Sketch

Volume 50, Number 3 1984 Article 9

Ten O’Clock

Kevin West*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1984 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress). http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
It started with that monkey hauled on board in a net by the Cuban brothers who'd been told at noon to (quote) row, row, row your boat past Natchez till the end of time (unquote): as the blood-blue tuna spilled out and bounced like rubbers among each other into the hull the monkey flopped out, flipped and slithered from the heap of bruised applause, clattered into a pail and over, splashing rainbow rings of bilge. There it lay, baby-sized, green, and celestial, blown up like a giant kidney droozed with wires, one arm only socket. Close-up. Pan across the sunrise slag glow on the western bank. Then a swarm of sirens handcuffs the jellied men from Communismo to the sky for which lightning is predicted: Murder One. A tube of toothpaste makes a million toilets flush. Pop — Newsflash: "The President publicly commiserates with the chimp for both its limb and life" —tarts. — talk of a seance; --- perhaps some primal law; — Nielson promises nuking the island will ensure the teledemocratic future of a species fast becoming race, and the whole true world aches in its armpits just to hear (a giant leap for our collective ribs).
Cut to news: monkey with numbers, 34X, caged in Primate Research is confessing in a press conference to the murder of his cage-mate — (egglights) — claiming he was blown away by the new cocaine, and that she'd screamed for it anyway — having had her tail propane-flamed on the 8th — so high on pain and wine she later knifed a white rat; finally, caught on a spit of moonlight above the river she met her real man's — Monkey Sam's — murderous red eyes — and hit the flow opposing her thumbs, crying for Castro.