

THREE COLLABORATIONS

(w/ David Young

FLYING

The Right Brothers invented flying which is not strictly true since they had watched birds first. Later they invented the stewardess and the vomit bag.

As they grew older, Orville would turn to his mother and say
Now are you happy?

Billiard Right's left hand deftly removed a corn cob from his brother's orifice. It was 'lighter than air.'

The Right's mother, the former Mary Loose Myth of Denver, abdicated her position in a sudden seizure of umbilical tug.

The two boys lugged their lolly to the lake and set it all afloat.
"There's no way I'm acceptin' money for doin' this spiritual mission," spoke Bill, dropping fivers into the Bay.

A piano was drifting downstream past the big city where freshly-mugged people were standing by the banks with bloody noses. Coal Porter was a young guy working on the docks and all he wanted was to be free and earn a billion dollars so his Great-grandchildren could go to Yale.

"By golly!" he shrieked. "Look at those ivories! I think I just found me the elephant graveyard!"

Without further ado they all set out on an incredible journey which was destined to take them into the jukeboxes of the greatest Kosher Delicatessens in the land.

HITCH HYPE

How did all this blood get on the Silverwear? Who the hell has been bleedin' in here. Let's cut out the smalltalk and get down to it.

Actually Julian has exzema. He bleeds on his sheets. Actually I fucked her in the hammock; we were kind of 'breaking it in' and she was on her, you know, period; and, well, I. . .

We fucked the night before she split, the bloodstains she spilled lasted for weeks. I don't know how else to tell it. And now this one, in her rage, whips out a tampon and flings it against the wall. And I frame it.

This puke here — on the carpet — did that come from one of *your* mouths? It looks like corn to me. Who had corn?

Were those brain cells on the energy drain? I thought I told you not to get into that kind of shower!

But there's nothing else!

In the long view of history everything turns grey and starts walking all over your vision. The rods and cones become defined as delicately as the hairs on a rabbit's back.

"Hey, Marvin . . . the rabbit's back!"

The Cakra, the place where people meet, the soft place, the rabbit's back. Lie right here on this fur rug rabbit's back rabid backs. Our escape hatch from the rods and cones, this place where we do the sloppy Australian open-mouthed crawl on top of one another.

In the back room the smoke-filled card-players smacked queens on their backs. Edna 'The Rabbit' Milton pulled the ace of spades from his big toe and shouted "STONED!" and everybody fell on the floor in a heap.

*

HISTORY OF POETS: BENNY GOODMAN

Benny Goodman was too old to fight so they holographed him onto the front lines. Slides of cows on the slaughterhouse floor. This was one thousand years after the invention of the bottlecap.

Weebe Yeats had tobacco spittle all over his beard. It was Sunday morning and he knew he was going to be famous. Yesterday the Saturday Evening Post had called to commission a poem on Tuberculosis, and last week the mayor's wife had beat him off in a public washroom.

"Ooohh, Ahhhh," thought Weebe, "think I'll go to Florida with the TB money . . ."

Mrs. Yeats was crazy, crazier than a jaybird. She croaked like a leopard frog every morning upon rising and Weebe would write it all down, being careful always to note the frequency of her croaks.

Weebe was into systems. He was obsessive about the veins that showed in his forearms. Algae 'Swing' Burned, neighbourhood drug fiend, had finally turned Weebe on to cocaine, and there was even talk about a little Mary Jane among the rye. Everyone waited for the nod from Bert 'Pee' Russell before they harvested the crop.

Billy Breaker and his odd wife Ball sniffed the spines of old tomes and considered themselves pure. Billy quickly filled the reference books of the future with his sly remarks.

Meanwhile Hank Ballard was sweeping across the land singing the blues for the Candy Apple Reds. People sat in drive-ins pounding their foreheads against the dashboards. There was Revolution in the air and a lot of the boys were getting bare tit. They had bumper stickers on their Jeeps that said: When bare tit is possible can peace be far behind? Only Edward R. Murrow and Imperial Tobacco knew for sure.

It just so happened that Billy Bob Goldberg, the poor white Southern sharecropper who had clawed his way into control of this tobacco giant, frequently indulged his eccentric taste in a secret collection of antique poets once owned by Monte Ubetcha, the inventor of frozen food. Billy Bob had a huge underground refrigeration unit full of freeze-dried 'wordsmiths,' as he liked to call them. He had massive barbecues down in these vaults to which he invited his friends and political cronies. The cancer scare was on and Billy Bob was nervous.

One morning he turned to his assistant and said: "The ad campaign needs a shot in the arm. Warm up Sir Walter Scott and bring Henry James to room temperature. We'll show those sonsabitches!"

The list of guests at Billy Bob's barbeques was always staggering; as were the guests themselves, most of whom would have stopped on the way for a few tight licks in the back seat with a plate of chips and a MacDonald's.

"Put a little of that vinegar on my bare tit," interjected Mississauga Milly, "I like the way it makes them squeak."

Pete Stool put the saltshaker back on the window tray and reached for the transparent bottle. "I hope you know what you're doing," he offered, pulling down his fly to relieve some of the pressure. "The last time I did this the young lady I was with had just a few minutes before shaved the little hairs off her nipples and, boy, did it smart. She screamed so loud the fat old manager of the A&W came running out from behind a ziggurat of toasters to wave us away."

"Put a little of that Bar-B-Q Sauce in here too," whispered Milly, tugging at the elastic of her babyblue panties.

Pete and Milly were just two people, unfortunately; two blackheads on the big long face that was the modern world.

"A little more ketchup on these fries," Pete sputtered, "and then . . . Hey! You didn't tell me you were on your *period*!"

Milly wasn't listening, she was busily fiddling with the car radio dial. "Listen," she said under her breath; "poetry!"

The CBC was rerunning (for the seventeenth time that summer) John Rubber Carumba's bathtub tapes of Lascelles Abercrombie reading the Brighton Train Schedule. Carumba interrupted, pent up iambicly, every time Abercrombie mentioned the date, with a list as long as your arm of the least important events thereon recorded.

"July 14, 1917: The entire population of Kickeminnagroin, New South Wales, was wiped off the face of the earth by a mistake in addition at the Home Office.

All the Mexicans in Venezuela celebrated the sixth marriage of Jose Gonzalez Martinez'in as many months, this time to a pretty undertaker's daughter with an incurable eye infection."

Milly and Pete began to drift. Robert Frost licked an icicle from his chin and wondered about the Houston Astrodome.

*