

1245 Words

A Grid of Triangles

This plays in the background during the ceremony, sung by the three identicals, their brightly printed muumuu noises tending to upsound the words, to detract from the bare linear reality of the acute, it's tick marks bitten along the rims, blood sucked sides.

Fiber optics! They've pumped the image here from somewhere bright. From the place brilliant, they've pumped her through from somewhere, they've pumped her, they have made a wrong turn. Pumped electronically, a consortium of international, rushed her lit up, long and round, sent her, clear and glowbugesque, dispersed her teams of Indian-trained technicians, infinite from where she started, so that we have this trouble. This being we. But driving a vintage car like the Valiant means somethings you can't take it all along, and me with the volume knob broken off, then her I recognize--her from somewhere, from somewhere here bright still, with the wet hanging on her, draped over her Instagram, somewhere falling in folds, creases, pooling up on her portable feet, somewhere far synthetic fabric in which I can see myself reflected from that radiation place out of her from which the pumping started this trouble that has made for the air this grid of white light in slender lines. Across which she finds her way. That I am a place.

Fishing now, the outboard turning the aluminum gunwales' into shining agitrons. I run the hook through a maggot and hand it to the daughter. We troll through the shadow of the bridge over that still swell water, her in front, me on the last wider seat with my shoes in the leaking.

This particular and false figure made of three. Each an intersection and each goodbye. I can run my fingers over the lines, stopping at the points. I can feel outside the angles, inside then

and then again. I can do it again. I can follow the lines until they are sharp, turn it inside out and find where it disappears into a place too silent for my finger tip, even the smallest. Diatoms, chemical gems hardened out of her, siliceous from her mobile light precipitated, that in swallowing them the larval form of animals will crawl through me, its many soft bodies slashed in its own movement.

They have pushed this endless flashlight.

The white figures scratched through from below the black glaze with a sharp object, a piece of bottle or obsidian smoking the daylight, eight hundred years ago upon the flat of my hand, see she says.

And the canyon beside us runs its lines short distances, its many corners, changes of direction giving the illusion of curves. The pot she holds together in sharp shards, ancient disappearing people formed here the roundness of clay, this very sandbar below the red cliff house, the grainery, the small still place to live, the blue heron tracks filling up with water, their wet triangles with one side missing. The quick lines, the frequent changes of direction giving the illusion of curves, of how the shallow river moves, I mean just inches deep above the sand. I don't know how we walked in those big loops we saw from later above, sharing a last historic Kent, the blocks of sandstone three sided mostly, the smoke in our faces, put together loose with no mortar and tight.

And it's one of those underwater jobs with the batteries that don't get wet no matter what, so the long cylinders of light turn cone-like, dispersed into the deep green. Lloyd? Lloyd Bridges—thank God, its you, and you can swim with us, take care of us, push the boat along, dragging along the bottom, get us somewhere safe. You must have loved The Dude, supported its scrawny, puling head.

I have the postcard of the Santa Maria River in my pocket now. The triangles of its broken pot pinkish shear jags along the paper edges. (they are singing OOO OOO, OOO LA LA because they like the shape of the A).

From Little Tokyo to the West Side has been a matter of days now, and distance. I think the copper creatures make the muumuu noises, don't you?

In her socks her knees pulled up, blue the florescent ceiling and small clear hairs standing across the sheetrock. This outdoor room in sunlight walls coming together in each corner in three gypsum profiles of great baseless pyramids, her socks crossed, the fan in the heater hitting sheet metal. She does not rise, can't, and I get that thing working again, the plastic part broken with only the flat-sided steel peg that won't move, so I turn it up?

They have pointed this flashlight that the beams of it stay in the air while she sits on the shag floor, and

The tubes brilliant in the night announce the opening of the new place far across the high flat land while sitting on the caramel-colored nylon, her socks, her hair the few un-inked spaces of the cartoonist's pencil exit from the heavy g's of her face. In motion through the brilliant tubes from everywhere my Valiant parked outside brittle on the freezing slicks of black asphalt rain. Her high dark bones, the winter sun at the center of which I look her in it—I kicked heater, she tells me.

While I met her somewhere. In the broader dirty stripes, horizontal the daughter's tee shirt, her bandana. Her face shows the same lower half of the radial long exposure lines, the world receding from her eyes in fifty percent of the directions toward the center of the planet. Her expression the little o on top of the A in a foreign language where she sits in the narrowing of the boat's prow.

I saw her last week with two Colombian emeralds sharp from the chain link fence divided in half by the facets of her brow.

She's got my old Shakespeare spinning rod in the air, that leaking maggot on the monofilament that ends in vapor trails, the desert sky like there's some kind of Polaroid filter on it and her laughing saying throw it in go on. And I take from the wet trailing burlap bag a beer and its back in steel cans so that with the church key I make a round hole in one side of the top for airflow and punch a sharp triangle as a kind of group self-portrait down the other into the foam, offering sips to all, quick ones even to the girl.

So I have never been, so have never been so happy. And I wish that then she could have explained it to me, how the fine thinness of light run by some remarkably high technology, its many almost, nearly miraculous applications that we now take for granted, but knew nothing of then. That we never had a chance, never would have considered preventing all this.

Now I'm not sure when it is, but we're driving at night or day in the Valiant and we're being as we have become, and I can't turn it down because the volume knob is busted off, so it's lodged somewhere between signals, Lyndon Johnson taking the oath of office, Don Ho or somebody singing louder from another station, a Netflix original--upsounding, upending. The girl will go on, will be okay. I'm pumped, I think to someone else. Let's do this tetra thing.

When the world's a grid of triangles, it reproduces by making lines.