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CORRAL OF ANGELS

The throng sparkles and shifts, white robes and yellowed wings, heavy webbing jostling. The chute is swung back and one stumbles into the rodeo: a paradise of dust.

Tobacco is chewed like muscle. The stands go haywire. This one still has its sword, freezing the light like a leaking halo.

Buck Primrose mounts the back and hoots and spits and rides for all we're worth bouncing between the heavy wings.

The Angel is a big mother, trampling, champing, layering the air with its blade. But by God, it's being ridden breathless by Big Buck.

The damned thing's so worn out, one wing won't fold down.

Buck gets a 26 for staying on, a 7 for grace. The bigger angels huddle at the back. Their time is almost up.

FACTS ON FILE, JULY 4, 1947

The day they deactivated Shangri-La I was born. My father was selling beer at the fair, and flying flapjacks were sighted in Idaho.

I've looked it all up cold in the Library. Also, Morris Levin died a blind baseball fan and authority. And the British commuted death to life in prison for 3 German generals. And Eisenhower warned. All of this is known and filed by date "to present the truth no matter whom it hurts" It can't hurt me it happened so long ago. In North Dakota a tornado took eleven. Boston was a game out of first.

These articles are to "tie together the host of inter-related events and to show the trends." My mother cried out at 3:37. Trading in sugar futures was resumed.

SIC

yes, what's come before is intentional/though I regret the slips into mongoloid manners the dull Zulu jokes the drunken references to dildoes in public places/I am deeply ashamed of the non-sequiturs in serious conversations/the eating of raw onions at the poorest times/all of these are regrettable but as purposeful as the flight of the peregrine hawk slamming into its prey/flipping onto its back at 110 and digging the talons in/ all the bad analogies/the vanking of your male lover's cat's tail my pedantry/the litany even is boring/but sic/it's supposed to be that way/I have left it exactly as it bubbled out unedited/but sic/ pointed out apologized for/even the apologies (italics mine)

> -- Jim Hall Miami FL