

*Kyle Flak*

GOING

The storm cloud hovered above me.  
I rode all night upon my rusty little unicycle.  
Spits of rain and thunder fell like coins upon  
my weary head and the pavement tumbled below  
like a treadmill that never ends. Someone said,  
"This is the best two dollar movie I have ever  
seen." Someone said, "I hope the killer does put that  
hatchet inside his skull." Someone said, "I think this  
is what they do to the children who get lost  
at the zoo." I could feel the scenery beginning to  
grow tired, I could hear it gasping for air. So I said,  
"Soon it will be morning. Soon I will no longer be  
afraid." The crowd laughed and laughed as though  
I had just said the funniest thing in the world.

## SHOE

A shoe found its way into the president's house. It was only joking. At dawn the next day, still no one had found it sitting on the sofa with a magazine. "This is turning out to be a piss-poor joke," said the shoe. He got up to make himself some stew in the presidential kitchen using radishes, milk, trout, and a hambone. Just then, the real cook walked in and startled the poor little shoe, "Mister President, whatever are you doing making your own stew?" he said. "I have discovered that I am just a tiny, tiny shoe. A shoe without a home. Now, just walk away and no one gets hurt," said the president, both laughing and crying into a glass of spilt milk.

## CELLO

Because I had no talent, I had to stay up all night practicing my cello. The "music" sounded like a rubber mannequin trying to commit suicide inside a pencil factory. The neighbors, they stared wide-eyed at their ceilings the whole time, knowing for certain that something truly sinister was going on in the house right next door to them. In the morning, I greeted them kindly and told them it was all just a bad dream--"there are no mannequins in this part of Iowa" and lugged my corpse of a cello down the road inside its enormous black case. Thud, thud, thud.

## BEES

1.

Bees eat cheese and watch TV all day. Someone told me that once and it's not as though I'm "laughing all the way to the bank", but that would be nice. It seems that checks large enough to evoke sustained hilarity are rare these days and one gets them only through an excessive degree of patience which reduces the likelihood of laughter in any case. Well, that's not stopping me, though. Extermination is so joyous to the ones on top is why I'm still going strong. Let me give you the lowdown on my gym routine:

530 AM: 800 knee-bends.

645 AM: brief popsicle break.

646 AM: jogging on corduroy trousers for exactly one hour.

746 AM: extended brain-rub with modern brain-rub cream from "the mall."

Etcetera, etcetera, and so on. . . .

The enemy must not know all the hairy and not-so-hairy details of my preparation. There is a war on the horizon and it looks like a little baby

nanny-goat: Bah! Bah! (You know that the bees are winning is why you're scared.)

2.

In the wind, I found a bee.

There is so much wind, though, that it hurts to look for him.

I will not do any of his looking, but my looking requires success-- my target must be known to me and me and me. Me

three! Oh, how one self grows so boring in the country mist but never in the missed country. Remember mother's ham and

egg biscuit with mustard, onion, mayo, etc. sandwiches? I am never lonely thinking about

them, looking for them, wanting them. But the

damned bee. He is not filling in the least. He could not suffocate himself, even.

3.

I am Bee, hear me roar!

I play canasta on Wednesdays with all the girls from the Coca-Cola  
plant on Monrovia Boulevard.

Once, Cindy lost her shirt. We had to get her a new one, although  
we play "just for fun."

Dice are fun. Let's see: what else is fun? Not roller coasters.

Not double-espresso

mocha cappuccinos with cheese. Sometimes wheelbarrows. Never empty  
hat-boxes, though full ones are nice!

Beatrice Dorothy Wittenborough, at your service. My name-tag misses out on  
so much. Like the time I chased bees at the apple orchard or was it a  
cherry orchard? I found out what the things you love  
can do to you. Do to you when their kind of  
love doesn't involve teenage kisses directly on the honey-hot

hive they call a "home." Humbug! Humbugs are different. (I  
shouldn't have mentioned  
them at all, not here.)

4.

This is the best way to bee. I mean "pee". First, you  
go out in the woods after midnight with a bunch of boys you don't  
know from the Academy. They will have beer and boxes and cigars and  
cardioverters. No, not that last one.

Let them touch you where you can't be touched. Let them hold  
you when you don't even want to know them. This will  
enrage your father and help you to move on

to other interests: camels. What about them? How about them? They can go  
for longer than you'd think without the joy of water. They can  
look hilarious in wool sweatshirts. They can go potty all by  
themselves. And don't think that's not

important. It's not. But I want you to know that you  
know and then forget that knowing matters. Growing matters  
are entirely different. Leave growing to the pros. Like Albert Groustalf--he  
has grown bees in his basement for years and no one knows about  
it. Not even he! (This calls for a glass of iced tea--or better yet:  
sun tea! Yes,  
the sun can even make tea now!)

5.

Bees are elusive. No they're not. They're only joking when they do that. I tell you, I have chased a bee all the way to Sante Fe only to find his family waiting for him with some excellent "hot dish." It involved "tater-tots", corn, cream of mushroom soup, etc. The "poor guy", he wasn't lonely at all. He was a real estate salesman and part-time sharecropper. He had a beautiful wife and seven daughters who I couldn't tell apart from each other, though they were all quite "breath-taking." I had suspected him of "patheticism" only four days earlier on the "dusty trail" and in a fortnight I would be asking for one of his daughter's many metatarsi in holy matrimony. Me, a baby beluga with no home at all. Even spiders have not seemed more glamorous.

6.

Legs are interesting.  
Or, well, sometimes interesting.  
Debbie has some, enough.  
I look at them through the glass of what once contained our peaches. She is pretty. Pretty as a peach. But not to eat. No. Mom said not to eat bees. Beautiful bees. Ah.

CONTRIBUTOR'S NOTES  
From  
*THE SWEATER VEST QUARTERLY*

DUKE WENDELZORF ate some pie today and maybe now he'll go ahead and have a little--just a little, mind you--nap before Jim comes over with the prostate medications and a newsreel from Beirut concerning the "fog they've had lately near the more popular sewing stores." He likes cats, eats cheese, rides bikes and plays with his pet penguin Gary at around noon every Tuesday. "Nobody has a larger collection of vintage microphones than I" is what he goes around saying these days. STEVEN BLURGO owns several pairs of stunning dice manufactured in Wales. Some of them are sparkly, others not. He goes by the name "Blurgy" in many social sets and enjoys a great variety of noodles ranging from the tiny, nearly microscopic "bean vermicelli" to the robust and hearty "spatzle" egg noodle of Germany. We sure hope he doesn't drive a Lincoln Town Car-- but, yes, he most certainly does. BETTY doesn't have a last name. We tried to find one for her, but at the last minute it got stolen in the Saint Petersburg subway system. Did you know that the Saint Petersburg metro is the 16th busiest metro in the world? We didn't either. JUNE PETERSMOUTH is the Dutch accordionist you've been hearing so much about these days amongst the more "hip and with-it crowd." We know that she has five pet dogs called Simon, but as of yet, she admits to nothing. She has been lollygagging around London for some time now and hopes to continue doing such. LITTLE TIMMY, BIG TIMMY, AND REGULAR-SIZED TIMMY are the three rather muscular rodents currently occupying our office space in Berlin. We like to think of them as "friends helping us along to a brighter and more pleasant future" but so much of what we do here is stuffy, arrogant, and completely irrelevant to the "world-at-large." Please say "hi" to the three Timmies if you catch them nabbing crackers from the HQ break room any time soon. We do love them so dearly.

## ANYTHING

Imagine a fog. Imagine a pop-music so thrilling  
your  
ears fall off. Imagine Popeye getting  
stronger  
everyday, strangling Wimpy with  
what  
can only be a rare spinach  
wrapper  
that only he is strong enough  
to  
use as a weapon. Imagine Goldilocks  
making  
pudding for three bears who  
lack  
identification papers and probably  
are  
on the run from the law, looking  
for  
anything to be used as a "distraction tactic". Imagine your  
dentist  
making a new version of teeth that can bite through  
cars, office  
buildings, those giant Dutch windmills you often  
find  
on calendars at elderly  
care  
homes and little locksmith  
shops  
on the edge of town. Imagine a square, a circle, a parking  
ramp. Already, the  
herd of vacationers is coming to greet you.