

Department of Dispute

Two men walk in, sit at either end of the table and try to outstare each other. They do not speak or make sound but they do everything else. They cannot touch. They battle with their eyes, giving jabs and slices and hacks. They crawl over the table to get to each other. The bell goes. They both yell and scream claiming victory. The door opens and the referee comes in. 'Right then, are we ready to begin.' Blackout.



I Miss You

I miss you more now that you are here. Do you ever find that. ? The closer you are to something the more you doubt it. They've proven it mathematically. Distance is inversely proportional to doubt. It's amazing what they can do with calculators these days. However, there is still something to be said for using the fingers and toes. We can always count on them. You see, when I touch you there is nothing there but me, so my love is then inversely proportional to you This is true even when I look at the spread sheet of our existence that could possibly be. Therefore doubt = love. My fingers tell me so.



Backstage

I am waiting, but they haven't given me my line yet. What is it. ? What is the story. ? I can guess as I hear bits and pieces of the unfolding drama, but where do I come in. ? At some point I might even realize that it is my story, and that I have to figure out what line to say, but what if I don't want to say it. ? Let's say it will compromise me, or condemn me, make me look like the fool I believe I am. After all, who am I to change what has been already wrought.



The Stain That Moves

Come on you say, stains don't move. I say to you, these words might change that assumption. You think it's fact that stains don't move, but I will show you they do, they can, it is possible, it is probable – I know for sure. If I prove to you that only one of all the stains since the beginning of time has moved, then my assertion is right. Are you ready. ? Think of

the most memorable stain you've ever created or had the experience of seeing it created...now imagine it move. See.



Hole In The Head

"I need that like I need a hole in the head." It's an expression that is used. The whole metaphor of drilling holes in the head to let something out, or put something in, has a well worn history; hence, one says, "I need that like I need a hole in the head." So someone says to you, "Anyone can get run down by a car." And you respond, "I need that like I need a hole in head." Of course, then there's the old "head in the hole" thing too, and I just got a new cordless drill. But "I need that like I don't need a hole in the head." Ha ha.



Freezer Baby Mom

Where's my baby?! Where's my baby?! I wouldn't put him in the freezer, it's cold in there. I wouldn't put him in the freezer unless he was already dead. I'm not a monster. And if I ever did, he would deserve it! Where is my baby. ? Where is my baby. ? If they hadn't built the freezer in the first place then it wouldn't have happened. Freezers need locks on them. Then you can't get in and you can't get out. Which would you choose. ? Where's my baby?!



The Sinister of Imagifaketon

The Sinister of Imagifaketon is giving a speech to the new recruits who are applying for a job at the sinistry. "We need your best faketon here. Imagine it, everything fake, so much so that it is the only truth. Fakeshun turns to truthdom through imagifaketon, hence me, and my merry fakers. So fake off. If you want this job, you've got to be fake - put your best fake forward, as they say, but really when you come right down to it, no one really knows who they are, so everyone is fake. See how simple imagifaketon can make things?"



Portrait of Not Me

Man with no ears and a tv coming out his mouth.

Top half the face the old you, the bottom half the baby you, smiling.

Woman opens her breasts to show her beating heart.

Two fry pans for eyes, two spatulas for arms, head a stove.

Face is a puzzle that doesn't fit together.



Possibly But Not Quite

If someone said to you, "Is it true?", you might say in return, "Possibly but not quite." Or, "Do you like the horns on your head or do they make you ache?" Again, "Possibly but not

quite." "If you were hungry enough, would you eat yourself to stay alive?" "Hmm, not quite but possibly." "If you thought you were in love and then found out you weren't, in fact didn't even know what love was, what would the choice be?" "There are many 'possibilities but not quites' and I'm sure I would pick one of them, but then one can never be totally sure, and that's good enough to be totally unsure." "Quite possibly, but not sometimes."



I Hate You But Call Me

Hello. Is that you. ? Fuck, why don't you call me. ? Hello. Is that you. ? Hey, I can't wait forever and I am not going to phone you. No way. First of all I won't. Second of all I can't. Third or all you will yell at me if I do, so you call me. Hollow, is that yew. ? Why don't you fall for me. ? Forget it, I can wait forever. You can stall and stall and stall but then you will call fall. You always do. That's why we are still here doing this, you there, me here, waiting, then phoning and halo, is that few. ? Where don't you squall me?



Bring That Feeling Back, It's Mine

Well, once upon a feeling, I had a time that went, it's mine, bring it back. But then it never came back, so it was a time I had a feeling but it never came back again and I always regretted and still do that it never came back again and I keep thinking that if it was brought back how things would now be that I had a feeling but it never came back and I always regretted that and still do until I forget it and just think of the future and then all makes sense because it's mine and brings back that feeling.



Take My Stench, Please

If you don't take it then who will. ? I ask nicely. What more could you want. ? Let's not get into a debate about whether it is a stench you like or not. Let's just assume that it

is love and that all is possible, after all, what is religion for if not to make us feel better and worse all at the same time so that we don't need to feel exactly who we are when we are not supposed to because that would create a stench, but oh you will love mine because what more could you want. ? The 10 stench commandments will hold us in good stenchiness.


