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10 specimens

We watched Micrea Cantor's *Deeparture*, in which a deer and a wolf lie, stand, or pace in a white-walled room, too bored to flee or hunt, then we looked at the other exhibits in the gallery. To be a sentence is to be in line. No spam for four days means something is wrong.

I *am* being objective: the object vanished at the vanishing point. It was all boarded up, so we couldn't tell what it was. Turns out it was a bunch of boards nailed together. He kept saying "main point? There is no main point," but I'm pretty sure he was throwing his voice.

He always spoke of elsewhere and, in fact, his breath always ended up in a different place. In the interest of transparency, the Board of Directors made itself invisible. Virginia Woolf complained of “this appalling narrative business of the realist: getting on from lunch to dinner, it is false, unreal, merely conventional,” and, in fact, every day thousands do not make it. The objects drew attention to themselves by costing money.

“He means nothing to me. He’s just a friend.” I wasn’t chatting her up: I was discouraging. I shared a quote laugh unquote with him. A second look showed me the notice did not read “remaindered larynxes.”

The music of the spheres is an air leak, as you can tell when you say “spheres,” but knowing this only makes me whistle to myself more when I’m scared at night. I was docked points because I couldn’t remember who wrote the book on the death of the author. The tribe’s ideal height was two feet, so the archeologist figured the graves would be two feet deep. That she was cutting herself was one thing; what was really creepy was that they were all paper cuts.

He said, "We're all partly violent monsters in our subconscious minds and that's why we have laws," and I said, "Let go of me." The line was flat as could be, but to call it "deadpan" seemed life-denying. He made a funny face and hurt himself. When the doctor brought out the anatomically-incorrect doll, my fingernails started to sweat even more. Weinermobile Wrecks Home.

We couldn't figure out how to be sure time was accurate. The buffet offered chicken from The Dutch Golden Age. Did enough happen to keep a sit-com going: that's how we judge our life.

Once we figured out it wasn't a real head but a log woodpeckers had gouged into the human semblance, we were able to explain a few things. We knew it was her style because it was so impersonal. "Nothing's happening." "That's one thing." You could see the metal shed was there because the glare made it impossible to look in that direction.

He wanted to show me the line “all sleep may be a mood,” but since he woke me up to show me, I was in no mood to look. I used to talk to myself, but I always said the wrong thing. I told a joke, but it turns out the committee had a gag reflex. Those stars are the heroes who’ve gone before us with *their* cigarette lighters. The scientists thanked us for our input but said *they* would decide what “objective” is.

When I discovered my natural self, I realized the new medication had worked. From the ridge, we had an unobstructed view of the light pollution. As we drove through downtown, he said, “This must be what downtown looked like thirty years ago.” He turned the page to continue his essay on why motion is impossible.