

HAMS, an extract

30.

here again, object-permanent, having allowed the evaporation of day, hams does not work but yet awaits his fate : the bobcats and the cranes in the great technèd outdoors via tram window en route to the department of ontological affairs, pondering machines or computers or people, reconfiguring like a wheel alignment, thinking of helena, hams reflects on his mind, so vastly estimated pushing against itself like the unprickèd skins of hot breakfast sausages so she wants it that way, denial, suppose i might have known better, never trust a horse which is but a cabinet of desire, but can i live without her, so svelte, both in thought and stature, unchallenging yet so perplexing, he hurtles towards the department to put things in order, neat little categories of the real, bubbling for a morning drug-dump : an effervescent, painkiller, an upper, a cuppa, antihistamine, landing in the mind's furnace, spluttering, becoming madder with the tremendous bureaucracy of organised crime again, the great class elevator floor looms hot for hams, projecting back and forth, idling mechanical,

we're pushing past the techne, thinks hams, pushing past revolving doors, property obscuring property, like an animal for a vehicle, hams wheels his gearbox towards elevator twice observed, darting upwards to the human resources filing cabinet in the great glass-paned sky through the holes of the upwards gesture, a double giant milkshake machine flying towards an arche of itself, elevated, yes, preparing for spreadsheets, advanced sort, preparing his persona, hosing down the mind from sleep as though a stainless steel toilet by an ocean front, automatic, surface clean, gleaming, ready to participate in the collegiality of organisation, and efficiency, ready to uphold, with integrity,

31.

in the great upstairs hams is unandrogynous in the cooler room box
where affairs are being conducted, the sudden linoleum after carpet
where everyone is on break, relaxed, (they might spill something!),
the juniors keep vaping in the bathroom, the fire drills so frequent
though few were fired, in the face of human rights, o it's a joke,
his laughter booms to side-eyes thrown, the constant team tension
holds together the team, yes, the poorly attend'd video conference-

look, i don't want to cut anyone's lunch, but we have ah,
a real kevin of a situation here, margaret

overhead his collaborators name problems after old celebrities

but are they even really problems? hamsthinks anew,
the phone bowls chiming: 3 messages from cass, awaiting
automatic espresso, one of life's greatest inventions, yes,
his heart flips for his familiar, sweet ganymede, in her care-

hey hams, i think ganymede and I saw a ghost last night??

he pauses, takes a look around like a bite, the pace of his intake
suddenly larger, slower, though relative to his gravitas, our
caffeine-shielded hams post-tram now wondering anew,

strange start to the day, hethinks, perhaps another joke?
the field of cass' possible belief seems to hams long as her legs,

it's the sublime to the ridiculous... but is not a ridiculous
friend better than a cunning enemy? the | 0 | keyholes of each
screen gaze blank at hams while the technical attitude rolls a joint
in the mind, licks paper-edge as the day crawls out from its sheets
fictocritical, ever-narrating, practiced in courts, public assemblies,
private parts of houses (various), wrapping paper and packing tape
around the ineffable truth, his digits rapping against the glass
of the screen in response : : : : : :

32.

here, today, an emergency of sorts: helena is feeling haut e
for the ocean in a new swimsuit, snacking mindlessly on
semi-ripe strawberries, not a name for a swimsuit tone,
but it could be, shethinks, admiring jambs and limbs uncoated
so carefully holding a searchlight to the body, fresh-feeling
for new moon, hair gleaming in the gold of un-guilty morning,
just newer than yesterday, thinking of roger, thinking of hams,
of gabe or cass, who suggested hams may not have a monopoly
on swashbuckling strange besties those two, shethinks from
her generational cusp, what do they know about swashbuckling
anyway, amateurs to my secret delicate stepwife future-

and i didn't even meet him at a conference or under
otherwise professional academic circumstances, shethinks
but rogers is my ticket... i cannot live on public service money

but on the other hand, i can't stop thinking about hams,
o i must behave myself, i will will will, funny how a future
bends itself in the shape of a lie this way,

at least i don't live with him, but it will come to that,
o we'll have to have a wedding, running fingers in proportion
to legs, i'll have to meet his children, well, here shaved and
demulcening to the idea of another desire for god verboten, wool
blanket barbing her lower back, damned crop tops, recalling
his apollinian outline almost carved, to the forms she returns, then
remembers again his familiar, preposterous as a lion, dagg ed in this
brief homeland of hot girl yoga videos, where some cosmic minder
might have followed him, tracked ed by chariot, by wheel, by jove-

not much longer n ow, ganymede. hams is picking you up to-d ay

ganymede stares and blinks at helena, her hair swept into high pony,
his whiskers gentle against the air, it is time to return,,,