in the road but speaks for a while about teaching coastal tradition, and she agrees with the few things he says.

George is your name, right? She winks, and he pulls the Chevy around behind a park, so the question can sink in. He checks his hair in the mirror after he parks. She rolls down the window and puffs at the cigarette. I'm moving away, Zoe. Wednesday night. The company has been curious about what my research paper intails, they want to bring me in for study. She is silent, and pulls smoke into her lungs. Let's it slowly down to her tongue.

[noon Dd.]

She walks in back, to the pool, and stands naked with blood red dress in her hands. The green swimming pool ripples her reflection, marbled face, and pale shoulders. She dresses, and jumps into the water, the red cloth slowing down around her, bubbling beneath her

breasts- the banging in the the near by manican factory rumbles low, as she watches the dress float up to the surface, the blurred fabric, detaching slow from her skin; the information of early computers loads up and coarse through the water, squid memories chew into the computer code, slow men Walk along with buffoon tain haircuts, they look at her body, memories of octopus, and rumba drums of the manicans drifted down into line, on the belt, the octopus entangles pieces of her dress, and for a moment, she cannot fight much, the octopus fades back to the soft red fabric, at the surface of the pool.

A dripping, alkaline dream, a wire of lace, organics, literally hair on broccoli, strand air, song, hills, leaning swurve, alkaline kiss, tops of the banyan trees, an eagle being wires, bent straw hat, permanent see through, waver frequency back up into the sky -
There were knots in the way that the ocean tied a part of the clouds, sunburned lining to crustaceans, the night is walking into the rain , the drawings drift passed in our window, panthers we are smiling, and longing forthem, they longing for panthers, and grip, just enough focus to continue playing our roles as children in the sky.

