

After Her Water Broke One Bitsy Time Prior

By Jim Meirose

WHY WE LIKE IT: *Meirose is a trickster stylist and while you might call him ‘Joycean’ his lyric signature is lighter and a little more playful than the author of ‘Ulysses’. His extraordinary word play is like listening to a dialect you don’t quite understand but from which you can nevertheless glean meaning. The author rearranges language to accommodate his own idiosyncratic voice and in his skilled hands we witness the artistic transformation of prose into prosody—the crow’s caw, the peacock’s purr. Quote:’ I flowered all springlike with a highly pitched No!’ And, Totally un-cranial this may all seem, Sonboy, but— ‘*

After Her Water’d Broke One Bitsy-Time Prior (809 words)

So, there we were listening in on some sighing out saying in, So, here we were at last—I mean get a load of this picture. Here we were at two on the dot our water had broken just a bitty-time prior and Doctor Munoz-Crevorkienne had told us rush right in so there. And rush right to some ER, for what? Up that hospital hall down this hospital hall over the hallway floor gone out under there forever to forever and then under the hallway ceiling come our way and over and back past us forever, so. In this endless hallway, Sonboy, there I lay on a hard half inch rubbly gurney-mat and your Father bless his sod got out of sight someplace all bitching like a hosed-down horny farm-bull and right to the left of me Big Bishop McSweet’s giving last rights to some fully naked silently substantially expiring so sick as to be totally sexless bare-nekkid substance of an abuser, and et—I lie with you a pain inside like a big hard black rubber ball needing immediate expulsion—get that Sonboy. Immediate if not already done yesterday if no wise sooner. In this hell of a timehole we lay there alone long together. Until. From the way seeming to still lead back out to the entrance shouts came from. Some Doctor sounds like.

Where is the one I was called for? Eh eh?

Where is the one?

Hey wait hold up hold out up no—

The one I was called off of my main meal for?

Eh?

—no no this is not—

There she is I see let me pass! said Doctor Munoz-Crevorkienne.

No goose!

Pass gangway! shouted the Doctor, pushing.

No goose shall pass gangway!

From the way I said was back out to the front door here and now's a big shape.

To roaring applause, it stated before I, this question gets asked, even could tell man or woman, was anything done to hinder the escape, nurse or doctor, of your Mother's soul while giving birth? Et.

I waved off the heavily burdened squad of creel-fishermen seeming to grasp out the single ordinary blank uniformed blue guard hung from his sleeve I said to this Doctor.

Who are you and what the hell, I said—do you want and where the hell—I threw in for good measure, Is my husband?

It does not matter.

Is my husband don't matter?

No—what matters is—

I will duck him madame hey boys here grasp him by all available parts.

I flowered all springlike with a highly pitched No!

Huh.

No perhaps this is how is it supposed to be before giving birth! Is this?

Perhaps there is more yet after this to find out what's supposed to be in every shit hospital in this day and age so let this thing say his piece because maybe may more pieces of shit may have shit pieces to say when one is about to give birth in any shit hospital like this go one; and ever all other of those yondering throngs of busybodies need to take all single steps back together to provide air to inhale before exhaling me the message-question as every speaking mammal needs to have sufficiently provided hey, Doctor! Doc-doc-doc-doctor! O man.

Yes please and yes-s thank-you—To roaring applause this question gets asked; was anything done to hinder the escape of your Mother's soul while giving birth?

Huh freak?

My hand had been idly settled on the spot of my frame where within lay your very fetal headshape, Sonboy, and I swear—and this is actually the reason I see for you to know these

things and their histories—by all that’s sweet pecker, you said quiet to my hand the following; which came up my arm my shoulder to my throat nerves, Sonboy; and from there formed by those magic chords hung curtaining off the back in my face I said.

Who are you and what the fuck are you talking about?

And—those were your first words, Sonboy. First words on this plane of existence, by Einstein! Now everyone else to now would think low of me if I tried to force-feed this knowledge. But now, Sonboy, that you are cured and awake and aware and have such a long future of ess-brass ringing after rings-over to snatch down every time your whirlingly wonderful future with me marching and marching and marching out on and on I my hippo; now you can and must know. Awake and aware in the womb already you were, Sonboy! Awake and aware and not to be fucked with!

Oh! I melt with pride in you boy!

You boy.

You son.

All Sonboy.

Totally un-cranial this may all seem, Sonboy, but—

Seem sounds like the wrong word. Don’t it know?

Hey, gas. Gas!

Any questions?

AUTHOR’S NOTE: *“After Her Water’d Broke One Bitsy-Time Prior”* was inspired by a visit to the emergency room I had earlier this year that went very wrong. (No, in my case my water had not broken) As for stylistic or other influences, of course I’ve always admired Fathers Joyce and Beckett and the like, but—I have been doing this so long there are many others that, in all fairness, that can and should be named too. Those wanting to know more should get in touch or see www.jimmeirose.com

BIO: *Jim Meirose's short work has appeared in numerous venues, and his published novels include '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*

