

Final Resting Place of The Pen

by Jackelope Random

Grey pouring sheets words jazz triskets depression outpouring filling
letter after letter vile repeating gunner wars long come dead and
buried semi phones metaphysical development. Currants and berries
all liquefying dressed drop the digging drilling whirl whirl onanism
she says sea shells half a pound coming through tis me tis me wer'e
cool slanging sling and other verse wise words worts an' all come on
and cummerbund me baby! That's the rag toe. Slop fish critical
blasted heath park martin dear ah alas crumb pets and hatred clown
face tears smoke do ya? Kiss a wheel lock a latin phrase vis a vis,
comma, the end in site, a trip toe fan drinking small smoky night
rhyme reasons lack a day—been gone so long... been gone done in
run down the old mill, alas she is dead. Cow. Purchance to dream
purchase ants to dream running Catalan sidewalk schoolyard fumble
days berlin wall came tumbling down tumbling down tumbling down
the mexico wall come tumbling down fuck you, Gorby. Head to radio,
broadcast Hitler kill the generation die for bam crash and Walls, the
mainly Which one is Pink I never knew. But I know what I like, he
called the musical hall dance a pinafore pinwheel Appalachian reel,
why hee hee fi di rol and fiddle de dee clamboring climbing hatred
sound. Terror cunning crying fetus image dream burger. Tenderized
meat, yum yum blood of an Englishman and all, och but fer
Columbia wouldst. Dreaming spires, the landmark canals arcady
visions. Opium induced no doubt. No way but suicide king and down
the alley roared the car clitter clattering up the motorways and
through towards evermore. The Faery Lands. Map the head out,
cabezas and Cabazon dive down deep with me. I can show you
through all the pains that swell so deep and wretched kick me a
bottle of booze and cry out your tears darkness breaks clouds ache
stomachs empty; can show you the lowest heights of happiness the

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plain plains burnt and dying. Rip apart stomach crawl in little worm rebirth segment male mother father phallic lady semen tasting delicacy. Never tried? Caravan corrupt slags scurrying this way and tha, bury the bone little doggy you'll be in the shop corner window soon enough. Bow wow to his master's voice. Stir fry vomit a pan of sugar rushes from the tarot happiness of fool setting foot to final all encompassing digits. One in all in one. Damn devotion praise knee down incense lit light up breathe in smeel her hair the sea shell foam form the kiss caress the writing. Tisme Worcord Tisme Worcord Tisme Worcord died could never die. The eternal secret, so easy. Too easy. Just a scramble. Fried eggs make me sick, first thing in the morning. I was a drifting wreck, a nightmare raven albatrossing aeterna shores. So much light, years and years, I never begged but dark to come dashing down then shame! It came! Spread over the face, after all. Never could bag a sex scene. Just a build up, glorious shaft, pretty little flower and then the gun goes off. From the first sentence—the dream sentence. A play within a play. An act within an act. Remember the gun? Chekovian after all... cannas cape it, no. Not me. Just the mice and the wire and the cheerleader knocking in and out of her fucked head. Split egg sidewalk. Oh, to sick again. Through and through, to sick again. Stir up. Then he caught the horse, we watched as he trained into the distance down the long path to oblivion called Palladin. Train track walkin and whistlin'. Nostalgia an industry. The game of flash before you eyes. Every lover a Hitler. Joker in disguise. Too many comic books after all. But what's more than that? Well, I had a cat once. Got me in a Fritz. A killed fucker too. Right the arrow to depression, straight yes man? No, sir. Not a dime on me, and the Revelation of Sant Jordi behind. Nor revelation revolution now. No words, just slop the old bucket down. Kick this Burroughs, a send back. You hear it? Your new fix, fag. Fuck. The lilies opened, closed, and moved the same cat tails became powerful. Purrful, all the girls in their lither games and the girl herself. Never knew a woman, but I sure screwed one Samantha Lithe, how she writhe. Across the bar room floor. Baguette. Magic Marker. Stop. Bull runh, rushing head Daisy and

the other mouse. Kick him in the shin. Oh, so he wanted to be Mickey, now, did he? That Blockhead. We're all Charley Brown. Jus' the same ol' lus—lush? Why she never agreed to become such a thing. Lost herself to the back rooms, the deals. Give me the eye, I get you a drink. Pretend like ya wanna fuck us. Sink down low, hope the juke plays my tune. Let the reddecks be, Earl, I tell ya. Han' me another roun'. I'm sleepin. Charley Brown! Yak your sax back to the max man. Open up some rapid fire poems, you sphinx. I never tell them what I Sphinx, just giggle and laugh. Hope for a graduation. Could hear it now, the jumble of what everyone loves, the you are so cool if you like this too, but if you understand it more you are better. Layers under layers. That old lie. A wise beard once said, be careful, in the last analysis, reality may be exactly what we think it is. Anally, sis. That kind of blues. Anally. Reality. Anal reality. Attention to the detail. Have another drink. And a 'nuther, and a 'nuther. Slump down low you forget the diving board. GOD DAMN IT, BUILD YOUR OWN FUCKING WORLD. Don't you see? She looked at me across the haze. I was about to lay down the real rap, when some fuck came in and asked her to dance. Everytime I get enough courage. Don't you see? It's the sharp knife surgeon drag of cigarettes. It's the brain death experiment. It's letting it all drip dry, the come you coulda used. I needa blast it out in words. There's nothing. Nothing out. (The best way to communicate—she said). Ha, the best way? What did I feel, then, Lorca, as I fucked her in my mind? Could you ever know the touch of the crazed woman as she finally lets forth her ecstasy. Better than your flowers and spells, you mage.

Ah, but not better than Cordoba.

¡Ay que la muerte me espera,
antes de llegar a Córdoba!

Córdoba.
Lejana y sola.

But not yet. Only the end, the scene seen before hand. The must go, the all end. Could only be so far from Nevermore. But not then. No then, now I dreamed to life the wake from dream and stirred the goddess—ah, push away the Olive Girl and the Garden Girl—and the spit of a thousand gassed kikes on Samantha Lithe. *La Roja* descended back towards him, angel outstretched arms, forever the flittering. The fancy of the butterfly blasted towards the grove, and the long hard shit of the real. The toilet of truism came a burderning down. Are you my Angel, some queer once asked. The bananas never were, but here lips, the dying scars—they were the canyons The Pen lost drawing himself in towards.

