

JAMES GRINWIS

*UNTITLED 10*

I pulled on my wolf suit and ambled across the wide snows.

There was an article in the snow about the goings-on of the secretive department next door; I read it, and the gradual demystification of that place left a welcome imprint on my psyche.

A map is a powerful stimulus to the imagination. I taped them all along the walls of my room. I began to see imaginary landscapes take root across the lots that surround my home.

The options for my existence began to shrink even more. I pulled off my wolf suit and paced the kitchen like something estranged from the kitchen.

The children I had fathered seemed very afraid, I could sense them visiting therapists and such in the abodes they had moved to. I called the office and notified them that something was wrong.

My belly continued to fill with strange fluids and I turned on the TV to watch a game show while I drank.

I hoped to escape the edicts that were hanging around, and my brain began to split into a number of estuaries and crevices for loose thoughts to escape and become even more frayed. My bloated midsection hunted for ways to build snow castles.

A village shaped like a dead camel covered the hillside. I watched from the ruins.