

Split Streams Displace the Final Helical Index

by Garnet Edmund Joseph Haley

Split streams displace a spliced and shattered walkman with no connection of its dead batteries, projected into Styrofoam and plastic mirrors before hitting the brook water. Michael finds way, out of breath, eclipsed by an elm, his eyes visible with pupils pierced in intensity — jet black and absorbing the mystery. Out of breath and away from a distance of endless car accidents he stands in gaze. Michael is immersed within the endless sensory based life forms of the park, within this small city of think tanks and fragmented corporations.

Rain hits his windshield as he volumes hauntological guitar works he fashioned out of a fried electric guitar and an antiquated drum machine, two tracks to a two dual cassette unit to about 8 cross hatched tracks of magnetic, helically driven reverb. To be in a vehicle of fossil fuel in this era is why he drives only once and every so often and usually walks ranges, sometimes 48 k. However, the solar skin spread over the roof of his car is more than enough. He edges for the glove compartment and retrieves a container of day glow caffeine pills.

At the intersection a confused man leading a jogging squadron in skin tight body suits, seemingly from the future as human sperm machines, jogs past while snowed out but in view for Michael's mouthing of flying pills. With a finger he slights before powering his nameless vehicle highway bound through green.

The cone hedges stay a lit with one snow fall, yet winter has passed. Michael thinks of his film photography, taking junked 35mm cameras and meeting woman on the internet who will model with smudge 80's Zeller's chic.

Pouring onto driving zones to a full u turn and upon making entrance to his driveway, his parking job leaves him engulfed in a

cloud; within this cloud shadows froth, etching figures upon the eye with streaks of electric lighting. Upon parking into a wall, his coins fly out from the coin exchange, bashing against the dash and onto the black soil of spring, as Michael climbs out of his car, Velcro laces open.

Michael checks his computer, while looking over his surroundings to secure the work in steps ahead in thought. The painful shatter of morning light gnarling - twisting his eyes - he takes the news paper off the table and scans over the previous day's effort.

He turns to his four windows: one faces west, the other three due south, opening like doors — all except the west window, shuttered against the strong glare: through this single opening the rays pierce into the green room, filling it with somber light. Standing with one shoulder outside, he could see in the distance a tress of blond hair and the roads twisting.

Circa 2010, in the early morning of mid April, Michael drives his car to the fields of Spring Hill, everything in exile, away from the micro city. He parks his vehicle and checks his rear-view mirror and analyzes the movements of a parade of speed cyclists, they cut the horizon. Stepping out, his whole body elevates with the skyline and he ventures for the path which leads to a series of connected fields situated on the top of the Appalachian chain over looking the valley. The fields offer the illusion of vanishing behind skeletal trees, looming and tall as he walks the incline as if ignited. He walks to the highest point and collapses into a seated position of rest, meditations will follow.

The sun sharpens his features, making him look more human than human, as if his eye lashes have been removed. He extends his focus, interfacing with the clouds structures as they pass at a distorted velocity, neither fast nor slow. What, he thinks, kind of culture created the aesthetics of my dreams? Or did my culture of inception serve as the foundation for the dream's design upon distortion, when flanked against the callas design of the 1970's? This distortion allowing the higher extrapolations to occur, bringing forth

design principles too advanced to be current. And the people who inhabit my dreams, all so conveyed, analyzing, aiding, and testing.

He let's go of his anxiety and adjusts his breathing, which is matched by the release of his fears. Calm takes over as the pastoral view sharpens in definition. After a series of calculated breaths he transcends - overlooking the horizon, his senses expand. Everything is still as his mind opens, everything in his focus enlivens. He remains in this state for the duration of an hour, and then jumps from his position to begin his descent towards the vehicle, soaking in the light and leading his way with his eyes closed.

He drives his vehicle steadily towards the blue monolith, upon entrance vapor clears the view for a cascade of light, refracting across the blue windows of the proto millennial architecture and urban design. He walks swiftly across the orange cement and across the orange cork of the monolith's entry; his eyes fix on a network of escalators, many army personnel in motorcycle helmets seemingly going upward when descending. Woman in Wal-Mart business suits holding microphones and breathing in details ascend when seemingly going down.

Michael walks past a grey and gold speckled marble pool, bobbing in the water float wax cups and multi colored plastics, adrift in the fountain's cascade. He takes a moving sidewalk to the most accessible escalator and begins his pursuits of coffee amongst hundreds of personnel. He travels through a narrow hallway into the coffee arcades. The lady vendor is young, early 20's, wearing her bra over her shirt with uni-ban glasses, speaking in whispers of specialty brews and gourmet cakes. She speaks very quietly about human embryos being hijacked prematurely for woman's cosmetic makeup; Michael frowns and signs a petition. He orders two tall dark roasts, both black, coffee posed and posture secure. He makes way for the office to deal with his boss, Gazelle. He has never seen her without concealment. Discomfort strikes him upon the thought.

Neon pink graffiti disrupts the office; broken glass rests on the mahogany desk, on the floor rests Gazelle - she giggles and squeals profusely - a shattered motor cycle helmet is spewed out on the floor

next to her. Michael screams out in shock, "Gazelle! Your face! Your face, it glows... you're so pretty..." Michael is trembling yet keeping the coffee balanced, placing it on the desk - he bends down to see to Gazelle, he impulsively rests his hand across her face and she bites it, causing a small incision, giggling maniacally. Michael examines the wound with marvel, "Gazelle... you have beautiful green eyes..." Gazelle eyes become lit and she screams, "I'm trembling with happiness to show you my face... I'm so excited!" Gazelle begins to bite her hands with a feigned menacing expression.

Suddenly Michael's visual index becomes occupied by a night sky; the laughter of Gazelle fills his mind. "My Michael... do you see me?"

Thin grey light seeps in from the blinds, bleeding across the arched ceiling. A sky light is covered in snow, offering subtle light, almost dark silver, across the faces of Michael and Gazelle, who rest into each other on cold sheets, within a blue room. The light radiating off their faces hovers, creating a juxtaposition of features. On the wall to their left side is a book shelf, with an index of plastic VCR cartridge tape cases designed to look like encyclopaedias, one of the cases is open revealing it to be empty. Michael lights a cigarette.

Gazelle begins to speak very softly, "I quit my job... I want to live with you... I sold my house... I have nowhere to stay... please, my love... First, before anything, I want to journey with you, faltering into the random, no destinations, just movement, change in flux."

Michael's expression hardens; his eyes grow icy as his skin fades and he begins to speak, "Gazelle, I don't really know you... I walked a high way at night, every passerby saw me die in their head lights, scattered like a freak in the shoulder of the highway for 27 miles... looking at ghosts emerging along the ditch and river embankments, careless victims, once human, all having died careless deaths... they came into form, in color, sitting still with the same weight as nature, gazing into my eyes... the natural phenomena of it... then the sleep I had with the sweet corn, spring water, bon fire, the spider in the transparent rubber ball, the fauna, and then I continued to walk this path of insanity into the night and... at 27 miles, veering from the

highway to the hills ... where I find this field and an antiquated work table... I rest on the table... and... within the color spectrum of naturally occurring phosphorescent light, a figure emerged, a female figure, but conveyed in this light with detail, using the night back drop as a shadow zone to dimensionalize in vivid detail this lady, who had these lovely bangs, light hair as if blonde, stark bangs, covering her right eye... she had a dress on, a long dress... kind of utilitarian, linear. I asked if I could piss on her. She said "yes."

Gazelle pushes Michael away in shock, "how dare you!" Gazelle turns to look in the mirror, she gasps seeing her reflection, the blonde hair, with stark bangs covering her right eye. She gives off a sharp laugh and turns around to slap Michael in the face; he smiles as her hand makes impact, laughing sinisterly.

"Gazelle, you're welcome to stay, you're here now."

"Come, let's get a bite then go to the Arcade." Michael jumps out of bed and spansks Gazelle as she bites her hand in enthusiasm.

Gazelle slips into a piece somewhat nurse like in uniform, slightly in at the waist, angular and white. Her shoes are mock crocodile skin, emerald green. Michael throws on a dark grey smart suit; his deck shoes are worn in, black leather.

They walk narrow, spiraling streets lined with tall neon yellow PVC based living quarters. Michael is fighting a headache; he eases it on the television light pollution broadcasting through the endless windows. The quarters turn hot pink just before they make entrance through an architectural park. They drink carbonated mineral water and look at the international display of monuments and pavilions as they fall into the maze like cement corridors which eventually lead to the audience sectors of the Arcade. The lighting is muted and orange; the corridors navy blue and ambient, the endless feeling of sinking hits them both as they make way. The population develops as they approach the lights of the Arcade. Pure white light hits them both as their sensory system is sucked into the acoustics of the crowd. The show has yet to begin; they walk in a daze and find seats.

The panoptic Arcade is orange and blue with yellow highlights, the paint is laced with phosphorescent microscopic dinoflagelites. It has a stark presence and influence, neo supermannerist in design, endlessly directing the eyes to the centre activity. The stage is blood red purple, crimson purple. Two men in motorcycle helmets enter the stage from opposite ends, the audience becomes enchanted, and all is quite, but the stillness audible. The men are holding microphones and wearing leather racing jackets adorned in emblems of dinosaurs and chain saws. They pressingly hold their microphones up to their plexi visors and begin to cascade through broken languages in high pierced screams, the audience goes ballistic causing an eruption to the mass adrenaline gland, gripping their faces to the endless barrage of broken screams and amplified whispers, insults from hell, the crowd foams at the mouth for endless sensorial and verbal debasement. Michael looks over at Gazelle who begins to puke; Michael covers her in his jacket.

The exit is overcrowded with the daily refuse of Arcade addict activity, but each sinewy and deranged expression in the mass goes dull and vacant as the Motor cycle helmeted men come to complete silence, at which point Michael leads Gazelle through the exit and swiftly down the dark corridors of the Arcade, seconds before a blast of inaudible insults strikes the cement causing vibration. Gazelle is not in shock, she laughs as they head for the architectural park in one steadfast movement.

Amazingly, Gazelle managed to avoid puking on herself, but cleans up at a water fountain as Michael investigates the surroundings. Michael relaxes and says, "I'm too old for that kind of scene, you know, that was a mistake."

"Michael, you're too old? Yes, maybe. So am I, but it was fun."

They order a taxi and head through the micro city, up into the Appalachians, where they find refuge in a remote dining facility overlooking an expansive river valley system. They take a private balcony and order wine.

Michael pours as Gazelle takes in the view with controlled breathing. "Michael, you please me."

"Gazelle, this era of my life is now marked by your face, previous to today you were an agent in a variety of visages, I would take orders as sounds generated from your plastic concealments, confusing your identity, the horrible fear you would generate within me to complete each task, yet you would marvel at my abilities, offering a form of flattery, almost flirtation. Because yes, I can access the future through the architecture of the past and present, hitting each specific trend pre development for this collective organization we were designated to, but with that comes isolation, I stand outside of the mechanics of reality, watching reality's methods of self organization transform and merge into endless connected peopled systems."

"Ok."

"We broke strict protocol, you know I can never return to my profession, obviously you know of my account. I have no family. I have nothing in the way of meaningful friendships. Perhaps I have you?"

"Pfff, I'm equal to that if not more, I hate you."

"Gazelle, I'm sorry."

"Bite my wrists".

Gazelle holds Michael's hand as they sit defined in the passing light of each vehicle. Gazelle's suprasegmental tones match her glowing features. Michael's wavelength is set to a remote area of space, where larger earth like systems face corruptions that will sustain millions of years given the scale of their mass, spun in orbit hover the bleak monoliths of a large scale exploit of nature, where war is eternal and perfection mutilated for the sake of debauched reverse engineering. Michael adjusts his hair and says, "Given earth's signature of reality, it stands closely linked to such life systems, extinct and living, we compute the information of such large scale tragedies in our daily measure. Most are puppets of this distortion. That's how I feel when reflecting on the Arcade."

"That really troubled you didn't"

"How could it not!?"

"Calm down, my love".

They walk up a stairwell to the entrance of Michael's studio. Michael puts away his jacket and says, "I'm tired, why don't we talk of our upcoming ventures over sleep." Gazelle closes the door and slips of her shoes, "I'll make some tea."

"We're given access to chaotic lifestyles given the ubiquitous nature of our mass communications, we can always check in no matter how much of a hazard we live, let's avoid that nuance of our privilege and shut off all outside communication. I know I want to avoid walking on genocidal grounds, but the film cameras of Russia fascinate me, the off colorization offered by certain models and the geometric designs of the cameras from the nineteen eighties, all of it I love and wouldn't mind venturing a tour of. We could hit Moscow tomorrow."

Gazelle places a beaker of green tea on the Formica table, Michael takes a seat, and Gazelle kisses his forehead - she says, "why not, we'll start from there."

Gazelle motions for the piano and unfolds a written piece of material; she begins to play it with fluidity, singing softly as Michael unwinds on a never ending vinyl sofa, resting his head and looking into the depth of the ceiling. He closes his eyes and sees lights in formation against the blackness of his upcoming sleep. The lights take many formations, creating detailed offerings of communication. Figurative scenarios occupy his vision, visions from other locations in space, activities from the future engaging the past. Gazelle's melodic voice is the ether for this movement in time.

Michael tilts his head and says, "her genetic expression of the environment left her highly desensitized; the onslaught of pornography, terrorism and ecocide was the catalyst of her design", he scans over the table legs, dark mahogany ending in elongated glass eyeballs, sitting as if animated. He continues, "She was younger, by 14 years, it was unhealthy. She made this painting." Michael points to the highly realized landscape with bleeding tree and Gazelle gasps, "she's brilliant, Michael."

"Perhaps, yes."

Alone, gazelle stood for a minute stock still. Then, without knowing why she did it — moved partly by an obscure instinct, stuck out her tongue. Wait, he thought, wait until I have her in the bed she'll speak of as “my room”. My room, my chairs, the lilacs in my garden. The web spinning itself between her and all these everyday objects — he knew exactly how politely and indulgently she would treat them — would close her against the past, against the Arcade, more surely than anything. He had a moment of hard exultance. And close on its heels another when, without caring, he knew that his triumph was precarious — something in her would remain, all his life, unknown and foreign. In the last few minutes he had recognized in her very clearly the temper and wished for her face. He was perfectly happy — one of those moments, extremely rare, which equal a lifetime of disappointment and useless effort.

Smiling absently, he went upstairs to his room. No point in going to bed — he was neither tired nor sleepy. While he packed, he would be able to look at the river; at the light mist, no more opaque that breath on glass, rising from the valley; and the coming of light: clear white light.

Gazelle enters the room and softly asks, “Are we truly leaving for Moscow tomorrow?”

“Koslov, actually, a small industrial city which once manufactured Ivanovo 120 format cameras and Bezukhov 35 millimeters, around the disparate places of Novgorod, Borodino and Ulyanovsk. I've chartered a private shuttle. We'll be leaving here at ten a.m. I've reserved a tour of a female clothing factory with a surplus of merchandise from the 20's to the 80's; we can ship back whatever you want.”

“Sounds interesting.”

“We'll be staying in a castle in the rural, but the wide shopping malls and new cinema that characterizes Kaslov will entertain and stands only 35 miles away from the Odessa castle.

“Oh, Michael!”

“We'll be staying for four days only.”

Suddenly Gazelle is naked. Michael fixes his focus into her diamond cut green eyes, reading her desire, reading her excitement. He places his hand on her breast and leans to kiss her neck. He's struck by a vision involving the female clothing factory; woman creating a web of fish net stockings in order to capture a video camera positioned on gymnastic mat situated in a factory warehouse. In the corner of the warehouse is a phallic object and a soviet police officer's hat with a hidden pocket concealing a suicide pill. The vision is uncomfortable to Michael and he begins, "I'm hoping that what I perceive is information radiation and not a forecast." "Come", Gazelle takes Michael's hand and leads him to the bed.

The snow covering the skylight melted away through out the day and now moon light pours through into the blue room, over their naked bodies and across the sheen of the sheets, hermitically sealing their wet bodies as they once again blur into each other after coitus. Orange light emits, it casts across their faces as smoke rises from Michael's mouth.

Gazelle grips Michael and says excitedly, "Do you feel that?"

"No", Michael says flatly. "Wait" he continues. "Yes, Gazelle, we are under observation"

"What is observing us, who?"

"Some things are unearthly, other bodies are situated on earth but not in this time frame and some are from the current, monitoring for the sake of archive and intervention; China, Russia, N.S.A and the C.I.D. and host of things intergalactic. Then there's the afterlife. My mind is exercised, conditioned to take on these pursuits in communication. I can see these ethereal entities, complex and cultured, ornate is the design of their intelligence, and I interface and converse visually, telepathically and monitor that dimension. I'm isolated in my pursuit. I find consensus reality painfully dull and the peopled system of such a state horribly ill.

"You sound like a grump."

"Maybe I am." Gazelle bites his shoulder then says, "Let's rest, I need sleep, but I'm so excited!"

Michael smiles and says, "Sleep, sleep you pretty lady, into the morning my love."

"Into the morning."

Then a silence hits, then a sensation of lifting hits. Suddenly their ghost like bodies are spinning into the vacuum of space, their flesh serving as a sensory system, processing the realities traced by their phantom bodies as they enter dream.

Glancing at his watch of cheap green plastic, he read the sweeping seconds pass. He goes back to bed, in spite of her noise and her excitement. Four hours later, when drinking coffee on the surface patio, the silent and sinister maze of the night vanishes. This enchanting pandemonium, all of her disturbances, "and to her discomforts when I sit alone amongst these ridiculous objects. Here's to heaven, cheers... This is nonsense, nonsense," he thought, "I'm more at peace when I can sit alone at a café table in the sun and watch people living with every lost movement. Let them run their debt against the sinner for years, and insist on being paid. Pay the finest in each. Would I work for Intelligence? From the first day of my inception resistance to tyranny involved courage — resisters had the fortune never to be asked for anything more than heroism praise cannot reach. I was tortured. Loyally knowing quite well. The occupiers used an unbelievable cruelty, with what seemed nature. It may be necessary, if you are occupying a neighbor's house, to keep an eye within eye. Could it become the second nature of a resister — the act of lying?"

Gazelle enters the patio and says with a curious smile, "Who on earth are you talking to?" Michael looks into the horizon and says, "The wind, my dear."

Michael slams the trunk of their nameless vehicle, which is characterized by its lack of paintjob and transparent rust check coating. First they cross a bridge to an island of shattered streets — the second bridge, at its spring high, yards across streams of grey water, divided over and over again. Stark against the horizontal plane rests the airport, its tower looms sinisterly over the express shuttle; its design is imperial gothic, mostly built of dark grey stone.

They are escorted by an officer wearing a mirrored face shield to a motorized luggage and personnel transport vehicle, which is chauffeured by a woman wearing a red turban. She scans over their identification cards, "Why Koslov?" she asks without expression. Michael smiles and says, "For their cameras and soviet era fashions found in surplus."

The woman conducts the vehicle with a strange motioning of torso. Men wearing motor cross racing gear collect their luggage. They enter the private shuttle and sit in its Reagan era interior. They each take a pill and brace for take off.

Over a drink, Michael proposes some photography and Gazelle is game. Gazelle leads Michael to the washroom where she pulls down her tanned panty hose and squats over the sink. With a sinister smile Michael sets the camera to flash and creates a five minute sequence. Gazelle turns off the faucet and whispers, "Am I beautiful?" Michael's expression becomes soft, "Very", he says while holding out his hand.

Gazelle gently moves towards the shuttle window and investigates the view; she takes Michael's hand and begins, "You know, the first time I saw you was before we worked together... did you know that?"

"No." Michael adjusts and says, "I'm not sure? Perhaps it will come to me."

Gazelle quickly conceals her disappointment and continues, "Regardless, that night I found you on surveillance and I cried." Gazelle looks into his eyes and holds his hand, very quietly she says, "Because we were worlds apart. I did get my wits about me and organized my path according to yours, for it was no coincidence you were assigned to me." Gazelle smiles menacingly and grips Michael's hand before saying, "I have you."

She was using, deliberately, a hidden charm she had, the seductively light movement of her hands, the changing tones of her voice: lifting her head she looked at him through her fixed eye lashes. This was not like her. It was not like her to act; the turn of

her slender neck, and her eyes fixed on him as a hawk fixes on prey, effectively steadied Michael. He looked at her, waiting for her to question him.

Turbulence takes hold.

Gazelle radiates, "I'm so excited!"

Over lunch, Michael discusses the outline of the day, while looking out the airport window at incoming shuttles. The intricate tetrahedral designs instantly interrogate his senses and dissolve his western front. Gazelle marvels at the chess lobby by the in-feeding station, where seated is a white haired man, looking translucent. On his table is an open wooden box revealing a Bhutanese mask covered in straw, a psychological instrument of ancient origin. Gazelle points to it as Michael photographs the item in 35mm film.

They are chauffeured in a black, angular jeep along the expressway, which imprisons the desolate relics and defaced monuments stained by anarchy. There's bleakness to the surrounding, although foliated. Everything has darkness to it, an information field which archives the needless deaths, the arcane impunity and auto cannibalism; trapped even in the shadows of the rocks which Gate the castle.

Stillness suffocates the movement under the leaves; everything lies still in dead air. Gazelle is now seen in the wooded area surrounding the north end of the castle. Alone, she let herself slip down a little against a tormented pine tree. Her weakness and exhaustion had become a part of this experience, as much part as her smooth skin. She no longer felt Michael distinct from herself. She was no longer, as he had been, conscious of the laboring of her heart. But she felt relief, the pleasure. She felt, too —and this she had not expected— disappointment, bitter and aching.

Michael looks out a window to see a soulless landscape, constricted by the expressway and divided by the Odessa River. He remembered now that, still asleep, he had heard bells: through which, as though the colors on an obscure canvas, appear suddenly and vaguely the outlines of a much older, simpler and more traditional painting, placed there a century earlier by another hand.

Under an immense pure sky the river, lying awake and still in the centre of its wide bed, gave back that light of the Odessa valley which is never the same from one hour to the next, and unlike every other in the world for clarity and strength. Yet there is poison climbing up the ceiling, across the leaves, constricting the wind and forms that dance upon their faces.

Michael closes the lid on the kettle and looks to Gazelle, "Dear lovely lady, it's time for us to leave" Gazelle sits on a leather arm chair, mouth open, eyes fixed, as Michael continues, "I don't want to be here. I miss our smart city, we have work to do there - this place of genocide makes me ill, the red, the green, the evisceration of skeletons looming in my peripheral vision, so... we are leaving"

Gazelle sits with her mouth still open and utters, "O.k." without facial articulation, before advancing the departure with, "I feel the same fear of fragmentation in this landscape."

The high pitched humming in their ears from shuttle take off enforce myopic vision and parallel states of vision reveal the surrounding in a separate and obscured detail of the original exterior visual index of reality. They each examine the topology of the ghettos and cities and towns, like chip boards powered by the human vessels contained within.

Gazelle feels no regret in being concealed within the loft as Michael ignites the fire place, rehearsing over the lines of T.S. Eliot's four quartets. When in the early morning, Michael drives the car; everything in exile on their way to the evergreens — without the exile's disappointment. This was her first visit to the elevating fields where Michael meditates. He was excited; it did not show in his face. He had always been reluctant to give himself away; what now was a comfortable habit that began as the defense of an intelligent child against the mockery of a domineering state of psychotronic warfare. He knew that the elite, a sickened minority, were jealous of him even then in his baby state. Separated as long as he could remember from his family, and as a child, Michael's skilled avoidance of authority was a triumph of nature, and during this

development he taught himself to be ashamed of art over anti nazi propaganda and even as a child began to weaponize everything including his language, body language included. In his prayers every night he would recite to the beauty of God these words, "all things anti nature will shatter under my knife, amen."

Michael takes in a deep breath and in exhale vocalizes, "This is it!"

They climb up the fields and the overwhelming panorama stimulates their proprioception, placing their bodies in all available locations simultaneously as they concentrate each movement into a steady focus weight where the pressing of their steps assures a coordinate of victory in the variance field of the future; as a team they have carved a solid state in this variance field from this moment onward; they know this in heart and mind, but syntactical dialogue could never express

"It's amazing up here." Gazelle whispers in amazement.

"This is the closest area to space I know." Michael voices before spreading his jacket over the grass.

They sit and fold into each other, marveling at the valley and its view, the mystery regions where the eye can spy into reveal a ghost from a previous century; information radiation bleeds a litany into their minds and both are taken back to the early 1800s under the guidance of words; in unison they recite and both cry tears. Conversations follow, topics involving the anti nazi methods of photographer Asger Carlsen < the beauty of Lammar Peterson's paintings < the dream of having Dan Colen direct the de-re-establishment of the loyalist graveyard by use of bowling balls, graffiti and decay < the illustrations of Aurel Schmidt and how it's application would look great on furniture and finally how the photography Hannah Starkey would look great on office equipment. Michael pulls out a flask of green sensia tea and proposes a toast, "Dear God, I love you and I love my Gazelle. In the wastelands of the modern developed world you'll find treasures for recyclement. With this there's no need for sweat shop industry, a return to cottage craft is upon us, but things are never as before... Dear Earth, we love you,

we drink this tea in your honor, bless its chemistry with our hearts and minds... I love Gazelle, I fear no more! I fear no more!

The sun begins its descent in the west; its form is bent by the atmosphere making it oblate; clouds so dramatic, life forms they are, expressing animate figurative scenarios within the gradations of dark grey and white, all the variance needed for dimensionality. This convalescence of nature is a key theme in their story, a key theme of this adventure.

They walk towards the nameless vehicle with its solar skin, its rust check coating without paint job, its green tires and airbrushed hub caps. Once inside Michael puts in a mixed tape of Ricky Nelson and proposes dinner, Gazelle is game.

The sushi is of a higher design for this course, the chefs have augmented the art, borrowing from international ingredients. Michael delicately lifts his chop sticks into action and clicks them together three times and says, "That's the beauty of this micro city, my dear, the variance in the tones of humanity due to our international facilities... and if I may, let me propose something that shouldn't stand as controversial."

Gazelle smiles, "Speak it, my love."

"Between our mouths we just speak of their names only, these beautiful souls in spacesuits we call humans."

Gazelle proposes a toast, they lift their bright orange Dixie cups and Gazelle's eyes fill with tears of joy and she begins, "To the telephoners of the world who hate us, with their radiotelephony and sweat shop brand names, may they deplete under our thoughts and beautiful circumstance, for we are here to share. The injudiciousness of artists run centers, funded by the tax paying public, may they rot in the isolation of their basements and cemented galleries where they collect potlucks in order to mastermind the subversion of the hand that feeds, give them our hatred. To the noosphere, this is our love. To the moribundity that awaits the demise of the intelligence clientele, nature awaits you. To the instauration of design, let the 90's and the millennial up until now, 2010, modes of color schematics (with its intent to depress and

weaken), arsenic treated lumber and all off gassing PVC based home materials and etc, auto-cannibalize before its endless feast of Prozac and puke. And finally, to my love, dearest Michael, I've studied you for so long and now you are mine, and with this our hearts rejoice, awakened from the slumbers of our isolation, we are here to stay! Peace! Love! Unity! And universal acceptance! Cheers!" Michael sheds some tears of joy as the brace Dixie cups before consuming the tepid liquid in one confident gulp.

G.E.Joey Haley

