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He Was Saving the Poets...

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He was saving the poets. . .

He was saving the poets. Above him on a rock he could see gun muzzles dripping blood, smoke. One tried to run from under the ledge and fell, shot, water and tiny fleas spouting from his eye. He shouted, he held out his hand which seemed like a book. The man under the ledge was saving him, pulling him back under the rock, dragging the poet, it was easy. There, there, he was saying to the poet, to calm him, stuffing wads of pure cotton into his empty eye. You will lie on this special pallet I have prepared for you, he was saying, it will help your back problem. There was now more noise, as if artillery fire had commenced. When the man looked up he saw that scaling ropes were lowered down the rock face. To weight them, sausage and cheese, huge, the kind he remembered hanging in the delicatessen where mama met her lover the magician. A long, paraffin-coated cheese bumped in and out as it pulled down the scaling ropes which, now that they were closer, looked more like wires, the thick wound lower note wires on a piano. The poet was holding the wet cotton to his eye with the palm of his hand. He was angry, he was telling the man he had no instinct for form, he was telling the man that content was the real enemy, he was telling the man that in his next book he would make that enemy bleed. There, there, the man said, happy New Year to you my friend. Very soon now there will be blood sausage to eat and goat's-milk cheese too. He asked the poet if he had ever played the piano.

George Chambers