

Forward to *Pets Make the Best Victims* by dbombarc@guyadeen.com

The most threatening criticism to *Pets Make the Best Victims* is that it is too flat. This flat reading of the text worries me because it is accurate. *Pets* is an intentionally flat piece. To me, this criticism is like saying Jackson Pollock used too many drips, Damien Hirst shouldn't be such a smart ass, Glenn Browne paints too well, Lari Pittman is too decorative, the sky shouldn't be blue, the stars are too far away. In other words, it is a criticism from outside the context of the piece's vocabulary. But more than being a criticism of the intention/ideas behind the work, it is criticism not even aware of the intention. One would never criticize the sky for the color it contains – unless you're in Los Angeles, the Valley of Smoke – because we attribute the word Natural to the sky. You never ask Why the trees in a forest are arranged the way they are. One can ask How the process of their arrangement occurred and answer with a story of winds and seeds, and fires and critters. But never Why.

Auteur theory has always bothered me. It always seems to me, the more you are aware of the author in a work, the more you are aware of yourself observing the work. For some pieces this is the intention. But for the work I enjoy, I must be able to enter it beyond recognition of the self. In common writing, a without recognition of the self is most commonly invoked by enveloping you in an involved plot leading through the development of some interesting characters through some exciting settings. You are swept away by the creation of a believable and engrossing heterocosm.

If my work is flat, then there is not much space to enter. Yet I still claim that my reader should. So How? Description plays a prankster role in *Pets*. At just the point where enough description is laid down to engross the reader, an abrupt disjunction occurs. Much of the description in *Pets* is written in terms of How the reader perceives it, “You see the most beautiful sky ever. You move your vision high above the ground and only sky remains in your line of sight. Suddenly a giant bird flies by, knocking you miles back down to the ground. You realize the bird was not gigantic, but rather you were just too close to it.”

I am obviously being a bit sarcastic about my own work, but still, I can make my point clear enough with this passage. At no time ever are my words being used in the normal way of signifying. One is not supposed to enter the actual words and commune with what the words represent. On the other hand, I am not just attempting to make you aware of the literal words on the page, “Oh, there he used the word Hello again.” Rather, the words are mirrors. Mirrors that I have set up in various places and positions within the domain of the themes of the story. As you travel through this story, through this domain of themes, you look at these mirrors, these words, and besides noticing that they are mirrors, you see back into yourself. Instead of a curving fun house mirror, here I have set up a mirror that reflects every experience you have reading about beautiful skies. Then you move further along and there is another mirror reflecting your understanding of racial relations in the contemporary united states, but what is most strange about this mirror is that it is set up to also reflect a portion of the sky mirror. “After falling back to Earth, your view exits the head of a young black boy. As your view swings around out in front of the child, you see the bird flying around reflected in his eyes. The glare is so great and his eyes so black, that the only thing visible between his eyelids besides the bird, is a shimmering blue. He must be crying from the beauty he beholds. From the

beauty that he wears on his eyes. Suddenly you find yourself beating this child to the ground. So scared of this awful behavior, you leap into his viewpoint and find yourself looking at a black silhouette beating you down against a beautiful blue backdrop. Since the only face you can associate with this vague figure is your own, you once again raise your view high into the heavens and say to yourself, "I'll wait this one out up here."

The bird flies by again and the residual desire to beat something makes you reach out and squeeze the bird's body from a nice oval football shape into something like an apple core, something flat. You think to yourself, "*Pets Make the Best Victims.*"

**Book One:
This Time We Mean It**

"...or before i have a stroke i will bleed from a single ear. so you can know which way i am going to fall before i die. and put a pillow there. perhaps instead put there a pillow wand. and my death will make it erect."
- G. Bataille

You know, they live in a house made of nasty wood. You come to them in a dream and you know who they are and that it's a bad idea to come to them but. When you look at any two planks of wood there is a space between them. The space of one inch of sunlight. Every time you look at any two planks of wood there is one inch of sunlight and all the other boards are touching. You move your eyes to another pair of planks and now they are one inch of sunlight and all the others are touching. Every time you spin your head around the room you see one inch of sunlight spinning around the room, inescapably at the center of your vision. But instead you have the bad idea of twitching your head sight about the room – looking here, looking there, looking at the center tall from the floor boards to the ceiling, the center of sunlight. And everywhere else dances and twitches unnerving about an unmoving center. And everywhere else is not dark, but down, excuse me, waiting calmly on an out breath) looking at these two creatures and their dog. The creatures are men and the dog is inside a full body cast. Every part of the dog does not need the cast and every part of the dog is in it except the eyes and the inside of its mouth lodged open by a metal rod cast into the cast. You assume your own horrific physics of this metal rod device. The dog is not barking yet. It will scream in ungodly terror in moments and I am not warning you. It is too late. You have already seen it happen. You heard it happen, it was your own fucking dream and now I have to recount it to you. Thanks.

"Wanna see our dog float?" asks one of the creature men. You knew who they were before you came here and you did not want to ever meet them and this is a lot worse than the time they broke into your house while you were home and tore up all your books in your face. You did not expect what they did to that dog.

So you follow them out the plank door that they open and out onto the plank mini-pier that leads out over the ocean on which they live.

Now they are floating in the ocean with brown/tan/clothish band-aids all over their unshaved necks and chins. The dog s floating in the water too, but instead of wearing a grin, it is wearing a cast metal pole and every time it tries to bark

clank
yalhp
lower jaw in ocean guruhgghling water sound
steady high pitched scream like a little girl with teeth instead of
tonsils that a dog cannot make.
These two men suck.

You wake up and realize that instead of hating these two men creatures, they are rock stars. Not you think they are rock stars but in real life, they are rock stars. You were dreaming about two famous rock stars and not in any type of out of place context but they are really like that in real life. They do that type of stuff and they are rock stars. Instead of brains, they have rabies. For real. They have foam inside their heads, not a brain. The foam is not infected with rabies but just is rabies. And they are really nice guys but just monumentally fucked up.

Their hit song comes on the radio and I listen closely as the intro comes in:

The sound of the band clattering to a stop in a live performance and everyone starting clapping. A band member says, “We’re not done yet,” banding ‘done’ in such a way that it resonates a rhyme with dumbass. And then the sound of leaving the club and then getting in their car and driving for awhile while they listen to a tape of a girl talking about how “fucking much” she hates these two creature musicians and how childish they are but it becomes apparent after awhile that despite saying this, she obviously lets them both have sex with her at the same time. Her mind’s so fucked up she doesn’t even notice this disjunction. Right when this tape ends, with frighteningly scary timing, the drive through voice asks, “McDonalds, would you like to try a pie tonite?” and in unison the two creature men yell out their band name, “Cock ESP” and the song ends.

It’s not as big of a hit as their first single that was just the girl talking part, but I hear that they are going to keep it at number one anyway for another few months. Actually, once you get used to the song and can start paying attention to it, like what’s happening, you

realize it's pretty dumb. You kinda see that it's not just like the first one, but also that you would feel embarrassed to sing along to it in a club. You would feel embarrassed that you would sing along with it if everyone else was at a club. Not cuz you want to fit in, but because it feels fun to sing along with everyone. You never listen to the radio anymore. You do whatever you can to avoid hearing the song. You force yourself to fall asleep in order to avoid this wavelength nightmare. You know they live in a house made of nasty wood.

D.discovery Channel: 3040 CE

“This is the greatest record of the Animinhoots© we've ever found. Who knows who drew all these amazing Animinhoots© stories on all the walls. Perhaps a wise tribal elder of the Commercialist Era. Perhaps just someone brave enough to say, “Even in this time of great danger, I dared to dream!”

“Long ago a great comet came crashing into the earth. Its impact was so great that as the air between the earth and the comet compressed tighter and tighter, the temperature rose higher and higher until the atmospheric nitrogen burst into flame. For thousands of miles around, the Earth's air was replaced by fire. For the next few centuries the effects of this great fire could still be felt in the form of smog. A smog that covered the entire Earth, ten times as thick as that seen on the worse days of Mexico City. This collision occurred at the beginning of our last glacial period. So not only was the Earth covered in smog, but also in ice as well. This also happens to be the dawn of man.

“Imagine, our first ancestors lived, day and night, for their entire lives, under such conditions. Yet still they dared to dream. They created the first versions of stories that, through oral traditions and now recorded, are still passed on today. As the glacial period ended, and glaciers would crack open, releasing a deluge that could flood an entire continent, people still dreamed – laid down the rough drafts of the story now called Noah and his Ark. Laid down the opening chapters of a tradition now materializing itself as the Animinhoots©. Perhaps the most magnificent pet-based children's series of all time. The unknown man who drew these first Animinhoots© characters on his bathroom wall was as great a dreamer as our first ancestors. Our tribal elders.”

A.

“If a dog takes a poo on your rug you rub his face in it, right? Well, same goes for a dog..guh then. So don't be startled by its excretions when you grab its flesh, just go ahead and rub its face in it. He'll understand, he knows that it's wrong. He just forgets sometimes.

“You know, dem der den darn animin,n,n,hoots be stirring some type of big type trouble here real soon. I can feel it. They gonna come down the mountain like flood of fire and burn this whole town back into the desert from which it rose. This is a valley of smoke and a city of smoke and I'd been known those animin,n,n,hoots be workin on something feisty for awhile now. That's why I have dug..guh. Raised him from when he was just a youngin. Like he was my own kin. Like he wasn't not animin,n,n,hoot at all!

In fact, raised to hate them animin,n,n,hoots, hate their blood and devour every last thing up. You see, I been feeding him Millipeed Martin Burgers him's whole life. He loves their sticky little ground beef feet now. Personally, I can't stand it. Disgusting critters but I guess if you don't know nothin else, well..."

The visitor breaks in to relieve his discomfort, "His face in it like this? You know, I just can't feel good about this. Let me take him for a walk. He deserves it after having his face rubbed in his own shit."

"Mmm, okay. Best you do be taking dog..guh with you outside. Not safe widout him. Not safe ats all."

B.

"Hey buddy, wanna go for a walk? Alright! See the air is nice out here! And there's animwhathootsyout there whatever's around. Hey dog, you know, we're just gonna go for a little car ride okay? Yeah, go ahead, put your head out the window! Live a little! I'm gonna get you some real puppy chow too when we get home! I can't believe that crazy fuck's been feeding you bugs your whole life! But I don't know what we're gonna do about that skin condition of yours... I guess we'll be going to the vet soon as well."

"Mmm, I've never seen such a bad case on a dog this young before. We can treat it, and his skin will be just fine a few weeks, but those weeks are gonna be tough. We can't have him even moving his skin, let alone touching it during that time. What I'm going to have to do is put him in a full body cast and just prop the mouth open with a metal rod so you can feed him. You just can't keep a dog under for that long. There's no other way to do it. But when it's over, I'll make the cast salt-water soluble, so just take him for a swim in the ocean. At first the salt will burn his skin, but after a few minutes it will be the massage his skin will so desperately need. Better than just exposing him to the air right away."

How to Decorate a Restroom

The most popular theory of bathroom decorating that I have seen is the distraction theory. The theory that surrounds people with flowers and potpourri and the woman of the house's perfumes on display. Fill bathrooms with objects embodying life, sensory stimulants and general feelings of love. And such a theory works as far as the distraction is full proof, but the second you lay your bare ass on the toilet seat and begin to fill the room with new objects and sensations, the distraction is put into a delicate position. For a distraction is not much of a distraction if it fails to obscure, fails to become the central object of attention. But for how long can third party objects commend your mind's attention while your first party butt is so eagerly demanding more? In other words, what do the distractions become when they are no longer distractions? I find it hard to believe that they are meant to, at that point, inform one's understanding of toilet, the event unfolding, perhaps at hand. Even if such an advanced artistic technique is being employed in these whimsical restrooms, it is the audience who performs on this stage and

the illusion of figurative device would wear thin. “Oh yes, this log does feel like a flower emerging from my ass! And what a lovely thought to consider indeed!” or even the more realistic, “What I am creating is not necessarily waste, for flowers require fertilizer! Life flourishes on the groundwork of death!” and I am sure this is what suburban moms across America are really trying to say. Perhaps interior design of suburban toilets is the greatest form of contemporary optimistic existentialism in the feminist cannon. or perhaps such art is just full of shit.

The second greatest theory of restroom decorating is that of self-reflexivity. Postmodern decorating akin to 90’s humor such as *Seinfeld* and Jeanine Garafolo’s “Got my period again today” flagship. These types of toilettes have cute drawings of toilet paper framed nicely, or cartoon kids taking a bath, or in my grandma’s house, me taking a bath, or strange reading material, not much unlike coffee table books, but here small and dainty, covering topics such as, and I kid you not, my parents had this one for awhile, *How to Regain Your Virginity* – although that jumps the proverbial and literal gun of masturbation, a topic I’m not even concerned with here. My point being! that the self-referential theory attempts to embrace/sympathize with the true uses of the restroom, or perhaps “can” from this theory’s p.o.v. At a Hawaiian household I saw some amazing self-referential toilet art. On both sides of the bathroom door, inside and out, was a chart of different meanings associated with different knocks on the bathroom door. Three light raps means, “excuse me, is there someone in there?” while five hard pounds means, “hurry up.” This list had many, much more creative knocks than this. The list was long. But the last one was, “Fuck you, I’m coming in whether you like it or not!” which is accompanied by the door being caved in with a sledge hammer. Upon exiting the “can” I noticed that a sledge hammer rested besides the door outside. Not obvious, just tucked into a dark corner in this out of the way basement restroom.

Although a more extreme example of such a decorating technique, one I would be shocked to see above ground, it still goes to show that this self-referential technique is still a bit of distraction. Be it in the form of cuteness or complete absurdity, they both distract one into laughter rather than the contemplation of the actual awfulness of such a room. The greatest trick the devil ever played was making you think he doesn’t exist? I say, “The greatest trick the devil ever plays is in admitting he exists, and then letting nothing apparently awful happen, just up until the point that you feel truly safe despite his existence,” like tragedy on the news, where planes crash and babies die everyday yet nothing seems to happen to you. So look, look, a toilet is gross, or whatever, hahahahahaha. But never like in *Ice Storm*, that smell when you walk into a restroom is shit particles entering your nose which means your eyes, skin, tongue, clothes as well. Never a stimulation of other mental associations with shit. How could we? We live where we defecate. We have built our houses surrounding our own feces. Animals are called ‘stupid’ for this. If a dog takes a poo on your rug you rub his face in it.

C.hild

“Well, one animin,n,n,hoot looks like this,” and the old man draws a picture of someone crouched down with their knees spread apart. With their right arm, the person has lodged their elbow into their crotch and is pointing out all the way from the

crotch/elbow to the tip of the index finger. As more of these figures get drawn in succession, one on each tile of the shower's inside wall, the only change in depiction is the crotch elbow arm. Always ridged from crotch/elbow to finger tip, but sometimes pointing straight forward, then left, then up, then down, then forward, then down, then right, etc."

He is called the belly's bee and he makes me sick. And he makes a sound like, "Pzzzoot!" It's not as bad as the lightning rod though. The lightning rod is where we get the boombox from. The lightning rod flies around with its metal rod pointing right at you! You have got to battle it with your head. It's the only way to stop it and don't worry about poking your eyes out. It's going for your mouth. It will penetrate your voice and steal your sound. You got to bash the thing's speaker mouth with your ear if you want to win. You get three tries. Now, the lightning rod will be tied by a rope to the center of the arena. Pzzzooting like mad, it'll be coming straight at you at first but soon it will just fly around randomly. Bash it with your ear a bunch, but in the third round, use your hand and smash its metal rod into the Animinhoots©' own head. After it collapses to the ground, you can pick it up and pull its rod out of its head and use it as an antenna, and put your tape in it and listen to your victory music!

E.

God turns on His radio and the hit song from the first full length Animinhoots© motion picture comes on the air.

"I love this song!"

And singing along:

"Sometimes~ when the world comes crashing in~ all I need is McDonalds.!"

"That was the latest hit by Cock ESP! In an interview with them last week, I asked their lead singer why he chose to do a song for the first Animinhoots© film. Here's what he had to say:

"You know, it's not just a great show for kids, it also has roots in our history, the history of our great Empire of White Commercialism. I wish I could go back in time and shake the hand of the unknown man who first drew those creatures. In any case, I hope he is looking down from heaven with a smile on his face. Hey man, your dream lives on without you! Don't worry man, we'll never let Burger King's Black Commercialism conquer this land! Back to the hills Blackie! Back to the hills, right?"

As He listens to this, God sits at the dinner table eating book after book of Pokemon stamps. "There are some bombs that not even I feel comfortable sending. I shall let My body digest them and then just return them to the Earth. No toilet middle man. No fine toilet paper to wipe my ass of this one. No. I will lay this shit outside and let it fall from the heavens, enveloping the smoky valley of commercialism in a great storm.

dirty story

page one

She's totally masturbating like an idiot. Not sexy at all. Just complete, unrelenting, self-indulgence; and totally, in its pathetic way, all ego. Face that looks more like a cartoon character after they get hit in the head with a frying pan and starts seeing little birdies and thinks, "they're cute in a little baby sort of way." Panting.

The dog walks in the room and all like says, "Hey, missus taludor!" before even getting through the door. Then suddenly he's like, "Oh! Missus Taludor! Are you oka... Oh my! You're not doing what I think you're doing?"

Missus Taludor hesitates, or perhaps doesn't notice, for a good thirty seconds, then turns her head and, in a bit of a pulled-together sort of way, says, "Oh, Rexul... you know you like it," in such a bored way.

"Well, I guess I should appreciate the free show."

page two

Missus Taludor's struttings through the wide halls of her home look like something out of Dynasty. Versachi. Sublime in the form of conceit and sin and tons of riches. Malibu. Creatures that live for nothing but emotion – for every other concern is not to them. Olympian gods. Striking female make-up. Bronzed flesh for eternity.

She throws herself on the couch, exhausted from masturbating, and grabs a copy of Elle magazine. She opens up to the middle and sees an ad for an AIDS-charity event, sponsored by a big designer. The ad sports some not-famous but beautiful model. Missus Taludor jolts her mind angrily, "Using sex to get cash for AIDS? Might as well go

page three

all the way and totally forget about defending AIDS carriers' dignity. Set up a phone sex line to raise charity money, all, 'AIDS victims need last FUCK now! Call these eager, wet girls now!'

"Oh, please stick your dick in me, I'm gonna die soon and all I want to do, my last wish, is to make you moan..."

Rexul scurries in, this fat basset hound, dragging his ears and belly along the floor, with nails needing a trim so bad that he kinda slides on every step. "Oh, my... missus, that was one of the most foul things I've ever witnessed. I think I need to start shitting on your floor. More and now. Poop

**Book Two:
Pets Make The Best Victims**

Music always seems louder
when someone who doesn't enjoy it
walks in the room

[A Burger King commercial comes on the TV]

“To Celebrate Black History Month We're Including An Action Figure In Each Kids Meal.”

[Each figure depicts a different great black american]

[Inside Burger King]

Solarized black boy holds up a Spike Lee action figure.

With a big grin says, “40 acres, and a mule, and Burger King!”

Two loving parents give each other a warm smile and knowing look, “Isn't our son precious?”

Chapter Once

In the future, God is a mercenary.

He sends postage bombs around the world. That blow up in his own face. Always “No such resident Return To Sender.” Or “Not enough postage.” It is on the postage where the bomb occurs. God places his lips to the stamp and mutters,

“I slide my wade around the way .the words are conscious”

and with a flick of the tongue the words of the postage are endowed with this magic.

Postage such as:

Love

Save the Whales

The 60's

Bugs Bunny

A strange insect like creature almost pincher bug style but with fur and clip on bunny ears approaches a bunny. The bunny is trying to give birth. There are complications. Straining. Hemorrhaging. Etc associated problems.

The bunny is panting in a desperate tone.

Huhss B(l)uhg^ughs Huhss B(l)uhg^ughs

In Out In Out

Your reader's view is now a close up on this panting bunny face. Sharp detail like an overly front lit digital film. Enough detail for every hair around the mouth to be seen moving with every pant. They don't really move a lot. The subtlety of their movement comes across despite the close up, which makes their movement seem monstrous. The classic cold, dead eyes. Like at the ends of lobster stalks, burroughs noted. Marbles. A still wetness. Tears that have given up? I'm not sure, but like the glass eyes they put in a taxidermied bunny. Head lying on its right side. The whole bunny lies on its right side.

The close up doesn't show it, but the limbs are stiff and out from the body rather than sunk to the ground in relaxation.

The face comes forward and the nose taps your TV screen.

The bugs bunny is now wearing pants. It taps the bunny on the shoulder again.

"Hey."

again.

"Hey... What's the deal?"

The bunny rocks slightly forward then back into desperate panting position after every shoulder tap.

"Mmmm... I've got such cool pants," announces the bugs-bunny, "Like, first you've never seen pants this cool. And then I'm wearing them. You don't even wear pants."

Huhss B(l)uhg^hghs

"Okay. You can wear my pants! If you're gonna act like that."

The bugs-bunny awkwardly puts the pants on the shock frozen panting bunny. Now there is a bunny dying from child birth complications lying on its side wearing pants.

Return to close up digital face for almost too long. Well, for sure too long for you. Like 5 min.

The forward nose tap again.

"I hate you"

Tap. Huhss.

"Stop acting like that way!" The bugs-bunny starts clawing at the pants with its pointy spear limbs frustrated. Tearing. Awful. The cold eyes panting head just being tossed around without change of expression and the pants firmly rip off and the blood is revealed.

What you have to ask yourself is, Is there enough time in this life to be realistic?

"good & evil. They turn them loose and they turn into people."

A beautiful, young, black boy wakes up to what, most obviously, must be his room. His slender legs are tangled up viciously with the sheets. You are gazing up viciously with the sheets. Gazing down at this mess, more as a spectator than of his own body, he notes a penis swollen but not erect. The penis is a bit damaged. The tip is raw and on this leg is a dried substance that must be semen and blood.

All this must be a result of the transition, he thinks. And it's not much help that I'm so weak. The wood paneling of the room has the barren 70's hue of brown desolation. A lovely green carpet to match. Is it old or dirty? At one point in time one must have been able to really dig their toes into it. Now you either can't or shouldn't. And the closet has clothes hung up in it superbly well. The presence of such well hung clothes matches the barren walls perfectly. So nothing as being there. No, there's a Stanford poster on the wall. Oh, and the closet isn't open, it has no door. This beautiful black boy stands up and stretches his naked body. Eyes closed, his foot feels something sticky, wet on the floor that will make him see red. Turning around he notes that the bed is bloody as well. The back of his legs and, with little detective work, a trail that leads to his still bleeding anus.

Suddenly the door opens as the boy notes that he just heard a knock and a bunch of yelling nonsense enters the room, followed by a fat, middle-aged, black woman, followed by a scream.

Fuck Danny!

She slaps him.

You're always being piece of shit!

And she leaves without closing the door.

Danny, huh?...bitch...

(Mom)

And remembering the ass like one remembers to brush their teeth after they're already tucked into bed, he wipes it with the sheets and throws them in a corner.

Oh yeah, there are a lot of books in this room. He picks one from on the desk and scans the cover of *Invisible Man*.

A cockroach scuttles towards the edge of the desk. He opens the book and lets the bug crawl out onto the words. Lifting the book up to eye level, the cockroach nests itself into the fold of the pages. Giving the little creature a nudge of breath, it startles out onto the page again and the book is slammed closed.

[The lightning example]

the fortress you are trapped in
is just a door.
open it, step through
and discover
that one side is just the same
as the other.

examine lightning
for example
is it not as beautiful
as something silly
that a poem might rhyme
with lily?
boom tat

<rest> boom tat
boom tat
<rest> boom shak
drum machines can be quite cute
but they also use them
in modern heavy metal.
did you know that?
do you know anything?
I don't.
Just boom tat
<rest> boom tat
boom tat
<rest> room shak.
Heavy metal,
like lightning,
should be frightening
and powerful.
but also like lightning,
should be color and vision
at its most intense.
just to show everyone
that when everything
comes together at its most beautiful,
all at once style,
that can be a dangerous thing.
but isn't it nice
to know
that chou veri beauti exists
or don't wallow in it
or like Metallica said
ride the lightning
means you die.
which is a little too close
to see how beautiful it can be

bzzz!
remember
just ringing the doorbell
doesn't mean you get to go through.

The impact on Danny's face knocks his entire body to the floor. The floor is made of concrete. Now his body is being beaten by feet but he is not doing much to cover himself. Danny isn't trying to fight back much or get up either. As his body keeps getting shoved around the concrete by kicks, his head yells out racial slurs against whites. This yelling continues until his body is limp. And then the yelling still continues.

Five white guys backing away more confused or frightened than angry, are all unharmed. Except one guy with just a slightly swelling lower left lip. The lip guy sorta says back, "That's what you get when you start shit, nigger."

Danny suddenly starts crying but continues to yell. And is suddenly kicked in the jaw snapping his teeth on his tongue. Split pretty bad at the edges. The yelling doesn't really continue unless you consider choking on spit and blood to be yelling. Or gagging and coughing.

Now the white guys, seeing this, are afraid of what they have done and leave quickly.

Suddenly an effeminate black guy falls on Danny and it almost seems too sexual to fit well with the moment. This sexual guy is begging to know if Danny is alright. Danny just curses him in blood and pushes him off weakly.

"What's wrong with you! Crazy? Why start something with them white guys never did shit to you?"

The thought fiercely goes through Danny's mind, "Well, I would if I were them."

"Why?!"

Swallowing his blood, to get out one word, Danny lifts himself up on one arm and points at the sexual guy. In one of the most hateful moments in history, Danny announces with the most clarity of life, the word, "Fag."

Later that nite Danny is shoveling stuff around his room. Just digging up floor space. It has been getting more cluttered since the bug smashing day. He notices some pages poking out from between his mattress and boxspring. Lifting the mattress up he discovers some gay porn.

Chime

The phone continues to ring. Danny and his mom are eating dinner from the microwave while watching the California Music Channel. Mouthing the words to some pretty obvious music marketed as being for real gangstas, the telephone continues to ring and CMC shows a Brandy video. He is kinda going back and forth between Ice Cube lyrics and B.I.G. Like he doesn't know much more than the hooks.

Mom hands the phone to Danny.

Before he puts the phone to his ear, "Who is it?"

"Some girl," his mom tells him.

"Tell her I ain't fuckin her anymore, shit diseased bitch ain't happy after up in hours for one day? Tell her she's too past tense."

Is Danny's mom nervous or scared of him?

"You've changed."

"You don't know shit. Just me."

"No, I think you're finally better now. Aren't you? No. I'm not worried anymore is all I'm trying to say. You don't see Jason anymore?"

"I don't know who that motherfucker is."

"I just thought you and he..."

"Damn, shut up! I'm watching TV!"

“Look, I’m trying to compliment you! Okay!? It’s nice to see you have so many friends coming by lately too. Real men like Dad, before he got shot at McDonalds.”

“That’s what he gets for working there.”

“For working there? What the fuck are you talking about now boy?! Your father didn’t work at no McDonalds! You know, maybe I am worried. Maybe there’s still something wrong.”

...is roughly how the conversation went. Although the only real quotes are the explicatives.

“Oh God, yawn!” God thinks and changes the channel off of this dandified depiction of black culture.

In a drawer next to His sofa, God keeps a list of shows he is pretty sure He is going to Hell for watching. Pulling it out, he adds this show after In The House and Sister Sister to a long list begging with the Cosby Show. What the fuck is this show called again? Oh yeah and He writes it down:

The Colonization of the Black Mind

God’s left arm is meanwhile having a little seizure against the arm rest. Vibrating between his fingers is a manila envelope. The stamp on it reads, “Black History Month.”

This Stamp is Called Black History Month

God keeps flipping through the channels, finally stopping on Animal Planet. As the burger king commercial ends you enter into God’s mind as a black screen appears on your TV. Black screen fades into close up of a panting cat face lying on its right side. The jaw is clenched in excruciating pain and the eyes stare at you in cold blankness. The TV keeps fogging up with each

B(l)uhg^ughs

Nose tap.

Now from further away the cat lies on the side walk. Dragged out of a bush by three little black children, they are poking at it with a stick.

“Think it’s dead?”

“Nah.”

“Look at its pussy!”

Ahhh and Ewe Etc

“It’s all bloody!”

Let’s help it. Alright.

The children proceed to poke it with the stick. Occasionally hitting it on the head.

Danny comes by and all the kids start screaming for him to come see. He tells them that the cat is dying from labor difficulties. The kids sort of understand and continue poking it.

“You like poking it with that stick?”

Um I guess. Well...

“Hey, then check this out!”

Danny proceeds to stomp the cat into the concrete. As he smashes the belly and spine of the cat over and over again he keeps yelling out, "Let's see your kids! Let's see your kids!"

The children have run away in terror long before he even touched the cat twice. No, Danny's audience, by this point, is some of the other neighborhood "Real Men," as his mom calls them.

"Hey man, calm down."

The guys pull Danny back trying to calm him down/hold him back. "Hey man, cool."

"Yeah, yeah," Danny says.

"You know something, Danny?"

"What?"

"We thought you were getting cool. But nah, you ain't nothin still but a fag."

"What?"

At this point a real man proceeds to blast a hole through Danny's head.

Remember, this stamp is called Black History Month, so think real hard!

At the very moment that God drops the manila envelope and the gun goes off, a white boy wakes up in a frat at Stanford. He wakes up from a terror dream and looks at his walls covered in posters of naked chicks and famous MCs. The alarm has gone off triggering a Dr. Dre CD to play. The white boy thinks in a panic, "Now, how the Hell has a black fag like me woken up here!"

Remember, this stamp is called Black History Month, so think real hard!

Clouds

Everyone has seen some amazing cloud scapes in their lives. Try to recall what one looked like. What it exactly looked like. All the forms through which all clouds moved. As one cloud stretches out into wispy ribbons that find their way into a massive body becoming one.

Clouds are sentient beings.

Take yourself for example. You are everything that has happened to you. Every thought you have had, heard, shared. It is you. Why don't you like this fruit? Because you choked on some so many years ago that now you've forgotten the incident and only remember it as Tastes bad. When you were young, your father left you so now you deal strangely with men. Especially after your first three boyfriends dump you. Nothing goes your way. Luck is always against you. Now you say God doesn't exist.

Every new experience/thought/all shapes where these beliefs and behavior patterns go. Your mother nearly dies in an auto accident. For weeks she is what most assume is a deathbed. Finally, in a state of delirium, late one nite, you say a desperate prayer to a god you don't even really believe in. And suddenly your mother's eyes open and now you believe in God. Just changes. Always you.

Clouds are sentient beings not like you. You are a centralized sentient being. A node of consciousness upon which experiences and thoughts cling and then fly off again – always leaving a sentient you that is constantly being reshaped and reformed.

Clouds are decentralized, free floating sentient beings. A roaring hoard of white water rapid clouds coming racing out of the eastern sky. A large plate of nearly regular bumps invading a coastal valley.

Two days ago, only one, all encompassing, grey storm cloud filled the valley, filling it with water day and nite. Now a few large tribal elders remain, blessing the war torn valley floor with a show of shadow and light. Occasional mists recounting the already legendary battle. But mostly long slender beams of light grazing off the sides of these wise elders, cast down along with grand shadows: A simultaneous Thank you and apology for what has occurred.

But now this heard of jackal rapids is wiping across the ceremony with plans of its own.

The Tribal Elders remain unfazed. For once they were The unruly battle storm. Their memories include all the chaos of winds bursting through their own, torn open wounds pouring water down upon the earth. A chaos whose cause and effect are one in the same. This was a war with only one side. The warring side. Just one giant battle cloud tearing itself open in frustrated agony as half its own life water flew back in its own face. Upwinds constantly reforming the battle cloud that was trying to destroy itself.

Now these hulking mammoths crouch upon the valley in homage and reflection upon what has happened. The threat of jackals is not enough to break their zen.

The jackals are new clouds. Inexperienced. They have been on the scent of the battle cloud for days, anxious for rain. Their youth leads them with blind enthusiasm into danger. They know nothing but anticipation. Compared to the Elders, the jackal's energy may seem foolish. But on its own, this is a beautiful energy of hope, naive and childish. Silly heart.

And the Elders wait. The jackal rapids begin to race faster in anticipation of the collision. They can sense the aspect of Battle that constitutes the Elders. They want this. They want to add these experiences to their experience of youth and charge.

And as Jackals meet Elders, ribbons of fanciful Ballet clouds burst out the other side of the collisions. Ballet clouds that dance around each other with the energy of youth and the sublime stillness of wisdom. Every move calculated yet unpredictable. And as the sun sets, illuminating these ribbon dancers with orange and red streaks, The Ballet remembers how the beautiful energy of youth blossomed as the awful energy of war tore themselves apart. Remembers how the magnificent ceremony of light and shadow felt like a race over mountains and valleys while they just sat still letting godrays cast over their shoulders.

The view pulls back even further revealing the cloud scape ballet as a reflection in God's eyes. He continues to gaze upwards at the ballet with a letter clenched in his hand. Following the lines and folds crushed into the letter, the stamp on the envelope is revealed: Love.