

Abject Horror of Objects (ELECTRIC DELIRIUM 1.8)

by Jamie Grefe

It has become necessary for Rosaline to re-examine her life. A flutter of static brushes against her body, an emanation from the outdoor screen projected onto the rice paper: she is watching a show about remodeling bathrooms as kitchens, chunks stuck to the mirror, kitsch on her face. Was there a fight? She is deep in the contemplation of how to remodel her life in tiles of idealism. Her knee itches a humanist itch. Red dots. Slugs. Pressure. Grey pulses electric. Glue. Phone calls have been missed. Letters unsent. Silence, again. Rosalind calls and calls. Eight texts from Rosey. A tweet is tagged, chirps from Rosea unsent, deleted. Rosalind sent a letter from infinite. She's adrift on the Atlantic, wearing nothing but words. Fabric is stuffed in bunches under the door. A broken box of dreams. Green envelopes mean loss.

Tonight, they are all bored, waiting for the next performance. It is necessary, at times, to be bored, thinks Rosaline. Boredom, as a state of mind, as a way of perceiving the world, covers the world in drops of itself. They drip slow. Vacuum. Medication. A leaf blower soliloquy. But, it was not long ago, nights ticked by, disgusting walks down the headlight shows and heads drenched in cola, white in the glow of clubs, strip malls, coffee shops, alley or bathroom brawls in the scrap metal feast truck of an incomprehensible city. They were always building something. He was from Morocco. Rosea scratched her name on the bathroom door. Her pet rabbit burrowed a hole, a grey home in the concrete sink. Time groped her by the hem of the possible and she felt she couldn't continue. But, there was Rosea, trusty and musty in the bedroom, arms warm, saying, do what you

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can, make it so what you can't becomes what you can.

Rain shall arrive. Rosey streaks through the city, dragging a flooded umbrella. Live a life where what you do is not defined by what you can do. She puts out the cigarette on the sofa. Somewhere, a van crashes. The girl smiles a headache grin. Her name is Rose or Rosemary. Particularities abound. We've known each other for awhile. Rosalind is skeptical, but when confronted with skin, her skeptical tendencies turn skin-tical and pinkly in the glow of her own armored mind. I'll ease it out of you. And, tonight is a dark like you've never seen, a mind transformed by necessity into a predatory madness for more.

Rosey is reading Lao Tzu again and the mother of all things (definitions kill, but we are all killers, she thinks, no way around this), the way, the path, the light, the doubt all cease when the teevee is stomped and burned in the backyard: hoots and drawls. It's a ritual of ecological significance. They've buried the beast with the hope tomorrow their lives will not stop with the possible. It is time for the impossible to fuck their minds into the future of what can't be done, but what will and, most importantly, what should be done or ought to be done. There is no should in the way a tree breathes, a voice says. This is often forgotten. Let's not forget it, the girls say. (Where's Rose run off to now with all those books?) She's left her things.

