

The *Mind* off My **Creator**

By Jim **M**eirose

WHY I LIKE IT: Guest Editor JOEL PAGE writes:

I like this piece because it gives you permission. Don't get me wrong, there's plenty to think about, and if you want to engage it like a detective, you can mostly piece it together. A bartender is indeed a great deal like a creator – he or she pours down the magic, views what he or she has done in detachment, maybe intervenes when all goes very wrong. So if you want to hit this with your cerebral cortex and your reasoning skills, have at it. And do tell me what you find me. As for me, I'm going to just inject this into the brainstem, or maybe the unconscious. I'm going to let it poke around in all the images it invokes – please call someone if I start twitching. To me, this is a piece in which to float. The language is warm and lovely, even lyric, and something almost like a plot will carry you gently around creation.

Five stars.

Senior Editor CHARLES writes:

Meirose plays language like Hauser plays cello. Untouchable. Jim, you write, think and neuroticize beautifully. Don't take your pills. (This story is excerpted from a novel presently being shopped around called Jungle Swamp. Spacing and font size are author's own.)

QUALITY QUOTABLE (for the love of language):

People say things like ah, well, I think, it took five or ten times to finally get whatever, stopping after eleven failures just doesn't feel right. Dead for nothing. Ten would be right. Or five. Or crap, cra', 'ap. Too much overthinking but. Is that possible when asleep? The wise bartender said, Sleeping eck showering much though two'r eh, the same. Dry and wet the same. Dry and wet—the same—the bartender slid it over front 'o me saying eh ha guess what and; no what and so what so just-t-t-t, what?

The Mind Off My Creator

(1600 words)

As above out of sight the creator 'f wags his finger-down off non—no no no that can't be—
but it is—Hey. Hello. Have another vodka, have, I'll drain it I'm draining it, Hello. Have another
vodka, I'm draining it, drain. Hello. Sorry, I'll have another a third un 'nuther 'n vodka, but.

Hello.

Another. Hello.

Another please.

Hello, hello, but.

Vodka, 'nother vodka I'll drain it 'n draining it, give it here.

But.

Ehhhhh, but; can't be itself and not or not and itself and every other thing in creation
winner, loser or not no n', Hello, wha' can't be flowing and frozen no no no that can't be no
dead and alive as well something's elses entireously no no no that can't be ten feet from the
jungle no no no, Hello n' Hello, that can't be seven feet no can't be five feet no can't b' four that
no can't be three and two and and and rip-roar down'g perforation 'f the fabric rip, roar, the
fraction zip up down over 'n through do not put your finger there it'll rip off no don't put your

finger or fingers or anything at all there, Pum, snap; the wall the rod the sharp no—God, we're through, we're through.

No. Not someplace else entirely, secret 's that may be, but.

We' through, s', so

Hello.

Ahead, a green glade. A slope. Soft shaded upslope.

Not known even to the Cre'.

No can't be b' 'e, but. Is.

So.

Eh—soft now—it comes this place's not known even to the Crea'—no, tense, push.

Ah.

Let it come.

A place unknown even to the Creator.

A place that really should not ever be—but.

It is. There it is.

So warmed. So so, so, walk forward breathe oh ah—what a relief; so; here and here since then right 'til now, which, better yet, better ever, keeps on moving forward causing the illusion the all the stuff—that stuff not to git named because why name it 'cause the while 'dea was to get away so if it's going to haunt 'ou down in every new thought—even though sometimes never, sometimes halfwise, total eck ooo', 'nd every fraction in betw', why the 'ell'd you run who are you to run put all 'round you to trouble and worry most of all and most importantly you yourself and you again—ha heh oh tripped yo' 'p good with that there eh, sasparilla? No, Jones.

Butodranje you thought we all sasparilla?

No. Jones. But—

Damian, Willy!

Jones! Jones!

No, no—

Let's talk about something else.

Hoke`. Ess ind'a travel into through and past every moment each of failing to maintain being the present for anything greater than each's physical span, measured in inches—here and there pass other great bodies each passing its own way serving its own mind sometimes brushing closer enough for matter to rub off spill out and land ahoy, here dere pup, brushing past su' stuff as hey, you look pretty relaxed, kid. Better open your eyes but ho what too slow never mind ah, don't mean to intrude but drink that back before you drop it break it spill it down and make every kind of mess because guess who'll ave t do t me t's wha off that way but ow ma laces have you tried so far to apply to jobs of the type you're oo ing for us d t be pr tty plen ful e oo o o so hat m e you eave Back City most people coming here are schoolkids lo ki g for s e fat rs j sssss I in the p ce y u're lookin' for is a couple miles ut off town, I don't know who told you it was down here, but they told yo wro g g to b eful stop so once a day end alone the noise level's so low and some standard number of hours of s eep al ott d to ach o' y'r 'rticu' 'ree' v'ry ni' down down closer touch let go sink in th' all 'roun envelopment where things'r for some reason just as real as all of life seemed to be—before, but. Here is a whole world solidly real. 'nder th' shutting over-closed of one eye for sure. And possibly both, but. Consider the number eleven. Asleep can't check. Never seemed an important number before. Might go look it up since it's. Nothing gets traditionally counted off by eleven. But asleep can't look up crap. No centurion ever walked down a line of prisoners pointing to every eleventh to be executed. Never has anyone been more

hated or feared than. Imagine an eleven-day week. These or those who just will not. Imagine a twenty-two-hour day. Will not step forward. Imagine saying instead of twenty-four seven, saying twenty-two eleven, five hundred and seventy-two. They've hard concrete ice heads to stand so firm up. What has ever finally been done on the eleventh try? Against those who'll just whittle. What or where is any race whose numbering system centers on base eleven? And whittle and whittle every eleventh away 'til. What was the point of trying the eleventh time to achieve the dream of being mayor? They're all dead for. People say things like ah, well, I think, it took five or ten times to finally get whatever, stopping after eleven failures just doesn't feel right. Dead for nothing. Ten would be right. Or five. Or crap, cra', 'ap. Too much overthinking but. Is that possible when asleep? The wise bartender said, Sleeping eck showering much though two'r eh, the same. Dry and wet the same. Dry and wet—the same—the bartender slid it over front 'o me saying eh ha guess what and; no what and so what so just-t-t-t, what?

Most nearly 'vryone dances once a day.

Ok. Do the punch we can't guess.

In the shower behind the curtain under the spray all do the same perfectly choreographed dance—stand this way, lift that, turn this way, pose, bent get this or that perfectly the same like that does not normally change. All uncontrolled. Rip 'way the all else but you they or me actually everyone in space impossibly watch the shower that way a dance or a shower a dance or a or a or a—shower or a, not. Got that?

Ah. Sure. Another vodka please? Give me the mixings, I'll stir this one up myself—down the sewerhole the spindraining hush listen where did the bar go eh eh?

So, ha, need to wake up, there it 's, I will wake you up here there is it you 'g 'et be have of whatever listen, ignore, hello. Polite there it is up there word she make me or make you he it listen Hello how the hell dit it get up there?

Hello and I am down

Hello am down here where no one is supposed to be!

Hheeloo this is Paul Repititian who ss', Listen, Dan Bone's come over into my JungleSwamp task force wwhhoo Listen ignore I'd like to invite you bup bop bip bap bbuupp bbbooopppp bbbbaaaaappppp nnnooo nnoo no 'o no no no—bu' no mayor not no mayor of course that would be, Hello, this is would be too, Hello, this is Repititian much ooo Paul.

Like Repititian something ppauull, I want.

Uck! to do so also, Hello, this is Paul Repititian. This is not to try to get you to drop what you're doing; you have what it takes to be equally valuable either with me or for Back City as a whole b', the hey don't even know if I am gone they he or whoever's I quite selfishly just assuming I am hoping you will help me save the people from this, Hello, this is Paul Repititian Paul Repititian am gone Paul just assuming I am Paul Paul gone Paul Repititian because they just terrifying feel new threat, yes.

Terrifying feel new I yes am threat yes.

Hello.

Terrifying yes just feel new yes I am yes threat some shit yes shola yes yes of a quitter a quitter Bosh yes candycakes some brewmastgerfold shit tippa death shinola tippa go back go back of a go back go back, quitter.

Hello? Hello.

No, yes, call me to talk if you wish go back No go back no yes yes go back then his number his phone and how dare he how dare he his number he no go back his phone don't say it go back back don't say it what? Hello; and how dare he how dare go go back back.

No.

He how dare phone how how phone down dare he they uh' pup.

Put the phone down.

Hello, this is Paul Repititan. Hello, I told you on Dan Bone's come over into my JungleSwamp task force, I told you're the one the how dare how dare I told you on the phone on the phone, Hello how yes how yes yes how yes yes yes yes I told you on the phone you are the one but.

No

Now go back to sleep if at all possible.

No no-o now go back to sleep if at all possible if no.

No no-o no-o-o no-o-o-o, now go back to sle-e-eeep if at all possible if no no no no not possible.

No!

In that case, ah, sure. Another vodka please I'll drain it ama draining it have drained it what the vodka that's what. Can't you see?

***AUTHOR'S NOTE:** The Mind off My Creator depicts the interior churn of an individual who has just experienced another total failure in a life which has been nothing but one such after the other. He/she is at their lowest point from which the only lower point would be being dead. This person is struggling with "why" and the mind-churn is half trying to make sense and half giving into the final chaos. But, a message on the phone discovered in the midst off this, may be new hope, but--just may be another lie. Read to know more.*

AUTHOR'S BIO: Jim Meirose's short work has appeared in numerous venues, and his published novels include "No and Maybe - Maybe and No" (Pski's Porch). 'Le Overgivers au

Club de la Résurrection' (Mannequin Haus), 'Understanding Franklin Thompson' (JEF pubs), and 'Sunday Dinner with Father Dwyer' (Optional books). Info at www.jimmeirose.com @jwmeirose

EDITOR'S BIO: Joel Page lives in Dallas where he works as a public defender, writing appeals for federal prisoners. He is the fiction editor for the West Texas Literary Review, even though Dallas is arguably not in west Texas. His fiction has appears in The Fabulist, Thimble Magazine and World Machine Magazine