

# Very Short Stories And Pictures Of Ducks

*by* Kevin Army

ducks6

Charlie The Oxen had a family band for awhile. His wife, Greta the Oxeness played drums, while the children, Hermes and Nyquist played bass and guitar respectively. They were called the Micronesian Skiffle Swingers, and they played at several local charity dance events, most notably the Evening For A Cause at the Erstwhile Arena in the Dell Orchard and Hot-springs Resort.

It was there that Charlie really cut loose and danced a jig for a record 26 hours, much to the awe and delight of the various Oxen, Waterfowl and Lizards that had been in attendance. "The soothing motions of Mr. Charlie's refined jigging led those in attendance through one of the most peaceful mass sleeps in our recent history. This reviewer isn't quiet sure how this fine boned Oxen will ever top his masterful performance, and I, along with many others will wait in eager anticipation to see how that is accomplished."

Unfortunately Charlie never felt he could live up to the critics expectations, and feeling that having done the best he could, it was time to move on to better creative pastures, though he is still waiting for the inspiration as to what that will be.

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Zulig had been teaching one bright spring day, when an earthquake hit 2.79 miles from his classroom. He fell down on his right shoulder, and saw it as a sign from God of All Things Earthen. He went to the hospital, got his shoulder relocated, went to the bank

to sign away all his earthly possessions in one singular liberating moment.

Just as pen was to join with paper, an aftershock hit 1.17 miles from the Second National Bank Of Much Interest and Intent, and he fell once again onto his right shoulder. This must have been a sign from God Of All Things Bankable, and he quickly rushed to the hospital, had his shoulder reset again.

Zulig proceeded hastily back home and fell fast asleep. He dreamed of wealth and snow-capped mountains in the spring.

He slept very well that night.

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Yserba lights a candle in the hallway of her dreaming. "There is nothing here to illuminate but for the space that is." The candle flickers onto images stowed and disconnected, things once lost, swimming petulantly within the confines of these pathways. These things distort, reappear and connect, Yserba views a breaching point of all the passing objects. "These things are the space."

Quickly and slowly, she reaches into the void between things and space. It feels like a cold fire, if that is even possible. Still, this is simply her reality, a place she rests and walks through, a place believed and burning, searing and soothing these inner streets and sidewalks, these gardens of all things trusting and truthful.

"The distance we come. To here. I stand in awe sometimes over this." A speechless wonder sets in, an enthusiastic silence of awe and something else, something not unlike a disagreeable contentment.

*This is my ocean, these are the hard won tears of purity and earthliness, of grace and distilled love. Love of the eternity, of the moments we walk through, the loving and very painful hurt of our daily sustenance.*

I passed her house the other day. The candle still burns, seen opaquely through the side window by the maple tree.

leafandlake

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