

IN(EX)TERIORS  
EX(IN)TERIORS

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“Seemingly all languages  
have onomatopoeic words  
for the noises that animals  
make but we do not always  
agree on the sounds we hear.”

## IN(EX)TERIORS

Marble eggs balance sides on a scale. Bathroom light left on. Ceramic faces parenthesis a painting. The painting, the statement, the phrase, the words? Arrange meant. Of the faces: seamen mostly. One Scotsman with green tam-o'-shanter. Is he regulation? Ruddy cheeked as gin tan, or healthy flush? Brick blocked chimney, "too much work." Newly papered bathroom with recently redone floors glossy glow hums night light in shun soft as library hush. Cabinet wood buckled by heat/moisture. "He didn't leave room for expansion." Pussy willows dwarf statice in a corner pot.

Circulating overhead fan. How does one approach limited time? All in semblance, or as much as can be supported.

Gold framed water scenes with fuzzy dots for boats. Loud car softens into distance. Intransitive verbs=NP VI (Adverb). Sponge paint splotches dot walls. Friezes wrap rooms in simple shape patterns: squares, circles, triangles. Dog paws face in half scratch abject frustration. Sighs, collapses to floor in loud tathump. "Can I? Use your phone for a quick, local call." Working for church outreach elderly care, compliments azalea hedge's horror movie red blossoms. Bloomed early this year. Earliest I can remember. "I'd never met a man named Bev 'til we moved here." Have you met so and so yet? Works with what's his name, right? Flowering stretches come into full view as she turns shouldering cordless to ear.

All from the head makes an empty basket. Just get over it and get it over. Shaky around the corners. Nibbling on the black. Living on the black. Hoping for a pitcher's ump, a forgiving strike zone.

Toward sleep. My father's age when I was born. Strange to think as such. Can't sleep. Intersection insomnia. 33 and nothing to show. Notebooks? Pushed to the surface. Foregrounded. Shelf space occupied but not fulfilled. Ground swell. Yes and no. 42, once married, three kids. Lineage as appeasement, or punctuation.

A reminder. Semi colon as half breath or indecision. An inconsequence. Circular breathing. Period for full pause. Relief. Whole note. Then coma is a full breath, or quarter breath. A derivation. No. 21, no job graduate, living with parents. What to do. A deviation. A future in plastics. Only in choosing is an I am. This arrangement of words. Is encryption to who's judicial branch? You. I. We. What else? Who's to say?

Memories. I am here to an inconsiderate size worth. But what's the rub? Significance after the fact. Editor. A gist. Grist for the mill. Meal ticket. The go to. Where the bread is buttered. Wanting the rock in crunch time. Here a margin ends, and this sentence unfinished.

Wake sheathed in slimy sheets cling saturated skin feels as used mouthwash would. Contents. Keep out of reach of children. Piss foams into Santa Claus beard or Sally Army bell ringing imitation thereof. Wrapper crinkle.

Wax hangings, paintings almost, depicting castles. Fuzzy moccasin soled slippers. Mind delineates, assembles toward sum coherency. Bit by bit sembled. Cut and paste formulation. This. That. The other. Another. And other. Piecemeal. Soon to resemble. Pastiche. Gouache? Collage. Goulash, or American Chop Suey, crushed crackers atop. Or buttermilk cracker comfort food. "If dishpan is too low set it on a box." Happenstance. Inaccurate as dreams would lead you to make believe. Dreams obfuscate. Time warp battle tested. Too much within reality. Too little without. Unresolved realities visceral. Terms emptied out. Tray upturned. Unbalanced equation. Imaginary numbers. Game theory. I hate binaries too.

Tug of war over whose to eat. Swing vote vied for. Overcooked vegetable mush. Hush you mockingbird. "You like cauliflower?" Inflection implies suspected answer. Daddy's got nothing but lint to buy. All from a can. Old cookbook with taped spine, metal hinge binding, and Technicolor illustrations offering kitchen know-how, "Have sink, work table, counter tops at height that is comfortable to eliminate strain." Candid can do attitude. Punctual. Stacks of romance novels piled high at night stand. Recreational fiction requires its own location. Sea heaves bosomy.

Don't you cry dry eyes? Canned laughter prompt implied. Heart in my throat. Mane of beau-hunk hair. Housewife wet dream generalization riffing. Wrestling team or Viking? Who reads this stuff anyway? You'd be surprised.

Nightly news during dinner. Anchor named Stone. Gastro intestinal commercial. The little purple pill cure-all. Acid reflux best seller. Muffled litany of possible side effects. Anal leakage is not a side effect. Table for four. With or without? Tit no grit.

Crimson candles thin and fat, bookends on a mantle.

Full to third capacity. Then again some. To an nth degree. Fire code infraction for an umpteenth time. Swell to a second L, a third hump in my first M gives me mom mumps. Below zero. Ice cream sandwich just before bed. Ice cream sandwich in bed. Ear infection radio fuzz. Late night distortion. Unable to dial it in.

Chimes/birds vie when waking. Ceiling fan stealthy as a got the drop on Mitchum gum-shoe. To pump gas in a small town and fish your afternoons away! "When she came around it was like school let out." Mute attendant steadfast. All in the delivery. *Out of the Past*. Symmetry pervades décor. Soft cough from neighbor's. Livery license plate. Stifled snuffle. Can ribs be broken suppressing a sneeze? Or is that, it'll poke your eye out logic? Line drive knuckles. Official scorer's rethought decision. Questionable error.

Another wives' tale? Monk's, "That cat's nuts." Were they asked gone? Gas fire of fake logs pilot always on. Gunked up. Knick-knack overload or shelf horror vacui? Downsize. Pewter Last Supper as a possible impaler.

Family heirloom painted over. Lack of sense. Not making it. Passed on. Passed away. Thrift store score. Inheritance. Thanks. E: all answers apply. Bells of bronze tasseled rope. Whites yellowed from cigarettes to faded newsprint hue. Get off your ass reminder.

The pope, Santa Claus, and an astronaut in ignored joke structure.

Walks clears minds. Trees shadow X-ray roads. A distracted start...painting called something or other. More often than abstract, depiction credence. Paint pushed around like someone who owes you money. "C'mere you," in Bobby Milk slow mo mug. Soutine's fervent steaks. Khmer Rouge. Glob and cut overlay. Beautiful butcher meat where you been all my life? Equinox. Yearly Encyclopedias. Spatula. Commonplace losses gravity (to be expected). Stone anchor unturned. Plan-odd-soul-essence. Did you mean planned obsolescence? Personalize. Excessorize. Chiseled chin nonchalance. Isthmus to island hairline. Glass jaw. Things known inside and out, back of the hand familiar. Jangling chime. Waved to the neighbor as he passed though pretending otherwise.

Pistol permits.

Pistol permits shooting snakes. "Mr. \_\_\_\_ in light of your outstanding military record your petition for a pistol permit has been approved." Various forms, not always unpleasant. Implicit analysis ignored. A belly to earth is as hunger implies, an artistry. A gene from sea coral to zebra fish. Acknowledged lift. Mowing lawn in NASCAR hat though never interested in cars. Demographic casualty? Not so simple luftwaffe. NASCAR is the most popular *sport* in America. Left turn. Left turn. Left turn. Connect the dots for war lore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth to this continent a new nation conceived and dedicated to the proposition of the old in out. Over the top. Left over. Buzz the hoi polloi with a fly by. Numbers add up. Chin music natter. Own the inside corner. Move him off the plate.

21 across, a four letter word for snatch...grab. Basket of fake violets as table centerpiece. Judge Judy dispenses. Pinched blood bloated tick bursts oily ooze. Former raison now remnant flushed. Coriolis force, false. The push-pull in the basin, true. Washed hands. Even textbooks get it wrong.

Seamstress knowledge bestowed. "Better long as a kick-skirt with a slit up the side, or shorter? I'm going to wear it wrapped at the waist, like so." "He broke in and took illicit photos, the prosecution maintains." Air conditioning. Clothing line. Options paralysis. Counsel with furrowed brow. Sped along. A monster

truck pull for high school sweethearts. Sixteen with two-year old daughter. Do the math. Hubby a long gone daddy. Stomach bull-frog yowls. Long legs. Local lingo.

Hiccupping bark from dreaming dog.

Lying on kitchen floor linoleum coolness. "It's sticky out," pinching shirt from chest as illustration. Barefoot, skin peels from linoleum as an individual cheese slice from cellophane. Offers newspaper delivered every afternoon. Sits outside and smokes. New he different from former who he was. Now hear this. Who is this? "Revenge is So Sweet" sports section headline, looms over Car Sales, "We've Crushed Prices" in broken granite font. Everything included for return. Arrangement implies a presence, continually fashions a memory. Incessant naming of things. Listing for a gist. The limits spelling a context. Situated amidst. Formed cohesion. Sentence fragments. Framework. Dangling participle. Part and parcel. Construed connection. Passé simple. Broken English. Of two minds.

Selves on shelves. Bookshelf revelation. A who we wish to be in reductive summarization. A come to Jesus to sort things out means little for headway. A powwow nonetheless. Gas man in denim shirt waves, stops to say something. Smiles. Nods. Continues. Television steadfast backdrop drone. Continues. "Dash Says Sell it FAST with a Daily Herald Classified Ad." Grass stained gardening gloves raised to face to avoid photo. Continues. Chocolate cake beneath Tupperware dome, flakes of coconut on kitchen counter. Earl Tupper born in Gardner, MA. I got umpire tan.

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Jacks or better, trips to win.

Pilvius Ave. Brambles into gullies. Rubus Idaeus and Rubus Ursinus. Raspberry and Blackberry "pricker bushes". Kingdom-

phylum-class-order-family-genus-species rote. Thatched fence. Rusted truck in tall grass ball field. White H's flanking fields, old school double bottom goal posts. Dogs' tongues hang languid as fly paper. Fantasy Island on Classic Television Station, "Smiles everybody smiles." Into wishing. Rapid Coat Joint Compound. Fantasy is other than, not equal to. Fantasy gives memory the reach around. Wished for but unwanted. Older women outside "Rec Center" practice lines, trade puffs of shared smoke, one smiles. Newly minted double chin glistens a sweaty shine. I'm not going out like that. Dialog tips. Intuition derivation solicited. Vernacular.

Yellow glass fish, upturned tail, lower lip as pedestal. Tan or flesh colored clay fish beneath television.

"That's the sizzle of southern hospitality."

It never gets old.

Get over it.

Cracked sidewalks tufted with bleached grass. Eaves with contrasting rows of shingles. Jaws of life. Gaudi balconies. Doors with elongated oval windows. Reconditioned stools with gray/green alternating stripes. To dwell. In the body. Tan carpeting. Television cabinet needing knife to open it. Incarnation. Urn at door's threshold, cloth lilies. Overweight security guard wins over perfume sales lady. Silicone lipped. Red suburban stolen at gas station. Bad wig and silver handgun. Get him warming phone call. Situational lefty. Clock in each room with different times. Southpaw. Dysfunctional convergence glimpses back to forward. Better now than before.

Synopsis (from dark humor shelf): draws a gun on other man, chained to bed by dog collar speaking on phone with kids about vacation itinerary. She gets the drop on him and other, delivers coupe de grace in ingénue voice. Sofa feathers cascade in ensuing maelstrom. Leaves town in red halter-top with new n'er-do-well, leaving globe paperweight (presumably) from one of previously mentioned, on the curb. New life for reoccurrences.

Dog toys strewn.

Birdhouses: Open at 3 am, Welcome, Fruit Store Open at 5 am, Strawberries Open on (yes on) Dusk, Post Office Open 7 am, I Love You, Mill Open 5 am, Fruit Store Open 5 am, Beer Store Open 5 am, Welcome to Frog Pond, Fishing Lodge Vacancy, a pagoda, a doll, flowers and picket fences, moose with nest nestled in rack, pig with nest between ears- both with entrance through nostrils.

My father's father said to him, "I know I've seen your face before, I just can't think of your name." Memory lost before I knew him. Have you seen my...? Misplaced. Middle name sake. Would rather dance than eat. On his belly or on his back for the day, lunch tied to his ankle. Mine foreman. Mynes last name.

Does memory loose its legs? Fade to a blip. Flat line to itself. If so, where to? To remain. Dusty shelves. Synapses misfiring. Un-accessed. Attic? Archive?

Hutch with crystal dining sets. Oils, beans, and pastas in differently shaped bottles, various colors shining through glass. Oval mirror. Wicker basket with seed packets, watering can, and heart, "A garden starts with loving." "Farm Fresh Eggs 25 cents a dozen." "Fresh Brewed Coffee 25 cents a cup." Include it all.

Pistachio painted bricks on one half with freeze of barrels, wheelbarrow and flowers. Second half heavily varnished wood, dark knots noteworthy. Forest green mugs hang from cup-tree. Only decaf, No-Salt, and I Can't Believe It's Not Butter (reminds of restaurant's hand written, now-a-days required by law, "We Use Oleo" sign taped to menu board). Turnip, onion, pepper, radishes are small potholders hanging by wire. Cinnamon rolls, peach cobbler framed recipes with illustrations. Flecked pastel colors of counter top. "A Mother's Love is Always."

Is memory a muscle? Use or lose. Worse fates than no beginning. Origins speak to what? Use of loose. No previous how to end. Ineluctable nostalgia avoided. Time less. Do you steal sugar knee squeeze. Each moment relieved. Long term second short term first.

More in memory relived. He was one of a kind, something else.  
“I’ll turn your nose up to rain it.”

“After 40 it is a matter of maintenance.”

Turned 40 last year. Sitting in abandoned truck bed, cap and knee high socks, to avoid ticks. Dog in arms, one ear bent. Spring is flowering dogwoods, unfurling ferns. Summer marking time.

“Every flower is a soul blossoming in nature.”

“Joanne,

Joanna,

Jo

From the Hebrew meaning, ‘God is gracious’ She is a wonderful organizer who loves to feel in touch with nature.

Her family is important to her.”

Fruit basket: brown freckled bananas, oranges with navy PLU stickers, apples, grapes. Banana bread in cellophane. A melon, a yellow flesh (sweeter) water melon, tomatoes, lemon chess pie resting on a dryer.

“Chess is like a custard.” Brim of hat obscures eyes, smiles thoughtfully. Salt of the earth type I’d like to believe. One never knows. “Do you work here?” It is likely unsafe to go outside your own mind. Circumstance safe in circumference.

“The kitchen

is closed

due to

illness

I’m sick

of

cooking.” Basket with three folded afghans, one of green-orange-black combination. Convenient cover up for jack off back when. Marble grapes with lacquered wood stem protruding. Metal lidded beer steins filling another hutch, or “shrunk”. Purchased in Germany. Too much wine on boat trip down the Rhine. Coffee table detail of alternating crosses and embossed circles. Top is flat

stones glass encased, pebbles filling uneven jigsaw spaces. Nutcracker soldier pecan in mouth. Doesn’t work so well. Tough nut to crack. Rocker back with draped blanket. Plates: Rembrandt and Velasquez knock-offs. “Friends are life’s treasures.”

Heirlooms. Burdens? Chachki. Joni loves Chachi. Erin Moran with Scott Baio in Jefferson High light blue sweater large J insignia. Chachi Arcola, Fonzie’s cousin, introduced in 1977 season. “Don’t fret none Virginia, long as I’m sheriff of La Grange, ain’t nobody gonna hurt cha.” Band named The Fawns. Murphy bed fall out. Shirley Fenney in a bikini. Sandfly lift. Frieze is of diamonds. Heavy ashtrays overflow candy wrappers. Waves from lawn mower. Sputters and turns. “Two dogs all the way.” Leans into turns to strengthen stroke weakened arms. Slumped posture.

#### GRANDPA’S STUMP GRINDING

Yellow watermelons have thinner rinds. Keep, but don’t ship well. Farmstands only, not in supermarkets. Variety: Sunshine. Lower germination rates, though not as bad as seedless. *Propagation with Vietnamese* your wintry mix.

AWESOME GOD’S BOOKSTORE: NO JESUS, NO PEACE, KNOW JESUS, KNOW PEACE. Old storefront flaked white paint, LANIER HARDWARE: EVERYTHING IN HARDWARE. Mosby Ave. Dog pinballs off wall at end of leash. Repeats repeatedly. Butterfly iridescence jewels red roadside clay. Cautious. Great spangled fritillary. Caution yellow. Bright blue. Nabokov was an expert lepidopterist. Ali was an expert rope-a-dopist. Ring-around-the-rosy dog growls with each full tilt pass of well worn path. Off key national anthem.

Dogs in window. Waves from porch. Smells of fish-fry.

Brimming cupboards nuclear fall out shelter worthy. Canned goods several rows deep. Inherited depression era vestige on display. CODE: DOUBLE ACTING BAKING POWDER: CORN STARCH, BICARBONATE OF SODA, SODIUM, ALUMINUM SULFATE OF CALCIUM. NET WT. 5LB. 2.27 kg. CODE YOUR

KEY TO BETTER QUALITY. Red and maroon diamonds, white lettering, white dot within O of CODE.

“Doing things you ought’n do.”

“Momma brought it to me.” Steeply pitched aluminum roof ends over porch. 10 runs before the first out is recorded versus eventual series champs. Year later flip flop. Gourds for birds. “Is it his need for attention?” House secluded by growth of disheveled hedges. Not just so. Hairs outta place. Wrap around side porches. “They’ve got it right.” Texture won’t come out in a disposable. Car in clearing sunlight fading on high, butterscotch streaks green tree tops. Honeycombs. “We’re not making a Western.” “What is it then?”

Not depression glass, too opaque, not as translucent.

“Interesting to see a history in paintings,” offered as he passes behind. As we look. As we were. A knowledge of moustaches. John Steinbeck looked good in a mustache, but few do. Await a phone call telling differently from what’s expected. Plates with painted purple orchids. “Isn’t she talented?” Four single windows on a second floor. Dog chewed rug remnant. “Throw it out, I don’t want her to see it.” Lemon chess for breakfast. Ice creams for lunch. Starting shot out of a cannon. Crabby by noon. Psychotic by two. Build up to empty calories meltdown. Finally, thunderstorm. Soaked head to toe. Shoes squish squish. Rain outdoes television. Dog barking thunder. Shorts last on clothesline, now wet again. Faded coke sign on white cement blocks. DOOZIE BOAT LIFTS.

“I think so, right?” Wait and see off-season.

Aquafina twelve pack. Bug crusted windshield. Ten speed wheels spin from rear of awfully named land rover. It is not the lack of ideas but the lack of patience for ideas, “need to have a sit down.” The desk of another place. Another pace. Occupied space. Space is the place.

## EX(IN)TERIORS

Yellowish curtains with bands of browns wrapped in gold cords of rolled ropes beneath sheet white under curtains with ornate embroidery. Public high school chip on shoulder stick-to-it-tive-ness. Eveready “I dare you” persona. Acqua Velva face slap invigoration. Preparation at the batting cage, Yastrzemski and Rose. Somewhere thereabouts if memory serves. Pale walls, several large framed landscapes clustered, various sized water scenes.

Vases.

Pronounced that what.

Pastoral scenes. Is it mount-ten or mount-ent? Blue leaves with lighter blue delphiniums. Ornamental grasses. Squat wax candles depicting English hunt scenes. Roast beef. Bad teeth. World’s End bartender crush. An old cop who the inspector thinks is crazy, “Here me out on this one.” Ceramic figurines: male in top hat, female in bonnet. Slug & Lettuce disappointing beer selection. Double-decker daze. Crouch End.

“Are you involved in a lesbian love triangle and want to make a decision?” call the number on your screen. Do you take orders?

Plum pansies clothly to touch looking nearly actual. Again pale golden straw? Pilsner blonde. Fluted glass allows nice nose. Big Nose Blonde, re. Straw high backed couch, four cushions wide. Macramé pillows: squares and wheels, some patchwork or quilt draped afghan, white. “Does eyebrows beards mustaches nose hair...removes embarrassing hair.” “Hare Today Goon Tomorrow” episode. Every Sunday from this very morning carpet. Land of the Lost. When television was furniture. Immoveable. Scalloped widening lampshade, a deep saffron, or pale mustard, shaped as a bodice.

Chair matching couch in color, style, shape. Couch 50's futuristic trapezoid angled end tables built in. Deco red-black tweed. Miss Money Penny. Short pin legs. I picked that one out. Black and gold felt bathroom wallpaper, embossed steeple shapes. Brindle or coarse leopard skin pattern of glossy lamps with gold crosses resembling jacks, intersecting centers, shades circular then conical shaded stripes unevenly cross thatched, stitching at top and bottom. Faux fire place gray bricks with same useless nutcracker. Urn and implements, figurines, and vases atop mantle forming symmetry with end wall. Painting positioned just above, flanked by quaint snow scene plates.

"If we restore this to the plan nature had the water will restore itself." Fondness for yellow.

Given to yellow.

Tending toward yellow.

Slouching toward yellow.

Fake roses, glue beads as water droplets. "Don't make me chase you old man." White squares on ceiling, watering can in corner. Fans whiney so. Others shudder. Reality for both: little air to breathe. Piggishness. Right side round. Backside slide. Through mouth of half chewed food, advice. Woman in wheel chair with straw hat. Food Court proposal, "that way everyone can get what they want."

Vickie Flowers. Piscali LaForest. Tammy Champagne. Lori Bessey. School bus namesakes. Dick Dutton (bus driver) knew nothin' about those in the backseats, 'cept what the rearview held. Withheld. Captions burped in bus window frames. Hardscrabble Road. Military Turnpike. Fatima Street. There and past six pack plus strong. Pinch between cheek and gum my ass. Conditional license. To work and back only. Patty Mike. Beach nut. O'Connell farmhouse beside out of commission bridge. "It's a wonder we never..." Parasite scar on eye from forewarned about scungy water. Rusted range visibly below murk. Car chassis. Dive shallow, or jump further out. Dumping ground. First aid prevention. Oxbow lore. Amy Layhee. Dan Chauvin. Mackey

Miller punch line. Later later wins lottery. Or former. Stills fill memory. "Aren't there better things to do with your time?"

Call them what to say. What is common to our lives? Memory. "Remember the time...?" Is memory common?

Here in yellow flowered sheets. This house known through and through. This disappears within a given time frame. New thoughts precedent disappear with me. "Let's get lost, let's get crossed off everybody's list. We'll tell the world we're in that crazy mood."

If memory serves, present returns the volley. Magazine rack, refinished banister once was red, "took me three years to refinish that, can you imagine what it would take me now." "The drama of NASCAR is back!" Dark brown carpeted stairs. "Can't do half as much as I used to." Seams of face. Eye corners crow's feet. Sliders or "putchins" made by: boiling short ribs, skim the surface grease, sprinkle into flour, roll flat, add to fricassee-like thickened gravy. Chicken in glue. Dumpling texture. Late life religiosity.

Living room carpet matches resident poodle. Poodles have hair not fur. Fanged under-bite. Fanged under-bite? Stalactite. Stalagmite. Fragmities. Hutch with more figurines seen through glass doors. Painting of woman playing piano: blurred impressionistic strokes, white and gold gilded frame. A second painting: Mexican waif holding sombrero over green poncho bulbous doll face doe eyed bold rouged swashes for a smooched nose. Offensive caricature or defensive struggle. Language as such. In a manner of speaking. Higher register pitching duel. Three bells on rolling pin doorbell.

Thinner banister opposite refinished banister. Bookcase at top of stairs:

Reader's Digest condensed, The Scapegoat, Farewell to Valley Forge, William Diamond's Drum. Lavish hardcover wraps encapsulating full color dramatic scenes. Large bible, Rembrandt edition. Various Penny Dreadfuls. Metal hamper beside bookcase. Shag blue carpeting throughout upstairs.

Iconic Mary atop bookcase. More mostly landscape paintings. Winter beach scene with unnecessary gulls. "Down by the sea down by the bay there is a quick and easy way you say before you illustrate..." Real gulls, bits of ash in ribs of clouds. Stand alone metal closet with mirrors on outside of one door. Full spectrum of metallic colors. Memory's fobbery. Stand alone shelves. The limits one is inside of. Written toward resonance. Soil underfoot pretense. Context. It never gets old. Contractual obligation. Does it ever leave the shelf? Rule of first circulation. Artificial yellow zinnias on misplaced night stand at bed's foot. "I need to get up a decent hour tomorrow." Radio or buzzer? Envy Zinnias an el dorado green.

Various era dressers.

Some with mirrors. All well kept, maintained for years. Some pine. Some maple. Haywood Wakefield waterfall style. Welcome to Gardner, MA: Furniture Capital of New England. Rusty Bumgardner is a prospect. Rusty Staub was automatic in a pinch role. Turner knock-off of Venice waterscape with open thatched frame, XXXX replicating chain link repetition repeated. Smaller Sunday best straw hat on doorway, long dangling ribbon. Bygone era long since bypassed: church, garden, starched shirts and floral dresses, sweating in pews with hat on knee. "I have sugar now, need to watch what I eat." Haberdashery. Again the walls a very pale yellow, almost off white. Wooden refinished door casings. "Have to prick myself twice a day." Fond of veneer. Lacquer overload passed to ensuing generations. Coats on coats. Hinges on dresser are linked hearts ending in straight lines resembling toy soldiers.

Velvet hanging: water falls white shadowed by black forest ham of all my dreams. Eisenstein homage. Unadorned crucifix beside two lamps shouldering mirror of dresser with purple fringe at top and bottom of shade. Second velvet hanging: mountain snow white shadowed in black with green garish trees...looking again at afore mentioned velvet hanging...has same garish green and muted browns. Mute, hamstrung. Fake flowers in wicker basket beside doll on nightstand. Stillborn. Spalted maple headboard with prominent grain. Another lamp with purple lined shade, a diaphanous tweed flattened pyramid base tapering not conical like

others. Third and fourth velvet hangings same save one with rust barn. French Canadian generalization? Second door with similar sized hat, this one with (need I say it) fake peach and white roses.

Poorly painted cat considers cantering butterfly. Sloppy paint insinuates shaggy fur if given benefit. Sputter link. Wall mirror hung with various grained wood suggesting it is of three separate cuts. 404 error. 856 field. Z 39.50 interoperability. Portable card table, flecked black and tan top. Knock down purpose pitch. Dust off. Now the outside corner knee buckler?

Second door hat makes me think: Creamsicles, doilies, cotton fields, collard greens. Why? Ham hock and butter or balsamic vinegar. Again dresser flanked symmetrically with two lamps. Detail oriented. Chamber music dance number. Glass bases shades blue wrap around ribbons/sashes inverted conical branching out toward base in waves.

Garish chic replaced by economy commonplace.

Silver hand mirror.

Ornate silver glass tray. *The Shape of Jazz to Come*. Booger sugar apparatus elsewhere. Superfly intro for instance. Comb with silver inlay. Depression era values. Chair. Dresser with keyholes in each drawer. Painting of barn, fence, river reflection of similarly colored trees, white birch in foreground. Birch-beech dyslexia. Birch is not beech. White birch, sleek beech. Beech nut gum. Fruit stripe. Boxes of individual one serving cereals. Cinnamon toasty Apple Jacks. Dum-dum lollipops in plastic cup behind a counter fronted by dizzying yellow stools. "Is it ok to give her a l-o-l-i-p-o-p?"

Classy lady/glassy finish. Unflattering introspection. Unintended as such but considered. Cynicism and nostalgia sittin' in a tree... Bathroom mirror. Hairs on the shower wall loopy coiled shapes. I spell your name. Shapely cursive. Write at night. Cooler and alone. You never read it. Masking tape mound. I did this to myself. Connie Mack cut out on wall. Why not John McGraw? Not as gentlemanly. Three left fielders is not fair. Ball State alum. Turpin was a space eater, but a pro disappointment. No ups.

Unfinished plywood walls. Bandbox bedroom. Who blinks first impasse. Double wide upbringing. Converted trailer.

Second painting on far right wall. Room is again yellow to peach more orangey than others. This painting: abstracted dirt road in foreground, water in back, trees oranges and greens plus one shadowy black in right foreground. Thick clouds a mauve band atop. Aforementioned brush strokes Stanley Spenser akin. London gallery: once full hair, small town beer purchasing moustache, real ale, Trafalgar Square night bus route, black and white silhouette leaning against pillars arm outstretched, "yes he's thinking." "End of the line, love."

Puddle Town Tom and the steel rail. Coal soothed building, half washed economics. "Wallowed and chewed his spicy hippo plankton food." Wollsey Road, its broken buildings stop the heart short. Be still my bleeding heart. Lamp with wooden base. Understated white shade bold trim peeking through. Baby blue curtains. Final dresser with ornate handles, crucifix, and eentsy mirror atop in wicker rings. Bent wood above tissue box in macramé slipcase browns, oranges, and whites.

"The Mayor of Cadyville" circles the firehouse driveway. Brown bike with flowered front basket. Noon siren twice as test. Phil Beesaw crew cut. Expanse of blue eyes behind Foster Grants. Pocket protector prominent. "Tell me how blue my eyes are." "Like cloudless skies." Baseball cap always. Incessant hiking of same brown pants from huge buckle. Raucous laughter for everything. Grandfather's phone call when casting lines and leaving port. A porter's companion...ale.

Over the bed light blue beaded cross outlined in lavender purplish pink corralled in embroidered circle fine details beyond mention. Though I just did. And you guessed it...pink roses. Pictures of grandchildren. Various sized paintings. One still life. Flower vase. Voyeurism? Remembrance? Depiction. Transposition. Transfiguration. Transylvania. Blue 2 Lake. How now brown cow. I blew Newt. Wedding photo of first marriage. The eyes have it. Say it. What do they say to you? A history.

Retrospective assessment affirmed.

Calling her dog from the top of stairwell in curdling voice. Finitude. I never finish anything. "Is there anything you's want?" Blunt bluster. Pencil sharpener. Connectedness to what? Fourth and long. Choices. I'm here, aren't I? Hall and Oates hairstyle. A little looser curl next time. Food, conditional love's currency. More? "You eat like a bird." Stranger to the land of wicker and quilts. Quick kick. Doll sits on stool as broody hen. All these landscapes? All these landscapes. Water in nearly all. Contrived bucolic. Flowers and foliage: reeds, pussy willows, leaves...

Tell me something more...

What else? Milk from a specific super market. Name brand, not local. "It lasts longer." Ubiquitous For Sale signs. Abandoned houses with overgrown lawns. Once maybe. Now not on your life. "I get so son of a bitchin' mad, when..." Restaurant of many years now floors warped from neglect. (I want to write regret.) O the flashing star! You're losing steam. Now landfill fodder. Still blinks in my head, in my heart of hearts. Truckers weep to only Applebee options. "Jack of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds I cry." No fricassee like Jock's Lunch. On buttermilk biscuits. Silver milkshake machine. Orders held by clothespins. Wood paneled counter. Baraxo soap dispenser.

A Jelly omelette.

"I miss the people the most." Can't it any more? Forgotten of me. Why can't I? Ergo ergo. Economics really. Squeezed out. Continue what I am repeating toward a purpose. Cold facts keep me in place. Walk from the beach for fries. No Shoes, No Shirt, No Service. Beach closed local news interview, grandfather at front awning leaning on cane, "It's hurt business a little, yeah." Too many onion rings per order reprimand. Seasonal removing of outdoor entrance. I know, no longer.

Is compulsion an arrangement? A right of first refusal. An aftermath recoup.

An attempt for acquittal. From one to the next, implied progression. More personal abstraction. Evolving into a regression. Nor depiction, nor reality for that matter. Matters

what? What matters? What not. Notwithstanding. Where-with-all. Altogether. Matter of fact. Deciding the grammar. The personal is abstract. Who is, marries who did what to whom. Why do you think that is? Cuticles flaking. A declarative statement. But an incomplete sentence. An interrogative inverted. Thoughts are phrases, rarely sentences. Coherency inherent. Blips. Blood is thicker than Andy Gibb. That shirt was too tight, but cute as can be. “Christ if it was a circle and a bunch of empty space you wouldn't ask me what it was.” Where then memory? An editor. Fried on cylinders. This beside that. Phenomena fixed. Chicken fried steak. Sentient present, presents brought you by. Push them back after a bath. Inter-textual interoperability. Idiomatic.

An abstract is a synopsis of an article. By gone era by golly. This within that...toward that...after that. The same general space occupied. Ontological. Scaffolding syntax. On a wooden leg for twelve hours a day. The acorn after the fact. Naps at noon. Tapping on wooden leg with plastic hammer, “Fix this for me, would you?” Whatever she wanted, he got. Real-imagined-constructed-interpreted. (Within)/Without. Beside one another. Passed on by circumstance, change meaning never personal. Beside the point. “You just have to get used to change.” The fact of the matter. Different times passed by. The same way no longer. Essential information in the bylines. “That was one motherfucker I never did like.” Held onto within, but having to go without. Present, if nothing else.

Streetlight through screen of opened window apparition of whitish shape in distance—sheet on a clothesline?

“One of these days I need to get organized.”

Alabaster laughter.

Unscripted horseplay.

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