

i'm not god: god sings

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All work and no play makes jack a dull boy. Bananas.
Field glasses and cranial bits. Bullets things of war, tanks,
and planes, and golf.

Celestia bit the framework of the countertop and
slowly came up from under the table.

Hello, said Celestia, to you.

Hello.

You are in here, she said. Feel it?

I feel in here. But kind of in and out of here really. Not
always in here.

Among the dead, I fry.

Celestia tell me. Who are you?

I am snakebit and waiting for the venom to take effect.
Here in the sun. With you.

That's different than the traditional.

I know.

Ahhh, there's no figure like an old figure. A Cutter.
Snakebite kit name. Celestia is snakebit. Use a Cutter
snakebite kit. Cut suck spit suck, the end.

Even so, Celestia listened to the singing come over the hill in the distance.

Burnup, a-little Bru-ucie, burnup! Burnup, a-little Bru-cie, burnup. The klingons gotten so hot. We might as well hit the spot. The terrapins crawling and the Harrigans howling and I don't feel so hot so burnup a-little Bru-cie. Burnup, a-little Bru-cie. Well, Brucie do you wanna go home. Brucie do you wanna go home. Humming tree gored the roger's jolly thickets. Great hip hop hot lemon leader. There's houses trying at twelve o' clock high! The grey man walked from the door to the rock and pulled up his pants and sat down, at low ebb. There's rats there's maggots and there's leeches. There's leeches in here! Ahhhh! Aiyeeeee! There's leeches in here! Oh Celestia. Sit back in the grass, hands back, handful of sod holding you up, raise your face into the sun burning. China supper. Lets go have a china supper. Pray the bacteria go away stay away are away away how do you spell that. Celestia rose, got up and brushed the grass from her ass.

Now to go, she said.

In the distance was a great square black glass office tower. The babel and the Fred. Hunt club. Boolean pores. In your face. Licking hulking thing, rise up and live. Celestia stumbled though the high grass, echoing in the air. She went toward the horizon and beat her breast with her hands.

The venom will start to work soon. And I have only one watch to watch. Try there. There—

A small house held down the corner. She went up and in and there was a man in tatters there. With a wide bearded face and long hair. She asked his glittering eyes the time of day.

Five, he said. He raised three fingers.

Five. Like I'm raising.

But you've raised only three, said Celestia, gripping up her long full skirts. But the cricket. Butt. Hungry man and tinsel grew through the referee and folder tucked the madman factor. Celestia turned from him and went across the mounded grassy field. Into the sun after so many words. Turtles. Mike and Maggie washed their feces with gasoline and blew up in time even without matches.

See! exclaimed Celestia, throwing herself full length on the ground. I am worthless. Snakebit, and worthless. Where will my saviour find me.

Jesus strode up, gown gripped in his fist.

Is it all about me again, he said. Is that it?

No, no said Celestia. It's about me. But I can't find myself without getting a skeleton stuck in under the skin and poking out some form.

Bosh, said Jesus, sneering. You're exaggerating.

No I'm not, said Celestia. She wore a long white gown sewn with golden stars saturns and crescent moons.

I like your style, said Jesus. He picked up a clod of earth, looked at it and idly tossed the handful to the side.

Monkeys.

Burnup, a little Bruuu-ciee, burnup, sang God. Burnup, a little Brrruu-ciee, burnup. Limbo's not a hot spot. So go lay down on a cot. The rising tides sweet and the fists are fleet so the recreation is not burnup a little Brrru--cieee! Burnup, a little Brucc--ie--ahh, someone else's going go home. Someone else's going go home. Someone else's going go home. Someone else's going go home—

God slowly faded out the song then stood wild-eyed waving a long crooked staff cut from a nearby tree.

Ho, said Celestia, shining the sun.

Ho! replied God. The staff cut the air.

Heee-yahh, he said, and he went at her. Deftly, she blocked him. He stumbled past her, staff swinging. He turned and came at her once more. She knocked his thrusting staff to the side and got him in a painful arm hold made him drop his staff and fall to his knees.

Say I give, said Celestia.

I give, said God.

See—the devil himself did not have the power to do this. But I have done it.

Done what?

Made God give.

Made God say uncle.

Twistie, turnee, bib you fetch a moonie! Ringing and reading and rithmetic, golden and shooten and smithmequick! Gut. She gripped God to his feet like a cop.

Gurt. Buster. Tread and dive into the freezers of time. Bob and weave and freshly cream me. The third coming of Christ. It feels not too bad to do that to him but it feels very bad to do that to her because she is our mother.

Tetracyclene. Mint stick. Poul Anderson. Dead world's strongest man contestants. Dead. Lift. LIFT! bury the weakness. The twitching placard.

I have always been lucky. Terribly terribly lucky smith and corona said trialing a balloon to their boss's gills. Burny and Smith sell horses. The tree. Gut and giggle. Hum and it hurtled through the place and she raised up her hand and she caught it in one hand.

Got it, said Celestia.

Playing games with God.

God stood across the black ground, breathing heavily, his crooked staff hung at his side and his hair falling down over his face. He pushed it back.

Monkey. Range rider trundle grating heavy millstone. Wily field kurt replies not wanted fulminate the Friday men and silt up the bottom of the harbors.

God stepped back surprised at the level of her frankness.

My father would not stand for this, said Christ.

A large crowd of priests filled the air, hands folded, eyes to heaven, mouths pursed and cowlicks waving. Just as quickly, they were gone hill people grow up damned finer at saddles waking great gorges busting moves dopplers and saviours effortlessly grinding huge fliers quite suddenly gone in mired blitzkrieg flat land and Celestia stood there her hand up to her face fending off all these words from the Christ. He let off another burst, she ducked, he bobbed, she weaved, he crouched and swiveled, mouth going.

Further up you grant me leave flock hut fully grated beans; the tree quite cutter buried fragrant forest Monopoly money Smith and Jones, Charlie, Lapkin. Not available in cassette version. Making money in words and seats, freezing the priest and fire Moolah join gulches proudly with fire, numb flickering crickets.

She stood upright.

Flickering crickets?

Flickering crickets, said Christ. He threw down his hat. The fire chief came by. The steps to cure snakebite you try to flow and flower trying well and quasi Burt flickering hunger xavier and zoo goplay in the fire devil! Go play in the fire! cried God.

With that he threw the devil down off the cloudy mountain and the devil twisted around and motioned for his demons to follow and he tumbled on edge, arms and legs straight out, down the mountain into the plunging deep lake of fire and gruel. Barry. Justin. Lakeland. Gumble. Daft. Snakers. Hutbutt. Priory. The Jesus came striding from the door of the priory, bursting into song again.

Batter up, little Bruu-ccie, bat up! Bat up, little brucc-ie, bat up! The cleaners fooling so hot, the young men think it's a shot, the greek men sleep on licorice street and gerrymandering's grown so hot. Young man, find the fire! Lake land, cry in the mire! Huddle huddle together in the blood. Further in the bunker hunker. Drop trying. Waddling shoes mate in the dryness of the rooms inside the golden steel doors. Because I have permitted it! The king shook the hands of Gretchen Sweep. Gerber deft doll dry deep duty dastardly dealing dry and high, dry dryer dreiest. We're going to find it today. The poop lives in the colon. Little pills drop out daily. The dog fried

fries. No name given. No Barry swiven. Throw the ghoul down off the stone, Celestia dread, Celestia.

He was done and so he sat in the chair at the head of the table. The old man on the rock woke up. The rock was set in the center of a wide expanse of well raked swirling sand. Everything's a damned exclamation with these damned people. Widen up. Fry. Friar is treated well. Not duelling. Meister cricket flocking hurling doctor hung the joist up in the two by four world. I'm a six by twelve in a two by four world, two by four world, two by four world; I'm a six by twelve in a two by four world, pity me, ohh, pity me—

Shut up! screamed the old man. And there was quiet. He stepped off the rock onto the sand. I am awake now—so where is everybody and everything, he cried. The sun hung green. But no, he took off his glasses and realized. The glass was green. It was the glasses not the sun. The sun blazed yellow as it should. He smoothed down his long full beard. Celestia came up.

Somehow, he said, winking—somehow it's all about you isn't it?

Yes, she said. But why, how—

The skeleton will tell you that.

Then a skeleton dry of meat danced out from a door in the rock the old man'd sat on and rattled around a bit before merging into the old man standing there quietly grinning.

Are you God, she said. Because God was here before and—

No, he stamped. I'm not God.

God sings.