

Oasis ... Oasis ... Oasis ...

before the 4th Cup (!!!)

By Michael Carter

WHY WE LIKE IT: *We'd already accepted the author's Explaining Rachmaninoff (Nonfiction # 1) when this not so decaffeinated confection Stabucked into our Inbox accompanied by what sounded like an apology: 'I don't know where this belongs or even IF it belongs'. We thought it did. Although we generally don't feature the same author twice in one issue, in this case we made an exception. A quick, satisfying literary latte that is sure to pick you up. No Quotable Quote' here cuz it's too short. For author's bio see his nonfiction ramble.*

Oasis before 4th Cup

Oh the words that thoughts. Mind pinching. Trying and letting, the same. Pinching the experience tube again. Oozing the cream that might and seems as if it can walk upright through streets of people, unnoticed. Just like one of them. Hey I'm like you so don't stare or whisper in check out lines by streams of star plasters magazines.

That's the oozing paste. Just stiff enough to stand in the neon market light without flowing into my own what I know of the taking all the cashiers' lines together blended into one, An androgynous

pregnant dead divorced diseased kidnapped diva face. With annotations. All this mix, so different from the discrete glaring stars lined in metal racks next to the whispers deconstructing me into my socially irrelevant elements.

My oozing, just a conceit waving through the early morning time, now. A chemical oasis before the fourth cup of coffee kick. And the sprinkle of four tablespoons of sugar across the three honey oats rafting slowly atop two inches of icy white never cold enough liquid. The milk of fulfillment. Oozing an illusion, near delusion of acceptance. How nice, my insanity says in clear words, to be normal ball game and beer sunny afternoons sane with barbecue evenings of talk like who's on first as the smell of hamburger career whiffs of what we think success is, with day after this Sunday looming with all the standing behind some oozing paste erect posture persona, whispering by magazines to deconstruct his gestures, his colors, the hangs cloth.

See, even in this oasis me I can't be them. In fact they can't be them but they try and I love the whisperers trying. There were whole ages when I tried. Maybe I love them for the me of them. That's good that's good to love myself. The pre-fourth cup ooze.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *I don't know where this belongs or even if it belongs. Call it a paragraph poem. It was written after a bout of Kerouac, something I experience during a coffee bender.*

AUTHOR BIO: See 'Explaining Rachmaninoff' in *Nonfiction*, this issue.