

## Leviathan

1.

in the cellar of tenderness the dancers float  
Oblivious to the curtain of endless thought  
trailing their wishes like sewage running down the corners  
of the street.

in the province of reckoning  
even horses will plunge into the small ring of fire and  
dancers will dream that their feelings fueled the airless  
musing of their whims.

I have seen it.

more than once do they jump higher than their  
counterparts—higher than the sky lit ceiling  
of their attitude.

in the shelter of providence the dancers tow  
the battlement, chest lifting thoughts, contracting  
a compass turn—knee hinge, encroix

the prayer of the coryphée to  
somehow promenade soutenu  
around the edges of the audience—the hearts  
of the audience—the mind of the dancer  
is a variation in fate.

in the ocean of admission  
the sheets soak with blood—  
the sissone of the dancer plunged a  
simple foot into painful temps de pointe  
then blood—then death.

to live is to die.

to dance is to fly.

the signature montage of one person  
is the landscape of  
eternal sleep rocked.

It is dukkha

suffering, suffering

Dukkha

keeping us watching the momentary  
floating into blood.

2.

My main character/protagonist is a male. My main character is a babysitter/nanny. An archetype present in my story is Fisherman. A key object or symbol in my story is a shawl. My story will be set in a banker's office. My story is about pettiness.

Jinshin Uwo

The giant fish lashes  
An earthquake into a moment.  
He sits, the Fisherman, renouncing  
The shackles of castigation—  
The great fish lashing the earthquake  
Over the sand, into the night,  
Onto the shore,  
Drowning the Fisherman's small hut on sticks.  
Sitting, his back to the ocean,  
The talus rising above the rim of his eyes,  
The Fisherman chants monophonic canticles  
To the watching Gods.  
Tracing tsunami breaking over the shoreline,  
Jinshin Uwo creates  
The destiny to end  
The world.  
One thing left on the tarnished sand—the voice  
Of castrato limned over the horizon—a shawl, crumpled,  
Laden with the detritus of dead fish, perhaps an  
Oracle for the future,  
The shawl a specter witnessing  
The white shoulders of the dead girl  
Who wore it.  
She, lying face down in the sand,  
Wet hair,  
One girl who read the pattern of birds but  
No one listened to her.  
Jinshin Uwo returns back to the deep—  
The Benthic Realm his dwelling place.  
Dead water eddies a pool around the girl's face, draws the  
Shawl back out to the graveyard of the sea—  
The province of dead water,  
Tsunami silent,  
Jinshin Uwo sounding the sea elements,  
The Fisherman a cosmic ray  
In some other dimension.

### 3. Completion

He sat inside the bunker silo thinking about the curve of her shoulders—high, bony, sad, the record of her life showed in her breathing, the record of her life vulnerable and not to be tampered with. She was enclosed. He wanted to open her and make a pathway inside the secret—she hung back like a magician waiting for the audience to recognize the trick. He knew there was no trick, but it made a nice moment of fantasy to think there was. She was all there was at that moment as he watched the men piling the haystacks onto the barn floor. She was all there was and all there ever would be. She was the sentence and the words and the structure.

Jane drove the planter to the side of the barn and swung herself down. She was a big woman, not pretty, strong and angry, his wife for thirty years. The hatred between them hung like a search warrant tacked to the back wall of a burning building. No one would read it and the search would never happen. His main surprise was that he still believed in symbology. The snow globe on the mantelpiece was his prayer talisman—every day his self doubt would know inside his gut like a snake; he would grab the snow globe, pray for Messianic intervention and go on out on the harvester and do his job. His job, his job, his job.

“Earl, what the fuck you doing?” Jane came at him like a lumberjack with a gun, wearing her ubiquitous dirty overalls.

“Nothing. Just sitting, watching.”

“Well, get the fuck off there and do something!”

He dreamed of being a lounge singer—farming was ugly, dirty and stupid and never make anything but debts piling up. The debt, the debt, the debt. He was a loser.

“Come on, Earl—I’ll make you some lunch.”

She grabbed him off the bunker and helped him down. Lately his helplessness had become a daily thing. She cursed the day she married him—never thought the young and handsome buck she married would be an old plow horse at 62. Time to put him out to pasture and she just getting started. Life’s seasons were cruel. In the narrows of desertion people often drive themselves crazy.

Earl walked behind her to the house. It needed painting. It was needing painting for some five years or more, but his son Jason was gone and he was the only one to do it. Earl thought about her beautiful white shoulders one more time—the girl that worked in the AT & T office—what was her name?

“What’s the name of that girl works in the phone office?”

“What girl? What phone office?”

Jane heaped a pile of dirty laundry into the washing machine as Earl scrubbed his hands at the kitchen sink.

“That girl—that girl—you know—white, bony shoulders—“  
“Jesus Earl—what the hell you on about?”

Their oldest daughter, Peggy, came into the kitchen with the twins one under each arm.

“Mom, let me help you with that.”  
“You’d better put the girls down for their nap.”  
“They just had breakfast—it’s their play time.”  
“Well--”

Earl moved his big body toward the two year old girls.  
“I’ll take them in to watch TV.”

Jane looked reluctantly his way as he grabbed the kids under his arms and lumbered off into the den.

“He moves so damn slow...I dunno...”  
“Mom, come on. He ought to retire.”  
“What about the farm? What are we going to live on? We ain’t got no retirement fund and you—single parent and all.”  
“Right. But don’t go making this my problem, mom. I can easily move out—you know that. Paul is ready to take us back.”  
“On his wages?”  
“Better than standing here arguing with you.”  
“I can’t run this place alone—I just can’t.”

Jane slathered peanut butter on 6 slices of white bread.

“Grab the jam out the fridge, will you?”  
Peggy slammed a hunk of iceberg lettuce onto the cutting board and stabbed it violently with the knife.  
“What are you doing?”  
“Making iceberg lettuce the hero of some kind of drama.”  
“What?”  
“It’s angry lettuce, see? I figure it can stand as some kind of metaphor..”  
“You know, a college education was a waste of time for you. All you did was fall over Paul and get pregnant.”  
“Metaphor for the breaking apart of feeling—,” Peggy continued, “the wet, hard, sloppy, angry moments of life. The...”  
“Pregnant!” Her mother shouted for emphasis.  
“So what?!” Peggy screamed back and attacked the lettuce once again. It lay ripped to shreds on the cutting board.

Earl could hear the yelling in the next room. The girls were propped up against a pillow watching Sesame Street. He smoked his pipe. ( A rare occurrence) and went back to the girl's white, skinny shoulders. He could see the pulse beating in her neck, standing in line at the ATT office paying his overdue phone bill. Her bones and skin were white and see through, alabaster maybe, if he knew what that was, the clavicle was prominent and nervous. She was proud. He could not get her off his mind.

"Earl!" Jane's voice ripped through his thought like a squealing pig.

"Stop it," he muttered under his breath. The babies were falling down over to the side, laughing and watching something happen on TV. They had their own secret language. Jane heaved into the room, glass of whiskey in one hand, paper in the other.

"Here. Keep yourself occupied."

She set the whiskey glass into his outstretched hand and placed the paper on the lamp stand.

"Now keep the twins out of trouble," she said and swooped down to give each girl a big, fat kiss.

He drank the whiskey so fast it moved all over his stomach like a warm catholicon. Whiskey was his favorite narcotic, though the pipe and that girl came second. Back to the girl, her sad, white shoulders hunched over the computer, her pulse jumping out of the veins in her neck. It brought him close to insanity.