

Muralista

by Gabriel Orgrease

Preacher Jicklo hired a local artist, the townie John Bell to paint a mural on the lengthy expanse of knee scuffed sheetrock just inside the door -- this meant that a few things had to be shifted around to make room for the project. The cig machine was moved outdoors into the back alley.

Slow progress and for starters Bell went at the wall with a wail, a perverse precursor with a wallpaper brush and painted the entire expanse an organic eco-friendly color, a sickly lemony green wash.

Between Bell's burlesque swear brushes lost his hair and green goo like wet shag onto encaustic tile at his bare feet, at glops of paint, he growled at children, he said, he had said that he had done this new-wave impressionism style before. Bell had shown Preacher Jicklo newspaper clips to support at Bhaghagotti Goomba Dent & Trade on used cars he had painted bodies up with bold swirls and dashed paisley vegetationhot.

Heavy brush strokes, lumps of paint, streaks, bulbous drips as pendulous honeydew melons protruded the breasts of John's sacral "Uma". The one, the only, "I don't like to talk about my women but I'm gonna do it anyway."

Tuesday afternoon's frantic motions swung heavy in arc across the white bareness of wall and left traces plant-fluid spurts gushed rhubarb eaves from fleshy prophylactic geyser. Her olive eyes, her eyes it blew a million miles, a thousand smiles, far as I can see. Though it may have been the wet dream of a fermented cucumber it was later proclaimed an homage to men in forest green, for which John and Preacher Jicklo had reached between them a shallow understanding. Fast goes fast, slow goes slow. Too much time to be without love.

For those in know know know there was hint of a wilderness
Cadillac if one squinted eyes up and turned head just slightly angled
down to the left and made sure to catch the just-right angle of
reflection off the bend in the storefront glass.

Preacher Jicklo was pleased though not exactly sure why. Samson
Agnosis Marchad was perplexed.

When no more creative effort could possibly be expended to turn
away good customers John with the intuition of his genius broke out
a gallon of day-glo orange. Tang, "For emphasis, please try to
understand, my love is in your hands, chatta chatta chack chack."

A boomjin mock battle do the yo yo yo yo, between strange and lame
defense system along interstate termite's spume picnic visit blog
Peter Max, Chagall, and Lucy like John all paraplegic apple pilgrims
on the road where the windy brick serpentines into lush slices. Since
I've been gone. Tin and small arms delivered to them screeched
crashed pickle park managed by the muck ucky pig shit, and
slammed on the brakes and ordered the burning of an orange
crescendo, all the same, and Blitzler, and Bruno, bastardized and
bashed at the semis, they blazed a red and chrome bombing
Kenilworth and Maple intersection and collided with a local granite
square hawthorn bank before and fire behind the Sumner Hill
Nudist Colony in Wetwater Fall's Edie Creek throughout the town,
then it was at that time a small creek. Can the sun burn your butt,
not as bad as those old people do? Too wide a radius of a small
village citizen's grand design and the event was the most remote
settlement in turn shelter. They rarely wooded landscape of colonial
population grew in the recent flight of less than a humanoid body
dark silhouettes, as described, dug a large hole in the ground and
the trees are ablaze with a bright cloud of methane napalm decode
the mercury spewed by drinking melee type kool aide.

Narrative with only the use of a few colors confined to a limited gustatory palate. It was a color-field tour de force, lemony green, orange and red. A go visit to see if Jesus was a peeping Tom lurker in our background.

