

Tyson Bley

Normal Service Will Resume Shortly

# Yes

your breath smells like mri scans of fruit and vegetables  
it's from talking never-ending about a treasure sunk deep into an old  
thong

you are a real doll and have a real tuna's head  
a new genre  
a stripper pole in a zoo cage

i would not have married you if you were not a real doll

a real doll with a very old date stamp on the back referring to  
sleeplessness—and the murders committed by insomnia  
the photo of the background in the cathouse containing the scariest  
thing ever seen is too blurry to be seen

white is dead  
wake all the dots to fill it  
wake as many dots as possible

what flies past is slashed down the middle by a pink smell  
i am hit and my blood is drained and i feel numb as though hit by  
vampire botox

a shot-putter was standing before me, had heaved her great knobbly  
elbow back, had grunted: my face was subsequently covered in

thousands of micro-needle patches, which is how i was found self-vaccinating in a club seething with an unknown tropical disease that makes you believe beehive-coiffed estate agents want to steal the rugs in your home

the biological imperative moves too fast  
i settle on a goat  
it had freed itself from the green hair of the biological imperative,  
whose name was candice  
whom i loved  
who returned all my library books  
who watered my plants  
who hung my socks to dry  
who killed dozens during her first speech on 'what ails us here in this sordid place, really?'  
i play chess with the goat, who is a tattoo artist, and who'd tattooed horns and beard and curly goat hair and gratuitous piss stains on his body so that he may be mistaken for a chess-playing, piss-stained goat  
his real ambition in life: to be masturbation fodder for farmers  
paying attention to excess shoes was my biological imperative's undoing,  
thus repudiating her chances of clinching the coveted role of masturbation fodder (losing it to whoever the goat had lost it to)  
she turned into a cadaver whose death particles moved too fast to be either buried, nit-picked by medical students, or to perform in a cabaret

all i know is that i've been hit,  
the smell of goat and chess pieces and cadaver and piss

pervading my clothes  
turning the cologne on my neck into the 'old spice' voice mail  
to wit:  
'i'm in your phone, motherfucker'

neil smith is doing ok, i guess  
technology only hinders his earlobe from receiving signals from the ufo  
disco  
it is the coolest place on his left earlobe, where the oil goes to sleep after  
the thai massage walk-over  
'phylogyny' according to neil is the willingness to bear one's ears'  
clotting: bubblegum seepage hardens around the feet on one's  
back; this is then peeled off and used to keep highly graphic  
afterimages of the prayers of nude, long-nailed children raised by  
wolves in a pool of liquid shadow; the oil that pools in the center of  
the pawprint on neil's back subsequently migrates to his left ear

in many respects, he is a fading revolutionary  
he fades daily into an old che guevara t-shirt  
he begins to look like the t-shirt  
he and the t-shirt are beginning to become virtually indistinguishable  
from each other  
soon, it will be impossible to tell them apart  
where does the t-shirt end and neil begin?  
my prayers go out to the children in the bubble-gum frame; once they  
reach it and enter (i.e. my prayers), they are slaughtered by the  
prayers of the feral wolfchildren  
never again will i opt for a thai massage

the sound of my deafness is of a methane bubble straining with hideous  
grunts and moans from the wet hair follicle in the asshole of a  
pimp who is on a thousand-year 'sit strike'

for the uninitiated, a 'sit strike' is where you vow to sit for a thousand  
years unless the whores under your command agree to stop  
landing butter-side down when you prepare them each night when  
you have the midnight munchies and out of sluggishness drop  
them on the floor and have to curse loud up to the ceiling, with  
bulging neck veins—because they had once again landed butter-  
side down on the floor

from the ceiling hangs a plastic arm that each time the pimp screams  
up this way at the ceiling because of how his whores treat him  
wants to high-five the pimp

he invariably refuses

the rubber arm hangs there limply, trying vainly to high-five the  
incensed pimp but always receiving the cold shoulder

a rubber arm that its whole life is denied the intoxicating feeling of a  
high-five well executed

i'm miserable now, he says at last

vanquished

outside his tenth-story office hangs a despicable façade scratcher, a  
humanoid creature that was shot out of, and survived, an  
archimedean steam cannon,

in an experiment to see if a creature snatched off the catwalk, put in a  
body bag, driven ten miles outside of town to the archimedean  
steam cannon, stuffed inside, shot out,

would still resemble an incredibly beautiful person deserving of—  
because of their six arms and the spoingy coils growing from their  
temples—

strutting around on catwalks

especially after being blown to a dozen smoldering pieces at a target  
made of dead, obtuse, insensitive, gruff asbestos

it was not reckoned that the façade scratcher would turn into a façade  
scratcher: ‘we only wanted to see if it would still be beautiful,’  
scientists and model agencies mused somberly together over their  
colorful drinks in a swish bar that on weekends somehow became  
incredibly hot temperature-wise and served as the venue for  
marriages between people from radically different class and social  
standings, the only bar in town with a license for plastic surgeries  
to be carried out on the bar counter during wedding ceremonies  
[weddings where the guests—not to mention bride and groom—are  
socially radically disparate often request this service, to smooth  
over the ripples, chinks and ridges of class differences]

they hadn’t honestly reckoned it would still be beautiful—nevertheless,  
they sounded incredibly sulky, now—but above all they hadn’t  
reckoned it would turn into a façade scratcher

the façade scratcher outside the window sticking to the tall skyscraper  
in which the sit-striking pimp has his office is scratching the  
façade of the tall skyscraper

it is what it does

it uses its nails

it makes thin, white, incoherent murals on the walls of skyscrapers  
with its nails

go away! shoo! the pimp waved feebly

he was already very enfeebled, from sitting the whole time and not eating anything and really just playing video games all day, and couldn't put up a convincing intimidating display of being serious about not wanting the façade scratcher clinging to and scraping at the façade of his building

he saw its stomach

it looked like an exquisite scrapyards—its legs looked like antenna, its feet like toy cars

the pimp had the hottest office in the whole damned world because the floor was so scorched by this damned unmerciful perfidious backstabbing mercenary philandering finger-pointing jockstrap-fixing goldchain-wearing ecosystem

thin dead blonde hair grew out of the carpet

the carpet he had in his office was not a fertile carpet as such

he had a plant with him in his office—with it he could manipulate crowds

it was a freak plant which if it could survive the climate of this ecosystem, this building, this thermal power generator in the cashmere pullover of fuzzed and mote-clotted radiation and the flat broad pectorals of large one-way sun-splashing windows, it had to have been a very, very special plant indeed

a very, very savvy plant

when he still moved about in the outside world, before going on strike, the pimp used to receive much flack from people for doing what he did (i.e. for pimping)

thus he'd take the plant with him, outside; he'd carry it in its pot

the plant's stems and leaves motioned to the crowd

the crowd 'listened'

it was enthralled by the leaves and stems of the plant

but it wasn't so much the mesmeric movements of the plant's stems and  
leaves that manipulated crowds to be nice to the pimp and to  
believe that what the pimp did for a living was relatively alright,  
it was what it said

(i.e. what the plant said)

you could actually literally hear what the plant was saying

'be nice to him. be nice to this man. this pimp. please,' the plant said  
angry people backed off

the cops doffed their hats and curtsied

ham-wristed chefs in döner shops gave the pimp döner in wrapping of  
processed marshmallow, a holy sanitary pad in turkey

outside the building there were these immense hideous chicken-like  
scratch marks which no one would figure out contained a coded  
message

'i come not from the catwalk. or, well, i do come from the catwalk—but  
before that i came from a convent. the convent was trustworthy.  
(the blossoms clouding the entrances and windows had the naïve  
look of someone saying, "i'm new 'round here.") then it wasn't  
trustworthy anymore,' the coded message in this case read

'it sold me to the modeling industry,' the coded message continued

'the reward: free internet connection and a frightful thing called "moral  
neutrality"'

the scratchings didn't say what 'moral neutrality' was, but it was fairly  
obvious what it was: when you ripped content from the

drycleaners and educated poor, deprived children with it by  
dressing straw puppets in it and making the puppets move to  
represent characters in cute children's parables in order to convey  
your funky moral, and when the ripped content of the drycleaners  
didn't belong to you, you and your clad straw puppets would enjoy  
a sort of 'neutrality'

according to this neutrality, the funky moral wouldn't be sinful  
because invariably the moral import of these plays was scatological and  
not very moral

the moral import of these plays was invariably pretty immoral

they contained—and at this point in our synthetic, disco-rapist time, a  
time in which nappies were powdered with cocaine, it was obvious  
the plays would actually and when you really got down to it  
contain—no real import to speak of

it was all just random scatological gibberish  
the convent wanted neutrality for this  
and get it the convent did

the building on the outside looked horrible, the pimp knew  
the spectacle of the scratcher nauseated him and made his plant turn  
the other way, one tentacle draped across its nose in shame  
it was so hot in here...

'the modeling agency gave the convent what it asked for, in exchange  
for me'

'then one day someone snatched me off the catwalk, stuffed me in a  
black bag, drove me in a van to the site of an archimedean cannon'

'i was shot out of the cannon at a target made of really silly, really  
obtuse asbestos...'

must be nice if you're in a padded, big-butted costume and you're  
getting into those hillbilly vibes, walking past the facial  
recognition camera that is take-away food's motherly eye  
it starts out feeling like bee stings only now it's pure nudity  
the pest can see you're wearing the sadness of a chicken  
paradoxical oversized coupon rhyming cholesterol  
must be nice if you're a nice invention, if you're something nice that  
sinks in the ultraviolet ray, gristled concrete anti-bodied by grizzly  
physics, cooled into bitchy bones  
must be nice if you don't have wings that smell like a lazy person  
sluggish with industrial arms hanging heavy, heavy clawing with  
knuckles  
scraping through heavy offal

your baby will be branded, a can-shaped excretion: 'BABY IN A CAN!'  
shows no one's infallible

get up: soap can still be made out of bones, makeup out of shit!  
kfc's latest sandwich developed psychic powers,  
and everyone thought it couldn't get any greater  
then it wrote about itself, and the world saw something terrifying: the  
anatomy of a duck-face

see, the burger was a chicken in its underworld  
from its sealed suit—from its claw-spangled rear, its two chins—  
dropped this gross, genetically poisoned thread  
into its breather tube flowed such sinister mc-clown-speak  
something down there in the dark, something with crusty flu in its  
mouth ...

well, it was preparatory to the mutant tantrum  
i used to be a bank clerk who believed in ghosts—  
i was my own person, on my own mission  
now my beliefs have been absorbed by legumes

yeah, it was quite a small step for the alcoholic tendril—a small step  
entailing various consequences for the liver it was standing on,  
fists planted in hips, gut microbes creeping up and down along its  
congealed jellyfish hue in 1920s attire

the liver filtered junk, filtered products were converted into products  
such that would make a boom box—which cleansed itself with  
beats, pushed out toxins in the form of beats, thumping badass  
beats—livid with envy

the tendril took another small step, unaware of its nefarious effect  
it thought it was making only small strides across the back of the liver  
—in truth, it *was* making only small strides—but each stride made  
a piece of the liver's wonderful works of waste-art fall off like dried  
crap from a sheep's woolly bottom

there went the bass now

the tendril couldn't hear;

it was made of alcohol

alcohol heard only through sour glass

thus, it couldn't appreciate how it was fucking up this wonderful  
supposedly indestructible liver made of supposedly very tough  
black gauze that supposedly protected mosques and absorbed the  
assy fluids of g-force-tickled astronauts

on its ivy-garlanded, barbwired, swine-leathered to-do list today were  
humdrum, depressing things

‘take one step. if i have energy left, take another.’

if only the alcoholic tendril knew it was wrecking mayhem on the liver  
—it would be viciously inspired to write more upbeat things on its  
to-do list

neutrality—it was taught—is a sputtering thing: the convent wasn’t  
taught that, although it made use of it—it sputtered a lot during  
these children’s shows in which it sputtered at the kids the sort of  
grimacing neutrality that would neutralize the tanginess in their  
sweets and pull down the acidic infantile sponge bob shorts from  
the moonrays that comforted them at night

the boom would struggle to lift its heavy paunch over the fence  
so the tendril knew that the liver was an essentially biological boom  
box—the fact itself just didn’t seem to mean much to it  
what does a landfill-containing boom mean to the anesthetized  
eardrum?

the paunch would be so heavy due to the heavy sack of neutrality it was  
lugging

a neutral boom sounds very flat  
it should actually be light, but it is heavy  
queerly

so then: the spikes of the picket fence

they can fucking hurt

particularly a flatly booming paunch lifted heavily over it and midway  
accidentally dropped and popping like booming

my people, the tendril reminisces, don’t like to hurt things

‘so yeah—it was an accident. haw-haw-haw’

something flat has that ‘something heavy’ attribute when it serves as  
the planks of a theatre stage in a production with that ‘something  
stomping’ or ‘something heavy’ or ‘something flat’ attribute to it

and it *is* bullshit

the alcoholic tendril’s people *do* like to hurt people

next, there goes the treble

then, the bovine, agriculturally-informed lyrics of the blonde  
midwestern sex kitten in torn jeans and belly ring of golden  
handcuffs starring in a nightmare, nightmare cuffs, velour-  
hemmed darkness, chain-linked darkness, puppet-rattling  
darkness, all around: darkness, in this nightmare: darkness,  
sounds of scratching, sounds of corn, great billows of corn hair,  
waving corn blinding impaling in the choking armpit darkness,  
great purple night-slivers falling from the walls, a green rich slimy  
catwalk snaking its way into the darkness

at the end of it—a looming building on cotton suspenders thrummed in  
an earthquake of rusty bombs and agri-machinery like shrill junky  
ribs

hanging in a truss of hot-air balloon jiveass clown pants gleaming with  
independent thought

the entourage consists of midgets in ether-soaked nappies who  
complain about the size of everything—yet these treacherous  
polyps themselves have brought her here, and it is they who  
slapped the golden handcuffs on her wrists

her fists are blue and the magnetism imparted by the handcuffs leak  
lightning coils when they clench

and every player in the nightmare—including the horses—is being  
pulled at the septum by the belly ring of the screaming girl  
you see your hands are not real human hands: the nails have been  
magnetically watercolored out of their sockets to eventually  
resemble struwelpeter hands

‘you will be fisted with your chicken feet’

robotically: ‘i will, in effect, be chicken footed’

‘chicken clawhawhawhawed’

it will seemingly turn out to be a big lewd dream, a big bonanza of  
dream lewdnessessessess which technically, then, according to  
you, wouldn’t then according to you qualify as a nightmare at all  
oh well...

and but why is it meant to be called a nightmare in the first place?

lewd dreams aren’t nightmares!

you cackle confusedly in your misty squat on the governess’s black lawn

it will be a nightmarishly lewd dream

look! fool! you have chicken claws for hands!

aren’t you afraid?

you look down

you’re just a little constipated

each of your vertebrae is just a little egg

the voice had come from the building

you are walking on the catwalk toward the building, a v-shape of  
midgets trailing you and complaining about the size of everything  
'look at that enormous boil! it wears a bra!'

'it is not an enormous boil,' you say through your teeth— 'it is the  
governess's dead black teat'