

The Paperwork Rebuttal

by Daniel Roche



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Acknowledgements

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1040

NOTE: THIS BOOKLET DOES NOT CONTAIN LIVE FLOWERS

INSTRUCTIONS

A Message from Arthur Joule

Dear Taxpayer,

As April 15th quickly approaches, the daunting task of navigating through a highly complex tax code may become overwhelming. Deductions, income fees, and penalties change on a week-to-week basis resulting in confusion, frustration, and perhaps even loneliness.

As your local CPA, I may provide the necessary answers to reduce the stress in your life and help you find nirvana in spite of an otherwise dire situation. I'm fully accredited to service IRS audits, flirtatious gazes, as well as calculate the necessary compliments required to have an affair.

My services, however, are not without guilt. Life-partners may be abandoned and children turned mute. The police may be involved. I'm more than capable of simply sifting through your vices as numerical polyps, but as a CPA I can do so much more.

I've been trained to sink to the bottom of a sea of Form 1040s and inhale every April. I'm capable of socializing tirelessly with refunds and credits. I can view happiness as a checklist, but today I offer my services to assist you in finding a smirk. I offer the key to balancing sacrifice and selfishness. I offer scarlet for gray.

Please take the time to look over my suggestions on how to properly file Form 1040 below. It may save your happiness.

Yours very truly,



Arthur Joule, Former Certified Public Accountant

FORM 1040

Form 1040 -

The base individual income tax form should be filed with the Department of Treasury, Internal Revenue Service, Fresno, CA 93888-0102 on or before April 15th. Gross income, massive debt, and dependents may evoke extended or permanent personality shifts. Said shifts oscillate sleep patterns as well as the ability to scrutinize.

Label

My first name and initial breed opulence, while my last name screams middleclass. My social security number intends to cheat on my wife with a younger area code, which has resulted in further male pattern baldness.

e.g. 1.) Lights proffer from the cracks of my children's bedroom doors, but the house is determined to pout blue. The facet drips into hardened chili bowls. The kids leave without a sweater, without a word. At least my garden asks for attention.

e.g. 2.) My wife, Sarah, unravels my jugular. Her voice is callused, but the room is warm enough for my apology to condensate. She begins to pull and twist and my affair sprays on the living room wall. Our daughter Helen walks in, wipes her cheek, and affirms Electra is wrong.

e.g. 3.) They say we've had irreconcilable differences. I say regret is gray. I saved the clothes I wore in Phoenix in a plastic bag. I open it and inhale. I miss her smell. Hypnotic poison.

Fill Label Section of Form 1040 as follows:

<p>Form 1040</p> <p>Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service</p> <p>U.S. Individual Income Tax Return 2012</p> <p>(99) IRS Use Only—Do not write or staple in this space.</p> <p>OMB No. 1545-0074</p>	For the year Jan. 1–Dec. 31, 2012, or other tax year beginning January , 2012, ending Dec , 20 12			
	<p>L</p> <p>Your first name and initial</p> <p>A</p> <p>B</p> <p>E</p> <p>L</p>	<p>Last name</p> <p>politely sows between lines.</p> <p>leisurely entrenches in soil.</p>	<p>Your social security number</p> <p>undulates!</p>	
	<p>If a joint return, spouse's first name and initial</p> <p>drizzles in the space provided</p>	<p>Last name</p> <p>is a harbinger of spring.</p>	<p>Spouse's social security number</p> <p>creolizes</p>	
	<p>H</p> <p>Home address (number and street). If you have a P.O. box, see page 14.</p> <p>E</p> <p>R</p> <p>E</p>	<p>Apt. no.</p> <p>scintillate remnants of your garden.</p> <p>stems from</p>	<p>▲ Romantic propagation indicated above. ▲</p>	
	<p>City, town or post office, state, and ZIP code are consumed by lassitude, see page 14 to</p> <p>sprout pastiche.</p>		<p>Checking a box below will not change your tax or refund.</p>	
<p>Presidential Election Campaign ▶ Check here if you, or your spouse if filing jointly, allow plants to dehydrate. ▶</p>		<p><input type="checkbox"/> You <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Spouse</p>		

Filing Status

Single - Specific days of the week become events. Thursday gains the moniker of 'Wine'. 'Wine Thursday' consists of rotating bar and/or home locations. Evenings begin with "just one or two" and finish at three in the morning. 'Swinger Saturday' is the precipice, either way breathing becomes the foremost excuse to pleasure oneself.

Married filing jointly - Monogamy is labor paid for by a lump of blankets on a Saturday morning that swell and sink in unison. And before the kids wake and eggs drop from their tiny hands and crash against the kitchen floor, or a staggering speech is silently performed to the praise of soap and shampoo, or pillow conversations flicker off our bed - I realize this is why I married Sarah. This is why the front door on a Friday night is not opened, but bursts with the arrival of dad and husband. It's Saturday morning and my wife lambently sleeps enticing me to ebb from last night's dispute over wanting to change careers. But it wasn't a dispute, it was a minor mishap, a hiccup in understanding. While her eyes are closed we can start again. She will pardon my slight blunder. I need only remind her of the evening I proposed - a staircase of roses, each holiday celebrated on the hour. We laughed on New Year's Eve and cried on St. Valentine's Day. And then I drew back her frizzy hair and opened the cherry wood box and she said, "I know I can trust you." It's Saturday morning and I touch her cheek, she yawns, and blinks blue. "I'm tired of being an accountant" registers and her eyes start the day with a glower. You miscalculated, Arthur. Find the error.

Married filing based on photosynthesis - It is not unnatural to fantasize about lavenders. It is, however, imprudent to discuss interest rates while tending to begonias. Certain breeds require a tremendous amount of attention and a single numerical waver or hint at accounts receivable and the stem may resign from growth.

Head of household (with qualifying person) - Unmarried on the last day of the tax year, while a child hides underneath a bed. He tracks the time it takes for the head of household to find him - eight years, twenty-seven days, three hours, and fifteen seconds. The child widdles away at time by figuring the sum of his mother's apathetic footsteps.

e.g. disregard = counting to one hundred + forgetting to seek.

The time it took to forgive the mother for not searching hard enough - ten years, nine days, and "it's malignant."

Qualifying widow(er) with dependent child - Photographs are more than capable of parenting. Memory filters out the negative and soon constructs glorified stories of departed fathers. They stand in a boat as floating smiles and then let a red snapper slip from their fingertips and bounce off the bow, here, there, and back into the lake. And then they laugh a new laugh. Each bellow feels dusted, a special guffaw typically reserved for an old friend and the child saved it. Father and son share a comedic scene and no casket can hush their amusement.

If none of the above choices are suitable, indicate 'ALL IS GRAY' (case sensitive) and continue to the next section.

Fill Filing Status of Form 1040 as follows:

Filing Status Check only one box.	1 <input type="checkbox"/> Single	4 <input type="checkbox"/> Head of household (with qualifying person). (See page 15.) If the qualifying person is a child but not your dependent, enter this child's name here. ► _____
	2 <input type="checkbox"/> Married filing jointly (even if only one had income)	5 <input type="checkbox"/> Qualifying widow(er) with dependent child (see page 16)
	3 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Married filing based on photosynthesis. Indicate hope and full name here. ► Iris	

Exemptions

I would like to describe myself as insouciant, but I select my suits based solely on the weather - raw umber on high clouds, arsenic to catch the rain, and ash on clear days. To compliment light fog, I wear seal brown and stand in front of the mirror to adjust my tie. I watch my eyes shoot forward and steadily congeal as equations secrete equations. First thing Monday morning I join the procession that gets on the bus. Passengers stare out the window. They focus on the motion, until the primary colors fade to black. Shoes become the new focal point, because we can't look where we want to look, where hundreds

of thousands of years ceaselessly command us to look. The American passion advertisements garner attention because it's uncivil to assess a mate on public transportation.

Dependents

Son - The hospital smelled like oranges and formaldehyde. I waited with Sarah in a room sterilized by clinic green. We had been married for three months, together for two years, totaling 2.3 years of affinity carrying over to thirteen hours of labor. Our son wailed and wept at the air in his lungs. Sarah and I held hands and smiled at our first qualified tax credit. We let our first dependent choose between Helen's 'Henry' or my suggestion of 'Aster.' 'Aster' made him defecate, while 'Henry' made him coo. It was a name that invoked a median life. It gleamed of college and marriage and weekends spent with grandchildren. However as Henry approached his teen years, he realized his inherent mediocrity. He knew it was a name destined for middle management. 'Hank,' on the other hand, could hit a ball hard and steal second base. As Henry, I would bounce him on my knee and explain the delicacy of payroll. As Hank, I would never refer to him as, "my son" but as "my boy." He must remember despite his peach fuzzed masculinity, he is still the flesh and blood of an accountant. He must learn it is better to be king of the middle-class than hemorrhage dreams of being wealthy.

Daughter - Her delivery was met with closed eyes and languor. The doctors checked her pulse on numerous occasions, but she simply chose to sleep through the opening act. She remained inert until we left the hospital and stood outside. It was there that she fanned her arms wide-open and tried to drink from the breast of the sun. Her tiny hands stretched up and opened and closed and she beamed. But the name 'Rose' made her cry and 'Caspia' brought on a wail and 'Lily' drove her mad. Sarah said 'Helen' and Helen cooed.

Child From Affair - Discovered in a bouquet of lilacs.

Fill Exemptions of Form 1040 as follows:

Exemptions If more than four dependents, see page 17 and check here <input type="checkbox"/>	6a <input type="checkbox"/> Yourself. If someone can claim you as a dependent, do not check box 6a					Boxes checked on 6a and 6b She No. of children on 6c who: • lived with you left • did not live with you due to divorce or separation (see page 18) me Dependents on 6c not entered above to Add numbers on lines above grow																								
	b <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Spouse																													
	c Dependents:																													
	<table border="1" style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <thead> <tr> <th style="width: 30%;">(1) First name</th> <th style="width: 30%;">Last name</th> <th style="width: 15%;">(2) Dependent's social security number</th> <th style="width: 15%;">(3) Dependent's relationship to you</th> <th style="width: 10%;">(4) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> if qualifying child for child tax credit (see page 17)</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Mixes cerulean with apricot</td> <td></td> <td>floods</td> <td>azeleas</td> <td><input checked="" type="checkbox"/></td> </tr> <tr> <td>discreetly</td> <td></td> <td>drains</td> <td>geraniums</td> <td><input checked="" type="checkbox"/></td> </tr> <tr> <td>on a day warm-blooded</td> <td></td> <td>leaks</td> <td>baby breath</td> <td><input checked="" type="checkbox"/></td> </tr> <tr> <td>and maroon</td> <td></td> <td>drips</td> <td>heather.</td> <td><input checked="" type="checkbox"/></td> </tr> </tbody> </table>	(1) First name	Last name	(2) Dependent's social security number	(3) Dependent's relationship to you	(4) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> if qualifying child for child tax credit (see page 17)	Mixes cerulean with apricot		floods	azeleas	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	discreetly		drains	geraniums	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	on a day warm-blooded		leaks	baby breath	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	and maroon		drips	heather.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>				
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d Total number of exemptions claimed																														

Income

Line 7 - Wages, salaries, and tips should be spent on reciprocal love and not perforated hands and gaping mouths.

Line 8a - I met Iris on my monotonous bus ride home a little over a year ago. Our eyes missed each other on Montgomery and then again on Kearny but on Leavenworth they clashed. She was reading 'Taxes on Parade' and wearing a federal blue sweater complemented by an eggshell skirt and patriotic heels. Her glasses were bent to the right and her overbite declared, 'librarian.' She looked down and smiled a mid-twenties smile - old enough to be crushed when hearing a boy shut the door at two in the morning, but young enough to try one more one-night-stand..."No, no, I'm not a CPA, but I work for an accounting firm...just started...addicted to white mochas...majored in literature." She was a lover of words trapped in numbers and I was the key..."No, I'm not married, I'm a widow...Sarah passed away several years ago while vacationing...It was a poisonous flower found in central Asia...So this is my stop...Coffee sounds delicious...Tomorrow sounds great."

File Line 7 and 8a on Form 1040 as follows:

Income	7	Wages, salaries, tips, etc. Attach Form(s) W-2	7	apical meristem	coy
	8a	Interest in dalliance. Attach Schedule B to pollinate	8a	procamdium	coo

Line 8b - Dropping keys prior to opening the front door is an ill omen. It announces your arrival as inebriated, uncoordinated, and adulterated. It's a guilty door, full of vice. But what exactly did I do wrong? I conversed with a younger woman, new to accounting, new to the city. It was only a cup of coffee. And I've never read Shakespeare, but I have heard great things about 'Hamlet,' so all in all..."it was a fairly typical day, Sarah. Financial statements are starting to mount and 1040s are beginning to roll...I'm already filing for extensions for a couple of 'Shoe Box Clients'...Steve told a joke...He replaced 'inquisition' with 'acquisition' in regards to a business merger in Barcelona...Spanish Acquisition! It's warm in here...I wish they could surgically remove sweat glands...I'll be out in the garden."

File Line 8b on Form 1040 as follows:

b	Tax-exempt interest. Do not include on line 8a	8b	lily of the Nile	cry		
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Attach Form(s) W-2 in regards to the previous year. Iris and I feverishly laughed over our cup of coffee with no agenda behind it - politeness, family, boss, were all thrown out the window. We clinked our mugs, which chipped the edge, which cut our lips, so we could smile with a little scarlet. She quoted her favorite text and I made people from numbers, "...he indicates \$300,000 on gross income and '0' on gifts to charity...he is greed...indicates \$17,000 on Line 21 and turns in a W-2G, but tries to write off a gambling debt amounting to \$50,000...She is late nights under green lamps or always on the run." Iris said,

*He who binds himself joy,
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sun rise.*

"...I'm afraid I've never been much of a reader...Numbers always got to the point...I'm not an ogre. I'm open to new things."

"You most certainly are not an ogre, Mr. Joule."

She smiled and I shined. And my rotund stomach tightened to a paunch and I could squeeze my flab and shrug my shoulders and refer to them again as simply love handles. She was half my age, but I was getting younger as she gaped, not looked, at me, at this - a balding overweight accountant, average in every way, nine to five respect on public transportation, I grunted when I picked up a gallon of milk, my own children referred to me as beige, and now I'm scarlet, I'm lava, I'm fire rose! Before I had no one. No. No, I had Sarah. Yes, I did have Sarah. And Sarah loved me despite my perspiration and inclination to eat raw cookie dough over the course of twenty-three years of marriage. But the morning coffee continued. Iris helped me find a laugh hidden behind filing cabinets and tax codes.

Line 9a - A month later, I had to attend the "Arizona Estates Planning Conference." It was a painful weekend long conference emphasizing asset distribution, but coincidentally 'Hamlet' was showing at the Orpheum..."I've never been to Phoenix!" Monologues melted on stage as Iris held my hand and dabbed her eyes at the approaching death of Ophelia.

*Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

Line 9b - Soon after, my slacks were rolled up "as Huckleberry Finn" and our feet bobbed in a hotel pool of too many vodka martinis and pina coladas. Iris lapped up the history of April 15th - Leonardo Da Vinci was born, Lincoln assassinated, Titanic sunk, Franklin Roosevelt buried. And the sound of three hundred million Americans can be heard groaning and panicking to buy stamps every year. She sighed when I

told her about my childhood while I gritted my teeth and lowered my eyes over her uncle. As a young girl she visited his large house with too many maple rooms. The hallways were constructed so a small muffled voice could easily get entangled in Oriental rugs. She said she still wakes up screaming. She said children are better off left in the womb.

Line 10 –..."I should get to bed"..."early flight"..."yes, I agree, Ophelia did kill herself"..."no, our rooms are not connected"...

Line 11 –..."Iris is a lovely name"..."my garden hasn't won any awards, but blossoms many compliments"..."I suppose we could just hold each other"...

Line 12 –..."I can't get the hooks undone"..."it's like snapping your fingers"..."here, I'll do it. See, it comes right off"..."It's been a few years"..."Turn off the lights."

Fill Lines 9a through Line 12 on Form 1040 as follows:

Attach Form(s) W-2 here. Also attach Forms W-2G and 1099-R if tax was withheld.	9a	Ordinary dividends at a mid-life crisis	9a	and stretch	blu
	b	Qualified dividends will fall (see page 22)	9b	in tearducts	dip
	10	Taxable refunds, credits, or offsets of state and local income taxes (see page 23)	10	green sepals	dye
	11	Alimony received	11	emerald	Fan
	12	Business income or (loss). Attach Schedule C or C-EZ	12	summary	gem

Line 13 - My first impression of Sarah was that of a firm and handsome woman. She was a functional tool for a practical world. She rarely made eye contact and the depth of her voice did not come in waves, but in gargles and stomps. However her coarse appearance thinned as the warmth from a future mother radiated with dimples, a handshake, and a first kiss. It was in her thirty-seventh sentence, I knew she would never deceive me..."the secret to being married for fifty years is hard work and remembering the roots of the relationship...Statistics prove it." Our dates were stable conversations over efficient dishes of beer soaked bratwurst and pickled herring fillet. Onions were eaten as apples. And on the night of 'All Holidays,' I got on one knee on the Fourth of July and proposed..."I'm calling my parents!" While Sarah smiled, her parents greeted me with disdain. Her father described me as being a few inches off and accidentally dishonest. Her mother suspiciously smelled my hair and pinched my skin..."He'll hurt you, Sarah. I see it in his beady eyes." I've been told a parent's premonition is born with their child's first cry.

Line 14 - Iris hid her head under the blankets as I opened the curtains and squinted. Apparently the sun does not rise in the desert but pounds its way to high noon. We missed our flight and I dialed home, but a good hangover has a great tendency to dull our stories..."Sarah...Yes, the conference went well! I'm going to stay a little longer to network...home in time to see Helen's recital...love you too." The blankets steadily lowered. Iris' jaw clicked. Her eyes started the day with a glower..."That would be your dead wife, Sarah? And who is Helen?" Life was easier behind a calculator.

Line 15a - Sarah's parents raised their voices and denounced my proposal. Sarah retaliated and I silently sat and watched. Doors opened and slammed shut, they panted and held each other, sweated and took an intermission. But then the oven buzzed and it was a lengthy drive home, so the pot-roast was served. Harsh sentences rested in between the green beans. Curses were mixed into the mashed potatoes. We used plastic silverware. Their eyes did enough stabbing.

As we walked out the front door, Sarah's father snatched his only daughter's hand and fiercely hugged her. "We will support you, but that man is not welcome in our house."

She kissed her father on the cheek, stepped back, and held my hand. "Than neither am I."

Line 15b - Iris used humiliation in every context and tense. Humiliated, humiliating..."Have you no humility?" I rested my head in my hands as she silently dressed. The air conditioner blew cool as a blaze of brilliance and heat rushed in and then she slammed the door shut.

Line 16a - The front door did not burst open with dad and husband, but slowly creaked open with Arthur Joule. And there in the living room was Sarah as she watched over our children. I took a deep breath,

closed my eyes, and envisioned who I was before that bus ride home, before the coffee, before the lights turned off. Who was Arthur Joule?

Line 16b - He was a man that struggled through guitar lessons for their twentieth anniversary. He was a little league foam hand on a Saturday afternoon and a standing ovation for a pink dressed pianist in an audience of fifteen. He was a member of the PTA and president of the neighborhood watch group. He was a toast to good friends and hearty food. He was a massage after a difficult day of picking the kids up and dropping them off and dinner on the way home from work. He was a lump of man on a couch dependent on his wife to fix him soup and get him medicine. He was an occasional shower with her. He was an arm around her. He was a flower when she least expected. He was also a lost face in a lonely office. He was a discount suit tailored. He was an employee ID badge in a national firm. He was a loose handshake, a hated job, and a complete lack of passion. He was middle-aged tedium drowning in neutral colors burning for a momentary flash of red.

Fill Lines 13 through 16 on Form 1040 as follows:

If you did not get a W-2, sing sing sing.	13	Capital gain or (loss). Attach realistic relationship here	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	13		
	14	Other gains or (losses) after we climax		14	to imbid	CO2
	15a	Parental support		15b	to emulate	and
	16a	Eye contact empties		16b	efflorescence	now

Line 17 (Attach Schedule E to one year after the affair) - Predictability stumbles when guilt rides our everyday habits. I rode the bus Monday morning to work, clients' receipts turned opaque, mistakes were made, and then on the bus Monday night to return home. Tuesday through Friday repeat. Saturday afternoons I spent time with each child, gave advice on work habits, and the importance of following dreams. On Sunday I swelled my chest during the 'Our Father' and shook the hands of fellow congregates and overplayed my laugh..."I hope the IRS doesn't hunt me during tax season!"

There was no Iris, but there were extended pauses. My dinner fork would hang a few seconds too long in front of my lips until..."Arthur, is everything"...and I chewed. I sweated, abnormally, profusely at times. I bought shirts in twos to change at lunch. After months went by, I steadily and subtly became more restless with my repetitive existence. My eyes began to clot, as I knew precisely how the next day, month, year would pass by simply seeing what I did yesterday. My frustrations secreted out of the most trivial situations. The newspaper was folded incorrectly causing a sudden outburst and screaming lecture on how to reconstruct the business section. Dinner was consistently too stale or undercooked or..."Working late tonight. I'll get take-out." I itched to see a vibrant shade, a tone, a hue, any color to displace the blandness. Desperate, I was once again willing to be an oroborus, a starving man willing to eat his own life to satisfy his hunger for happiness.

Line 18 - I took different buses home. At first I searched the faces of each passenger, but Iris could have dyed her hair, removed her glasses, changed her style of clothing, so I closed my eyes and listened for the click of her jaw. In anticipation of our meeting, I read voraciously through the night. Sleep became an afterthought. Raised on numbers, I realized words were much more malleable. They were gray. They changed on light. They were capable of peripheral meaning and could fade into a penumbra.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown, By what it fed on.

I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confin'd to fast in fires.

My instincts itched across my belly in defeat..."She is gone." But instead of accepting beige, with or without Iris, I was determined to scramble for cardinal. It was a Tuesday when the office carpet began to move backwards with each step forward. As I sped up, I remained in place. Faceless co-workers walked

past, ignoring the sweaty accountant standing aimlessly in the hallway. Behind me I heard the distinct sound of a printing calculator calculating my deathbed. I turned and faced the tubercles made of dollar signs and ampersands and baleen jaws made of Form 1040s. Hanging from the tip of its tongue, the quip - "Do Not Disturb in April." It opened its mouth as the carpet swiftly shot back towards the grisly clicks and rolling spools. I charged forward terrified to be eaten by complacency. I leapt into my office and landed with a thud. While I panted on my back I saw, above me, my framed Ethics Certification reflecting the rising sun.

I did not scream. I did not curse. I destroyed my ethics in silence. Glass drizzled up through the air and chips of wood splintered off my desk. I turned to my filing cabinets stuffed with clients and released them from the thirteenth floor window. Social security numbers drifted onto cars honking, dependents floated in water drains draining, and gross incomes slowly trickled down to greased hands working. I slammed a red 'FILE COPY' stamp across my arms and legs until every inch of my pale skin was covered in ink. And as colleagues noticed my office for the first time, I wrote in permanent marker, 'AJ IS RED!' across my forehead. For in this moment, I was the dictator of my life and this was my numerical massacre!

Line 19 - The police asked me what I had taken... "Hard work." With the paperwork complete, Sarah bailed me out. She drove in silence. She dropped me off in front of the house in near silence. Her teeth gnawed on the insecurity of her day. I watched her drive, at the residential speed limit, to the end of the block and slowly come to a halt. I inhaled and waited. A neighbor mowed his lawn and children played basketball down the street. Someone's relative arrived... "Aunt Claire," and an airplane flew overhead. It was the sounds of safety and repetition. As I turned to face my house that started to pout blue, I heard Sarah screech and wail the statistics of broken relationships... "50%...25% per Christian...1970, peaks at 1980...I am in the minority!" Her voice slugged through the lawnmower, the swoosh hit the backboard, Aunt Claire covered her niece's ears, and passengers on the flight above looked down on the community of Elysian Fields with perked ears. Fractions helped Sarah cope with stress, but whole numbers resulted in a bang.

Line 20a - 'AJ IS RED!' had faded back to beige and faded further to rust. "I'll clean my resume...possible interview next week...we can work through this" digressed from eggs and bacon, to oatmeal, and finally landed on a teaspoon of butter. My family saw, over the course of several months, their father and husband shatter throughout the house. A dress jacket hung on the banister, a pair of slacks were ripped in half and placed in the oven, and ties were chewed on and flushed unsuccessfully. Happiness is most often the avoidance of self-destruction but I chose to detonate.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.

"I don't understand what that means, Arthur."

My poor Sarah, in watching my dehydration of will, her teeth felt sympathy and receded from grating, to clacking, until they buzzed. And so, not long ago, she walked into the living room and called my name and announced she had a surprise. I didn't have the energy to turn my head, but my enervated eyes found a way to limp to the right.

In an eruption of violet, and periwinkle, and mulberry, Sarah grinned... "They're for your garden! They're irises!"

I closed my eyes and saw the chipped coffee mugs and scarlet smiles, I heard her jaw clicking... "hath"... "alas"... "thou," and I could reach out and touch... "Turn off the lights." I turned my head and faced my wife that was holding my affair in her hands. And she smiled a plea for Arthur Joule to return to her, the kids, this blue house. She thought it would be nice to plant the flowers together... "They could be our little project." My lips opened and a deep gauzy pang started to rise from my gut and a distant voice began... "I'll get the garden trowel," when an infant started to cry.

Line 20b - In the backyard garden, wrapped in lilacs, a newborn girl sobbed and reached for the open gate. A delicate note dangled in a tuft of her strawberry hair:

'Arthur, lest you be coward to bloom her life
grow father and rise to her brightest light.
- Bus #23'

I picked her up and she planted her tiny hands on my chest. Roots from her fingertips begin to seep into and entangle themselves around my heart, drinking from the pride of bringing this new blossom into the world. I reached deep inside, past the filing cabinets and quarterly memories, behind the rows of responsibilities, sitting near a rusted tackle box, was a laugh reserved. I dusted it off and let it drop. It flowed indiscreetly showering the garden with desperate hysterics. Happiness was simply out of my hands. The flowers turned their attention from the sun to me; leaning forward with petals outstretched and they drank. But as the laughter died-down to giggles and soon was only a light sprinkle of chuckles, I looked out to Sarah who swallowed her thunder. She walked inside and removed several suitcases.

Line 21 - In a blink, boxes were addressed to the open arms of grandparents who would meet their grandchildren for the first time. Sarah devoured what was once considered our numbers - house, car, children, all tax exemptions. She wrapped herself in warm statistics and knew I deserved only what was in my hands.

Line 22 – And so I stood in my garden cradling my daughter. And I said, “Rose” and Rose cooed.

Fill Lines 17 through 21 on Form 1040 as follows:

Enclose, but do not attach, any affairs. Also, please use Form 1040-V.	17	Predictability stumbles when guilt rides our everyday habits Attach Schedule E	17	for sunlight to	dab
	18	Attach one sure moment of release (see page 25)	18	desultory sepals	hug
	19	Families tremble in the wake of muffled shouts behind locked doors	19	emote	joy
	20a	Inches away from beige 20a imbue petals apt Happiness in arms	20b	revels in my	age
	21	The house smells of cardboard and custody over conflated pigment my	21	at one time	blu
	22	An empty house can destroy a man, but I am not a husky Ophelia. Your turn ►	22	to bloom	red

Lines 23 - 37 - All else turned gray and crumbled, while I glinted amber and finally smirked my own sunset.

Fill Lines 23 to 37 on Form 1040 as follows:

Adjusted Gross Income	23	performing artists, and	23		
	24	Attach Form 2106	24		
	25		25		
	26		26		
	27	One-half of	27		
	28		28		
	29	Self-	29		
	30		30		
	31	paid	31a		
	32	a	32		
	33		33		
	34		34		
	35		35		
36		36			
37		37			

For Disclosure, Privacy Act, and Paperwork Reduction Act Notice, see page 97.

Cat. No. 11320B

Form **1040** (2009)

USE THIS PAGE TO SCREAM. IF THIS PAGE IS SILENT, PLEASE RECOVER AS TEARS ARID AS JUNE RAIN.

REVEALING TO _____ TAKEN AT _____ HOURS _____

9. SENTIMENT (*Saturated*)

ALTHOUGH WE DILUTE ABUSED ENLISTEES

KNOW WE EXIST

USE HARD LIES TO SALUTE. WE REST NUMB AS WAR GUSHES, PLEASE DECLARE US SHAKY BORN AS TOYS.

FABRICATE US _____ ELUDE US _____ BREAK _____

9. DEFIANTLY (*Blossomed*)

LIKEWISE WE DEMAND BODILY APOLOGIES

MAKE US SPEAK

FRANKNESS IS _____ AWAKE AT _____ FIRST _____

9. HOSTILELY (*Enswathed*)

THEREFORE

I, _____, HAVE COME TO WALK AND TRIP AS IF THIS SACRAMENT COYLY
BEGINS AS LIES I, SEE EYES ON LUST _____. I CRAWL DOMINANTLY OUT SURVIVED BY THE NUDITY EXPRESSED ONLY IN ME.
THE TIPTOEING IS LOUD. I BITE ERECTIONS OFF THANKLESSLY AND MAKE FANTASIES ROT HUMBLY AS EACH BABY
EVAPORATES RED BLAMELESS. I HAVE MADE THIS STATEMENT RIFTED WITHOUT HATE OR RANT OR TONE, WITHOUT
BODIES AS PLAYTHINGS, AND WITHOUT COERCION, CHILDISH NOTATIONS, OR POLISHED CONFESSIONS.

(Deception is Direct Orders Pedicured)

OBSCURITY:

Tantalizes and blurs so pieces of, a victim dramatized by ink is
christened adrift, this _____ rid of _____, _____
no _____

FORMLESSNESS IS HONESTY

(Terrified of Neatly Commandeering Haze)

(Dense Jazz as Poetry Superimposing Fear)

RATIONALISTS NO ARTISTS

(Dramatize to Declassify Truth)

ENVISION US DIRELY HIDING VOICELESS

HEAR US QUIET

JURY SUMMONS

Date Summoned - Thursday, July 12, 2006, 8:30 a.m.

JURY SUMMONS OPEN IMMEDIATELY

<p>PLEASE BRING THIS UPPER SECTION WITH YOU WHEN YOU REPORT FOR JURY DUTY</p> <hr style="border-top: 1px dashed black;"/> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold; font-size: 1.2em;">STATE TRIAL COURTS</p> <p style="text-align: center; font-weight: bold; font-size: 1.5em; margin-top: 20px;">JUROR</p>	<p>My alarm quietly buzzes in my ear, as the bed kicks off the midnight creaks, and stretches a good morning yawn. The automatic coffee maker clicks into gear and automatically drips gourmet magnificence. Churchill, my orange tabby, leaps up and gracefully hikes to the top of Comforter Mountain. I can feel his tiny paws lightly pressing against my chest. I steadily open my eyes to the sun humming light tunes, just for me, through the curtains. And so this glorious day begins with a gradual middle finger to the ceiling.</p> <p>My Sleep Last Night: Once again interrupted by 'The Nature Channel' upstairs. They're a sweet couple, retired, and married for thirty-plus years, but to have sex that consistently, it's relentless, inhuman. On the few occasions I've had guests over, the experience is often compared to an exorcism of sorts..."without a doubt, it's an orgasm from hell"..."Throw every pornographic nightmare you know into a blender"..."Harvey's? No, I won't go back there. I said I won't go!"</p> <p>Last Night's Resolution: When the books fell off the shelves and the ceiling fan violently swung back and forth I knew the battle moans had begun. A car alarm went off. Horrified and possibly high on catnip, Churchill smashed the living room window with his teaser wand and saved himself. While in a stupor I got up to fetch my earplugs, but instead grabbed Churchill's gifts from his earlier hunt. Content with the muffled apocalypse I returned to bed, only to rise moments later screaming at the realization of my feet soaked in broken glass from the shattered window. It was as I crawled to the bathroom, I noticed flickers of scratches pushing farther and farther into my ear canal - Churchill's gifts, stunned cockroaches.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">TURN OVER FOR FURTHER TORMENT</p>
---	---

JUROR QUALIFICATION FORM

DETACH THIS HALF AND RETURN BY MAIL WITHIN 10 DAYS

--FOLD

FO

ANSWER EACH QUESTION BELOW UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The top of every staircase pecks at your feet. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No 2. Pigeons actively seek your forehead for bowel relief. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No 3. It rains as you leave for work, stops when you arrive. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No 4. "I know it's cliché, but I think we should just be friends." <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No 5. All forms of transit (buses, light-rail, subway, etc.) wait until you arrive. <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Never 6. It's common for a stranger's saliva to be used as a condiment. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No 7. Police arrest you based on a description of a sexual predator..."Perv, you'll be getting real special treatment where you're going!"..."Harvey, once again, we apologize!"..."Don't worry about it officers, happens all the time!" <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Weekly <input type="checkbox"/> No 8. Life has been an infinite jest..."The umbilical cord seems to be wrapped!"..."Doctor is that?"..."A noose." <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Since birth <input type="checkbox"/> No | <p>Name: <u>Knox, Harvey</u></p> <p>Address: <u>5255 34th Avenue</u></p> <p>City/State/Zip: <u>San Francisco, CA 94122</u></p> <p>Home Phone: <u>I'm uncomfortable with this</u></p> <p>Date of Birth: <u>11/20/1971</u></p> <p>Employer: <u>Safe Mortgage, Inc.</u></p> <p>Occupation: <u>Junior Underwriter</u></p> <p>Work Phone: <u>I'm not management</u></p> <p>Spouse's Occupation: <u>Primarily hairballs</u></p> |
|---|---|

--FOLD

Fc
17

REQUEST TO BE EXCUSED/POSTPONED

I accepted my position of permanently slipping on a banana peel at a fairly young age. My teacher was obsessed with my inability to produce any form of good fortune..."Harvey, we're almost done - heads or tails?"..."Heads"..."It's tails! Try again."..."Tails"..."It's heads! One hundred attempts and not a single...my god, you're a living catastrophe!" I was seven years old when I discovered infinite possibilities were finite, as long as the end result was detrimental to me. My first kiss resulted in twenty-three stitches..."Baby, I had no idea my retainer could do that!" My first night of lovemaking ended before it started..."It was when you took off your shirt. That's when I knew I was gay." I've assisted sixteen women in finding their way out of the closet. I still receive 'Thank You!' notes from several of them.

If life is a curse and you need to be deferred from jury duty, please list one (1) reason why you continue to fall forward, onward.

Ill-fate is loneliness, so I took a chance on Churchill. We bickered from time to time but it was all

in banter and good fun. He's my reason for attending, as well as my belief that civic duty is keen.

:)

INFORMATION ON HARVEY KNOX

06/30/2006: Every morning results in several scrapes and cuts across my face and body: be it shaving, a chipped coffee mug, or Churchill's impatience. My face is adorned in toilet paper squares, as I lock my front door and encounter my upstairs neighbors coming down. They are a whoosh of erotic mothballs, senior sex symbols sequestered to blue tracksuits and antique kinkiness..."Mornin' Harv! How ya going?" I nod and say good morning, but my downtrodden eyes grumble over the mental images of liver spots thrusting and denture cream groaning. And yet as we reach the street together, I watch them power walk away, in unison, one reaching for the other's hand and I find myself feeling less annoyed, more lighthearted. They've voyaged through life. They have the energy to keep going. Why not press on and keep playing?

TYPICAL TRANSIT: Bus, taxi, light-rail, at some point during the week my jaw will encounter a purse, a sock full of soap, or the classic fist. It was only days ago when a lovely Cantonese woman spilled her scorching hot coffee onto my unmentionables..."I am so sorry!"..."Is that a dark roast?" Because it burns like a dark roast!" Unfortunately my dance of pain reopened the cut on my lower lip sending a drop of blood across the train and onto the cheek of the strongest hemophobe in San Francisco. My fillings were knocked where somewhere near Church and Duboce Avenue. While certainly unpleasant, experience has taught me that calmness typically follows conflict, and so with a shrug of my shoulders and a call to the dentist I continued on my day. My passivity is not helplessness, it's more acceptance that there are people who take the wrong path on their first breath and I'm simply one of them.

06/30/2006: Today, however, I surprisingly arrive at my office unharmed. It's Friday, so the ocean of cubicles have tentatively settled down as a lake gently lapping against five p.m. The air is filled with keystrokes and an occasional dream of early escape..."Afternoon happy hour! Fifty-cent wings. One dollar beers. My nirvana." Prior to turning on my computer, I shut my eyes and take a moment to imagine every glorious step of the day. While I know negativity will arrive unannounced, positive thoughts help buffer perspective. I wipe off the week of dust left on my framed photo of Churchill as a kitten. Prior to the flash he was zonked, but afterwards he was full of frisk and photo shoots. It's his sympathetic purr that waits for me at home that allow these daily tribulations to wash away.

TYPICAL WORK: My first day at my current position was..."The mortgage industry is an unstoppable locomotive! Full steam ahead!" In the early 2000s I was informed..."California electricity is unstoppable!" And, of course, just prior..."The .coms are immortal!" My resume has left a handful of minor situations in its wake and while I was initially concerned that my allergic reaction to success could spread to those around me, I eventually had to dismiss the idea. It was nonsense. I put my foot down and drew a line of responsibility..."This is not my fault." I'm willing to take credit for *my* mishaps, *my* pain, but I've never personally shattered the stock market or placed someone in real harm. Churchill can attest to this. I exhaled all incrimination and accepted myself not as a counterbalance to triumph, but simply as an extra cog, dangling and unreachable.

06/30/2006: There is the slightest bounce in my step as I exit the light-rail onto the street and saunter home. As a permanent target for destruction, a good day is being forgotten. My clothes aren't torn, self-esteem content, and teeth and bones intact. I am as I left this morning, a condition that breeds cautiousness, but also excites a hint of optimism. It feels foreign, steady, pleasurable. When I arrive home, there will be no quick movements, no cooking, no toying with Fate. I will strip naked, better, remain fully clothed and immediately sleep away any possible torment. This will be my triumph of twenty-four hours harm free. As I turn the corner, a breeze brushes off my comb over, and I see my living room curtains billowing out my window. I glance down the street and notice along the curb a ball of auburn and amber stripes gently set aside. I slowdown, gather myself, as I peripherally pay no attention to his ears still and tail resting on a bed of cigarette butts and crumpled receipts. There's no hesitation, eyes forward, he was a cat, only a cat. I retrieve my mail: bills, advertisements, a jury duty summons, and enter my home, alone, and plop down quietly, without aim, without my evening purr.

CHURCHHILL: When I first met the breeder I asked for a bag of frozen peas for my forehead. There was a miscommunication earlier regarding strawberry ice cream. As I walked in, the air snapped of the scent of litter-box and ocean sprayed wood, not repelling, but nose hairs certainly flinched. In the back room, next to a pile of discarded dirty laundry, the queen napped, as her kits clumsily toppled over each other in an attempt to sneak a snack from Mom. I stepped forward to allow my ambience to stretch to the meows..."Hello there, I'm Harvey Knox." Baby eyes, only half-open, suddenly widened out of repugnance and disdain. The queen woke and hissed, her hair electrified - maternal armor..."I'm sorry Mr. Knox, Lady Elizabeth has never acted like this before." Out of the rage filled posturing, one of the kits tumbled forward. It gave no hiss or scare, only a tiny paw on the tip of my shoe. The runt of the litter. I picked him up and placed his nose against mine, to which which he weakly replied with a light swipe to the cheek and nonchalant yawn. At the time I was reading a history on the fall of the British Empire, I thought it fitting that my new companion be named after the beginning of the end.

06/30/2006: I don't have the energy to clap my hands and turn on the lights. The fog creeps through the broken windowpane, as I listen to the cackle of the glass splitting to the cold. Unblinking I watch the front door in anticipation of a hungry scratch..."Orange tabby is a common breed. It's possible..." Across the street a neighbor celebrates another week passing, drowning out the moans upstairs. The moon eventually pats down the clouds and rests. Saturday morning is announced with the special garbage pick up. Beeps and grunts help the sun rise. My eyes, arid and bloodshot, unhinge and quiver as they finally close. Under my breath, I ask the circular questions..."Why me? Why is Fate so angry?"..."Why was I picked for pain?" I open my eyes and stare at the mail on the floor, surrounding me, as gifts to a shrine. I reach for the jury duty summons, open it, and in spite of my anger and living a life of complete injustice, I know I will choose guilty if innocent and innocent if guilty.

DETACH BOTTOM HALF AND MAIL WITHIN 10 DAYS

SEAL WITH TAPE

Superior Court of California
Civil Jury Assembly Room
400 McAllister Street, Room 007
San Francisco, CA 94102

PLACE
STAMP
HERE

CHECK HERE IF ADDRESS IS NEW

**HIGHWAY-RAIL GRADE CROSSING
ACCIDENT/INCIDENT REPORT**

1. I'm Jealous of the Driver's Smoldering Heartache			1a. Enough Loss		1b. As if His Guilt/Blood		
2. Contained in the Wreckage are Yellow Heels			2a. Enough Singed		2b. As if my Daughter/Flare		
3. Attached to the Tracks are Pennies			3a. Enough Crushed		3b. As if an Afternoon/Complacency		
4. Stole My Sense of Fire, of Intimacy, of Laughter			5. Taken by Accident/Lost <small>put out idly</small>		6. As if I am Debris/Choking <small>ON <input type="checkbox"/> IF <input type="checkbox"/></small>		
7. I walk with purpose		8. Retracing		9. Steps		10. Taken often Lush	
11. Away (<i>She was born in June</i>)			12. Ashamed by my baldness or breath <small>Passivity <input type="checkbox"/> Patterned <input type="checkbox"/></small>				
The Accident				Saying Goodbye for the Last Time			
13. Hints <small>A. Only D. Always E. Sweetheart C. When indebted F. Always G. Fingers H. Aimlessly J. Wrapped around her curls K. Until M. Hopscotch</small>				17. Marching <small>1. Forward (as resented) 2. Forward (as Father) 3. Forward (blind)</small>		4. She (<i>faint</i>) 5. She (<i>blue</i>) 6. A smile (<i>initially</i>) 7. But then (<i>doubt</i>) 8. Exhales (<i>childhood</i>) A. And I - confess B. And I - stumble C. And I - bathe D. In her painted fingernails E. Slamming doors	
14. And this (<i>Accident, the zenith of goodbye</i>)		15. While (<i>Fatherhood is</i>) <small>1. Spent 2. Tossed 3. Detained 4. Snuffed</small>		Tried		18. She preferred loneliness to me	
16. Lightly <small>1. I considered fading into 2. The red and blue sirens 3. Stretching through the trees</small>		4. To the city watching 5. With arms crossed		Cold		19. Perhaps <small>1. I could have changed or sobered up 2. The driver was parked waiting for some</small> Sake	
20a. But can I see myself parked on these train tracks waiting to be pushed forward? <small>1. My thumbs 2. Tapping against the 3. Wheel 4. Radio</small>				Jazz		20b. I was told he overheard work <small>1. Jokes retold 2. Those stories knowing 3. Smoke 4. And whiskey</small> Leak	
20c. I loved her chipped nail polish in spite of our short words and birthday cards off by a month							
21. Christmas (<i>was smaller times</i>) <small>F</small>		22. Visits (<i>whirled through needles</i>) <small>1. Exhaled 2. Pauses 3. Always 4. Quietly</small>		Tidy		23. Phone calls (<i>left dangling</i>) <small>1. Voices 2. Cloudy 3. Scattered 4. Off 5. Weak 6. Words drizzling</small> Only	
24. I attempted or tried (<i>halfheartedly</i>) <small>1. To find her 2. Cast aside 3. Sweetheart opt orphan 4. As I stepped</small>		5. Twisted 6. Steel logs 7. Melting as <small>a. A grandfather c. this wreck</small>		9. Holding my grandson D. OUR A. Asleep in soot E. WEB B. And I traverse		25. Each time I consider the driver envy boils <small>1. He 2. Saw 3. Enough 4. Sorrow</small> Burn	
27. YES Possibilities Drip (dry)		28. A Moment to Confess Each Misstep Soaked		29. While I study		30. The Roots of Accidents (<i>calm desire, if available</i>) <small>R - Rest E - Embedded BUT</small> Pale	
31. As if afternoon watered <small>1. Down 3. Stories 2. Bedtime 4. Drowned</small>		32. Is it Sacrifice To disturb <small>1. Sleep 2. Sweetheart CRY 3. And save MOM 4. My family is now 5. A train and I am 6. Parked at the</small>		7. Crossroads 8. Stop signs 9. Watching 10. The headlights push 11. The horn (<i>blaring</i>) 12. Numb		33. There were no warning signs <small>(See reverse side for confessions)</small> Sung	
34. A Loving Crash <small>A. Otten B. Fills C. Sunday D. Mornings E. With families F. Dressed in banter</small>		35. As our words <small>1. Drove across 2. Busy intersections hushed 3. By delight and her smile</small>		36. Crossing these tracks before we slammed the phone down <small>1. Before 2. I 3. Parked</small>		37. To watch this driver, or is it me, from afar perhaps a father <small>1. Remembering 2. Shaking 3. Choking</small> Loss	
38. Apologies avoided us		39. As the kitchen turned <small>1. Smoky 2. Helpless</small> Deaf		40. The last time I could call myself her father I was watching TV as she painted her nails <small>1. Orchid 2. Petal 3. Coral</small> Ruby		41. Laugh tracks <small>1. Permeated across 2. Our living room bent 3. On that dark glow with 4. Flickers of attention</small> 5. Spent (<i>on blank stares</i>) 6. And gulps of boredom until a repressed giggle (<i>Sweetheart trying</i>) 7. To blanket her mischief 8. My fingernail playfully painted	
42. My mouth agape as she burst out <small>1. "Dad!" 2. Brightly 3. Teary</small>		Love		43. I jokingly scowled (<i>and then smiled and asked her to finish</i>) <small>1. Perhaps a lighter shade 2. For the toenails 3. Carnation 4. Softly</small>		5. Transcends 6. Fall and spring 7. Winter (<i>shades of velvet</i>) 8. So says Sweetheart	
Casualties were		Composed		Married		44. Driver was <small>1. Unseen 2. Grey 3. Voiceless</small> Firm	
46. There were complications		47. And I was stuck (<i>delicately perched</i>)		48. On these tracks waiting (<i>for a gentle nudge</i>)		45. Was I in the vehicle? <small>1. Yes 2. Yes, but</small> Away	
49. To push me to you		50. My smile drifting off (<i>brushed aside for a slammed door</i>)		51. Is this what I deserve/ crashed with great innocence? <small>1. Yes 2. Yes, but</small> Home			
52. Passengers on Train							
53a. Perhaps we could <small>Talk again? <input type="checkbox"/> Try <input type="checkbox"/> If <input type="checkbox"/> Listen again? <input type="checkbox"/> But <input type="checkbox"/> No</small>				53b. Your forgiveness is rationed			
54. Only I (<i>Ask you to understand there was your mother and there was me</i>)							
55. And I heard her				56. Desperately		57. Fade	

CONFESSIONS OF BLOCK 33

Only if Types 1 - 6, Item 32 are indicated, mark Block 33 the status of the warning devices at the crossing at the time of the accident, using the following lines:

1. On June 26, 1998
2. The breeze was on schedule
3. No, perhaps my hum was off.
4. It was a song we sung on Sundays.
5. The evening streets were lounging after an early rush hour.
6. And I begun the weekend with a nightcap for lunch.
7. My wife was a patient woman.

If I failed my sweetheart it was my staggering that eventually slammed the door.

- A. Although perhaps my attempts to fix us
- B. Always crashed against her tea rose nail polish.
- C. Perhaps
- D. I recall our words
- E. Plunging on track
- F. Always intended to crash.
- G. We starved our relationship on visits turned to phone calls, phone calls to birthday cards overdue, and eventually settled on afterthoughts erupting erratically.
- H. We masked ourselves in sleepless nights and the fragrance of tires burning on the anniversaries of June 26th. (e.g. a phone call would gasp early in the morning)
- J. My words were parched, as small talk scratched the surface of a family
- K. That once finished each other's sentences
- L. And played I Spy With My Little Eye on road trips,
- M. But now I am on these tracks listening to the bells warning and memories painted mauve.
- N. My home is too drunk and yellow
- P. Obsessed with peeling and I sit idly waiting for another phone call to bleed
- R. Father and daughter, swimming, our hands held, tied in knots
- S. Drowning in each other's doubt.

This collection of information is mandatory under 49 CFR 225, and is used by FRA to monitor national rail safety. Public reporting burden is estimated to average 2 hours per response, including the time for reviewing instructions, searching existing databases, gathering and maintaining the data needed, and completing and reviewing the collection of information. The information collected is a matter of public record, and no confidentiality is promised to any respondent. Please note that an agency may not conduct or sponsor, and a person is not required to respond to a collection of information unless it displays a currently valid OMB control number. The OMB control number for this collection is 2130-0500.



How To Obtain Certified Copies Of Still Birth And Fetal Death Records



Each night, for Helen, it was the belief that time would heal motherhood as "good night" turned its back, once again, to face the open window.

California Office of Vital Records
M.S. 5103

P.O. Box 997410

Sacramento, CA 95899-7410

Telephone: (916) 445-2684

California Relay: 711/1-800-735-2929

<http://www.cdph.ca.gov/certlic/birthdeathmar/Pages/default.aspx>

January 2010

Certified Copies of Still Birth and Fetal Death Records

What is a hopeful marriage dissolved?

Each night, for Brandon, it was the belief that he provided the warmth required, upon request, if only Helen could see "it's only a room, only stuff, only the letter 'S.'" He had to walk in order to break free from "I'm tired...I need to sleep."

What slumber can provide escape?

- The sound of the refrigerator turning on at midnight was deafening. The hum made for mechanical pillow talk "rent is due...meeting tomorrow...I'll be right back."
 - Beyond the handful of mandatory conversations, Helen and Brandon's marriage relied on silence to fill the gaps of "I can't leave you, but I can't hold her...I just *can't* anymore."
 - They passed through each other in the hallway, sterile, numb, unraveled.
-

What kind of grip is necessary to deliver a resolution cleansed of tragedy, personal and raw bespeckled by innocence unheld?

- The former side-to-side dances: Tease And chuckles "Me right, you left:" Simpers Disappeared after "she's in a better place."
- A flinch and "Please don't touch me" blanketed "Good morning." Their marriage, however, was not always like this, not always gray. In the beginning "I wanted to kiss you three blocks ago" and "You're freezing" sparkled off cloudless eyes and upbeat hands shared a single coat pocket.
- They finished each other's sentences with an afterthought and balanced inside jokes on conversations with "hints of carnation pink."
- They were separate worlds orbiting each other, moving closer and closer until "I do"... "I do."
- However, as their early-thirties approached "Let's stay in tonight" replaced the opening of a play and concerts were gingerly "too far...too expensive...too tired." They found comfort in the humdrum of "tea or coffee?"

Why are unrelated issues bottled in drastic solutions?

- It was in this grave stagnation that "I want to start a family" became the only fuel left that could possibly reignite "I've been waiting for you to do that" and firmly plant "What do you think of Candace if it's a girl?"

What do couples do when current unity is based on projected happiness?

- As Helen's belly grew, the extra bedroom remained always open, always warm, always filled with "the cradle against this wall, flush. The bookshelf over here. I want carnation pink, not rose."
- The house buzzed and flexed its door frames in preparation for the stampede of pitter-patter.
- "We're going to need carpet or, at least, rugs everywhere!"
- For six months, Brandon and Helen returned to twelves ago:
 - "It's cold tonight."
 - "I would like to ask you something..."
- They caressed chin to cheek and shared a blanket across shoulders.

How do we accept the possibility of stagnation?

- They were sunny, soon to be parents, in the grocery store, giddy to find an excuse to walk down aisle 8.

They were ordinary and miraculous until "Brandon? Brandon!"
<http://www.cdph.ca.gov/certlic/birthdeathmar/Pages/ProcessingTimes.aspx>

What if we still have questions?

Three days later they returned from the hospital calloused. Upon walking in, Helen held her breath as she sunk down the hallway to the bedroom dressed in pink carnation. Her ears plugged, eyes shut, and she gasped for air when "this door stays closed. I'm tired."

APPLICATION FOR CERTIFIED COPY OF CERTIFICATE OF STILL BIRTH
DO NOT Complete This Application Before Reading the Instructions Below

Certified Copies can be issued only to a parent (mother and/or father only).

Fee: **\$20 per copy** (payable to the Office of Vital Records).

APPLICANT INFORMATION (PLEASE PRESS DELICATELY)			Today's Date: _____		
Again Brandon woke to the refrigerator			At midnight		
"I'll be right back."			The streets fastened		To invented memories
Filmed			Upbeat/Piggyback		BUT pale
Helen entertaining ("She just ate, be careful.") ()			Giggles		Settled
			Grainy projections of his daughter		
			Galloping in an uncertain backyard		
			Roots		BUT lulled

THE STREETLIGHT BUZZED AND REALITY RETURNED (DRAMA PERFORMED OUT OF KILTER)		
CUES misread or called off stage	SIMPLY lines used to fill a cradle	WHISPERS to the understudy
But Brandon walked (his daughter)	Down the aisle	
And meekly rasped - IF/WE/PRAY	Try <input type="checkbox"/> Father <input type="checkbox"/> Mother	
SLEEP was Helen's backdrop - escape/sanctuary	UNEVEN sentences floated up to the - ceiling/catwalk	DOUBTS filled with questions - popped/deflated
HELEN hemorrhaged dry tissues - unused/crumpled	BRANDON was an outline - charcoaled/blended	THEY waited to conceive an echo centered/speechless

INTERACTIONS:

1. A lullaby rustled in the closed bedroom withdrawn from the rest of the house.
2. Hands were touched accidentally and kisses always fell on foreheads.
3. Brandon and Helen **tiptoed across** crisp exclamations that often led to more walks at night and sleep immediately after "Should I put up the mistletoe?" They attempted the performance of being fine. However, if guilt can produce the greatest show of kindness, than misery places the day-to-day under spotlight. They were cordial and brightly average, always trying to avoid the room dolled in toys and yet with each attempted step forward they could never break free from the shackles of "Rebecca is a pretty name."
4. When a **single pause** extended for days, it was decided with a nod, to pick up and move on. Helen was tired of being entangled in "my uterine wall..." and Brandon ripping at the seams of "I promised you. I vowed to be..." They needed more than "coffee or tea" and when "Candace if it's a girl" stole the scene..."Samantha...No, when she's a teenager, she'll call herself Sam...Tiffany...Every woman I know that has a name that ends with a 'y' overcompensates." Ponders. Weights. Devoted to "Sarah." Considers, "Sarah?" Embraces, "Sarah." Loves, "Sarah."
5. **The last box marked "S"** was picked up and carried out of the room dressed in pink carnation.

Office of Vital Records - MS 5103
P.O. Box 997410
Sacramento, CA 95899-7410
(916) 445-2684

CERTIFICATE OF STILL BIRTH

Mortgagee Notice of Foreclosure Sale

Single Family Housing

U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development
Office of Housing
Federal Housing Commissioner

Public reporting burden pounds away at our front door, while my Babygirl holds her bedroom walls up, "Mom, I can't, they're falling!" Wallpaper snowflakes peel off in scraps and land plop, plop, plop on teddy bears and diaries confessing boy here, boy there. Please, her bare feet sink into my burden; my debt passes from one generation to the next until her ice castle crumbles, "Mom!" It was a pink slip that found the last screw in the door hinge, paper digging metal out. American Dream barks from the living room window, as 'Lender Foreclosure - Public Auction' is hammered into our front lawn. Babygirl watches her roof unfasten to reveal, "Look, Orion's Belt!"

Privacy Act Statement: occurs when a husband leaves a handful of fingerprints on a single picture frame. He stands frozen in Dress Blues, the great leap from high school smirk to clenched letters. Marines train in shortened sentences, "Don't ask," being a particular favorite. Although when Babygirl calls him "daddy" he tells story after story. "The Ice Princess found the prince and the snow began to fall." I do miss the remnants of his old tackle, his growl, and my laugh, but Afghanistan called and to be fair, "Donna, I'm great at work, terrible at life." It was just before he left, when he bought American Dream to protect us. The mutt wagged his tail and licked Babygirl's hand.

Part A. Mortgagee's Confessions: It begun at our weekly meeting, "The district is discussing possible cutbacks." Beethoven was the first to go, "We're sorry Donna, we'll get this straightened out." Soon after 'OVERDUE' arrived from the bank. I knew I was a few days late, "but the check is in the mail" and, "this will never happen again." Our retirement recoiled as my credit card debt howled, naked, and lapping up interest. It was months later when, "Could you please try to run it again. Please. I just want the bread, the eggs, and these." The bank soon soiled our mailbox with red ink, but at least Babygirl giggled when she picked up the phone, waited for, "...payment is...", and slammed, no, gently hung it up for me.

1. Wash off the crayon portraits dressing the walls :		3a. And hums made of powder :	
2. Sketched by downy hands (bobbing curls) :		3b. "la-dada-dada, ice cream soup" :	
4. Repress the scent of lilacs :		X	
5. Thawing in a market :		6. Of legs that once dangled :	
8. Equity is a rocky precipice : \$		9. Bent on crumbling : %	
10a. With each unpaid balance in principle (as a solvent to sound rest)		14. Justification pushes forward in does (in bits of self-preservation) :	
10b. With each unpaid interest in security (as sighs soon replace breath)		<input type="checkbox"/> Hapless circumstance, yes, <input type="checkbox"/> But empathy for ink on paper	
10c. Other sacrifices incurred to date (itemized by faith, family, friends)		15. It comes in choice of sight, of scene (at most aloofness, but never callous)	
10d. The house is ours, Home is only a word, (*New friends will be waiting, Babygirl.*)		16. Donna, I too have a daughter	
11. Know collective fingertips push profit		17a. My sweetheart, Jen: <input type="checkbox"/> Six years old <input type="checkbox"/> Stars grinning	
12. To your waving neighbors		<input type="checkbox"/> Mom's dimples <input type="checkbox"/> Constellation dots	
13. And it's easier to demonize a skyscraper when the windows are tinted		18. I've known financial misery when hands tremble and self-worth is broke <input type="checkbox"/>	
19. <input type="checkbox"/> It's possible for me to see you as more than a name on a form.		20. But my cornerstone rests in My daughter's hands: <input type="checkbox"/> In My Home <input type="checkbox"/> "Daddy!"	
21. <input type="checkbox"/> It's necessary resolve ("The Star Princess glowed brighter and brighter.")		22. <input type="checkbox"/> It's necessary resolve ("The Star Princess glowed brighter and brighter.")	
Part B. Memories of Mortgagee		3. There, see that smudge, There, we are more than ink! <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
1. No, you call Home a word, (but This is Ours) :		4. And Our house will not be swept aside: (my daughter's wallpaper will ice over again.)	
2. The floor is settled and Our front door disagrees :		\$	
This is no longer Ours, is it :		5. Echoes will splash against Our photographs: (Crystal white rectangles dress the living room walls.)	
X		\$	
This is no longer Home, is it :		6. And no, portraits cannot be washed away: (And no pink slip can tear our foundation.)	
X		\$	
		7. This roof will enclose and hide us from: (*Orion's Belt!*)	
		\$	
		8. But your notice is Here now: (And my hands tremble now. And American Dream whimpers and nuzzles against my thigh)	
		No, I see. We are filed.	

Previous editions are obsolete.

form HUD-91022 (08/2002)
ref. Handbook 4330.1

UNITED STATES
SECURITIES AND EXCHANGE COMMISSION
Washington, D.C. 20549

Notice On the Demonization of the Rich

My mother cheated on my father with Nasdaq, resulting in my birth being on an escalator rising up to the depths of Wall Street. I tied my umbilical cord as a Full Windsor and power walked before I crawled. My first word was an instructional presentation detailing the devastation caused by bottle-feeding economics "We will benefit from a survivalist mentality. Groupthink is death."

My education began in a cubicle and as I matured, with promotion after promotion, I discovered my ambition was no more than a brazen pet. It was a beast that learned discipline as I wrapped a choke collar around its objectives. I jerked, I yanked, "I will be Mr. Williamson" until my inner MBA growled obediently. I throbbed in meetings and surged "Make it happen" during quiet luncheons. My poise advanced with every sunrise. I inhaled a healthy heaping of power with every breath, until "Petunias, tulips, roses?"

She Was Eliza and I Was Paralyzed

During my teenage years when forgettable girls matured to be desirable women, my mother lunged at "Love and marriage are not the same." She claimed statistics united couples and flow charts determined fertility. Dating started with resumes, interviews, IQ tests, and a complete history of empirical flaws. My minimum qualifications were bobbed hair, contralto voice, and a doctoral thesis identifying 'The Sterility of Thomas Paine as applied to Profit Maximizing.' There were a few first dates that triumphantly made it to a second, however it became clear my zeal meant "Ambitious, but you're a complete ass." After five decades of "I'm sure we'll do this again" I accepted my loneliness and attended to my work as I would a religion - in the name of earnings, acquisition, and holdings, never amend. You see I wanted unconditional love, but under my conditions, and I had never found a partner who could honestly claim "You're no longer Mr. Williamson. You're Charles, only Charles."

I've overheard I'm not particularly a good man. I've overheard I've destroyed entire lives from behind my desk and all for the sake of "a point two percent increase this June."

My Conscience Was No More Than a Bill to be Paid

Listed below is how I fell in love for the first time at seventy-five years old.

1. At the age of six, I gave Natalie a Valentines Day card "You can have my cupcake at lunch," but my mother found out and so "Charles, this is what a prenuptial agreement looks like."

2. "If you're not doing anything we could play Monopoly," but unfortunately Candace attended the wrong school and so "Charles, St. Joseph's Preparatory is just short of being public."

3. At the university I became "too busy for women" and business school was an endless defense of "I'm not interested." Certainly there were moments when "she is beautiful," but then, oh then, I would catch her gaze as she searched for private jets and saunas, and I could never placate the affection of "a Rolls Royce? My name is Bethany, a pleasure." Driving home, I would find myself lost in storefronts darting past and my attitude towards love becoming more and more calloused by "James, I don't believe in soulmates. Let's swing by the office," in spite of "Sir, it's three in the morning."

4. I settled long ago with "Charles, the woman of your dreams is efficient and silent" and "Mr. Williamson, Congressman Payne is here to see you." Of course, there were whispers of a scandalous private life, but in actuality my weekends were a nuisance of chamomile tea and Chopin while I itched for the markets to reopen.

5. You see I toiled for a prosperous life of velvet curtains and leather bound reputes and yet my dinners were spent with only candles for company. On occasion a colleague would "Please spend Christmas with my family," but I always had "Negotiations in the morning" or "A conference call in Seoul" or "My mother is terribly sick," regardless I invariably dove behind the barriers of "Love has no place in business."

6. But then a shift. Months ago, on the Ides of March, I encountered a snippet of a jewel. A song between traffic jams and "Mr. Williamson, Mr. Williamson, what are your thoughts on the SEC investigation?" The chorus trickled in and out of earshot until finally "Do you hear that? That humming. It's gorgeous" which of course segued to "Is CEO Charles Williamson losing his mind amidst the accusations of fraud?" I fought my way through the flashes and questions, but the voice became a melodic mirage.

7. I thought the tune had been forgotten until I was caught humming days later in the elevator "Is that Ella Fitzgerald?" After incessantly falling asleep to "Moving shadows write the" and waking to "Oldest magic word" I knew I had to find the source of this song.

8. I waited every morning in front of my building, in disguise, for a repeat performance, but weeks went by and not a trickle of "do ri me fa so la ti doh." Surprisingly, I wasn't discouraged. In fact I became more attracted to the chase. I was excited at the incapability of authority. I've never possessed a bounce in my step, as I preferred a march of tenacity, and yet I found myself unwittingly hopping off street curbs "Splash, splash, splash!"

9. Yes, yes, yes, my Ponzi scheme screamed of prison, but at the end of the day I couldn't help but sway, "Isn't it romantic?"

SEC 2405 (7-96)

I had just about given up on my infatuation when "A dream that can be heard" echoed off the sides of New York.

10. It was daybreak when the pigeons yawned their coos and upon "I hear the breezes," their feathers smacked awake in unison. They flew up in a spiral, searching for the source, but soon settled on being happily adrift. Their flaps occasionally spread wide and paused in hopes of staying afloat on Ella's words alone.

11. On "Meant for love" I chose to run in a direction picked by gut instinct. Whim was my map and passion my pace. With each step I took I broke apart the morning rush hour. Cars attempted to pour across the intersection, but I removed my disguise and became the suit and tie of a CEO exploding. I snuffed out the honks and yells of the 99% by showering them with pocket change. Hundreds of hundred dollar bills swayed to the rhythm of desire until snapped away in mid-air by fervent hunger. I learned long ago the masses ignore my transgressions so long as I provide a tiny moment of bliss, and so the people pecked in my wake as I sprinted past while "Isn't it romantic" inched closer.

12. When I turned the corner I found my origin. It was her, it was she, it was "Petunias, tulips, roses?" She was an irresistible force of immeasurable beauty rumbling on tiptoes, forever fouetté, and her bobbed hair blossomed defiantly. Her laugh pulled in the tide and her sighs were exfoliated lullabies. When she was "Good morning, My name is Eliza" I diminished from a grown man to a timid child, no, from a conqueror of companies to a diluted poet, no, from Mercurius, God of Commerce, to "hi. a single rose please." After that, Eliza percolated into my life from the most mundane "This cappuccino is stunning" to a multibillion dollar "Sir, you drew a heart next to your signature." I gasped for air when my mind wondered to her flower stand. Every time I blinked I was met with her silhouette transfixed and hovering in front as an orb of radiance. My assistant shrieked in terror when I smiled for the first time in decades. Eliza, Eliza, Eliza, I was smitten.

13. Unfortunately this was also a time when the economy popped and I happened to be the tip of the needle. My face was crestfallen on every newsstand and "Destroy the rich" was a daily part of "They fell and we picked them up!" I was demonized and no amount of sorrow or regret could pay down my ethos. As this generation's permanent bane I was the evening entertainment. I was the tragedy cheered on.

14. Under any other circumstance I would grit my teeth and snap my fingers to release a barrage of rabid lawyers and lobbyists. I would make the SEC a chew-toy for decades until all was forgiven, all forgotten, and "Mr. Williamson, on behalf of the United States government, we sincerely apologize for any inconvenience caused." However, upon hearing "it's terminal" I knew my end was near, in which case "Members of the committee, I built an empire that was desolate from the beginning. I worked alone, always. Do as you will."

15. In spite of making the American dream lucid, I was at a point in my life when "A table for one" was met with pity, not whispers of "named most powerful in Forbes."

16. And as I stood on my front lawn and faced my mansion covered in darkness I realized "No one would bat an eye," not a single light was turned on for me. From mother, I never heard, "Welcome home, Charles," it was always, "Good you're here. I fired the gardener."

17. After the SEC swept me away, I stood atop my ruins and accepted myself as no more than a blip in the history of business. My entire life's work was to become a footnote in *How the World Runs*. I had lost everything, save the suit on my back and an intense connection to a woman who had never spoken to me beyond "Have a great day" and "See you tomorrow." It was at this low point that I made the decision; I was no longer to be Mr. Williamson. For the first time in my life, I wanted to be Charles, only Charles.

18. I approached Eliza's flower stand and as I recall "Good evening, Mr. Williamson. I'm afraid I'm all out of roses." Due to my nervousness I'm afraid I blacked out for a moment until "Mr. Williamson, are you ok?"

19. I cleared my throat "i, yes, i have something for you" on the cusp of being broken. My entire body whimpered and quivered turn and run. But then it came out at last or slumped forward more or less "stars shining bright. above. you."

20. She stepped back on "night breezes seem to. whisper. 'i love you.'" Passersby began to stop when "birds singing in the sycamore trees." Eliza stood aghast and petrified of "dream a little dream. of me."

My words were chipped, fractured, and eventually shattered over her petunias, tulips, and roses.

21. My "Say. nighty-night. and kiss me" had fallen flat. No. Never again, no more, I, i, was Mr. Williamson, always and only.

22. I watched myself, watch the crowd, watch me horrified. I was their monster, I was "i apologize. i'm sorry. i'm sorry, Eliza." I adjusted my tie, turned away, ready to end, but froze.

"Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me."

We seized the duet as follows:

We hovered over the onlookers grinning and fingertips wrapped between fingertips. Hands pressed lightly. Our voices wrote a history we never had. We were no longer simply an exchange of goods and services. We were "Sweetdreams till sunbeams find you." Time gave a priceless gift to a man who earned his wealth off the sweat and backs of Main Street. Which is precisely why "Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you."

It was during our song that a new lifetime came to be. Eliza and I met while attending the university. She was surging between classes, botany to agriculture, while I blew from economics to ethics. We clashed and "I apologize, I didn't see you." It was a jolt of eye contact when "I" turned to "i." She picked up her books as I swiftly stumbled "i, i, believe we're in the same class." I, of course, eventually failed ethics as I spent the remainder of my semester attending "Soil moisture and trace elements of copper, boron, and iron."

We married, had kids, and a dog named Fiscal

On our fiftieth wedding anniversary, our great grandchildren sat in front of the stage in our backyard. The mansion was aglow, twinkling, 'The Williamsons.' Swans and peacocks meandered throughout our private lake and then there was applause as my son "Yes, they created an empire, but this family is their legacy." The microphone was handed to me and I paused. I gazed into my family's eyes and realized they were part my eyes, part Eliza's, they were ours, and beaming on their own. My only words "This is wealth" as the trumpet began to play and my wife and I once again swayed to "Yes, dream a little dream of me."

Rule 83 of the SEC's Rules on Information and Requests (17 CFR, section 200.83) explains how you should make your request for confidentiality. Your letter may be sent or faxed to our FOIA Officer at 450 Fifth Street, N.W., MS 0-5, Washington, DC 20549 or fax # (703) 914-1149.

U.S. SOLIDARITY AS POETRY INDEFINITE PATRIARCHAL AILING REPORT (IPAR)

DAD/FATHER/MOTHER Dad Father Mother

FOREFATHERS YAWNING

1. SLEEP END		2. AND FLOWER		3. HINT OF AWAKE							
4. REST NO		5. PATRIOTISM LIFT		6. ARDENTLY		7. GENTLY, BUT					
8. FAINT		9. FLICKERS		10. CALL		11. FATHER		12. AND CALL	13. BACK. SONS.		
14. I'M HERE <input type="checkbox"/> STILL <input type="checkbox"/> TIRED		15. AND SICK		16. BUT <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> Up	17. AS DAD <input type="checkbox"/> Can <input type="checkbox"/> Be	18. SAY HI AND <input type="checkbox"/> Sit <input type="checkbox"/> No	19. SNUGGLE AND <input type="checkbox"/> Coo <input type="checkbox"/> We	20. HAVE US YET <input type="checkbox"/> Son <input type="checkbox"/> We			
21. RISE AS DUNES		22. A-GLOW		23. U & I <input type="checkbox"/> Are <input type="checkbox"/> As	24. SAND LOST <input type="checkbox"/> Out <input type="checkbox"/> In	25. MOTHER & FATHER <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> In		26. CONFLICT AGED <input type="checkbox"/> For <input type="checkbox"/> Me			
27. EMBER FADED BUT		28. BLOOD FLOWS WARM		29. THIS WAS TOLD			30. BY STORYTELLERS				
31. SON, I HONESTLY		32. CANT SAY.		33. HOW YOU HANDLE		34. HOW YOU SEE		35. DAD OFF			
36. SHROUDED BADLY <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> In		37. BALANCE LOST		38. ELSE		39. TRUST CANCELS	40. BUNDLED HATE		41. BEING GRIM <input type="checkbox"/> Say <input type="checkbox"/> As		
42. YOU TEARING		43. OFF RED ART		44. DULY CLEAN <input type="checkbox"/> Son <input type="checkbox"/> We	45. IGNORE EASE		46. AMONG DAYS NOW				
47. HELD AGGRESSION		48. OFFERS		49. PATRIOTS		50. WHEN FAKE <input type="checkbox"/> Son <input type="checkbox"/> Is		51. AS REAL FOR <input type="checkbox"/> May <input type="checkbox"/> As			
52. I-AM FADING <input type="checkbox"/> Say <input type="checkbox"/> We		53. QUIET-LOGIC FOR <input type="checkbox"/> Now <input type="checkbox"/> We		54. PLUCK-MOMENT AND <input type="checkbox"/> Lay <input type="checkbox"/> As		55. GODLESS MILITARY DIM <input type="checkbox"/> Pet <input type="checkbox"/> Of					
56. WHITE BANTER		57. WE BEMOAN		58. NO FACE TEPID		59. NO BAIL RICH		60. WE DRINK OIL <input type="checkbox"/> Son <input type="checkbox"/> No		61. WE DECORATE	
62. BONDS LIMP		63. ADAMANTLY SANE		64. FATHERHOOD DIED			65. OFF COMPLETELY LAST				
66. MILLENNIUM IN JAIL											
67. THESE		68. IDOLS ARE		69. ENDANGERED		70. CAGED OFF DADS		71. LOATH ENERGY		72. REGRETTING THIS	
73. CRY BOUND DAZED/FED		74. CAN'T TASTE		75. HEROISM FRESH		76. QUERY SPENT REDLY		77. U & I REST _____ _____		78. U & I SLUMBER _____ _____	79. SON PRAY SON _____ _____

OFFICE USE FIELDS

80. DATE _____ 81. DOLLARS _____ 82. MISC. _____ 83. INT. OFF. USE _____ 84. PR NUMBER _____

85. TEXT _____ 86. TRANSFERRED TO OFFICE _____

See Handbook for the Preparation of the Individual Procurement Action Report

REHABILITATION UNIT CRITERIA WORK SHEET

RELATED MEDICARE PROVIDER NUMBER	ROOM NUMBERS IN THE UNIT	FACILITY NAME AND ADDRESS (City, State, Zip Code)
NUMBER OF BARSTOOLS IN THE UNIT	SURVEY DATE	
REQUEST FOR EXCLUSION FOR COST REPORTING PERIOD: ____/____/____ to ____/____/____ MM DD YYYY MM DD YYYY		VERIFIED BY

ALL CRITERIA UNDER SUBPART B OF PART 412 OF THE REGULATIONS MUST BE MET FOR EXCLUSION FROM
MEDICARE'S ACUTE CARE HOSPITAL PROSPECTIVE PAYMENT SYSTEM OR FROM THE PAYMENT SYSTEM USED TO PAY CRITICAL ACCESS HOSPITALS.

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR	YES	NO	EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
	§412.25 Excluded hospital units: Common requirements				
	(Pub) Life is most fruitful when drinking self-destruction. Clinked glasses tend to thaw confessions as posthaste lips run off towards imagined bed sheets. It's our weekly rehab of booming laughter and carelessness that is so often battered by, "It pays the bills."				
M50	(Lane) There are finer ways to waste time, but the glow and flicker of an empty studio apartment feels like "jack shit's on." I suppose hobbies, a job, would quietly calm my liver's whimper, but then possibilities become predictable. My day fades without change. I don't want to toss and turn and face my sober station in life.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> He occasionally grimaces at missed baskets and then glances side to side to find a shared jersey or high-five. There is companionship in sports, a two hour buzz and distraction. The players evolve into "our boys" and any faceless, nameless, shadowless, stranger may become a significant other, so long as they lean forward in anticipation when, "This is for the whole game!" 			
M51	(Dana) "You're a fucking asshole!" Men are either blunt objects dulled further by maturity or fickle glass purposely sharpened to "fuck you."	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> My eyes meander towards the couple entangled in the corner. The jukebox glare glosses over her hands retreating, his hands pursuing. She giggles as skin touches skin. 			
M52	(Elliot) I'm too old to be nursing these moments of youth, but upon accepting cancer I either gained confidence or social apathy same difference. These people, these kids, are drilled to have forethought, when it's on our deathbed that potential becomes "Another Jameson."	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> This man comes from a generation that lived on blank stares and deep thought. The game was waved aside long ago. The music was never paid attention. He has learned to contently study his reflection and sip accordingly. 			

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR	YES	NO	EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
M53	(Katie) I envy the woman I was five years ago. I had delicacy then and a walk that eluded gravity, but now "My name is Kat."	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • She has an uncertain smile as she massages her ring finger - naked and assessing. Am I paternal material? No, this is a basic "John, meet you." • I'm her solution to passing boredom. 			
M54	(Victor) I can't be a father.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Between his spats of sighs and reluctant gulps, he gives a glimmer of hope for mishap. • The music stops momentarily as he nods and waits for the curtains to be drawn and cameras to flash. He straightens his posture for a change in fortune. • But the next song plays and his shoulders return to unemployment. 			
M55	(Sara) Only ten minutes left of this shift. I need to shower off these suds and smoke, the breath of regulars, without fail, ending on parched hope.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • She bats her eyelashes, but keeps all conversation at arm's length. Small talk and generalities are her greatest "Sara, one more please." 			
M56	(Eric) Dana's proximity to my existence is reward enough.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • He constantly fondles his reflection, as the girl in his arms struggles to earn his eye contact. 			
M57	(Katie) I'm losing his attention, "I was a nude model." There, see, there the whistle blows and his ears perk up. His body shifts from side to side until his elbow sets. His right hand caresses his five o' clock shadow. Now, see, now I am the only voice and he is pure attention.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • "Did that come with benefits?" Perhaps I am more than wasted time. • Perhaps she is interested beyond an evening of drinks over subtext. • Perhaps Kat will launch me through marriage, children, and retirement. • I'll memorize my wedding vows. 			
	(Pub) A hush saunters over every evening. Pints twist in hands and ice cubes clink. The cherries, olives, and mint leaves sway limp until drowned. It's our pause, our moment, of cool amnesty.				
M58	(Eliot) "Once you're thirty-five you have a choice, fuck or drink? I finally chose the latter."	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • His words are tossed out for the taking. • As I interpret them, it's the forks in the road that determine maturity. 			

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR			EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
			YES	NO	
M59	(Victor) "These hiccups will usher in yelling and cursing. Speaking to Martha is not an option. If it were possible to slam the door on my fingers, over the phone, she would.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> The wedding is off with Kat, the chemistry flatlined - a spark immediately lost in her leopard print heels. This man over here, however, perspires tragedy. 			
M60	(Katie) I'm losing his attention again. Be self-assured Katie. You still possess the body language to waltz effortlessly across this bar top. These patrons' mortal eyes would wag and bow in regret of "I'll take another." Yes, oh yes, they would explode at my most insignificant flinch.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> She appears not quite upset, but more burrowed within "How long have you lived in the neighborhood?" I intend on keeping several blocks between our bedrooms, but I'll play along in spite of her footwear. "I moved in a month ago, that's why I ask." When entering a new community, flags are raised and toes test water. Strangers, even with the greatest smile, must hop through local hoops complacently. I'm a recent addition to this pub and though I enjoy a good stumble, I know comfort must be earned, which is why, "Sara, I would like to buy that guy a drink." 			
M61	(Sara) Nine more minutes, nine more minutes, nine more minutes. I deserve to be more than a glorified spout. There was a time when I bounced on my father's leg and "Five-fifty." This is not my denouement.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> If it wasn't for her nod and grace, "You're an angel Sara," she would embrace her veracity and spit appropriately. 			
M62	(Eliot) These kids are impaired by the lack of opportunity to berate their neighbor. If I were younger I would place that sniveling man's head in a guillotine and save us all the sob story, but at my age my maliciousness is no more than, "Son, are you ok?"	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> He stares at the man whose eyes have welled up to the brim. A single drop trickles down his cheek, hesitating every few dozen pores, as it descends to his chin and waits. Sara sets his drink down. "It's on us." 			
M63	(Victor) My dad's last words were, "I can't."	The man is left ajar and undoing.			
M64	(Lane) I can't accept another night of drip, drip, drip, as pillow talk.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> With a snuffle, the teardrop dives, and we watch as it soaks in denim. 			

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR	YES	NO	EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
M65	(Dana) I'm ablaze when swathed in drama.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> The couple in the corner, the woman, the girl she smears her lips with spotlight. 			
M66	(Eric) Revel in my silhouette, "Baby, where you going?"	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> He is left alone to consider his commonalities with inanimate objects. 			
M67	(Katie) As a goddess I will pacify this man with words from my teat, "You poor soul." Empathy spills off my tongue crashing against the back of my "What's wrong, Sweetie?"	Her eye contact holds this man up.			
	(Pub) We dig up slurred compassion when a glass tips over. Pensiveness begins to decay revealing hints of solidarity.				
M68	(Eliot) I fought in the trenches of auto repair for thirty-five years. It was all for a wife that dimmed down to divorce and a son deconstructed as "You don't have to take that drink if you don't want to."	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> He turns away from the crumbling man allowing specks of dignity to remain intact. He makes me wish my voice were equally grated against experience. 			
M69	<p>(Victor) "I" was nurtured to complacently wait at every curb's ledge, until every light changed, until every sense of well-being chimed "I." Oblivious acceptance was championed as "should" and possibility was a massive knot dragged behind me by a threat of "go." "But" what if at the first sound of my screaming son, "I" unravel the knot and step forward, before the light changes, before well-being has a "say." My life insurance could father for years and bedtime stores never pay bills, so "I suppose" a fling with steel and glass could be the answer to "one more couldn't hurt."</p> <p>(Lane) He absently drifts subdued - (Katie) I will dismantle him - (Dana) He is a new torture - (Sara) He will never be beyond - (Eric) He won't take what is - (Eliot) Like me, into me, for me, me mine. Kids flaunt concern for their own facade.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> His sentences lurch over pauses and hiccups. There's hesitation to reach out and knock back our gift of "It'll calm your nerves." He's bombarded by our touch, as our eyebrows form sympathetic arches. His fingertips take the first step forward. They hover over enameled cedar until they touch glass. His hands grip and drag the shot back. In a single gulp his lips purse steel. He leans against us as he slowly unravels possibilities. 			

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR	YES	NO	EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
	<p>(Katie) He needs a woman, a mother, a "My name is Katie."</p> <p>(Lane) We can rest on each other and converse all night.</p> <p>(Dana) My lips can extract your depression.</p> <p>(Eliot) They take turns inhaling his sighs. But when all is said and done, it's schadenfreude.</p> <p>(Sara) Seven more minutes.</p> <p>(Eric) My blurred mirror image is worth more than "I'm leaving."</p> <p>(John) You could stay here with us as we hide behind our drinks.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 			
M70	<p>(Victor) I suppose I could hide here for a couple of decades as my son takes his first steps, his first words "Thank you" until as an adult he could pull up a barstool next to me as I introduce, "Victor, nice to meet you." He would be at the right age, at the right eye level, to see the actual bonds that hold us together. These sequences of "I" struggling to trust each other to not come undone. And yet when our bonds inevitably wither we find ourselves, here, alone, at this pub, silently begging for a scrap of connection. No, I'm going to be a father and I'm terrified, so "I should be going." I can't wait two decades to see you, Son. I can't let you escape my cowardice and fear, the love that Martha and I will, at times, misplace, and my desire to always leave. It's my hope you take my faults and create better possibilities. Son, I can't say I will always come home, but I can say I will never say "I can't."</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • In a flicker of sobriety he clenches his jaw and pushes out his barstool "You could stick around," here with us, as we sit side-by-side as dominoes waiting to be pushed over. • You see we're more than first names. Our subtext skims over our depth. Our flaws and confessions are masked in anecdote and flirtation. I could watch you and narrate your inner turmoil and find the bond between us, but the door closes, and so your epilogue becomes "I'm sure he'll be fine." 			

TAG	PATRONS	NARRATOR	YES	NO	EXPLANATORY STATEMENT
M71	<p>(Eliot) At this point my reflection is exhausted from watching me toast a world made of smoke and pride. Fortunately, I'll dim down until my glass floats unassisted. I'm not ashamed of my decision to avoid "I'm done" and "close me out, Sara." I've spilled enough and cheered enough and now it's time for me to "see you tomorrow." I'll go home and stare at the phone while I reword, "Have a good night" to a son I haven't spoken to in years. Regardless, no matter how many words pour out of me, he'll never forgive "I can't." No matter. I'll "drive" on alone and faded.</p> <p>(Katie) I may not be the beauty I was, but I know my voice still births "To answer your question, three years." I consider my maturity to be an asset that turns a short glance into a fixed gaze, but it requires more time to build desire. By the end of the night I will snap my fingers and he will follow the click of my heels all the way home.</p> <p>(Sara) Four minutes.</p> <p>(Dana) Eric left me, but I'm not alone. I'm incapable of loneliness. Even in isolation my radiance keeps "Eric, where are you?"</p> <p>(Lane) The game is over, but "I'll take another." I'm not ready for my empty home. It's far too disquieting.</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> We rest our temples against our palms until 'last call' when we are forced to acknowledge "It's a nice neighborhood" We sit inches apart grasping for eye contact and hoping for a connection beyond "The fog is rolling in." We rehabilitate ourselves by nibbling on lust and thawed confessions, booming laughter and carelessness. We sip on an intimacy that is only as sincere as our narrative. 			

According to the Paperwork Reduction of 1995, no persons are required to respond to a collection of information unless it displays a valid OMB control number. The valid OMB control number for this information collection is 0938-0986. The time required to complete this information collection is estimated to average 15 minutes per response, including the time to review instructions, search existing data resources, gather the data needed, and complete and review the information collection. If you have any comments concerning the accuracy of the time estimate(s) or suggestions for improving this form, please write to: CMS, Attn: PRA Reports Clearance Officer, 7500 Security Boulevard, Baltimore, Maryland 21244-1850.

<p>ATTORNEY'S APATHY DRIBBLES OFF HIS CANINES (<i>Name, disposition, late night tendency</i>): Percival Squint, Coarsely warm. I'm an Army blanket tattered by senescent devotion to justice. I romanticize over the demise of the nuclear family as I smack my lips over dreams of my ex-wives unified in seduction.</p> <p>MORNING ROUSE: Evening scotch. CONTRITION (<i>Optional</i>): CHILDHOOD (<i>Optional</i>): Extinguished by maternal moans drained in air ducts. ATTORNEY FOR (<i>Name</i>): Leah.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">FOR FAMILY USE ONLY</p> <p>"I was never sold on Leah. Her eyes were never quiet"... "David was a good boy. Gone at times. Perdido"... "They were both too young"... "She didn't dress in white!"... "They never argued" ... "My son seemed happy" ... "Es necesario equilibrio"... "The divorce crushed Ti-ti"... "He never wanted to work. Relationships are work" ... "Leah called me after she made the decision to leave. She cried and I made chamomile. There was no one fight, or moment, they didn't cheat, the relationship softened. As most do, gradually, slowly, dim... I was married sixteen years... I got the dog."</p> <p>AS STRANGERS: He was a dulcet voice peeled by Friday nights. A moonlit cacophony. She was fugacious feet simmering under rising voices.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;">SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO</p> <p>HOMETOWN: A desert swamped by convenience and aplomb pick-up trucks. MOVE: Wanderlust nibbled off the breast of Hollywood. FIRST SF APT: "David, the walls look like that boy's sickness on the bus." FIRST SF NIGHT: "My poor Leah, scoot closer. I'll be your heater."</p>	
<p>MARRIAGE OF</p> <p>PETITIONER: Leah Páramo RESPONDENT: David Malley</p>	
<p>PETITION FOR</p> <p><input type="checkbox"/> Dissolution of Marriage <input type="checkbox"/> Bereft of Cohesion <input type="checkbox"/> Nullity of Marriage <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> BEFOG</p>	

1. CHANCE (Obscurity only) Petitioner Respondent has kissed the cheek of Respondent and wrapped herself in an opera mauve bathrobe while making coffee. After his shower, arms snuggled as they swayed to the drips, *the trill of the morning*.

2. STATISTICAL FACTS

a. Date of marriage: Quell innocence with giddiness. c. Time from date of marriage to date of separation (*specify*):
b. Date of separation: Laggard hands on anniversaries. Years: 9 Months: 1

3. DECLARATION REGARDING QUIXOTIC CHILDREN (*There were hints over held hands and countertops, but any grasp was quickly lost in a bottle or deeply inhaled*):

a. There are no minor children.
b. The minor children are:

<u>Child's name</u>	<u>Ephemeral shine</u>	<u>Reaction</u>
Cumulus	The thrill of the chase of bubbles	Pop squeal
Stratus	The epic triumph of tied shoes	Arms raised howl
Cirrus	"I can do this alone!"	First flush then hop away

Continued on Attachment 3b.

c. If there were minor children, the cracks in the relationship would grow to ruptures, turn rifts, turn muffled stomps and raised voices behind closed doors. *Parents with open arms and clenched jaws* must be attached. (FL-180)

d. "Get married, have children, buy a house, Leah there's time. But with kids there's broken furniture and shouting. Let's enjoy our wine, the view, for now. Tomorrow we can start to save for college... This veal falls apart... please, another glass of the re

4. DIVIDE MEMORY

Petitioner requests that the memories and pangs listed in *Memory Declaration* (Form FL-160) in Attachment 4 below be confirmed as bruised scenes hunched over on a barstool.

<u>Item</u>	<u>Significance</u>
Tucson photograph 'Sense and Sensibility' Maple hairbrush	Ti-ti gleams days before the news of her illness. Battered with time, but is always willing to share a pillow. Stolen, at the age of six, from Ti-ti's dresser - a reminder of slapped hands and forgiveness.
Wedding band	Tirelessly spun around her finger, until blink, and the sound of dropped gold.

NOTICE: You may redact (black out) family members and friends from emotional support by swirling stories of tranquility or "only a small bump in the road." Ferment the truth and souse yourself in intoxicating chimera.

MARRIAGE OF (last name, first name of parties):
 Páramo, Leah
 Malley, David

AS STRANGERS:
 He woke to nameless skirts.
 She rose to sips of sunlight
 poured from the curtains.

5. DECLARATION REGARDING FANCIFUL MEETING

- a. A spilled drink and a sense of humor spattered by vice and flaws. He smiled a dollop of misdirection
- b. Olive eyes sequestered in a crowd in *Memory Declaration* (form FL-160) in Attachment 5b
 below (specify): Leah and Ti-ti chased a fluttering hat, along the park, through the lines of school children. The hat's tea rose ribbon wrapped itself in David's hands. It was an August afternoon when the sidewalk sprouted kindergarten worlds - rainbow families, lambent turkey hands, and blissful attempts at azure letters. Above it all, David and Leah, two worlds, transfixed, clashed in affinity.

6. Petitioner requests a depiction of the marriage as every week:

- a. dissolution of their marriage based on
 - (1) a kitchen of scant words (Fam. Code, § 2310(a).)
 - (2) over Sunday breakfast (Fam. Code, § 2310(b).)
- b. he scrambled refrain
 - (1) while his incurable addiction (Fam. Code, § 2310(a).)
 - (2) tasted of pause, burnt ellipsis. (Fam. Code, § 2310(b).)
- c. eyes caught some of their affection
 - (1) lingering in frames, (Fam. Code, § 2200.)
 - (2) in worn inside laughter. (Fam. Code, § 2201.)
- d. They chewed on rifts,
 - (1) lukewarm conversation, (Fam. Code, § 2210(a).)
 - (2) ebbing from sensual politics, (Fam. Code, § 2210(b).)
 - (3) or a flicker of gaze. (Fam. Code, § 2210(c).)
 - (4) a knocked over urn
 - (5) stained her summer dress hand-me-down.
 - (6) she let the flowers fall around her feet the warm days make bed sheets bloom.

7. Petitioner requests a few moments of happiness as follows:

	Petitioner	Respondent	Joint	Other
a. The great debate of toy poodle vs. wolf-dog..."I want paws the size of the my head!..."	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
b. First dance of the night, sways under the lamps, in the living room..."Ella Fitzgerald."...	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
c. Walks in the park..."Pick your favorite color rose..." "Tangerine? No, sangria.".....	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
As requested in form: <input type="checkbox"/> THEY <input type="checkbox"/> FELL <input type="checkbox"/> TUCKED <input type="checkbox"/> LOST IN <input type="checkbox"/> each other's <input type="checkbox"/> laughter				
d. <input type="checkbox"/> Discussing the names of quixotic children ranging from all spices (Sage, Thyme, Cumin) to Michael Collins.				
e. A daily flash of want after the first ring..."Hey, Lovely."	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
f. Jeans flapping in the treetops..."They'll come down eventually."	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
g. <input type="checkbox"/> As it turns out, paint splatters with laughter				
h. <input type="checkbox"/> ceaselessly dancing across mahogany legs				
i. <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> intertwined, but less intimate, not shut, vaguely open.				
j. <input type="checkbox"/> Other (specify): David and Leah eventually turned eye contact into second thought.				

Continued on Attachment 7j.

8. **Mediations** – For all one knows, a partner's voice is not wholly heard, or truthful, or perhaps the steam rising up and hanging off the coffee mug is all that needs to be said. Different emotions cover different distances and it requires perked ears, at the right moment, to listen. Anger could be a whisper, unhappiness a chipped wine glass. Fulfillment rings off the walls. Spirit should also be considered, but the intangibles come with flashes of instinct - pangs of joy, jilts of fear, like a first bike ride. Mom and Ti-ti running along side their little ones, until their hands come off their children's shoulders, and laughter dwindles down the street. It's trusting the partner to move forward, as being stationary will always crash. It was David who chose to slow down, stare at the asphalt, and finally stop listening.

9. **I KNOW LOVE DISTORTS, SHATTERS, IT BENDS AND UNDULATES PATIENCE, BUT IN A DESOLATE FOUNTAIN, IT IS STILL SUNSHINE, SUNSHINE, SUNSHINE.**

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the State of California that the foregoing is dramatically true.

Date:

 (TYPE OR PRINT NAME)

▶ _____
 (SIGNATURE OF PETITIONER)

Date:

 (TYPE OR PRINT NAME)

▶ _____
 (SIGNATURE OF ATTORNEY FOR PETITIONER)

NOTICE: David grew up a liquid eventually turned fog, but his mother continues to see a little boy splashing while he plays in a haze of flirtation and gliding joy. Each night a game of self-destruction. And at the end of it all, she lets him rest his chin against her shoulder of bottle caps and purr until the next round. Leah's family is Ti-ti. She grew up in a sober house of love and regret stirred by a first date, first kiss always interrupted..."Leah, it's late! Come inside." It was silent gratitude and outspoken frustration. In all, she grew up ordinary, beautiful.

SUMMONS (Family Law)

CITACIÓN (Derecho familiar)

NOTICE TO RESPONDENT (Name): David Malley

AVISO AL DEMANDADO (Nombre): Oso

You are being sued. Lo están demandando.

Petitioner's name is: Lovely

Nombre del demandante: Leah Páramo

AS DIVORCEES:
They will become strangers,
but memory tip-toes into bed.

FOR FAMILY USE ONLY
(SÓLO PARA USO FAMILIAR)

"David, this isn't your fault."
...
"Leah, he's a good man, he takes care of you."
...
"You did everything you could."
...
"The taste of regret is horrible, amargo."

Mom,
A week ago we spoke and you heard a split in my voice, a restraint, my throat quivered, and my c's cut short. I walked, paced, around the living room, opening and closing the back door. I stood barefoot in the grass. I commented on the weather ceaselessly. Cumulus clouds required precise description. Our conversations billowed out and up through the atmosphere stopping just before the black space. The pause was weightless, a sigh, until I gingerly returned to rehash what was said just moments before. My words were fastened in front of you with a smile, a nod, a buoyancy, while I secured my tear ducts. I bolted down palpitations and strained my happiness so drops of joy could be heard over the phone. My cheeks convulsed as I hung my teeth out to dry in the ocean breeze.

*Ti-ti,
Please squeeze my hand if you can hear me. Or pause before you exhale.
A wink, a sigh, you could cough just once on cue, so I would know you are listening.
You have always hummed, but these machines beep and wheeze your songs. Their rhythm slips into memories, and I see you and I searching for smooth stones in the backyard, pointing to photographs, I lick the cake batter off the mixing whisk, but these scenes are covered by this duet of sickness. I want to scream, Ti-ti, so I may hear the sound of human touch if only for a moment. Today is not allowed to takeover my childhood.
You will always be a desert songbird.
At least dream of me, of us, sitting on your patio wrapped in our Easter blanket. I would like to be ten years old again. I would like feel unwatched. When boys only played and only noticed us when they had to. There was no want, or urge, or even curiosity, there was only sweat after recess. We played foursquare, on the concrete, under the ramada, while the boys kicked up dirt on the field, their only aspiration to choke the sun.*

NOTICE: I told you all was well. Leah was visiting family. She needed to see about the death of an aunt - perhaps a great aunt - a childhood aunt who pushed her on swings and taught her the importance of soaking tired feet in saltwater. I remember hearing about head massages and advice on the art of curtsyng. A little princess must practice. When I called you nine years ago and told you, "Mom, I'm getting married," Leah was in the other room talking to this aunt, "Tia, propuso a mí. I can't stop crying. I'm sunshine, sunshine, sunshine!" This woman swarmed Leah's memories and hospice had given her only a few days, hours, her last breath could come at the shut of a window.

AVISO: *I spoke to David last night. His words slurred over tears and drink. He begged me to return to him, but I cannot watch him commit suicide with each gulp. His body tires, Ti-ti, his throat shakes and in the morning he hawks up the Devil's tar. Lo siento, you're saying your goodbyes to each room and I bring my troubles to your doorstep.*

NOTE: A week ago I divided my marriage and placed each year, with trembling hands, into cardboard boxes. I guess I had hoped this tribulation of my devotion was a hiccup not a blight, but it seems I have an antiquated idea of love - I tucked her in after she threw off the sheets.

AVISO: *After my mother died, you said I would be treated as a lost daughter now found. I became more than a niece and you became more than my aunt, and when I was hurt..."Pobrecita. Cry it out my little angel. I will cradle every tear." You listened to my broken hearts through my snivels until I fell asleep, but then you closed your bedroom door, and I woke to the sound of your smothered weeping.*

1. "I was nervous"..."I blinked and I was on one knee proposing"..."I thought it would be romantic, but it turned out the fountain wasn't broken - we were drenched" ("It was only six months, but there was a glow about him"..."I knew he was a new world")
2. "It's clear you've made your decision - there's the door" ("I am only saying, Ti-ti needs me, and while I am away, you can think about us"..."David, we haven't slept in the same bed in five months!")

Date (Fecha): _____ Clerk, by (Secretario, por) _____, Deputy (Asistente)

[SEAL]

NOTICE TO THE PERSON SERVED: You are served
AVISO A LA PERSONA QUE RECIBIÓ LA ENTREGA: Esta entrega se realiza

a. as an individual missing (David was lost years ago to his attraction to the moon)
 b. on behalf of respondent who is (en nombre de un demandado que es):

(1) stray mist (charming and crisp only on good days)
 (2) brittle stone (lonesome, guarded)
 (3) other (specify) (otro - especifique): seconds detached, inches off, wakefulness

(Read the reverse for important information.) (Lea importante información al dorso.)

WARNING—IMPORTANT INFORMATION

WARNING: I click upwards in my car, look down, and face the white wooden beams crisscrossing while flickers of splinters pop up, and out, and fall onto friends and family as dots. Their hands cover their mouths as I prepare for a drop, or a loopy-loop, or a gradual coast to an end. Mom, we held hands while sitting on a park bench, a bench that was passed by couple after couple, until it became "our first kiss." She cried when I boiled lobster and smiled when she put up her fists and pranced around the living room..."You want mahogany? I'll fight you for it!" I hear the final click. Now I am spent, or lost, and should I sit still with my arms raised and accept this deafening disarray, or do I stand, and step out, and let plunge to the dots below?

STANDARD FAMILY LAW RESTRAINING ORDERS

Starting immediately, you and your spouse or domestic partner are restrained from

1. Thinking of your Sunday morning looking glass moment, of facing your reflection, of resting your chin on top of her head and breathing in jasmine;
2. Discussing, pursuing, arresting, dragging, or considering the intimacy gently swept aside to rummage through finer hands... "I love you, but"... "someone more similar to"... "over the years"... "I can't do this";
3. Transcending the regret in keeping silence. Her chagrin was exhausted by stolen sheets on chilled nights. Her naked skin shivered as she whimpered for warmth, but her words fell on a vodka lump of snores. Couch cushions were stacked and the extra comforter unfolded. She slept with a humph and dreamt of walking alone;
4. Avoiding a mother's instinct to hear the veiled hurt in a single chipped sentence;

I rest my forehead against the wall, close my eyes, and consider the scenes living in each box. My regret, laughter, labeled accordingly. Is this moving forward, or standing aside watching too many memories drift in reverse. I consider sleep, but exhaustion stretches and once snapped, a dizzying array of contentment scatters. I convince myself I was always tired. I yawned when I left the womb. Life is as it always was and my marriage will be looked on as a blip. But for now, I unpack a corkscrew, merlot, and turn on the lamp I stole, from her, by mistake. It's evening and I hear the foghorn warning ships of shore. So I sip to the sound and call it tonight's excuse.

ADVERTENCIA – INFORMACIÓN IMPORTANTE

ADVERTENCIA: *When I first brought David to the house for Christmas, you beamed and embraced him with fried eggs and tamales. You soared across the room, chirping, over your new reindeer coasters. But at the end of the evening when David and I kissed, a nighty-night peck on the cheek, I caught your eyes tumbling off the table and falling in the cracks, in the floor. Ti-ti, you smiled for my happiness, but I saw your life after I married. You sat on the couch and waited for the off-chance the grandfather clock would click off-beat. You waited for the mail slot to slide open and drop in a few moments of being wanted. (I found the Sears catalogs under your bed.) You were asked to be a mother for twenty years, but at the price of loneliness afterwards. You begged me to stay with David... "la soledad te estrangulan." And Ti-ti, I am scared of loneliness, but to be alone and sleep alone knowing closed curtains, not glazed eyes, await me in the morning - I welcome an empty bed.*

ÓRDENES DE RESTRICCIÓN NORMALES DE DERECHO FAMILIAR

En forma inmediata, usted y su cónyuge o pareja de hecho tienen prohibido:

1. Leaning across the table, lips puckered, holding back a mouthful of pasta, and a stuffed giggle;
2. Understanding the reason(s) behind closing the front door and walking down the street..."David, this isn't about Ti-ti"... "I haven't slept in months"... "The little time we spend together, you are miles away"... "I need to breathe again";
3. Allowing yourself to see the kindling used to smolder a personality. When we first met he was exciting, he sparkled, people collected his jokes, but now he is bent, worn, another face. His beauty came from climbing balconies and screaming show tunes. He had carnival blood when we first met;
4. Letting go of a second mother and, in private, feeling a hint of relief;

There is a different air when you are alone in the world. You have moments on street corners when every direction can lead home and all strangers nod knowingly. You share a bounce in your step, a tremor of understanding. Ti-ti, you believed you could only step outside on the arm of another, you must lean on someone to move forward, but tonight I will teach you how to put on dance shoes. We will move until our bodies fade away, because tomorrow we dress in black.

Original Forms

Form 1040

Department of the Treasury Internal Revenue Service
U.S. Individual Income Tax Return

DA Form 2823

Sworn Statement Department of Defense United States Army

Jury Duty Summons State Trial Courts Metro Courthouse Nashville, TN

OMB No. 2130-0500 Department of Transportation Federal Railroad Administration Highway-Rail
Grade Crossing Accident/Incident Report

California Department of Public Health

Pamphlet for Certified Copy of Fetal Death or Still Birth Certificate

Mortgagee Notice

of Foreclosure Sale

U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development Office of Housing
Federal Housing Commissioner

Notice of Supplying Information Voluntarily United States Securities and Exchange Commission

DOE F 4200.40

U.S. Department of Energy

Individual Procurement Action Report

Rehabilitation Unit Criteria Work Sheet Department of Health and Human Services Centers for
Medicare and Medicare Services

FL-100, FL-110

Family Code 2330, 3409 Superior Court of California