

Hyperscopy

I was sick on the way there, I said I could read in the car but I was sick anyway, I kneeled in some yellow grass and at least I managed to get out of the car in time. I wanted to explain that nausea is sometimes unavoidable in situations like mine, that I was being taken out of calmer conditions, they were the ones tumbling me around in unusual smells, new leathers, extra interchanges and the heat I was yes producing but they more yes occasioned, and besides I had fallen asleep with a cough drop in my mouth, a very medicine one, and even sweeter for the bitter parts, and when I woke up later it was still there, waiting for my tongue, a baby on the doorstep, and I said you know I was just asleep for a while and the cough drop didn't diminish in size, so it must be the agitation that really wears it away; it clicked against my teeth when I spoke, I was interested in the dried, syrupy coating it had developed, lead along the way to dissolution but stopped short, made to wait dumb on the there doormat, but the phase resumed soon, it reached back to the normal pace of dissolving, so my tongue must sleep too, I thought, if I don't have any dreams of licking too much and what about talking? I talk in my dreams or I don't know exactly and I felt the corners of my book it had a nice hard cover, that's why I kept it in my lap, nice that books are having corners, rectangles because words are, if words were written in spirals out from a starting mark there might be books with no corners to feel with your fingers and my book that time it was about Mesmerism. Now I wonder why I was reading something like that? but you can press the sharp corner part into your fingertips and it will make you feel less nauseous, well it doesn't but it might, there should be some place you can press to make any feeling go back under, acupuncture or whack-a-mole, but then again nausea isn't so much the feeling of wanting to be pressed on really hard, but then again again what is. And I couldn't really follow the book anyway, I didn't know a way to make up the context, so what I read arrived neutral, like hypothetical, and I could only explain it vaguely, with no markers: Mesmerism is essentially something at least one book was written about, beyond that it gets hard to say, there's debate beyond that, but I didn't need much of the book because I just liked to have it on my lap and to look at it, it riding with me and I had taken it along, and that was all before I got sick and a little after. I did throw up a lot I might have had a lot of water and definitely something like pretzels or nuts, this family once sent me on an overnight train with just a bag of peanuts, peanuts do make me nauseous if I'm hungry, not a great quality as food goes, they do not satiating work although they can back up a stronger, more wholesome etc., and so a fair amount came out, my nose burned pleasantly at the bile, it felt like sneezing to get so much out, you get lightheaded, I always thought it looked peaceful to get walloped, I think I'd like to get smacked in the head and left in a daze, a big part of relief is always getting rid of a poison. So what if the body guessed the poison wrong, you're not exactly about to throw up the riding of the car anyway, you should take relief where you get it, it's false the same way both ends, like any false thing it communicates between and draws all under the falsehood like a mantle. I used to be obsessed with apparati, tubes and mirrors and light to bend in hand hallways, but it's the same with a hand mirror or just spinning around forever you're just not gonna catch up with it, it all got a very good headstart and if it seems unfair when you get out of your bed and you're still not big enough to see what's clogging the gutters where the birds always go, yes you want to have a head so big that it touches your feet, your eyes would be many feet apart and you'd see in the new perspective two wider sider sides of the mountain at once, one face in shadow and the other

chase the light, but remember you should yes remember that you have your own advantages and if you were that size you simply couldn't hold a kitten up to your face, or you could obviously but only losing sight of it or crossing your eyes or you get hit with an arrow etc. So I thought it was good that I vomited like a gallon of shit out, just a true fucking disemboweling, where the pride is, but it must have unnerved my hosts they gave me lots of tissues and I wiped my mouth and knew better than to smile or laugh, but really I felt gleeful, I would have clicked my heels but I was strapped down and I glowed white all the rest of the way, no chance left of poison, the moon as it sometimes arrives even on a hazy night, there it is, there's no getting that down! not for a while, and when we got there we made paper airplanes, my friend and I, at first a mixed fleet but converging slowly on this one design and adding balances, pieces of so tape, and soon we had it down to one specific plane, it had something right about it, we threw it down the hill at the base of the orchard and it took a long turn, following out the wide end of the field and heading somehow higher, higher and it actually took wing, right there and then to somewhere faraway, we watched it lifted, carried, on into the out of view. We didn't follow it, I mean it was really gone, and he took a shower and I folded another one from memory, the best imitation I could manage, and inside the house next to the piano and with the dog watching I gave it a test throw and it dove a perfect perpendicular, it lodged itself so hard between the floorboards that it stuck there like a pin and I could have taken it out easily but instead I sat down with it to look at what was happening and the dog came and looked too he was a little dirty but he looked too and we waited to show whoever was going to come.