

AK (excerpt)

by Matthew Temple

Well, after that had to come the part where I killed him. So we had to run him back against a tree, and Chipmunk had to get real scared because he thought my vagina was a gun. So I pulled my P30 out of my suit and showed it to white anus boy and he squirmed on the stone even more than before. Walked backwards on his hands alone! He thought I was frightening, and I played up that part of my self and showed him the frightening parts. The part that brushes my hair back with the tip of a P30. The part that places the face of a gun into the face and body of a boy. He had to come to terms with that. He had to come to terms with having a gun stuck in his body and his face. It was difficult to come to terms with. After all, he had just lost his virginity. That's a lot to deal with on the same night. So I reared back and told him that he was going to die, and he didn't like that. Chippy-chip seemed surprised, even though we had been playing the dying game all this time. I started throwing away identifiers like "punk" and "pussy" and Chipmunk thought I was insulting him. He needed to believe that I hated him. Instead, I convinced him that we were together in this, and that he could hold the gun if he wanted to. But he didn't seem to want to, the way he was shrieking with his helmet off. And I told him he never should have taken it off and he kept asking me if this is what made me happy and I told him that I didn't think I would ever be happy like this, not without a transformation. Very difficult to find one when you're looking for it, though. Very difficult to watch a shrieking boy hold his face in his hands and beg my auburn head not to do anything stupid. Very difficult for a skinny anus boy to come to face with the idea that he was going to die, and die right then. That was difficult for him, I could see. So I asked the sky and the trees to help me explain. And they stood still. They explained to him that it was natural for him to die and I don't think he understood them. They were speaking gently in the colors of dusk. And they spoke without moving a branch. There were no leaves moving. And we bargained

with the trees. I had nothing to say, but I did my bargaining, too. I bargained for what would happen to me afterward, and I bargained that there be plenty of books. I bargained for whiteboy that he have an easy time of it, and god-bless, he did. It went quickly. It was PACK! PACK! like a dart in the forehead, with ample wounds to the forearm where he was holding up his hands so he wouldn't get shot.

But he got shot in the face. And I couldn't help him. So that was what happened. It was a very calm and a very simple moment. I reeled back and I pointed at him and I pulled the trigger, twice.

PACK. PACK. And he reeled backwards, and that was the end of his life. I had planned it from the moment I met him in the supermarket with his penis. And I knew that fucking him would loosen him up, get him all calmed-out for the big event. On second thought, I would fuck him again if he were still around. Probly should have used him well before I did it. And the p-boy producer affect was that he pretended not to be gay. But I pumped his asshole with my finger and I knew otherwise. I could see how he liked that. And I tried to imagine him with a costume on and what he would be. Maybe he could be our fox, as we always needed a fox. But he wasn't moving now, after he had unfortunately got shot, and I was waving the gun around above my head like a mad woman and the chipmonk was unfortunately crying, as he hadn't expected the anus-boy of getting shot, even not in the face like he did. So I lifted the producer-boy's face in my hands and rolled his neck around, and the chipmonk hugged a tree and maybe his penis was hard, I'm not sure. And I thought back to the FLASH! FLASH! of a few seconds ago and I wished I could see it again. But after a moment is over you have to let it go. PACK! PACK! I popped him. POP! POP! There he went.

And he wasn't squirming any more. Which was sad because I liked to watch him squirm. I reached around and touched his asshole again, and the chipmunk was hating me for this because he said "Don't do it!" But I did it because there wasn't a reason not to and that was not a tragedy as the c-monk seemed to imply by his actions near the tree, scratching and clawing his self at the bark and seeming to think he was a real chipmonk who knew how to spell. So

we had a disagreement about that point, and I knew I had to prevail. Chipmonk was getting too anxious and I wished I had something to give him. Something that starts with a K. Or maybe a C. Some medicine. He could have help with his anxiety if he had something. But I had nothing so I gave him nothing and turned around the anus-boy again and let his anus go, because I was done touching it and he was done letting me touch it, now that he decided not to move. And he lay there very still, and I knew that he would never move again by himself. And I knew that I had done something bad, because I had read about it in books. And the chipmunk was mad at me, because I had surprised him very badly with the gun. He had thought I was innocently playing with my vagina underneath the costume when instead I was thumbing the red pistolgrips of my Heckler-Koch P30 in the dark, near where I have it velcroed to my leg. Inside the bunny suit. But I surprised him when I brought it out. He saw that we weren't playing altar-stone anymore and once I shot him especially the chipmonk knew that the producer-boy wasn't coming back and he didn't miss him, because he didn't know him, but it hurt his eyes to see that much blood and it hurt his ears to know that that pop was a bullet to the brain. That would be something for him to think about for a very long time. I would make diagrams of it later, in the hospital, and show them to the nurses, and they wouldn't understand what the diagrams meant. And the chipmonk screaming, little bitch. Double-spelled, and blinded. He was a simple monk. Didn't want to have blood on his face. And I stopped holding the p-boy in my arms and let him lie down on the leaves. And I went to the chipmunk with my gun and he thought I was going to do him next, but I wasn't going to do that. I said, "Chipmunk, what do you say to that?" But he didn't have anything to say. He had screaming eyes, he had liquid coming out of his mouth, and was very white, clutching his mask, gathering his costume up from beside him and I didn't think his penis was hard anymore. That'll teach you to jerk off while someone is getting killed, Chipmonk. You don't want to get caught with your hand down your suit when I pull out my P30 and clock a producer in the

head. And I might do that at any time. There is no warning. PACK!
PACK! That's all the sound you'll never hear. Bullet through the
brain. And chipmonk screaming to the tree. You wish I would shoot
you, don't you. Or maybe you want to do it yourself, because
somewhere back there I kicked into action, and my dreams became
a p-boy on the ground with blood coming out of his brain. That is
all. That is the final moment. I have become what I wanted to see.
With fear. With fear coming out of me. I read nothing of this in my
books. Had no prior training, no relevant schooling, and I didn't
need you to show me what to do. No one can share this with me
except you, chipmonk. In our strange way, you and I are the same,
and I can keep you closer to me than anyone in my classes. Even
Brauch. She understands my thinking mind. But she doesn't
understand the total mind. There is a thinking mind and there is a
mind beyond that, a total mind that touches and breathes and
slithers and feels. It is that mind that rubs against clothing in the
dark, that knows what something smells like, that makes animal
sounds. Shrieks. Knows the feathers of a hawk. Finds oneself
behind a bar in downtown retracing the steps where a murder
happened—where that guy was beat to death because he was gay, by
some idiotic-ass Dayton rednecks, but you find yourself in that alley
because you want to be one of the things in the dark, one of the
things that stands behind all, below all, like the bottom of the ocean.
That's what I want to become, what I am becoming. There is a
simplicity of language that is needed, that I can slip into, that I
love. That is where I live. In the animal sense. In the silver slick of
oil, that surface of gasoline, that thread hanging from the fabric,
that ball of hair that is underneath the passenger seat of my car, the
snakes in the woodpile by the river, that is where I am, in the
fingernails of a vulture. There might have been someone screaming.
No: there was. And I told chippy-chip to leave, and he did, he went
to play ColecoVision, and I told him: "Take your helmet with you."
And he did. He gathered it up and scampered off the way he had
come. Had come to the woods for a show, had gotten one, left. Had
misread the program and there were events there he hadn't planned

on seeing. PACK! PACK! Bang and he's gone. Chipmonk startled.

Like: "What?" Oh my. Little Miss Fun strikes out again, this time in full color. Little Miss Fun goes BLAM BLAM! Little Miss Fun invites you to a show. Oh, oh. And then aftermath. Aftermath. Aftermath of final dusk, of turning into darkness, of mosquitoes coming out and spinning, spinning around the base of my costume where I carried it, collecting on gray fur and the pale hairs of my arm, drawing a little bit of blood and drawing it inward with syphon syringes and tiny mechanical blurs, where the dusk takes shades of orange out of the sky and it's only blues. I had to dance with a whisker in moonlight, follow fairytales to a pivot, and even then there were no classes, no remembrance that could take me out of having killed a man, punched him in the brain with that tiny hammer. PACK. PACK.

That was all there was, and I had to leave him, couldn't go back, had to tell chippy-chip to run off his own direction and find me maybe on the other side, with sequins on a Hollywood walk, carry-home prizes from the schoolyard, and it was all recess from then on out, no teachers, no one watching, just big, big, black sky. Every star is possible. Every hole is deep, so, so deep. It just kills me to know that we killed someone so invaluable, that someone so small and so simple could die. And could die by me: who is nothing. I was brought here to do nothing, nothing great about me, and this was what she wrote. She wrote me into the waning woods and took me in a moment of brilliance and I had sad, sad strings over and over and into my grave. They said AK, AK, if you want to come here, if you want to come to Antioch, you have to bring your A+ game. If you want to run with the big boys. That's what they said. So I brought my A+ game.

