

# GOD!

ΒY

JIM MEIROSE

## WHY I LIKE IT: Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...

"God!," by Jim Meirose, is a head trip, like the cutup method on speed, like a soviet montage of imagery and impact.

I feel like this story is 1102 words on the frustration of having to deal with traveling on an airplane. As if your brain is so frustrated that the only words you can speak are so disjointed from exasperation that you can merely form fragments of language because the absurdity of humanity traveling is enough to make you question any semblance of religious beliefs you may or may not have had previously.

*Yet, for the life of me I cannot, and will not, tell you the plot - mainly because I truly have no idea.* 

What's great about Meirose's prose/poetics is that the language is meant to make independent impressions. Each of you who read this story will have a different reaction to its scope, style, craft, and creation, and each of you reading will have to make your own sense out of the seemingly senseless. There is a mind at work here that I do not even try to understand because to crack the code, to find some semblance of logic for your own self, takes away from the purity of language in which Meirose writes.

Let it wash over you and have the words (in all their odd capacity) hit like comets on the surface of the moon.

"God!," in exasperated italics, is always going to be exclaimed in the face of nonsense, but, and I believe I have said this about Meirose before, in no(n)sense we often are free to create the most sense.

Enjoy.

**QUALITY QUOTABLE** (for the love of language...)

## GOD!

**GO!** wow rty rtt ry rtty what's that spell bi flat radioteletype [Really, oh really, how bad can it <u>be</u>?] Ga No thank spells spells bi rdioteletype No thank I do think I've got someone capable of this' spells decipherment spells bi radioteletye? No thank I think got capable this' spells decipherment there will be well-known **rap bands** attending bi raioteletype, as well. **Great!** I got to make the best of it *No thank* think capable *spells* decipherment bi radioteletpe *No thank* think *spells* decipherment bi radioteletype *No thank* hink *spells* bideciphermen radioteletype *No thank spells* bideciphermen radioteletype *No thank spells* bideciphermen radioteletype

hack

<u>Okay</u> So, now I got myself inside this predicament of having to seem totally crazy obsessed with, preoccupied by, and addicted to gaining a "*window seat*" each and every time I fly *No thank spells* bi *Desimen ra not to repeat but it must be repeated* diote [*Really*, oh *really*, how bad can it <u>be</u>?] etype *No thank*—

As making the best of something's always the wisdom-how 'bout it? Believe? Come

clean. Who are ? Believe? Taste spells bi radioeletype r vengeance, so-believe?

Since most everything encountered in life ends up temporary— 00000000000000, not to repeat but it might need to be repeated shut up/back up stay up be up

#### OH!

step

Silly me, I nearly said "more or less" temporary when such as that's a lie No thanks no dice toss 'em there'll be No Quarter! Make r move! spells bi rad! |||||Turok, Son of Stone||||| Taste r vengeance! spells now in use danger danger danger spells are now in use |||||| Interval and in tuck'd red sphincters |||||| DO NOT USE

Every single something's either temporary or not so what? so what? Taste r vengeance! Give No Quarter! spells bi radioteleype Desimen! Make r move! tuck! co! Make r move!

Much like the notion of being above = There's no "more or less above" SO Make r move! Taste r vengeance! Give No Quarter! ecom? a, no, thanks anyway <u>OK! Make r move! Taste r spells</u> bi radioteletype venspells bi radioteletype eance! Give No Quarter! ||said senior flight attendant Jan what seems to be the problem here?||

There's either above or below. Whack? Then-Desimen! Desimen! Make r bi raioteletype!

 Push!
 Give No Quarter!

 Which, actually, is a lie also.
 No? Move! Taste r vengeance! Desimen!

 Desimen?
 Yes! Desimen!

W-Whoah! Desimen!

There's either above or at the same level as *Desimen! Desimen! Make r move!* No thanks to Ms. Desimen! Plus, Ms, Desimen! spells **Desimen!** spells bi **Desimen! not some** <u>rdioteletype</u>! You silly fool!

Fool? Okay—though it does not really "feel right", actually No thanks? No, no thanks. Sh-eeer cries of "imen! Desimen! Desimen!" began to become very tiresome.

No no *No spells* biflat*thank; Desime spells* <u>bi</u> [It's just a little *skinny* of a thing how bad can spelling it wrong actually <u>be</u>?] *De-men! Desimen! No thank you, but; not to repeat but it* <u>must be repeated;</u> *No thank you spells more than just "Desime-*esimen"! *but how much more you need not know as a matter of fact* before we go any further *please produce* three forms of

government-issued unexpired identification *please, please 'n thank you ess then* it began to become very "*tirinto iotelety*" in their 'eads. be cause ::said junior flight attendant *Jon* what seems to be the problem here?:: because cause be = <u>boom</u> Think; above or below's fast 'nd snappy *No thank* **mushi-***spells* bi Esime-esime!

Quite taut, and very crisp, -m [*Really*, oh *really*, if not so good how "bad can" the outcome <u>be</u>?] oo iotelet Ga become very "*tirinto*" face-flattened tight to th' *No thanks spells*. ||said senior flight attendant Jan what seems to be the problem here?||

And, oh so elegant bi mushi- -moo otelet Ga No thank mushimoo keep face spells biflattened tight to konck. (.).

Which in and of itself, is quite the fine word, la *la spells bimushimoo*-tele, buh, *No thank you* SPLAT tight to the windowglass (shatterproof plate grade glass only)

As is luggage = s'specially since the glass *spells* biwasn't glass mus-moo ele *what's that spell?* 

As is fuselage = No thank mu-oo el Ga No thank  $^{u-o}$  the  $^{\wedge\wedge}$ 

As is spirit level = spirit level sgpliarsist wlaesvne't glass some flexible plexi sort of see-through plate glass stock.

As is T-square or spells somethin-like uh off topped roman cross stood straight up! (!{????[G-g-g-g-{1 2 3 4 5

#### WOW!

Doth thou see? no God doth you? Eck, Hans said {off the record} No thank, in a way like, like much lighter than glass.

Enter here if you want to believe, said the *past-master*, *{what the hell is a "past-master"?}* but thousands of times stronger **HUH**?

Do you want to believe? stronger eek ack swoo-oo-on!

Yes I want to believe [*Really*, oh *really*, how bad can it <u>be</u>?]

Esperanto <u>yes</u> spells bi hank? No no no, spells "radioteletype" YAK!

Quiver No no no r-a-d-i- output of the battle yea :: said junior flight attendant Jon what seems to be the problem here?::

Sheath <u>yea</u> not to repeat, okay oke, CHECK! o-t-e-l-e-t-y-p-e does not spell radio.

Left over? <u>yea</u> How 'bout it? Come clean. Who are you? tr-a-d-i-son y' know and y' know an'y' (0)

If 're a manned moon rocket 're screwed (an' y' must yes really know for if not then it's spazzz...)

Or a fully packed luxury liner-also, screwed as b. r-y-p-e too, + anybody anyplace hereabouts had left

 {Danger! Sharp Scissors!)
 Come clean. Who are you ?
 ||said junior flight attendant Jan I can't help you until you

 stop and say the problem||
 loose tooth

Anything man-made, high in the sky, like this here, is *screwed*, face flattened tight to the windowglass s'specially since the glass *not to repeat but it must be repeated* wasn't meant to save lives *any lives*. *Come clean*. *Who are you*?

And there, and those, well—yes they are all screwed t glass some flexible plexi or something much lighter than glass [It's just a little *skinny* of a thing how much bad can it actually <u>be</u>?] but thousands of times stronger {eek! ack!}

And this very fuselage <u>estamos atirando em algum lugar</u>, high, wide, and loud, fast and gone—yes it's screwed! So—son, dear son, y'kno not to repeat, <u>but</u>; it must be repeated y' know y' have not been listening 'fter all's swanne d' all's of it tell us now tell Who the hell are anyway eh Who are ? Who are ? Who are ? Come clean! Who are you ?

# GOD!

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** "God" is a segment of text from a large work in progress called "Party". This "scene" is a shot of the immediate action of an airline passenger who asked the others in their row to move around so that this passenger can have a window seat. The process of these passengers shuffling around involved much grunting and groaning on the part of the others, which caused so much tension in our POV passenger that they turned to the window and gazed out intensely, trying to escape the fact that the others in the row probably hate having just been forced to reshuffle everything just so this "idiot" can have a window seat. So, this piece is a "snapshot" if you will of the flood raging in this passenger's mind trying to forget all that's just happened—trying to escape "out the window" to get away from the reality of the hatred boiling out over them, from behind.

Influences leading to this style are many some being Joyce, Beckett, Burroughs, Arno Schmidt, etc. some along those lines.

**AUTHOR BIO:** Jim Meirose's work has been widely published. His novels include "Sunday Dinner with Father Dwyer"(Optional Books), "Understanding Franklin Thompson"(JEF), "Le Overgivers au Club de la Résurrection"(Mannequin Haus), "No and Maybe - Maybe and No"(Pski's Porch), "Audio Bookies" (LJMcD Communications), and "Et Tu" (C22 press). Info: www.jimmeirose.com



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