Tunnels

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Short Story

Bloa Bloa Bloa

The spark that cracks from his finger is mmm bloo when he holds it too close to the static electricity toob of the television squarey at night when crickets chirrup at the dark and Adele has turned out the dustandmothgathering lights and there is a glass coffeepot in the sink shining like ghostly but it is very dark there is it shining? is it moving? are they monsters??? and water is thin on one part of the shiny coffeepot made of glass it is thin and stretches in a sheet like the sheet that stretches under him and stretches over the couch raspy and buttoned couch where there are itchy things and there is a scraped-empty peanut butter jar on top of the refrigerator dustgathering and the knife is still in it, propped sideways leaning glowing but these things are very dark yesterday’s supper dishes on the table heaped high with napkins and bloo.

It is a bloa spark. And there are other television sets, in other trailers bloo squares that flicker in windows the air is still the screen window at his head and crickets chirrup. Bloo. And the sky is not black it is purple.

Trees. They are black. Telephone poles. And the window screen is coppery he knows because he sticks the tip of his tongue onto it and it leaves little squares of powder dirt flyflesh flies die here there are dead ones in the aluminum tracks below the window, the tracks that hold the frame that holds the screen that holds the window, on their sides they lie, dead, wings bent bitten. And there are rectangular vents in the floor they have dead flies in them too are lined up natty shag carpet they frooooooommmmmmmmmmm click on breathe flyflesh fresh air into the tiny tiny tracker have pennies in them too and little plastic soldiers locked into quicksand blobs of plastic bases, bent bitten guns poised and mold lines across their sides where they were poured at some factory where where and they can be chewed up into tiny dents of plastic dusty. But these things are very dark and in the dark. Love Me Do on someone’s radio and other radiotelevision urgent commercial voices comingling in the chirrup chirrup night still heatrising air with the ghostly luminous sidewalk and mothembattered streetlight and gravel and tombtrailers with antennae sticking urgent commercial radiotelevision voices commingling towerof babel babble across where their windows flicker bloo where aquavelva boyfriend cuddle men cuddle with girlfriend and beer and cuddle on couches raspy buttoned couches that itch and itch and he can’t sleep.

And his pillow is too flat. And his sky is too purple. And the coppery flyflesh screen. Treeblackened sky. And the faucet is dripping. Shiny sink.

Blooo Blooo Blooo. And he is four.

Softy, softy.

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Am I asleep?

No am not asleep anymore yet.

Morning. Mornsleepwise yellowy yellow clock shines Aunt Adele's clock clacking time it shines can see it shining shiny in the tick tock tick black stillness bloo from coffeepot ringing are they monsters?? here to there yellow pure sun like a yesterday beesting it still hurts swollen redd redd redd, a pucker on the darkness shiny shiny and almost white alarm clock gears grinding its slow black hands extended tock tock tick fully across its pure yellow circle face it will ring soon. That is the clock. Soon. It will ring. Can see it. Tickingly soon yellow shiny in the universe through the stillness but not now stillness from here to there. To here.

Gears, grinding. Cars whistle by on the road and when the trucks they go froommmmmmmmmmm the vents flyflesh shudder this tiny trailer no room to and what are all those people because they are moving outside now doing in the out but not now side stillness no longer chirrup chirrup what is the air sunfresh moving why are they so early swish and froommmmmmmm trailer lights coming up yellow windows squares all over the gravel tombstonetrailer moth and dust glowing gathering windows can see the people inside shave and kiss trailer people coming up and work tire tracks going to across the gravel and luminous morning must go to. And greasy pipeline or factory men greasy happy shave and breakfast. To work. Must.

And there is a motel breakfast across the street and truckstop moving people. Up in the morning early, up. Must get back on the road. Wakening. Must get moving. Up. And the motel maid bringing white powdery towels into the rooms. Her fat feet. Her greasy rags. Her bloo bottle of windex.

Can see her feet, too. Adele's. Stuck up stiff bentways in the bed no room to. The awakening blackness. Whitey prune feet wrinkled. And she has holes in all her stockings. And she has holes in all her shoes. Her horny toenails. Ember shiny smiling clock. It will, it will.

Ringsoon. Her shiny prune feet. And that breakfast place motel open already people restrooms shiny floors tall glasses of water with crunchy ice and forks clang fork against plate and morning mumbles people mumbles motel must get to work on the road to the get to must must. Get to. And when you pour the milk over the bumpy crunchflakes. And shiny yellow squares of butter on shiny white squares of paper with the corners bent upways. And the waitress. Her shiny shoes. Winsome. Softy.

to Where? School. Too young. Only four. And someday he will be five I will be:
five years old.

Years. Old. Where? And when you take a bath the soap is very soft and slip.
Bubbles. Lemony. No room to. And the mirror.

And when you take a bath you. Open the accordion doors from the wall that
separate the bathroom from the front of the trailer and. You. Or do you close?
He. I. Close the accordion doors that separate the bathroom from the back of
the trailer bedroom Adele's. And they are made of very hard shiny yellow wood
except for the folds are rubber. And when you are not taking a bath you cannot
see them except for the handles that stick out of the wall and it is very silly
to be naked and that is why you.

This tiny trailer. No room to. Am I asleep? The warm splash of soap against
the skin. Softly, softly. Mmmmmmm.

The refrigerator, on top of, knife propped sideways, no room to. No room to
lie. Shaving shaving men in other trailers Aqua velva men can see them in yellow
moth and dust gathering windows as they go by whistling frommmmm ringy
ringy waking. Shaving, steely. Have been asleep am I? Are.

Morning. Are Morning. Morning shiny morning shave men all around half naked
very silly to be hairy and greasy get to work factory men the splash of soap
time to get to. The wives, the smooth broad planes of their cigarette smoke faces
flat ugly faces, follow with their eyes from aluminum bloo doorways as they.
Go. Get to. And their girlfriends.

To Morningwork. This tiny trailer. No room. A bloo veined bloo newly wakened
morning doesn't belong hand strikes the top of the clangy ringy and it shuts
it. Morning are. The clock. The sun. Shiny, yellow.

Old. Splash of sink water. Coffee pot are they? ?? monsters? Doesn't seem. So
bloo Old stockinged pruni whitefeet. Softly stepping. Doesn't know I'm. Doesn't
want to wake. Rattles morning softly about the sink fork against plate ringing
softy softly the sun. Adele

Sunny treeblacked bloosky yellow redd wakening good morning the sun yellow
yell eyehloo sun sunnyish. Morningtime.

Coffeepery.

am I awake this square square foam rubber couch too flat strokes for scram-
bled eggs in the fork on frying pan butter sizzle following the kids even. Ugly
faces. The schoolbus will.

Those kids. Have. Yellow books and redd books and smily smily.

Already.

Sizzlesausages.

Maid, bringing white towels starchy across the road motel into the rooms, the creak of her sneakers on the patio. Those people outside sunshiny now eating breakfast the reflection of cars whistle by on the glass eating breakfast washing windows to work to work on the road must get now. Their broadplaned flatplaned faces disinterested and mumbling all round them the hum of morning Something Moving like the working trucks frommmmmmmmm shudder shudder get to get to. Must. Get. To

Adele getup morning hummingsoft to herself she is white like a baby doesn't belong in the moving morning cool barely blowing. Soft like a kitten kiddy kidsoft amniotic baby morning baby mew mew mew her wrinkled white pruneface smily smily softy soft. Like a doesn't belong out in the cold. Clingly old soft Adele face humming to herself puckered and wrinkled.


There are comic books in the drawer beside her bed from there to here where the shiny shiny ringy arms extended clacking clock sits and her book the Bible black and with a red felt stripe marker hanging out of it and a white writing tablet smooth with no writing and a black pen. I wiggle his toes.

Oh morning.

—Oh you're awake. I didn't mean to—

Smily pruneface. God morning good.

And am I morning? □