

Disposal

My father was a man devoted to serving. His whole stature grew upon a single two-word answer, and his entire body was weakened by the submission he was tormented by. He always looked grave; put him there, good God; setting small silver shovels by Fredrick's bowls, giving so much of his will power into the void of cleaning an empty bowl after Fredrick shovels both his face and my father's grimace. My father had always worn a red handkerchief in his pitch black suit jacket. It was a gift from my mother; set her at ease, good God; it was red, like their marriage, a siren amidst an eerie gawk of poverty, common and unwelcome. Their marriage, maybe a small amount of companionship, was a shattered hope and the single most desperate reach for something better than dishes and a hay mattress.

Companionship is a failed attempt to belong. My father; a servant from the numbness from his fingers to his head, good God; never belonged. He was weak, among his brothers, and they treated him coldly; the savage scar down the rim of his ear lobe and into external canal belonged to the handy work of the second oldest brother; damn him, good God; they fought regularly for the approval of the others, consecutively a year apart and the respect diminished as they aged. It was during a winter. Blistering wind carved my father's cheeks and his brother stood apart from him, a distance away as if the presence of each other repelled each other: just as magnets do, I had read: my father clenched fists, his fingertips bare, only covered with rough wool gloves with the fingertips knifed off. I imagine his brother charged first because my father was weak. My father faltered back into the tool shed behind their shelter, twisting with each

blow, holding his hands in front, exchanging a few missed blows with hard jabs, and his back went to the wall. He did not face his brother. Fist to cheek, my father's head rammed into the shed and sheared his ear with a nail; sharper than the nails that scarred my father's cheek, good God; he was weak.

I lived in a world of lies. I played with Frederick's daughter, but I was never accepted. I sat in a pink curtain wrapped room with sharp pillars that melded into the milky white ceiling: round black orbs threaded around the pillars: Frederick had hired a clown to perform for us. Frederick's clown did magic tricks for us: I served the clown to amuse small Veruca. I wore white gloves when I handed the clown his deck of cards; and I smiled for I was happy, along with the clown's formidable smile, full of pain, selfless pain; he wanted to give us amusement, for his pain; he was trapped! he was enthralled in a spiral of Frederick's selfish desire for his Veruca. I was cheated of my childhood, never had the ability to argue with the sincerity of the genuine reassurance that friends are friends, and never shall they part: I was a servant to Veruca, in the sense of my Father feeding Frederick, as I fed Veruca with whim; falser than the thin smile she displayed when I threw colored sheets over her as the clown played the accordion, only to delight her; good God! I played in the silence of the tired lies that were fed to me as if it was daily nutrition. I was different than *he*; I dare to say no.

His hands were always gloved for he feared smudging the glassware during Frederick's dining hours.

I wear gloves because I do not want to touch the trash of my clients. They are dirty, wasteful, ungrateful sons of bitches.

My green truck is the brightest thing on the street. It is the color of wealth and natural abundance. I am more than enthused to say that though my truck holds the trash of wealthy lives; all the more shameful; it holds the pride of a simple life. I drive and pick up, but I do not serve. My father served, I simply dispose for the sake of mocking wealthy lives: but do not be confused: it is not of the goodness of my heart; there is so much, good God; rather there is hidden wealth in the rich garbage.

If we were to look down the streets of der Schatz County, we would see lamps, couches, dressers, and tables; carved from oak and cherry; globes, misinformed and sanded, excessive amounts of knowledge lost in negligence, selfish books who never once thought to share their information with the owner; I know because the rich are ignorant, good God; and cups. These modern relics were disposed of once every month, for the sake of the Kreiger Reich's establishment of continuous improved models; all are weak and half-assed, for no man with a generous budget is able to create a perfect model time and time again. There is just no way for any of this knowledge, in any item of this capitalist Germany, to be showered in gratitude by any man rich enough to care.

I pick it up, and read their nonsense; genius nonsense, brimming with facts about the world I was forbidden to know. Do not tell me what I know, for I know fully well who I am: you must forget what is mine, in order to read in the silence, under the words of book and grow: knowledge is growth and revealing: the good hearted world is truly black inside. I know this, I read it in an encyclopedia a father threw out: A father with an ignorant son. But this new

knowledge, what is true and what is conspiracy: I will continue to pick up the scraps because I need to know: What have I missed and they have thrown out?

I have grown to realize that knowledge is not facts, but observation, nurtured in generous amounts of patience and selfish greed. They have all of the selfish greed: we advantaged people must grab small amounts every minute.

I once drove down the road; I almost hit a boy chasing a blue and yellow striped ball: I do not know the names of the people nor things of the area, though this road looks familiar, as such are the others, for they all have such wasteful people. I was in my bright garbage truck and my uniform. It was that Sunday, that one day per month, wasting away all of the money these wealthy sons of bitches used to buy the latest brand; the latest model always had a new coat of paint: it looks different and that is why they like it. I had almost hit the boy so I had to stop, beside the curb; I had to pick up the trash. There were old balls in front of the boy's house; young boy who was eleven; and none of these balls make me wealthy. There were a lot of balls though: I used to play with balls of tar. I held one of them in my hands when I was young. Veruca played with pink rubber balls, but I had black tar balls and they showed more character and wealth in the time I used them. Eleven year old me rolled the tar around Frederick's house, tracking a pitch trail on Veruca's pink carpet in her nursery that I stayed in, rubbing off tar pebbles as the ball hit furniture and the yarn within the tar unraveled.

My father; serving on his knees, good God; wetting a sponge with gloves holding it by the fingertips, taking a small amount of sludge from the bucket for drain leakage onto the rough in the center, and dabbed the ball. He handed it to me, wet and inky: tattooing my fingerprints:

the blood was in my veins, the black of the tar that my father plugged up the holes with; good God: I couldn't wash off the shame.

This, again, is why I wear gloves. When I pick up the balls of young boys, their rubber itches my fingers, stings them with pink rash: I am not afraid of letting them touch me; I do not want them to leave a mark on me. I am black at my fingers and the difference marks a transformation: I know myself: I give in: I hate it: I retreat back into my shell; my poor shell, good God; and I know why I feel ashamed! Man is never made to be ruled by anybody but himself; though Krieger Reich supports the abolishment of a living culture in the very households they condemn the yearning for a new way, a way to outlive each other: not in numbers, but in life: and the Reich takes the lives of these men and reduces them to new models. The men do not have names; I know them but they are too insignificant that no one should bother with their lives; for I am sure they are born new, grow in a world of blue and yellow striped balls, conform to the life of deathly hollow things, and they lose their virginity: not sexual virginity because all men love to touch, but the virginity of their polished orbs in their mind: their ideas, their desires, something more than the wealth in pockets, and one day they hope to be free, free like the laughter of a naive child before a clown! but they never will be for they live adulterated and thrown into a vision of skewed realities that everything is pink and it is easy to smell the roses. I know better than this. I read the books they throw out.

Which is easy to bring you to the point that after I almost hit the young boy and parked my shining truck: I walked backwards to a small yard sale I saw before almost hitting the boy. I always wondered the amount of books the old man that lived at this specific house had; we all

know the man: the one who hangs out with iced tea on the front porch: the one who wears a deep, sky-like, jeans to let everything fly free; and a tight polo not because of the stitching, but for his body forces the sun to center upon his bulbous body; proud and daring; emitting their surrender to their gluttonous living. They are a shadow in their own affluence, yet their enormity swallows up all light in its proximity.

This old man could not have read any of the books he is selling; his size is overcompensating for his sadness; with the lies he grew to believe, no doubt, good God; with the profit he will surely receive from me.

I scanned the tables for books. Books were filled with sleeves of childhood memories, recent in the past two decades for the pictures were small and bright, and pictures of past: These dark pasts contained national submission from men with red spirals stitched onto green hats: and this old man had a wavy gray patterned hair under the green cap, fluffing out over the ears; never open nor eager to learn, but open for his profit. His ear was filled with earwax and his pinky kept digging in to relieve the pressure building up inside his head; maybe to hear better, for the sake of profit, for I asked him, "How much for this?" He answered me with the sheerest sense of opportunity, selfish opportunity for his old self, and his pinky dug into his ear, "What? what did you say?"

When a man asks another for a mutual arrangement: I want the book, he wants the profit: the habits of business are fair, when it is small, and it is a friendly coincidence that his selfish motives ran parallel to mine into the same goal; mine is good, good God; and good it shall be. Holding the book out; surely his eyes work if his ears do not; "How much for this?" He stood

close to me, his breath soaring down my chest; he breathed heavily, as if each breath carried every meal he had ever eaten with a gust of exhausted air; his eyes looked into mine; this man relied on intimidation: I was a lowly customer in his eyes, no doubt. His composure was stiff, unnerving and close, too close for any comfortable deal to be made, and it seemed as if he had a routine, planned out and practiced with each customer and now it seemed I was the one he waited for: everything seemed right for him; he didn't blink unless I did, maybe if I saw some falter I would not deem him a strong business.

"Why do you want it?" He sniffed as if he already smelled the reason on me; a wretched stench that smelled of paint and new decks of cards; bitter cannabis, indigo dye; this book held my desired childhood. The cover celebrated my clown's talents; standing there with a pink balloon, its mouth stitched up into the perfect resemblance of when someone tastes a meal neither flattering nor impressing, and an apologetic shrug that illustrated my memory of him: a clown with the nerve to apologize for not apologizing for making you the fool; honestly, what more could I do, good God; The clown looked at me: it knows. The clown was part of the Weinberg Circus, and I wanted to go. The Weinberg circus waited for our tiny hands to pounce on it, fill our lives with sweetness and mirth; we of course only wanted the clown, but looking back, I know that those small things meant the world; just the clown, good God; as much we were told that we meant to the world. He performed for everybody, and he refused any grace in his satire. He encouraged rebellion; symbolism in squirting the governor with pink roses, in lifting the children onto the backs of lions: the clown tamed the lion with love and compassion with the sincerest treatment: and the children roared and the lions prowled in whim; they had the spotlight, raising the child into a dreamer.

Nothing could be truer; the meaning of things only reflects the meaning of you; and I mean Nietzsche; When you look into an abyss, the abyss looks into you: now imagine myself, twelve years of age; a peaky blinder, white slacks with dirt ingrained into the minuscule stitching; my legs have been reduced to wooden posts, the sunlight tattooing the years into the pulp; and no shirt, standing in line downtown among people. They were moving like bees in a hive, talking, pulling one another like each one was a leashed dog; leashed to the purpose to belong: only filing in and out of one another's ways so that they can disappear: I did not belong and I was only visible to people who were brave enough to look around their world, instead of allowing others to drive them instead. I got there on my own accord; my father continued setting the table as I left, not even a glance at me leaving through what seemed, to me, like clean windows, though my father insisted that they were dirty: I had never seen the cities for my father protected me from them.

I stood in line to buy tickets for the circus; Krieger Reich poured in millions of euros into customer service programs: the fastest consumption was people: their lives stripped into pieces to be distributed to other people; they did not choose this life, good God; and the Reich protected its corporations with its blood: soldiers from the national military, the Augenzwinkern army, permitted the ticket sales traffic with rifles and nods, bordered the perimeter of the booths. The ticket line tailed into the streets, a bump breaking the flow of people in downtown Frankfurt: people walked through the line and a man had rapped his briefcase into my side knocking me into the coincidental arms of a man in sunglasses. Immediately he stood me up, despite my shaking legs; no doubt, I was grateful for the Krieger roads were known for items unsafe for any shoeless man to walk on, especially a shirtless boy; the briefcase buckle had ripped a shallow cut

in my ribs; and this man prevented any additional pain if I were to hit the ground; and I looked at this man. I felt that this man understood children of my class; the sunglasses had clear lens' and the man's suit was tightly fitted and ironed with creases; or felt empathetic for us and I would have been delighted to say so, but the man wrung my arm and pulled me to an officer with a rifle.

"This schlecht disobeyed Law XXII and I demand immediate recompense for the ill experience his presence has brought to this gathering."

"Look at my side! There's blood!" and with that the officer silenced me with a jab into my shallow gash, widening it till it soaked my lower bones with blood and I fell into the Kreiger road. I looked around, good God; I was frantic, wildly looking, feeling the blood chill my skin in the low breeze that funneled into the streets; betrayed, people pointed at my frailty. I needed a savior; somebody must have been listening for sure, so much ruckus about me: I didn't belong there and I was now a red dot in an indifferent society.

The clown lived on the upper level apartment, jutting out of the lobby building like a bruised knuckle; the room juttet out in the back over the foyer gate into the circus quad: windows were on either side, overlooking the stage and the city: maybe he saw me, surely hear me. My voice carrying over the heads of the Augenzwinkern holding me like an awkward box full of tossed out memorabilia; squirming over their shoulders taking two to catch me and carry me; "Clown! Clown! See me? Look what they are doing! Clown!" and the clown teetered out on his big red shoes and pulled an Augenzwinkern way from me: pulling a shoulder and wheeling

the soldier around, punching him in the cheek, knocking him to the ground: they swarmed him like flies, pulling him away: he was yelling "The kid! Let the kid go!"

The fat man stared at me, drilling into me for a deal. "Sentimental reasons." Perfectly fitting as well, sitting on a desk with grain rubbing through the varnish; sweltering by the sun, the small canyons grooved as if termites had symmetrically sheered the wood; just as this man is too ignorant to know the power of this book, the book is ignorant of its own power, its own power to create desperation; I must recover my childhood memories and dream of my stolen youth. I understand that I cannot go back in time and take myself away from the Augenzwinkern and charge the big top; yet imagine me there! on that lion and seeing the world through a mane of fire on top of the king of beasts!; and with only a small amount of change I can take a book and live those stolen times. Stolen: "How much you want for it?": and he stands there with his open mouth, unbelievably well brushed and red, and with a curled Cheshire smile, sinister and mischievous: I have been caught in a scam? but nevertheless, the book is mine and the clown smiles at me. "How much for this?" and yet; he does not answer, but stands there, the greedy son of a bitch; I still see his eyes willing me to give anything; his eyes know what my intent is, and only when I concede into my heart's desperate reach into my childhood, will he give up on searching my motives, only to be represented by euros: "I only want a fair price for these pictures." We shook hands and as I walked away, I opened the first page to Weinberg's Circus acrobats. My steps were steady: I could easily watch my step from between the leather cover and my stomach: and the pages were light, but of solid pulp, stripped of its flexibility into crackling pictures, inked into the beaten pulp.

Upon the page was *Weinberg Circus* in curlicues and sifting dots, fluttering about the page as if they were risen and clawing their way out; it was so that inky lions, tamed into frantic animals, shredding the pages with a step, hanging on by a paw; their grimace was horrifyingly false; they knew they were to fall, scribed into an eternal falling onto the *W* pool, swirling in ale into the swishing of the *E*. The picture captured a small blue and yellow striped ball holding three great elephants; the top was the youngest with small ivory tusks tipped with red, round caps, a green and purple zigged carpet tied with rope around his waist; slightly rubbing off bristles and sanding the elephant into callous and raw flesh; standing on its two parents, the father with a red and blue carpet and the mother with a blue and yellow carpet strapped to themselves with rope that was unable to cut through their calloused abdomens. The crowd, unquestionably young; the same age I was at the time of the photo; stood holding peanuts and their soda pops. They were cheering and laughing, surrounding the elephants in giddy noise; I crossed the fat man's hedges and sat under the shade and saw myself with those children: the clown was our hero! and you just imagine who they were to him; you won't be able to: we were everything to him; our response swathed him in warm pride: when he performed, he stole our imaginations, our souls; we wanted to be with him, he to lead us into an escape from this wretched life we have grown so numb to: I now know what lies out there; by all the reading, good God; and I know what I could have been. When the clown steps out and salutes the crowd, he waves a hammer at the crowd, silencing them; the suspense is unbearable: the clown can only do great things! I wonder, is he going to hit his fellow clowns in the head? is he going to play baseball with it? is he going to give it to a child? The clown begins to move again towards the elephants, swirling the hammer on his finger, skipping and waving, throwing us kisses; he was

loved by all; bending over, cupping his hear; we get louder! he is unbearable; and he swiftly swings the hammer onto the father elephants foot. Again and again, quick with fluid strokes, tearing and shattering the foot. Two handed swings over his head, jumping with the each stroke; his eyes were crazed and a frenzied smile, curling at the corners and gaping; his red face paint smeared his teeth, mixed with his spittle, and rolled down the bottom lip like a garden fountain oozing paint-like blood over the bowls. His mouth was stained; the elephant's bones were shattered as if a bloodthirsty farmer had taken his prized chicken onto a stump outback and, taking a rubber mallet, bashed the chickens chest, flattening the breasts and powdering the ribs.

The children's screams erupted in me; I jolted back onto my feet; shaking wildly about, scratching my head, rubbing my cheeks, following up to the loose skin near my eyes and pulling down tautly, stretching my face out and absorbing the beating sun that peered over the top of the fat man's hedge; the children cleared out of the tent, the clown huffing and licking his teeth, wiping the bloody paint off and swallowing it as if it was warm soup, and staring at his beloved running children. I fell to my knees and looked at my hands, limply sliding the book onto the grass and letting the picture boldly illustrate the standing elephants. I licked my salty lips and searched for goodness in the clown with the pink balloon: his smile hadn't changed, but it seemed like a sneer, as if my dedication to him had been wiped away and I saw what he truly meant: blood and entertainment.

My head was beating, constant bashing; the clown was beating my mind, everything I had ever known to be true, wiped away by a cruel trespassing through my imagination: my imagination has been stolen! and I heard the screaming of the hammer's metal; the metal was

shrieking, covered in gore, and it dug into my hands; and a spirit of pure torment shrieked with the memories of the clown's strokes into the elephants foot; I cannot take the pain: The clown is a privilege for children, and for me I deserved it all. But what will happen when the very idea of privilege becomes malicious and betrays itself by manifesting itself into a desire unique to me, and the desire lets its doors wide open to bloodcurdling fear of humanity becoming destroyed? I put my soul into those stolen moments; for all I have ever done, it could not be worse than being betrayed by *wanting*; all because of my upbringing, of being the son of a weak and serving father who never once believed that behind the dishes is a window sprung open by a young boy who wanted more than being the disgrace in the playroom: A servant for entertainment! and I knew that knowing more of the outside world is my escape; but also it sets me above the wealthy, who by prejudice trampled me with sneers and force. As if I was in a trough, long and leading into the ocean and originating from a major water tower; Kreiger Reich officials standing above the water tower and me, like chess players over their board game, jeering and licking their lips; there was a nozzle on the top of the water tower, a faucet dropping boiling salt brine onto the trough: them laughing and turning the nozzle, drowning me as I struggle to trek up to their stature, but they are so full of hate that they would see pleasure in nothing more than a struggling death. The nape of my neck became wet.

Above me, crouching over, was the clown, dropping water from his pink flower sitting in his breast pocket. He was smaller than me, but still loomed over my kneeling body as if only purpose determined his size. I jumped back, stumbling over the book; the clown clapped his hands like a seal and skipped around, his height flowing with his hops; as if his body was a string dangling from the hands of a child, holding a treat for a puppy, but jumping it up right as the

puppy tried to snag it: maybe I was dizzy. I sat back down, but crawling backward so to avoid the clown. The clown saw me crawling backwards and ran to me, its eyes glaring for attention and its mouth wide with flashing teeth and paint staining the crowns. It stood over me; I tried to run, but my whole composure was too flustered to regain itself; and reached for my ear; I expected it to pull my ear and drag me back to the hedge; and it pulled out a quarter. I neither clapped nor gave any sign of recognition; tears ran down my face and I hid myself behind my gloved hands, but it only shook my hands away; I whimpered; I trembled; my lips were covered in mucus and tears. It pulled colored cloth out of its hands as if it came from oblivion; I assume to cheer me up, but I was too shaken to acknowledge its efforts. It slapped me. I sat upright immediately, a force of will coming from the smack of its hand, and I gazed upon the frightening figure that was my clown. Its clothes were covered in dirt, the colored polka dots faintly dispelling their colors into the white cloth, like mud washing down a street drain, and its painted face had worn thin: this puzzled me, for where there should have been skin, there was dark void, the color of skin, yet, there wasn't any life, any color, and passion, and human traits to the skin: like beige plastic, thick like cardboard and opaque like fog: before me stood my clown.

It ushered to itself, offering his entertainment in a bow and a sweeping hand, and I was unable to resist; the deep, soulless eyes, beautiful for they shone the colors of its costume majestically, swallowing me into a nightmare of its next trick. From out of its ear, it pulled out a raven feather; waving its hands to his ears and to the audience, he invited me onto his stage. He acknowledged my gloves and silently asked me to take them off: it was the eyes and void skin; they only wanted to be filled. My bare hands laid in his icy grip, his nails covered in chalk-like paint, like powdered sugar into a creamy glaze; he took the feather and stabbed it into the center

of my palm. I howled, but no sound came out; I was transcended, my body my own, my spirit the clown's, dazed and put into a trance by its soulless eyes. The raven feather dripped in my blood; the clown used my hand as a painting palette; he scrawled on my arm. I felt a burning, my blood charring into my pores and tattooing my arm with burns. I collapsed to the ground; with that, the clown was gone; and I trembled as I revealed what the clown had written on my arm: *Sie Sind Ein Deiner.*