## Dean Young

This Living Hand

It's not only the word roses lurking inside neurosis or the fact that most of my formal education occured in the midwest, so too my summer job inhaling industrial reactants should be considered. It's an unstable world, Babe. Always an inner avalanche as they say in receiving. I'm sure if I'd gotten a shot of Karl instead of Zeppo Marx in utereo, things would have turned out differently. Instead, my mother went right on eating lobster. But where were we? Weren't you over there struggling with your territory? How did that go? Do you feel your co-workers were supportive? Did anyone lay hands upon you? Dreams are down the hall. If you were shot into outer space and came back in a 100 years, unaged, what would you find? What can you do personally to insure that never happens? Will you have my baby? It's amazing anything ever gets done around here. Everyone thinks even changing vase water is in someone else's purview as if this is a place where rivers flow backwards and children balance eggs on end demonstrating forces at work, ordinary forces come to deranged circumstances. I'm not exactly one of those ruined folk
with a narrative tied round me neck but I have obviously seen too many movies in which people transform into wolves, reptiles, metal reptiles, poisonous clouds, vegetarians, bunny-boilers, organs of the other side, strippers stripping to fund the needs of a special child, to be of use regarding: work load, love forlorness, travel arrangements (don't go but if you do, don't come back), moose behavior (I have heard however they should not be approached), chandelier installation that does or does not require re-wiring. Ditto check-book balancing, rifle-repair of current manufacture or flint-lock, all forms of testifying, arbitration and/or surgery although in an emergency, say if a bee flew into your mouth, stinging your throat thereby swelling closed your windpipe, I could perhaps be availed upon to attempt a tracheotomy with this very pen with which I write these words.

