

Riveted in the word
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a story written and designed by

Warren Lehrer

Birds

shuffling

shuffl
shu

ing
shuffling
shuffling
shuffling

like
like
like
like

Every day,
wrenching,
but getting it back.
All those books ago. More and more.
Read. Wrote.
And lived through.

Inside and out.
Long time ago.
Or not so ago.

MacArthur, also big book.
Living room.
Near to closet.
Top shelf.
First, second, third from right.

Excellent bi

Very complicated man.

Excellent bi

bi

bOwl

bOwl

bOwl

ng bowl, saying,

Then sometimes,

it
slips
away

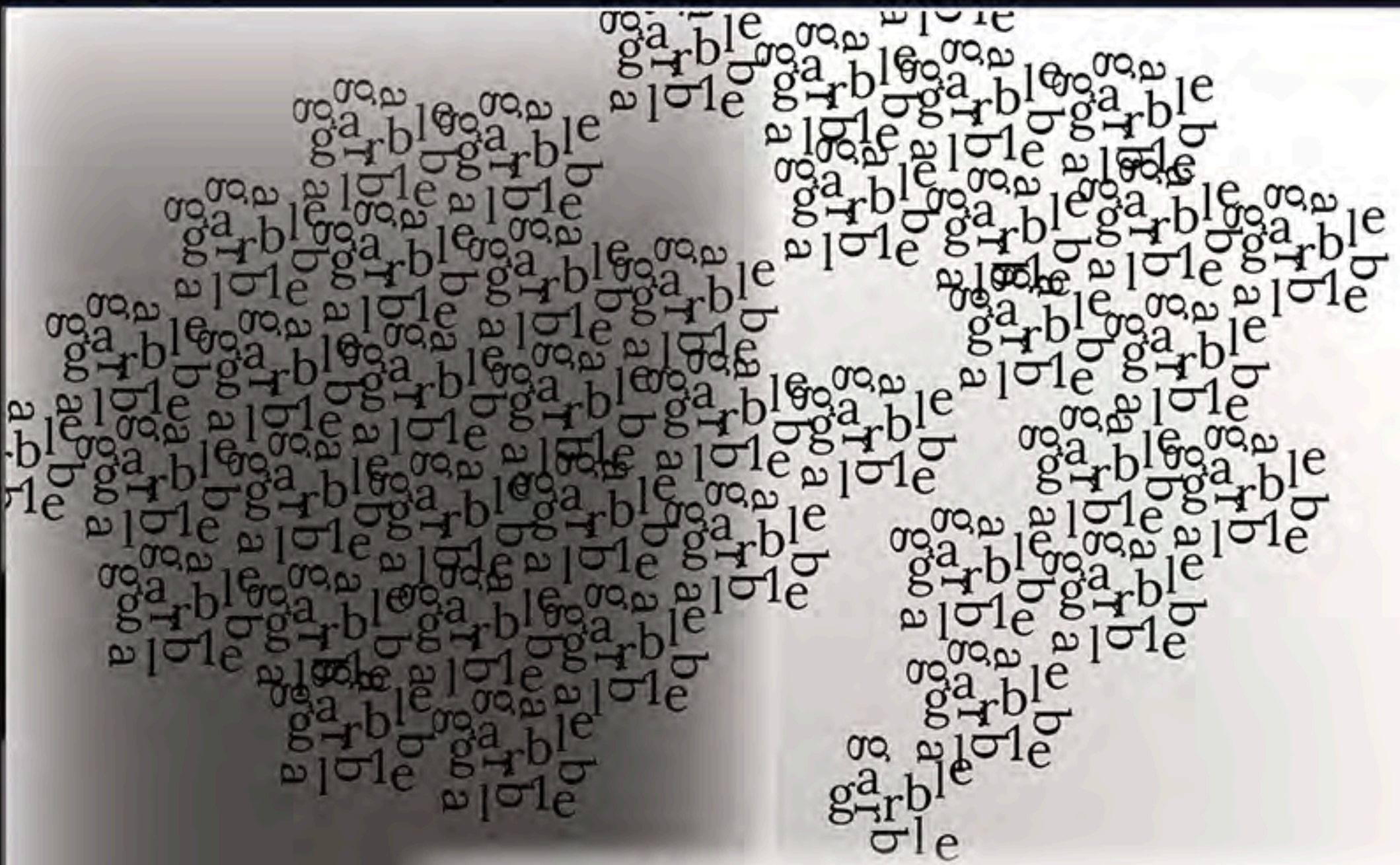
into
dark
dark
tunnel
of
forever
lost
words

like, pump thing liquid gooey.

long around.

Or have to

take very way



All jumble up.





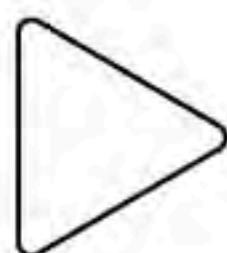
Don't know how many years.

Time is mathematics. Most difficult of all — hours of day, dates. Someone says, “How’s the fourteenth?” Or “week from next Friday?” Nightmare for me. Counting down, up. Friday. Saturday. Sunday. Never enough fingers. Piano, no problem. Chopin Polonaise. Mozart sonatas, flow like water. Hands on keys. Transpose even, second nature. Up a third. Down a fifth. Look Ma! Old joke. Left-brain dashed. Music never damaged. Carotid artery clogged, or they don’t know what. Right semaphore banished to hell. Hemisphere! Red spot between eyes never goes away. Or hardly. Sometimes big. Sometimes (like now) not so



Kaplunk!

But this not a dream. Have to use words. No matter Dr. Spaghetti said. Real name Dr. Squilanti, but I always think Spaghetti for some reason. Squid Man. Octopus-head. Dr. Spaghetti-head told Simon "It's a devastating stroke. She probably never talk again." Me right there in room when he said it. Burned like hot iron to my heart. Still haven't paid his bill. Let them throw me in jail. It'll be a headliner:



Words all

h
w i
r y
haywire.

a

Corduroy soup

for example.

Who?

What?

Corduroy lap.

Rita says I'm like Osprey spreading her wings
again. Feel more like chicken. *Pluk pluk.*

Rita
wheeling
me
down
ramp
into
airplane.

Tell her new idea for
book. She prefers the
title, *The War Between My
Hemispheres: History of
Self Torn Asunder.*

I tell her Simon used to
say, "Don't need a project
to be you, Nor." Love
him forever, but thought
of having a project again,
sharing what I have learn —
is giving me something to
live for. Something to have
in sight other than red dot.

