

YOU ARE A FRIEND, SEWING TRAIN

by Fin Sorrel

I've arrived at telephone booth, and with twenty three blurred stars, lines, the ghosts of hands, gloves reciting an ancient Languor for strawberry, oranges, and apple. White dialing, from a childhood crevice inside of a Lapiz, a black, a silver and very marbled tongue that sews the seams of a fruit, verging even now, on the silence of clocks, pasted to the bramble bush foreground, over taking the sky before near blindness, a clipping occurs near climax, the clocks spread from the nozzle of spray gun. Time, through chimneys, a friends house -- Bosnian card tables, thick in claw paper -- always rascal dancing inside dog costume, always witness, eroded blackberry pie -- a Christmas grandma making soggy drumming rhythms, escaping ceiling float, and slack jawed extras, new founded growths, a kind of Russian gray, a rabbit hat, worn until a second death, looking up and the left foot peeks squirming sound -- Falling through table, classic in a drunk town, picked through the winning and escaping into a dream -- this is the fold drunks ramble on for three months about -- Jezebel, grown weary, pets geranium with gloved hands. Armatures dance to center, the card tables plush velvet --

A small shard of experience floats down on a floatation device, like snow to the island of very black Indian wolf festival -- a warehouse wolf wrestling -- doorway --

"This one girl wouldn't turn the light on."

Trying to do math homework -- A shell fish women enters the banquet -- she is me, helium gasping, all in an inconvenient placement of movie screen curly and straight bangs, and faux hawk and lounge cut, and dread lock, and fuzzy head, and blond long, and

Rosy cheeks.

Watching Jack London, white fang drizzle particle over the wall in
some comfortable dogs bed, the pillow divulges information proper
spritizers and shopping malls with nerve gasm, and never ending
roger rabbit --

White hands pick up marionette strings from an opening of clouds
roulette wheel lands on the percussion, the higher lover in white
Persian cat picks up prepared guitar, and the spinning curl of hairs
come down upon the piano keys -- a glass eyed goggle head sways
in, on wheels, a giant tanned bus ride, and the shadow show, in its
first flight, begins. These all between the moon and the road -- a
rolling

through of six millimeter films, costumed in manic pixie dream girl --

Thirty five

millimeter camera, and radios, and microphones. Paint sticks, and
back pack full

of

magic paint -- on ward to dawn!

Shadow puppet, reaching for a pocket watch -- My name's Argami
Ruesh -- I will

walk you to the cake in the castle.

