

VISIONS OF STUFF

Paintings by Dave Fischer

Armageddon Shop, 436 Broadway

March 24th 6:00 - 8:00

I am the hair stylist of all the children raised by wolves. I tie the Iceman's shoes before he goes out to play. I am all the little people you have to look up to. I am everything no one else could ever be. I am all that is not. I replace the giant elastic bands that make jet airliners fly. I repaint the moon every spring. I keep all the superstrings in tune. I am the transcendent awareness in New Age whales. I am the disease that kills off the sun every night. I am behind you right now with an axe raised to kill. I am the insurance salesman hiring hitmen. I nail the Easter Bunny up on a cross every year. My image cannot be seen reflected in really clean dishes. I am not concerned with efficiency. I weed your neighbor's lawn while you sleep. I am background noise. I manipulate armed conflict worldwide because if I don't someone else will. I am completely invisible to radar when in close proximity to cheesecake. I can name all the bodies in the N Body Problem. In fact, they're my close personal friends. I am without hope, and without cable. I am not overloaded by soundbites, and I have not been properly desensitized to violence. I am uncivilized and unfit for human consumption. I do not supply the US RDA of plutonium. I train killer llamas and disguise them as pitbulls. I am the apathetic fanatic. He who is without scarves is truly without virtue. I am beyond all this. I am content to fall from this airplane, this window, this degrading elliptical orbit. I overgeneralize, but I always end up unnoticed after the dust clears. Heads you win, tails I lose. I am the least important card in the deck. I am the holes in your socks. I am the fleas on your cat. I am the young lamprey sucking its thumb. All things must grind to inconclusion. I am the antithesis of understanding. I was your teacher's teacher, but you're stuck with the grade. I am not loss, but I am the child crushed beneath what you carelessly dropped. I am the unintended destruction caused by your every reckless move. I believe all commercials. Brand Y soda will not merely make me socially acceptable and even popular, but it will cure these horrific sores that cover my arms and keep me awake at night with their constant screaming. I am anaerobic respiration. I am pathological recursion. I swapped the swapper. I am bright pink but that's only the paint. I grow new appendages every day, and I donate the defective ones to charity. I understand why we have disease and suffering in this perfect universe. I am madly optimistic. I am omniscient regarding failure and suffering, and blind to success and happiness, yet I still sing the praises of our world. I am the tone police that drag me away for singing out of key. I am executed and I watch down the sights of my rifle as my head jerks back and I crumple into dust. I am alone and calm. The storm has passed and I am a single mind at last. I am a child making mudpies beneath the wall where I fell, though that memory fades as a cloud passes and a bright beam of light washes my former life clean away.

