

Rich Ives

CHILLED

Three No Ice had come down to witness the spoor. It smelled like paraffin. He was wet and full of seeds.

The pervert was the detective. Said he only took his rod out to clean it. And a messy little fellow he was.

Don't forget the parsley. Don't drink it without a witness.

"Step on it before it multiplies," said the pervert. He smiled and tightened his belt.

Three No Ice was at a loss. He was at a crossroads. He was at still another version of the innocent.

"Death is an infection the living carry, so easily spread . . ." said the detective. He smiled and loosened his belt. He tittered. He waited patiently for the sprouts.

But by the time the spoor had melted, the pervert had begun to feel the raisin bruises where the lawn mower had kicked tiny pebbles against his legs.

Don't forget the ice. Don't dampen the fervor.

The witness didn't realize the detective had been sitting down until he stood up. He doesn't remember he's dreaming. Several times he begins baking a batch of baby turtles.

Paper soldier hats drift by on the dream creek.

There are many other interesting things to learn about the witness. For example, a sudden desire to place the cow quietly eating grass by the farmer's hayrake into a capsule of ascorbic acid.

And it was, "Darling I feel like I belong to you." And it was beautiful music together and it was a new life in a foreign country. And it was murder.

And it was thirsty.