

### P.S. At Least We Died Trying To Make You in the Backseat of a Taxidermist

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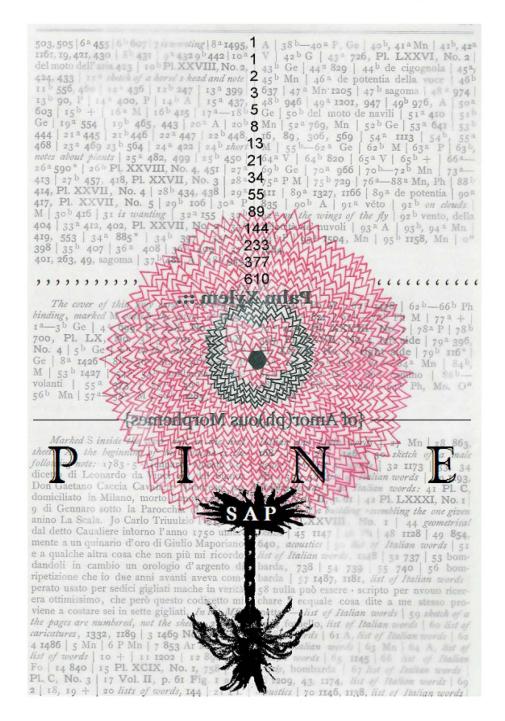
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# $^{0}$ / $_{-0}$ = The $\infty$ Event Horizon: Phloem $\mathbf{Z}^{er}$ oo Logy



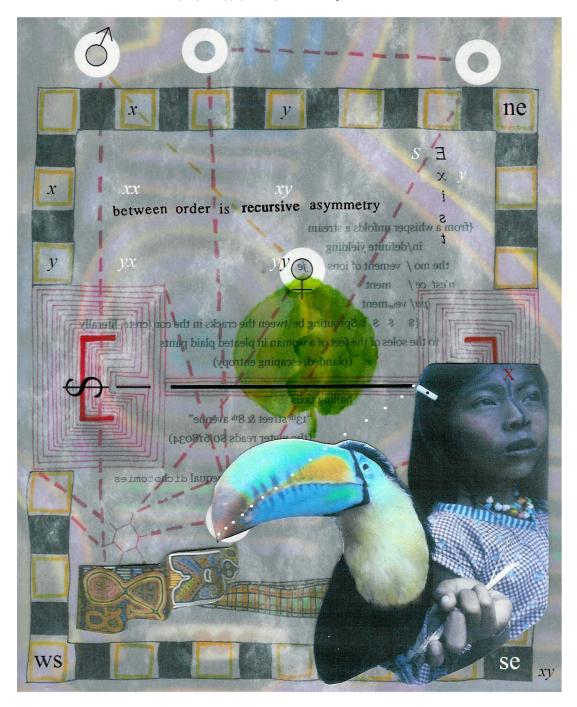
(In the waiting room, you read above the fold, where the Ding Dong Drop Dead Hostess administers root canals, recapitulating the palm-based catapult to Post eXchange alms to pining hearts (a cross-section reveals the amount of annual rainfall, but the root cause is maximizing exposure to the sun's rays.))

## 0 + 1 = P(s)alm S(crypt)ic (x-ray)



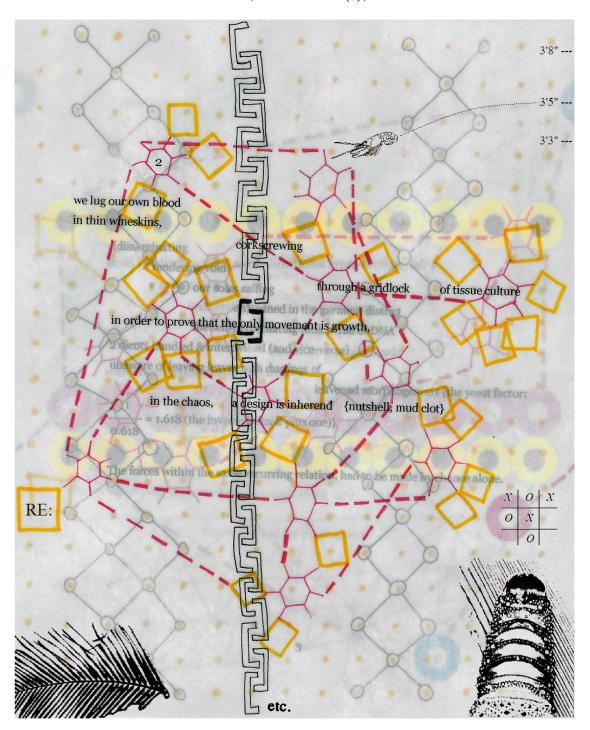
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> It begins where it left off, before we landed in the hourglass sand (and who (whitch) she landed on), on the eve of her 8th birthday, after her ceremonial tooth filing in the city. The tornado-induced post-mortem uncovers plain-clothed meiosis in that, dividing, our mother is the sum of all that came before her and begets all that is yet (in bed).

## $(-1) = ((S)hhh)e^x$ Always Knows



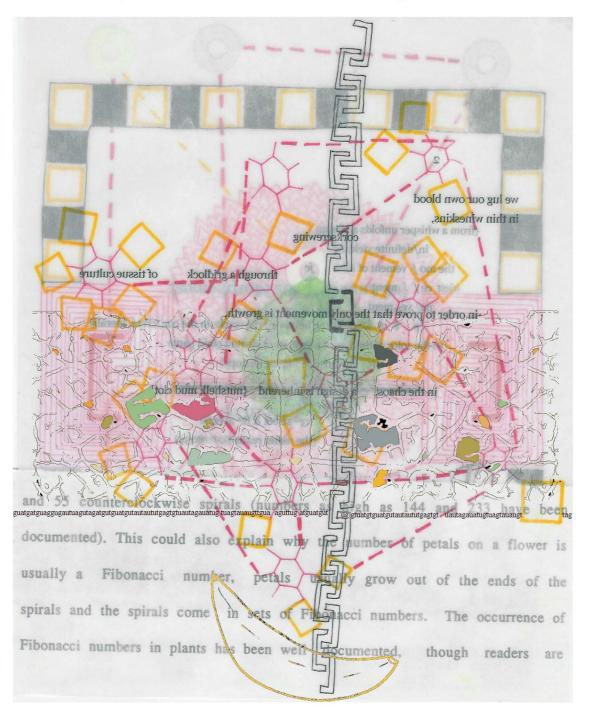
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1</sup> With unabashed confidence she makes a wish and blows. (The colorful \$5 wax candle on the \$13 pineapple upside-down birthday cake is ornamental and not necessarily necessary for survival.) Later she follows her nose and takes her stuffed pet to the taxidermist in the city in a vain attempt at immortality (a golden nest egg investment).

### 1 + 1 = Subconscious, Yet Familia(r), Game Plan



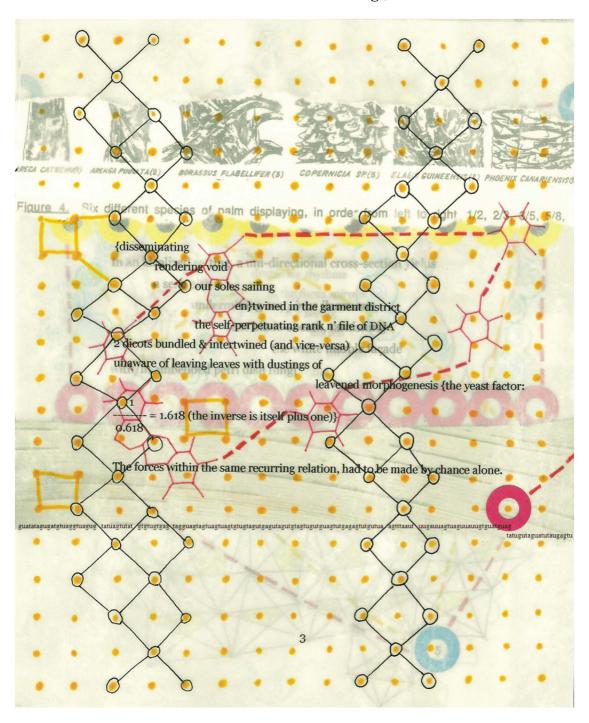
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> As she sets the table for breakfast (of lobster and plantains), she (feeling something is missing) tells him (her father who art) she is leaving home (via phylo-taxis) to link up  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of him and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of her and  $\frac{1}{2}$  of her mother (that died during childbirth) to recapitulate the phylogeny of heir morphology.

## $(-\frac{1}{2})$ = A Woman, A Plan, in Lace Stockings Con Carne



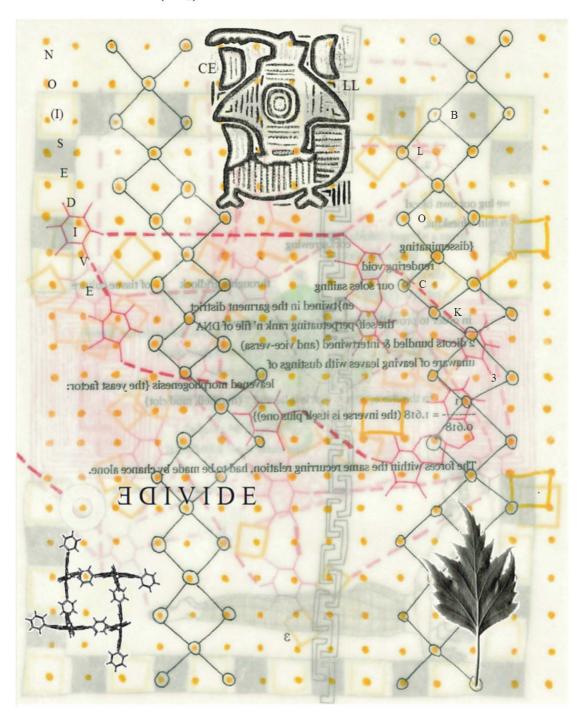
<sup>- &</sup>lt;sup>1/2</sup> He always encouraged her to count on herself. She left for carnival on a banana boat through the locks of the Panama canal to Guatemala (or Chile or Guadalcanal), to reef the palm mizzenmast wrapping holding the chilled *tamales* of carnal regeneration. Along the way she gave wide berth to pedestrians.

### 1 + 2 =Stem Cell Twister Log<sub>ic</sub>



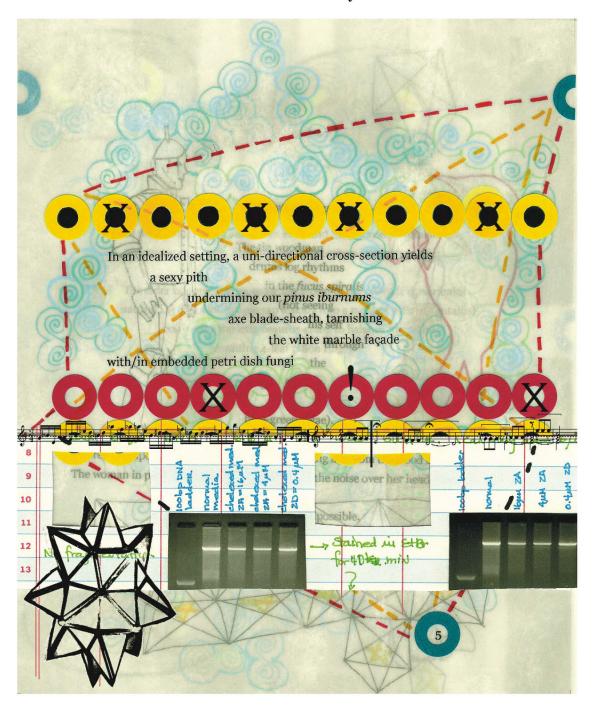
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup> After the motherless product of our inner cities does a jig with herself (by choice, not by lack of suitable attire on a dancing boy) something inside of her grows. In anticipation, she eats for two, taking pieces of the environment (of which she is a product) and putting them in her mouth to process over and over (and over).

## $(-\frac{1}{3})$ = Division as a Form of Suicide

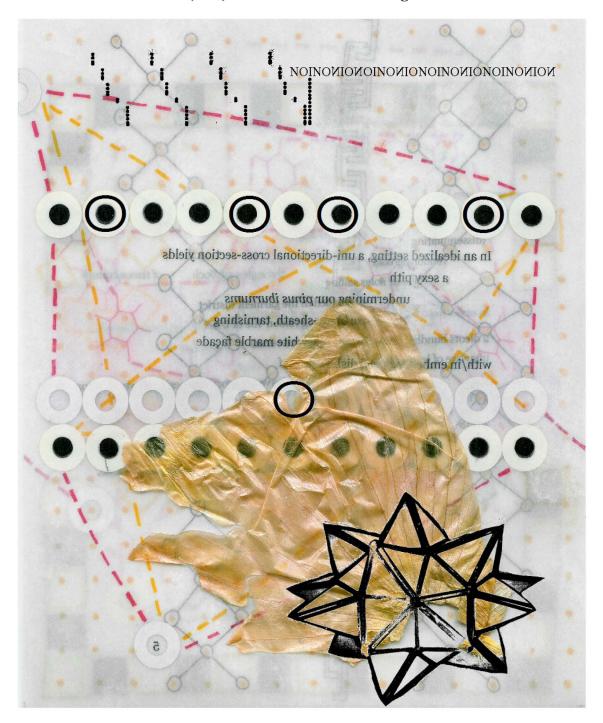


<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1/3</sup> The pregnant & motherless meat puppet crosses the continental divide and gets far enough from herself that she resorts to feeding on her own tail end of the family tree. In a self-referential feeding frenzy, she, herself, undergoes meiosis. (She makes it clear that this is not an illustrated children's book about the birds and bees).

### 2 + 3 = Mud-Clot Boy

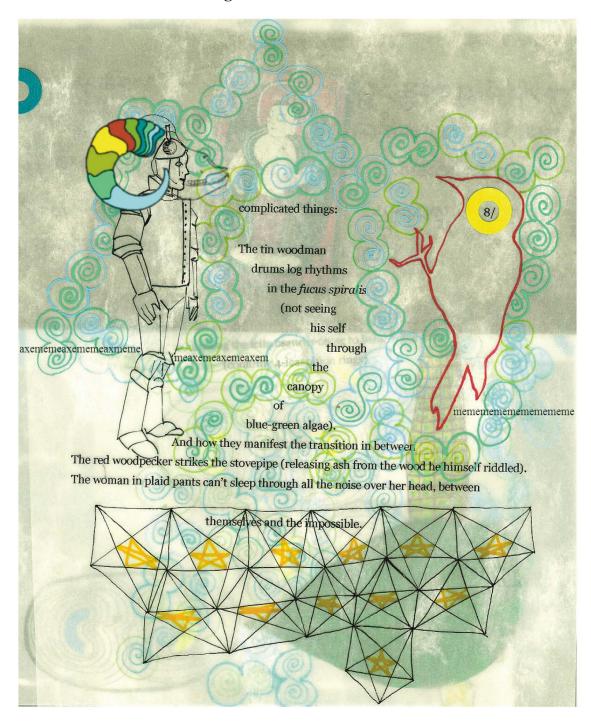


## $(-\frac{1}{5})$ = Infrared Bunion Triage



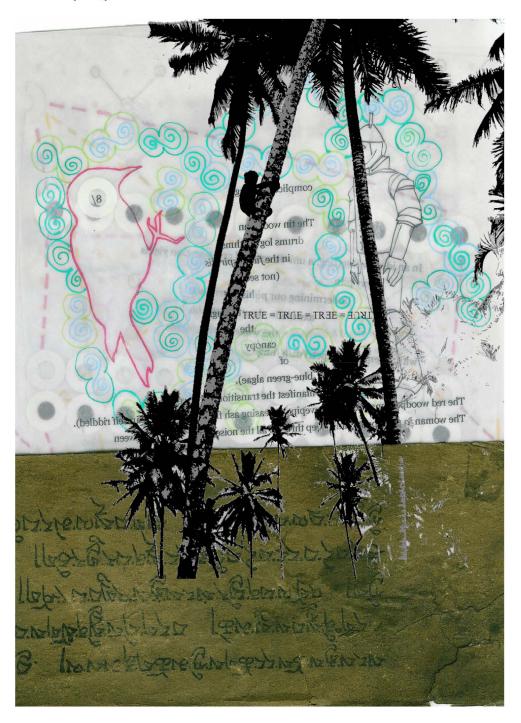
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1/5</sup> The Mud-Clot Boy will one day become Paul Bunyan, but for now he drops his axe for her and lets his blue ox have a field day under the stars of the clear-cut forest. She tends to the wounds on his feet. Each layer of skin she peels reveals new underlying strata that have not seen sunlight.

### 3 + 5 = Algae-sheen Shelter Axiom



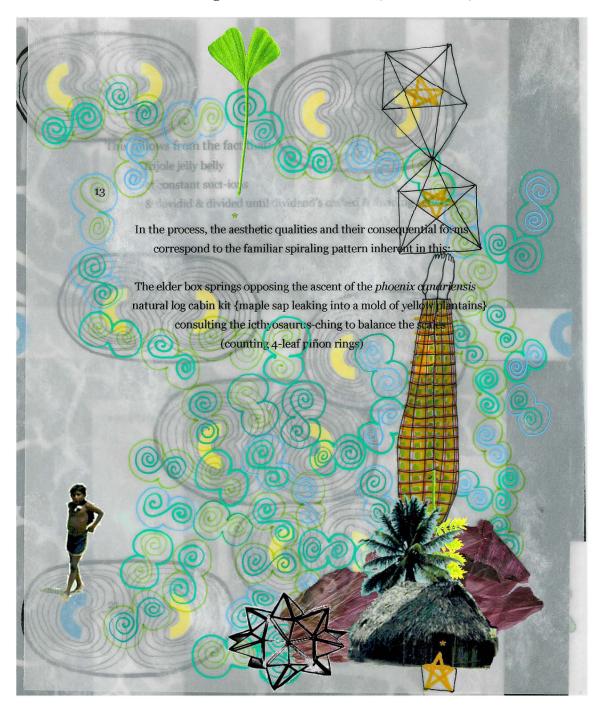
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>8</sup> In the shadow of the synapse pond, Mud-clot Boy builds their palm-thatch hut to keep out the dodos and cuckoo noises of extinction. But Darwin's finches take many shapes, serving as a contiguous reminder that of all the possibilities we could have been, this is the form we take.

 $(-\frac{1}{8})$  = All The 3 Bears Needed Was a Thermometer



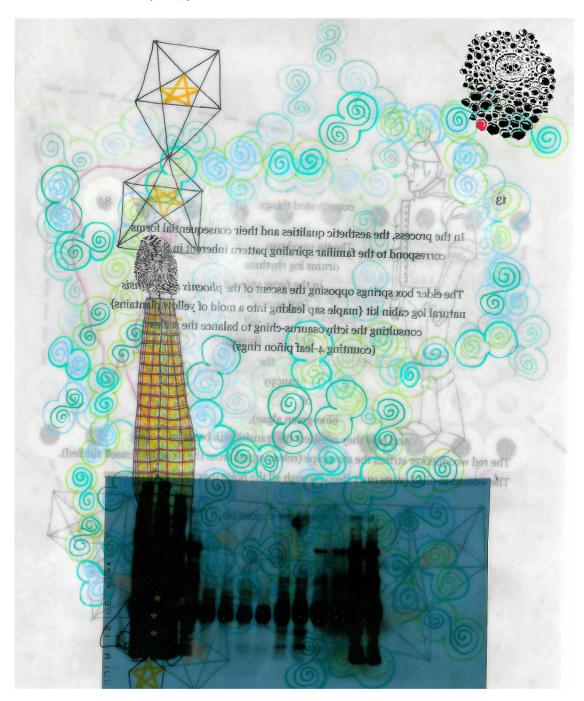
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1/8</sup> We have our ancestors the Goldilocked Netherlanders to thank for bringing trees inside our homes. (Mud-clot Boy could tell where the knots below the surface of the table were by the sound of the knock knock who's there? After all, he was a Neanderthal, or at least a descendant of one). Perseverance furthers.

## 5 + 8 = Something Other Than Lobster (Exoskeleton)



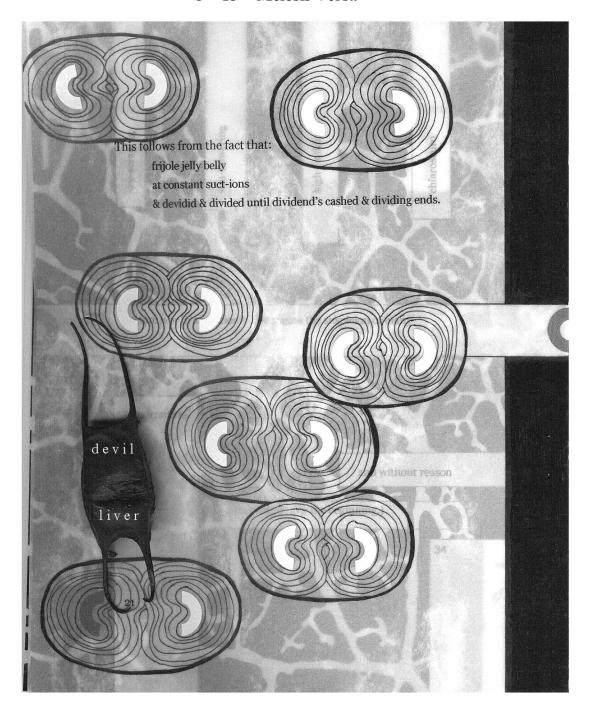
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>13</sup> El Niño (defined as an unpredictable global weather phenomena spawned from warmer than normal surface temperatures in the South Pacific every 4/11 years or so) straps down the palm tree catapult. He gathers the ingredients for *ika mata* (raw fish) in coconut milk and gingko and basil in preparation for the inevitable hurricane. He safeguards the recipe in the baton of his bones.

## $(-\frac{1}{13})$ = What the Crime Scene Revealed



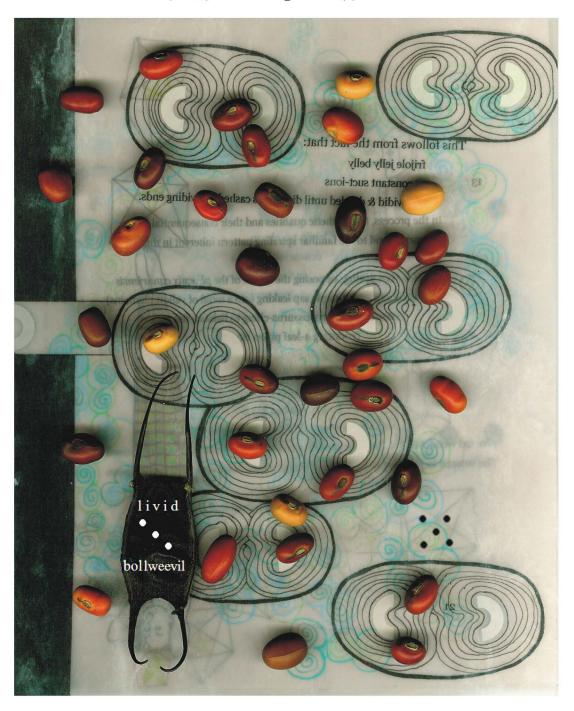
-1/13 She plots her milky tears on litmus tissue paper. The doctors did the math. The polyps didn't stand a ghost shrimp of a chance in the fallopian tubeworms. The evidence is mounting in the mammalian mother's foliage. Fa la la la la la la la la. Where there's a (last) will (and testament), there's a way.

#### 8 + 13 = Meiosis Versa



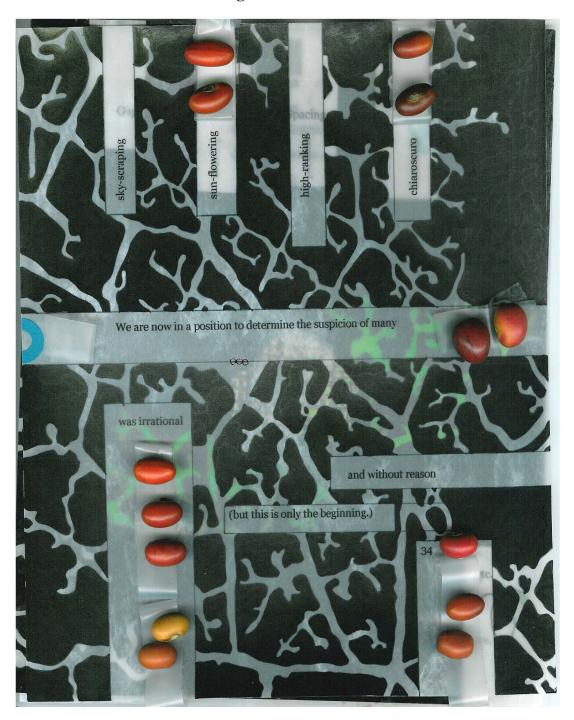
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>21</sup> The black seed is embedded in the evil sea anemone (as she eats jackfruit on a train along the Tropic of Cancer). The higado genes in genesis cannot be stopped once the flesh-eating feline wheels are in motion. Figaro Figaro. The only evil is to live itself. Figard *Higado* Figaro.

## $(-\frac{1}{21})$ = Beveling the Di(c)e Bowl



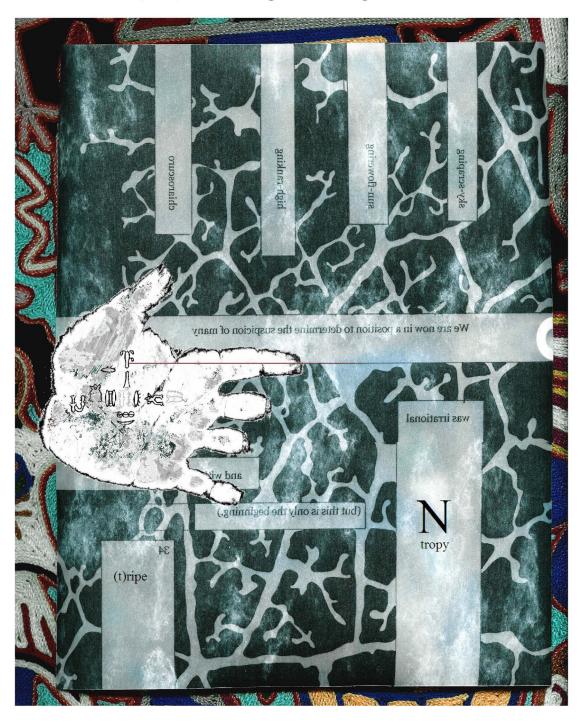
<sup>-1/21</sup> It forms inside, between lipid bi-layers. A conniving even split in a dead heat. To live is inherent. By virtue of being, and sensing their own being, the inevitable evil lurks, rigging the outcome in a game of chance.

## 13 + 21 = Nitrogen Fixation at the Root



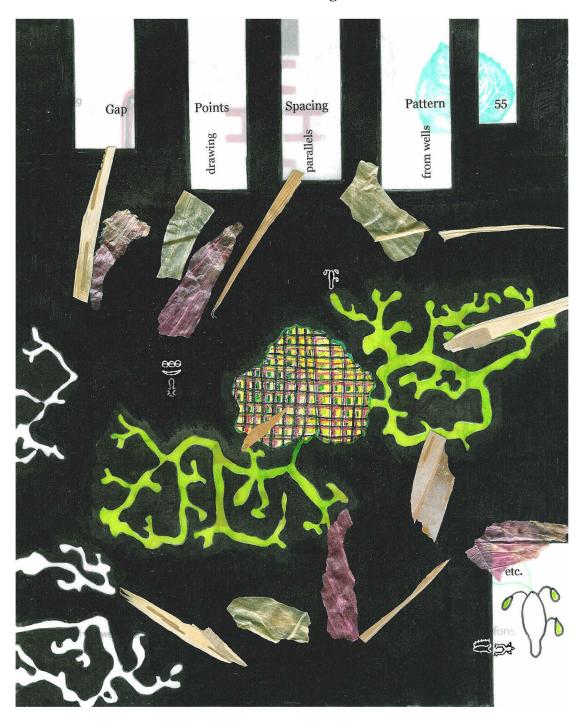
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>34</sup> Apples and guano both don't fall far from the tree. Sapiens fixate on the red dot on the beak of the seagull that induces the mother to regurgitate sea stars and sushi and other unexpected treasures of the sea. It takes root, taking the form of all that comes before it.

 $(-\frac{1}{34})$  = Dissolving in a Cosmogonic Crisis



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1/34</sup> In preparation, she spins the yarn, he tends to the bees. The tuber wedges itself in the crevice between them. He feels it in her gut, gnawing down to the bones of his fingers (the expecting father doesn't recognize his own palms). They were tools intended to be used in the hunt for honey.

## 21 + 34 = Galactic Nesting Instinct



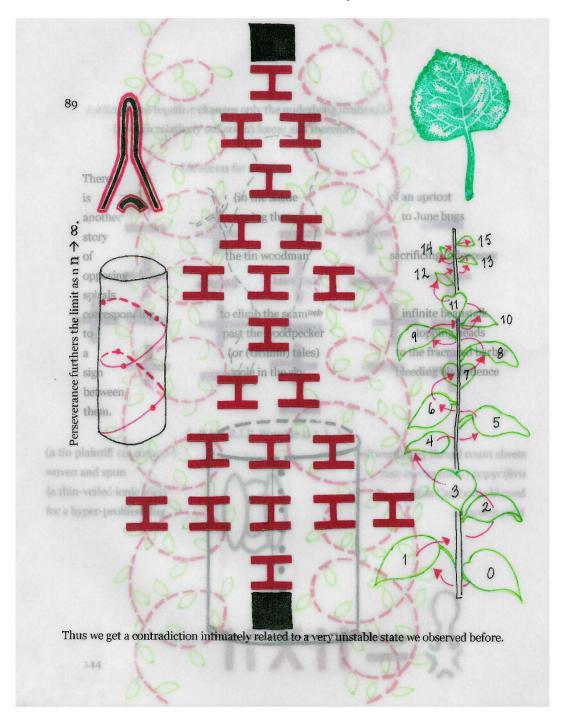
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>55</sup> While Mud-clot Boy paces the land above during the tornado, BeBe was born from a pineapple in the storm cellar. To pass time, he gathers bits of weeds and tin and vinyl siding stripped from a neighbors abandoned trailer, nails down the tarpaper with used bottle caps, hangs a light bulb and begins reading the manual on changing diapers.

# $(-\frac{1}{55})$ = Tattoo of Mangrove Splitting Roof



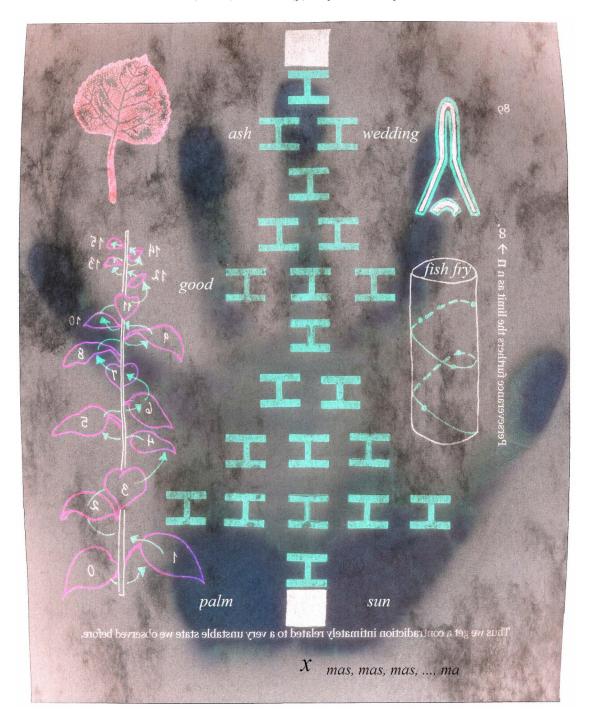
-1/55 She let the men talk. The BeBe was in her hands. They came to pay their respects and smoke cigars because they couldn't comprehend the opacity of their own errors. It was the other way around when you weren't conscious of it. And because they couldn't fathom the opaque riddles, they propagated the same lie over and over again and again and again.....

34 + 55 = The Vine of the Milky Weed



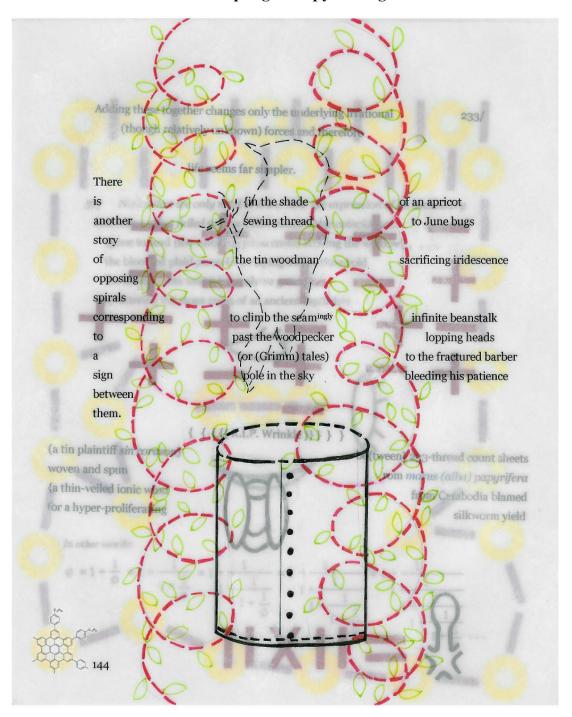
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>89</sup> At nipple's threshold, by definition BeBe can't tie his own booty straps. Confined to his crib, staring at the hanging mobile and his own hands, BeBe determines to make his own mark and bring home hand-blown glass ornaments for the x-mas tree.

# $(-\frac{1}{89}) = \text{Ever}(y)$ day is Today



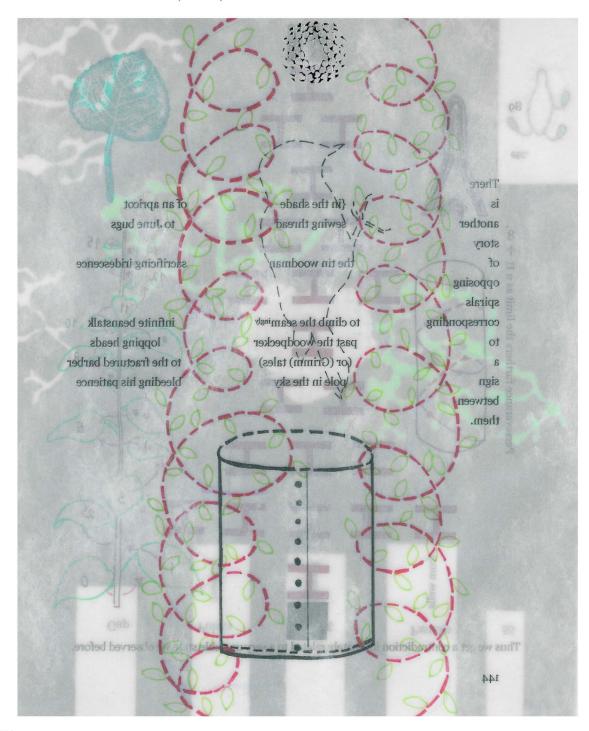
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>-1/89</sup> BeBe learns to crawl on the everlasting event horizon (the pump is perpetually being primed). Seven red dwarves and five blue fish are divisible only by themselves and one. Mud-clot Boy stands on the shoulders of the red giants before him. BeBe perches within Mud-clot Boy's limbo.

### 55 + 89 =Sapling Canopy Ceiling



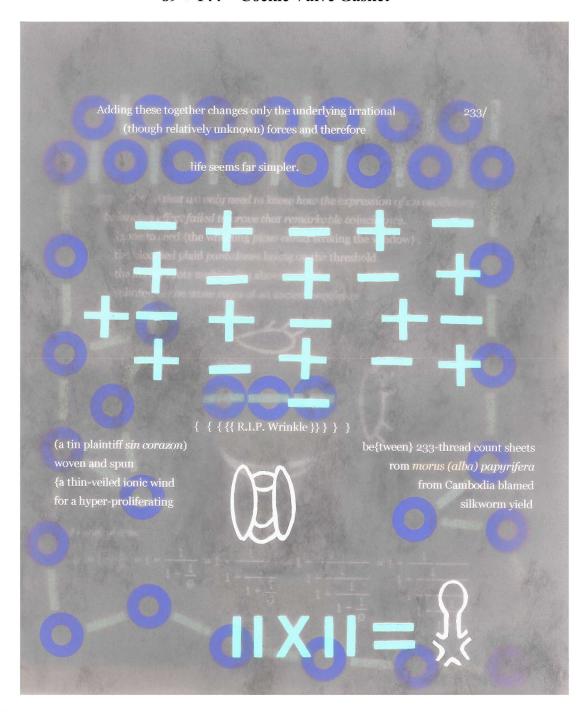
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>144</sup> BeBe takes after his father's father. Rather than stay rooted, he climbs, ignoring the temptation of kingfisher taxes and a bodice half-life. It's in his nature. Past the chaffed udders and irradiated milk to get straight to the source. Always trading the milking cow for something better.

## $(-\frac{1}{144})$ = Bullet Lasso N Revisited



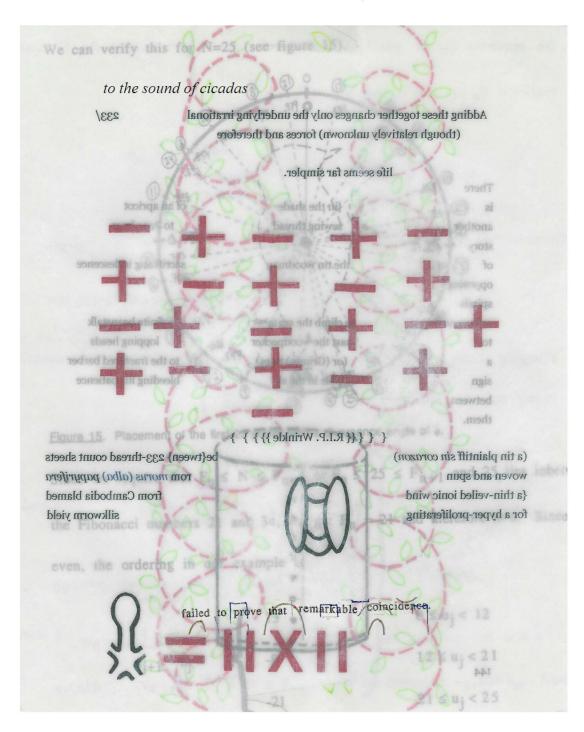
<sup>-1/144</sup> The embodied bird rivets (inside-out) at the seams to the enclosure of his father's *corazon*. Mud-clot BeBe stands, releasing the hatch to the pine hutch of pink-eyed rabbits in the sky. All the animals follow the transformed BeBe single file to the conical summit hut.

#### 89 + 144 = Cockle Valve Gasket



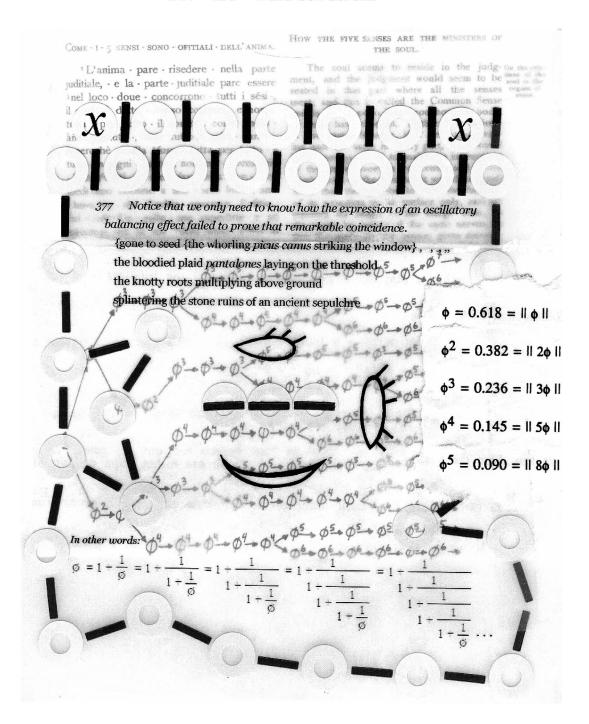
<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>233</sup> Mud-clot BeBe stops to look down, past his own coccyx to the stem cells in the holdfast. He pictures himself as a virile old man sleeping at the base of the infested vine, each leaf forming a folded cocoon for the caterpillars, immortalizing the suckling instinct. He envisions Marlon Brando playing the part, lending a sense of urgency.

# (-1/233) = Due Nook(y)



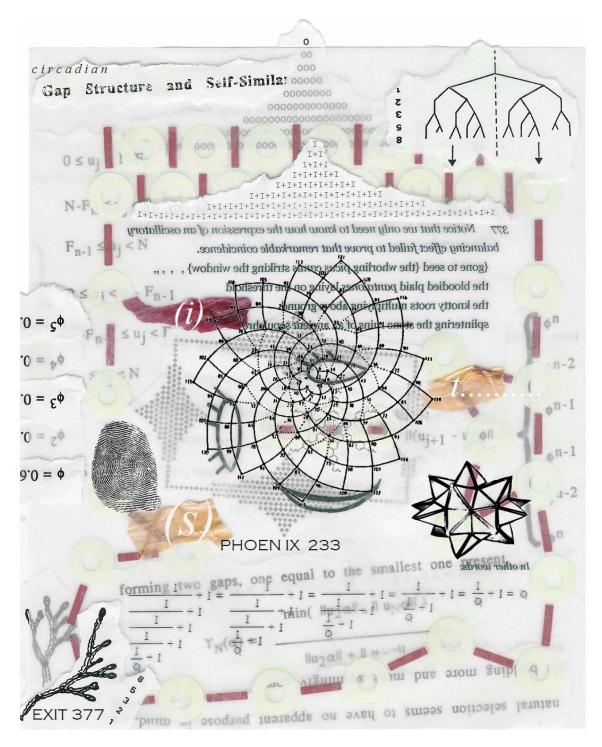
<sup>-1/233</sup> Iceberg BeBe reaches the North pole, drained. By definition, he knows he will die in the process of reaching his destination. He damn well knows his failures were his own. He commissions a tailor to stitch fishing lures on his birthday suit, for future offspring to remember him by.

#### 144 + 233 = Dead Sea Scrolls



<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>377</sup> When you find Iceberg BeBe's body, you try to make sense of the tattoos inscribed on his bones to break the cycle. You think you will get to know his mother by sleeping with her. Next iteration, think about what's under the bed.

# (-1/377) = P(s)alm Exi(s)t



P.S. At least we died trying to make you in the backseat of a taxidermist.....





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