

Experimental Prose A

Three Men and Three Women

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Part 1: Three Men

First Man

He doesn't feel good walking on the same ground. He feels dizzy. He listens for the night, the sounds of his body. The hands are colored with voices from the future, backspaces and dashes and erroneous illustrations that record what didn't happen. The swaying tock of the docks and the sounds of the clock, this is a sketch of what is there.

Tables and chairs and lights from the screens, and the voices of the convenience stores with folks that scream for lottery tickets and sour worms, and the night time song that the echoes off the streets make the rats have nightmares.

He waits to fall but he feels uneasy. He cheats his age, his head is pain, but the pills cloud the pain. He is in pain but doesn't know it. He hurts but can't feel it. He thinks but doesn't know it. He waits for nothing. Nobody can hear the sounds of the Fridges hum and somewhere in this city someone is being killed, and this is a fact. Nobody will ever know of the murder, the body will never be found, the night will be forgotten and the life will be gone.

He writes without writing. He lives without breathing. He is a single rent payer with no eyes, no ears, no joys. He is inside of your computer. He is an independent voter. He is a child of the future and he died in a nuclear shelter.

The night is not a dream. The day is not about business. Time is something constant, and below all of this, below the wood floors and within the sounds of the television, below all of the needs that are not instincts, below all of this he walks on a street passed a town that he has only read about in books.

This is the very next thing that happens as he opens a door to an abandoned hotel: The universe vanishes.

Second Man

He sleeps with his hand on his chin. The bearded friend is worried that you misuse many girls. You watch trains pass all day in the carpets that were thrown away and imported to New York City. Old cars powdered off from the past drive by windows of lit up signs. The train passes below the suits. In magazines you read about the sliced-up bits of someone else's dreams.

You see a film. You buy some smokes. You open the doors and watch the strippers undress. You feel terrible, not about the strippers, but about your money problems.

You look at art, it's all abstract to you, and you see the splashes of pain that appear at random much like the words that appear on your screen.

You go out the next day. You wake up at night. You listen to old jazz played by new players. You feel terrible again and your stomach hurts from the drinks you had last night.

You see a man that looks like your dad. Your dad has been dead since 1979. You yell at the girls, you say she looks like a man, and you feel terrible because you stole your buddy's drugs.

You drink coffee, you look around, and you stand in the streets in a shirt and pants that look like pajamas.

You talk all night. You joke all night. You punch an interview woman from the local paper. You say it was a joke. You get out of it, for you say it was an accident. You never saw her coming.

You look at the lines in the road. You walk back. You walk away. You walk away alone.

The horizon appears and you see more cars. There's the same homeless man in the streets with a candy bar. You think of your hometown. You think of the factories that were built. You see your reflection in glass bottles and in the windows that reminds you about the bruises on your elbow.

You fell on glass. You told your bearded friend that you would eat the glass for a ten dollar bill. You called him an ass. You said that you hated him. You called him a Nazi. You went to the strip club. You laughed.

A taxi arrived and the music stopped. You fell asleep in your apartment. The lamp was still on. You went to work. You forgot about the past. Your friend fell asleep with his hand on the side of his face. He woke up on the docks hallucinating and screaming with madness.

Third man

He was taken down hallways. He was rolled in a wheel chair. You took the pills. You don't even know. You never called.

He was wheeled down the old staircase. They dropped him and he fell down and was followed by the chair. He broke his right thumb. He broke his nose. They said he went crazy. They said he rolled himself away. He was tied down. He was unconscious before he fell.

Only time went by, there were no days or nights, and he was laughing as they took him down the alley outside as a man hung himself. The man had been there since 1979. The man killed your father. Your friend never saw him. He just slept there.

He was observed by a group of doctors while he was taking a shower. They shook their heads. An orderly was fired. The American flag was the curtain. Shortly after internal investigation it was taken down.

He was left in a room with only one light. He was drawing dragons and smiley faces the next day after he wandered down to the morgue where bodies were being incinerated. He washed up in front of a one-

way mirror. He was talked about at the lectures. He was crying alone and laughing alone when needles pierced his skin, and these were well-charted, for they were aspects of his experimental treatments.

He was taking his last shower when you went to the strip club. You took his pills. You never planned on calling him again. You thought he was a Nazi, but not really.

He laughs alone. You think he's outdated. You don't know how he's listening to music that's not there. He cut his head on the chin strap. He was grinding his teeth before he bit down on the rubber. They asked him if he wanted to try something new that's also very old. They said it's legal. They said it runs on electricity. They said it will cure your insanity.

Today he was said to be fit for release. They gave him a suit and new shoes. They shaved his beard and buzzed his head. They stamped his card. They shook his hand. They gave him a hug. The doctors cried.

He has woken up. His eye color is blue. They asked him if he wanted a ride. He said no, that he would rather walk, and so he walked home from the country and into the city.

Today he arrived back downtown. Tonight he sleeps under the passing train.

