

STILL NO WORD ON WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CREATURE'S GOLDFISH

by Tyson Bley

Innocent victims know
their tonsils. Or know the sound of their
forceful removal.

Their mangled beauty is the grain that has gracefully substituted
all the limb-hacking.

The creature used to have a friend whose gestures were very
harmless,
and were meant to be harmless; they wouldn't harm a thing but
inadvertently lead to eye-gouging sweeping a ridiculously wide
perimeter.

It made the creature realize, looking at the casualties of its
friend's clumsiness,
that people indeed stumbled through life like so many wrecked
puppets.

Through Texas the creature had swung its sex tail. Thick and
hairy,
it splashed and pronged, its insanity honeycombing the
landscape,
something subterranean about the creature's movements,
whether now
tiptoeing or now plodding. Or just standing still trying to

make out shapes in the distance.

But choking on a heady mix of humor — the taste reminiscent of the creature's herbal supplements festering into some sort of gastronomic petrol orgasm.

Its tongue a cactus glazing over.

And regularly also inflicting other, pretty mundane skidmarks — consisting of a multitude of semi-transparent mutilations, digital blocks underneath which the victim feels claustrophobic. Wearing a TV game show smile.

By aid of a horse shoe.

In this miserable weather system — boy,
the polymers of the creature's sweater!
Like soup eating itself, its noises'
hints of monstrous depravity.

No wonder the creature began to melt all over.
Like a wounded animal sitting in the shade of a tree,
huddled and taking pleasure in licking the oatmeal
dribbling steadily from its pituitary gland. Hypertrophied head
and feet.

Speculating whether it was the same tasty excretion that
turned the creature's goldfish's pelvis into bubblegum.

The creature decided no.

