

Mark Cunningham

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I said her left hand looked smaller than usual, and she said it was just a sleight of hand. They said they didn't care if it was spelled "telephony," it was still a science. Our model is for educational purposes, so it's OK if it's shoddy. The study found that the central nervous system is an exception. She said, "everything is the result of contingent perception and the 'truth' is an invention," and when we seemed skeptical, she said, "I'm *not* making this up." They tried to teach him to spell "gestalt" phonetically, so he started out, "j . . ."

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Thank goodness for the Afghanistan and Iraq invasions: goatees have finally gone out of style. He said we needed some common ground, so she pushed him out of the way and stood where he'd been standing. If I controlled myself, what would happen to shareholders in privatized prisons? Who's thinking of only himself now? Before I left the room, I gave the sociopath a gun and reminded him of Rimbaud's claim that "I is an other." Dear Ronald Reagan: missiles, okay, but there's still no defense against George Lucas.

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She accused us of being a “standing wave,” as if we’d get out of our chairs for something like that. While she sat around doing nothing, the photographs developed. Dear Doc and Snezy: I can’t sleep if my nostrils are going to whistle when I breathe. He said that since fabrics retain DNA indefinitely, they could chill out about all that “dust to dust” stuff. Dear Indian-Giver: Hah! We didn’t really want the Indian, anyway.

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She said she knew a lot of Kaitlyns, too, but the sociologist insisted she came from the Age of Brittanys. Information theory, lesson two: if you stare at anything long enough, it will disappear. To try suicide and fail—what a blow to your self-esteem. One is less than never. Dear Universe: blogger not impressed.