

rats

In 1942, he dropped bombs on churches, not intentionally, but nonetheless.

In 1964, he shaped plastic and foam into human form, added nipples, and arranged his disciples in department store windows.

In 1951, he had a green patch of grass and two chimneys. He was an ace at the bridge table, and ate thick cut corn beef with mustard between slices of rye bread.

In 1970, an artery in his heart seized and sputtered. Blood pooled, unable to push through a dense, yellow clog. He stopped breathing in a white box, five blocks from a synagogue where he had previously held the position of president.

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In 1988, he wriggled and writhed, his body hair matted down with sweat, while a protrusion from between his legs throbbed and pulsed. She shook and scraped, prodding and pulling until the gyration stopped and they lay silently together. She got up to pee.

In 1991, he took off his shirt and threw it onto a lounge chair. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath while tying the drawstring of his trunks and fastening a pair of goggles over his eyes. He looked down, and dove headfirst into the shallow pool. He slapped at the water in methodical strokes, gasping for breath after each one.

In 1992, he stood under the warm water in a small marble room. As he lathered, tiny arms clung to his leg. He tried to shake them off, but the grip was too tight. Eventually, he picked it up and began to lather its hair.

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In 1995, he stood on blacktop wearing red shorts and a hooded ski-jacket. He bit into his forearm until the incisors punctured flesh, blood trickling gently from the unprovoked wound.

In 1996, he found a shelved room of bound books filled with images of emaciated bodies, tangled in pits, piles of hair, of teeth, of clothing. He took the best ones and hid them in a cardboard box with month old halloween candy and pogs.

In 1999, a small red pill was crushed and sprinkled into hot farina with honey after he threw a blue chair across a elementary school classroom. He pursed his lips until his front teeth stuck out, and ran away from the school, through lockered hallway and golf course forest.

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In 2012, he consumed what was offered to him. Immediately, an acrid taste seeped into his mouth, and he felt his gastrointestinal fluids begin to boil. He took forty seven hurried steps down a dark street, before he could no longer see, hear, or think. He stopped breathing fifty yards from an underground compartment inhabited by hundreds of family members and friends.

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In 2016, he blah blah blah, they wanted blah blah blah.