

A Seven Chapter Novel

i:

christ do you really read all the poems written today these years all of it alike even mine a few men come crunching along john wayne gun blasting and the saloon clears out pretty fast when there's going to be some action and the killers get down to business.

ii:

some chapters are dedicated to fame and some to glory and some to women and some to men and some to books and some to poets and some to waiters and some to automobiles. this one's dedicated to john sanchez.

iii:

when we captured the supermarket we put our pears and apples in one basket and the eggs in another and if mr perkins sells apples for 6¢ an apple how much change would mrs wiggins get if she bought 5 apples and gave mr perkins a \$3 bill?

iv:

john sanchez i knew in the fourth grade and not before and not after and i loaned him nickels when he didn't have any which was often and i used to sit next to him down the left row near the back window where when he wasn't looking out into the back yard he was drawing World War I bi-planes and then started them shooting at one another until the paper was covered with pencil lines and heavy black circles to show explosions and john sanchez wouldn't see mrs aimes the dark-skinned white haired witch with long lethal finger nails coming down at him with her bony arm in rage, john sanchez was just into that war scene pencil and paper shaking away his face his nose touching the paper and his mouth singing away with noise vroomm boom eeeeeaaaaawwww brauaignlgaloga-glog boom boom boom.

v:

one time i looked between a girl's legs in second grade and another time in first grade i finger-painted and it turned out all the colors all together just one big dark bluish-grayish-brownish now that was really something and in kindergarten the alphabet soup and having to take a nap afterwards on those cots and nothing whatever we did nothing made any sense those first three years now why should i have thought it was going to change and before i was even in kindergarten i remember the hurricane.

vi:

his name was mr harder and he was wearing a gray, seersucker suit with stripes and his yellow soft straw hat and it was that hot summer somebody fainted and i was running across the street to get candy at the hills' store and he was in the big old car coming like a shark's mouth down the street he was going to the baseball game his one pleasure in life said he didn't have children a baseball game the pelicans a minor league team they tore down the ball park years later to make a motel with swimming pool and he didn't see me running in front of him unable to stop in time suddenly lying in the street and when he carried me back to the house a block away it was still hot and there were wet spots on his suit i could smell them as he laid me on the sofa saying still saying oh god oh god all the way down the street and into the house saying oh god oh god but mr harder it was only the leg and it's healed up fine and i can run and dance and play football and tennis and even though i never saw you again i want you to know i am all right i'm all right my life has been growing good and lucky and there was no need for you never to go to a baseball game again.

vii:

this is where the novel ends.

21: From Termination Journal

the world outside my window tonight
is in the shape of a woman
the world outside my window tonight
is in the shape of a woman
i can hear the wind
i can hear the leaves
at the door
scratching like a cat
to be let in
the world outside my window tonight
i could hold her for centuries
i could hold her for centuries
my face against her face
my chest against her chest
i could hold her for centuries
the world outside my window tonight
is in the shape
of a beautiful woman
i could hold her for centuries
i can hear her walking
i could hold her for centuries