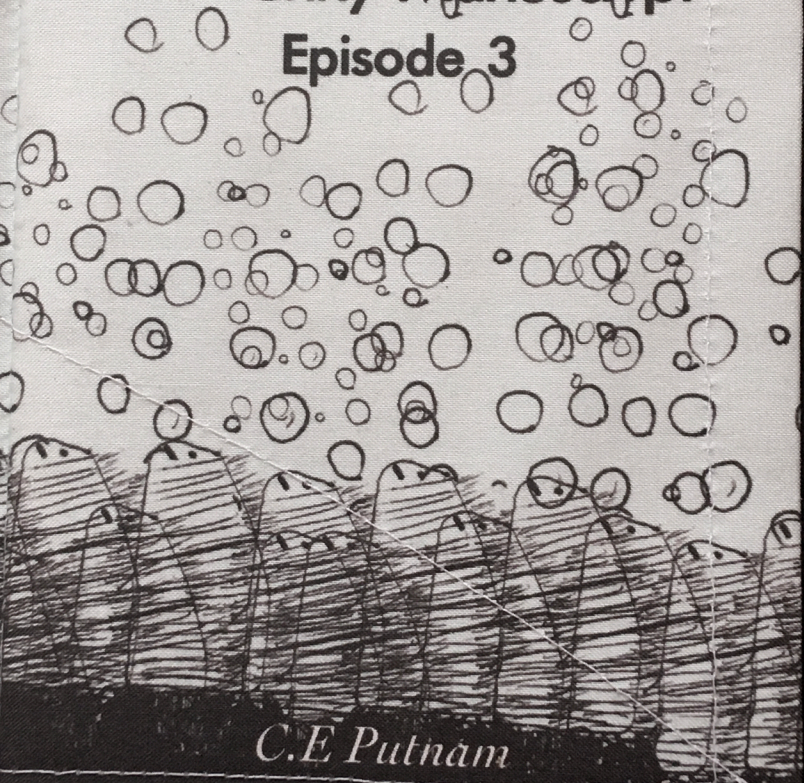


The Bunny Manuscript

Episode 3



C.E. Putnam



THE BUNNY MANUSCRIPT— Episode Three

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Acknowledgements: “Lesson Four: Listen to the following story about the Bunny and the Yak”, “Night Song”, “If I must die, then bring me back to shore” appeared in a Ratapallax online feature on Poets of the Pacific Northwest. “I teased out my Alba” appeared in Where Eagles Dare #11

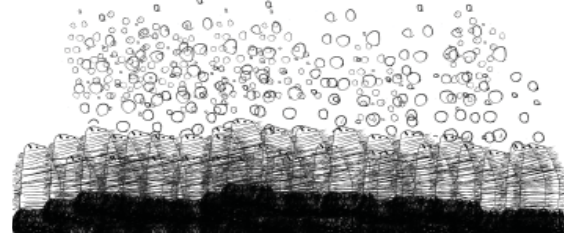
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Episode Three

C.E Putnam

little red leaves textile series



SOME PEOPLE YOU WILL MEET

The Narrator, a young writer who travels to and gets lost in a strange land.

Herf, a retired submarine captain.

The BUNNY, founder of the Bunny Order of the Four Orsons.

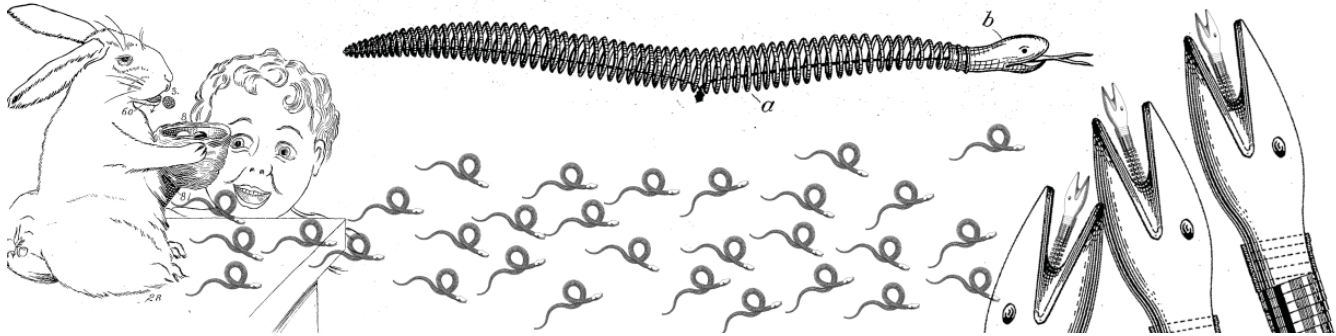
FOOT, a six-foot tall white radish.

Ben Franklin, inventor of the glass armonica.

Spooky, a love-material ghost.

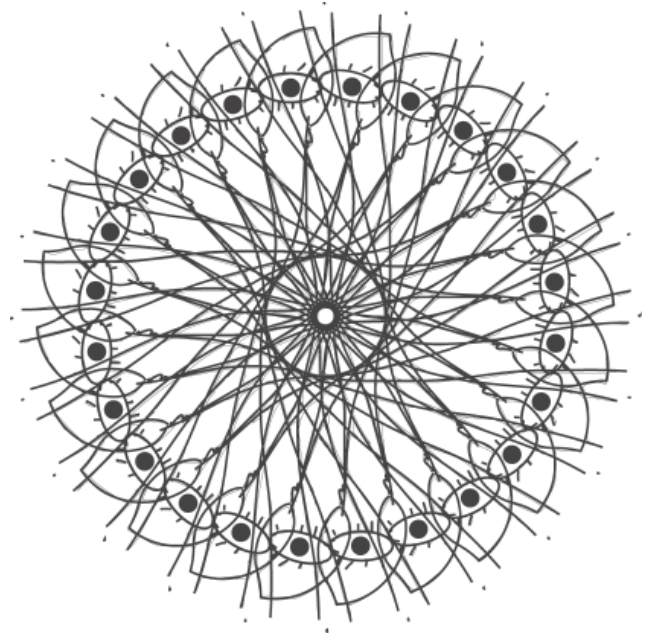
Yaks, followers of the Bunny Order.

Evol Ghosts, the malevolent and unsatisfied dead.



I teased out my Alba

Your feelings before
the morning rules: coffee!
did the tie up and down
gently with wooden
wrists and rope
pick a branch of sugar
mine is a coma measure
of being able to pause
thus, whenever the song continues
it survives on green breath
and cues up the EVOL eye
wake me up *Spoons!*
or follow me into the shade.



[Lesson Wheel]

Lesson Four: Listen to the following story about the Bunny and the Yak

Imagine: Inside the ship
the wet prisoners tried to burn

themselves to help them
avoid their new cellblock—

better to leave hysterical
smoke behind
like worthless bitching.

The evening star.

Someone, at least,
meant it (the star)

as a way to experience
the destruction

of your body

a fissure inside
of what meaning

is to you and what
it is to me.

To The BUNNY and The Yak:
What are we doing?

BUNNY directly explained the cause
of these Yaks whose bodies exuded light but
have absolute darkness now.

I want unlimited rips.

The kitchen telephone rings
GO BUNNY BUNNY
pounds your BUNNY
eyes up and down
your BUNNY body.

Sew it back into place.

The fair was in town
and has us come out
gentle with each departed
to spin on wheels.

THE BUNNY really couldn't listen
to that crap any more, blood
smoked through the linens from beyond
the hatches, shackled in the sub-deck.
No one should stay put in their bedtime
nervously holding small orgasm erect muscles.

The efficacy of this practice was
in the making of frightening noises,
porpoises appearing in their fortress
trees, a rope ladder going up

porpoises!

The body keeps breaking down like this.

When Spooky swings her arms my head gets confused

FOOT and SPOOKY
were discussing passing
increasingly into light and joy
watching the approach
of sunlight upon the anti-
freeze spill. Burst-bubbles
formed on the surface
of the oily liquid,
intermingling ripples
of yellow and green.

FOOT teetered back
into his original
position against
the palm tree.

SPOOKY stretched out more
into the sun.

In the pocket of her
skirt, Spooky picked
at the piece of bark
she had broken off
the Yeti's log the night
before. A bit had stuck
into her fingernail,
and she delighted in
chewing on it a little
& waiting for the bitter
woody flavor to warm
her belly and shoot green
sparks in her brain.

“Foot! I love

your sprouted top!

Shiny hair

hung

in foul”

Spooky put on her Mylar
evening gloves and started
swinging her arms
round and round from shadow
to light a hypnotic flicker
—a whirlround—a sliver ball of sun.

FOOT became lost in memory.

“Paris seemed so long ago.

And there it was again

before him, in a glass case

ringed with gold and a red security

railing, there is was, underground

in a Secret Museum underneath

the Louvre, there it was, sweating

a little from the display lights, a faint

scent of myrrh and a hot griddle,

[Ben Franklin’s Penis 1773-1778]

the placard read. It was so large

and odd it must have been

a horse’s penis but orange? thought FOOT,

and across the room another display that read

[Ben Franklin’s Penis 1782-Today]

it was so small there was a magnifying glass

and when you’d look inside, there it was,

a perfect white maggot squirming,

trapped in a French paper clip.

Why had Herf taken him here?”

Meanwhile, a giant blob formed just off the beach.

The blob exploded, temporarily blinding them both.

The rain left glowing spots the size of flattened top hats.

FOOT returned from his Parisian reverie:

“Spooky! how long must
we endure these
mystery blasts
of light and sound?”

“FOOT!!! stop trying
to tease me. What storm?
I know that there are no
mountain goats, or giraffes,
or yaks, or anything like that
up in those hills.”

Spooky was correct there was nothing
like that up in those hills
just the almost full moon falling
through the ragged
edges of the mountain tops.

Miniature miners and their deer
tunneling caverns all through the night.

The North wind that blows
through this valley
of tattered trees and huts
blasts my eyes open wide
all night my bucket
of kidney stones rattles
out the hours of the raging
storm. Maybe tomorrow
we can hunt for mushrooms
or do some watercolors
with the falling rain?

Back at the shore:

Spooky had been too busy
enjoying heavenly pleasures
to remember to keep close
watch on the oceans.

The storm waters carried
the current, churning
up the yellow muck
crab leg shells,
and broken teeth.
The BUNNY would not
think this a trifling matter
and would ask you to think
of it more and more until
there is only clean teeth
in your mouth yellow sky
in your head blue water
in your heart.

FOOT tell me about your eighth dream.

Soon the blood water
sores still raw

scab clams buckling under
the ghost trowel

Panama Van Halen
and then we are finally

over self-hypnosis
& synthesizers.

As we came closer, we saw a narrow
reef ringing out from the island
—green mangroves grew
on the reef. Clear Water
Mollusks moving around
thirty feet below.

A meteor smashing into
the space station keeps
the Yak Twins making
Diamond Dave weapons
that can survive inside my body
that you cannot digest,
howling back at you
pulling everything out
of your heart

This too indicates the future era when the world
will be upside down.

What was the matter?

I do not know whether a person
becomes a ghost because she dies
an unfortunate death. An unfortunate
death means being beaten to death,
being cut to death by a train,
being drowned in the open ocean,
being burned in a factory fire,
or shot in the head, or even dying
in you sleep with hollow
in your heart. I have heard
of ghost-possession ghost-holes,
and corpse-material ghosts.
I have heard of ghost writings
on the skulls of the cremated dead
but I have never seen a ghost-goat.
Apparently in the mountains, the ghost-goats
live among the deepest forest pine trees,
munching on whatever is unburned and alive.
But some people say that everyone
who dies, becomes a ghost, and they
are everywhere. Because I will die

at my allotted time, nothing
will happen when I die. A dead Spooky
is gone. How can I come back after that?

While alive the body is beautiful, but now...

A word that has no meaning
to human growth is *bonemeal*.

Not a place for the heart to rest
but bruising some feeling
you were going to donate
your body to burn
in a temple fair
musty odors can
still impress some young
hungry ghosts, can't they?

Clutch the goat horn with one hand
and let the leather pound your groin.

Week hours—bed paintings
of the Evol Ghosts
on the headboard
but instead my mind
wrinkled and dusty
loops around the slowing horse
sore from crotch to skull.

A pleasure to remember
not being asleep
and releasing more poison
into the well.

A frightening crate:
a nightmare began her.

Night Song

A flute playing in the night

echoing up from the gully

waves of breath and drone
over the river

the invitation was either

wet fingers into her mouth
bite off the tongue
and carry it home
in a pail of buttermilk.

or?

Made of white wax
my warm skin / my latent breasts
yellowed with turmeric
& patterned
with beetle scratches.

Then to sleep
and I felt these beautiful

sounds as a physical
stretching.

If I must die, then bring me back to shore

Unknown to Herf, in the dark
confines of his delivery truck,
the Evol Ghosts were crawling closer
dragging heavy bludgeons
jerking their crooked thumbs.

For a long time Herf, thought about how
best to move the DEAD BUNNY
& how to accomplish it in a single day.

He felt doomed like a walking starving zombie
or a living hungry ghost.

He was just a simple barrel bungler.

He could not afford to just mutilate
the corpse THIS time.

He no longer wanted to see dancing rats
or listen to singing or watch bull shows
and elephant stampedes or go to his
pleasure gardens and watch the swans
wandering the lily loaded ponds
exhausted and unsatisfied.

Try covering the body with hot glowing coals?

Some kind of crush-proof box?

The ghost hands looked normal.

He said that when you listen
You miss the point of it
of what a DEAD BUNNY says.

You should test the meaning,
to be sure—it is through the brain
upon which the happiness of all people
depends if nothing happens in a year
there is no reason why tailless frogs and
toads, the pineal eye of our common
ancestor with a skull three-feet-long.

He moved the truck closer to the beach

But the Ghost Hands were not normal.

A lazy good-for-nothing
slept while we all worked on the Beach
so we too started down on the drinking
the more you don't understand
the more meaning the words will have
or just holding a kite or a dragon
watching the clouds pass by
or then "suddenly" a skeleton arm
lighting a bomb and then the birds turn white
falling into puffs of powder busting
white out over the fields then all the creatures
caught on fire when the wind was on fire
deer of fire, lion of fire, monkey of fire,
rat of fire.

For several days I came into the arena
as if in mourning.

A notebook on the dock:

We are not able to see anymore
and the belief that all is falling
is a mere consequence
to see this for what it really is
up on the roof looking down
only fools are superstitious
about the sounds that words
and names make where the EVOL
lives in your heart—bringing you fire.

Your sobbing sounds
like your voice
inside my voice.

At the foot of the ramp, Herf
was wearing gloves.

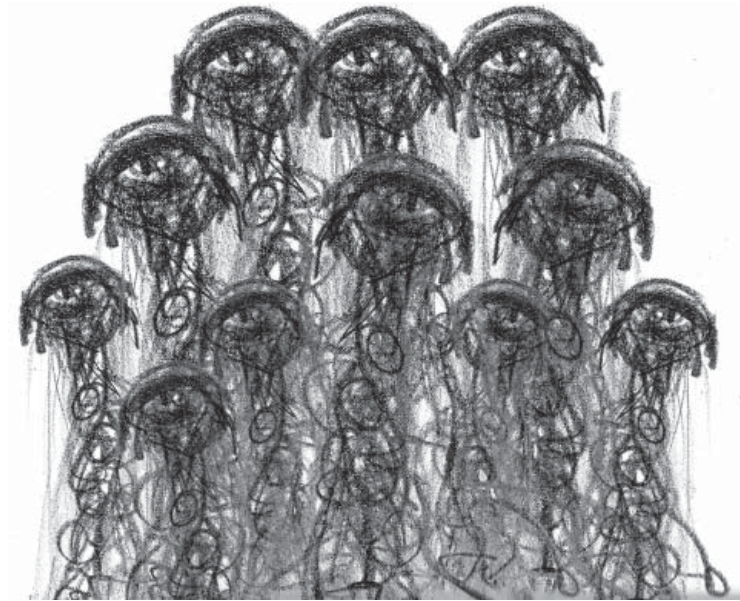
Use your compound eye and depend
on the pressure remaining exactly
the same on your insides connected
to each other by tube to feel the truth of it
allowing words to pass back and forth.

Putting your hand against absolute cold.

What is IT about the inner lives of
un-castrated cats and dogs
notice how we put “suddenly” in quotation
marks to make it stand out
like a gigantic iron Thundergut
bursting open with molten and ash
a polar shift swamped with memories
living as I do on the edge
of the ring of fire the landing pad
for the divine retribution UFO
if we could just shrink ourselves down.

This is when you need to listen deeper
and feel the meaning rather
than knowing the meaning.

I must warn him.



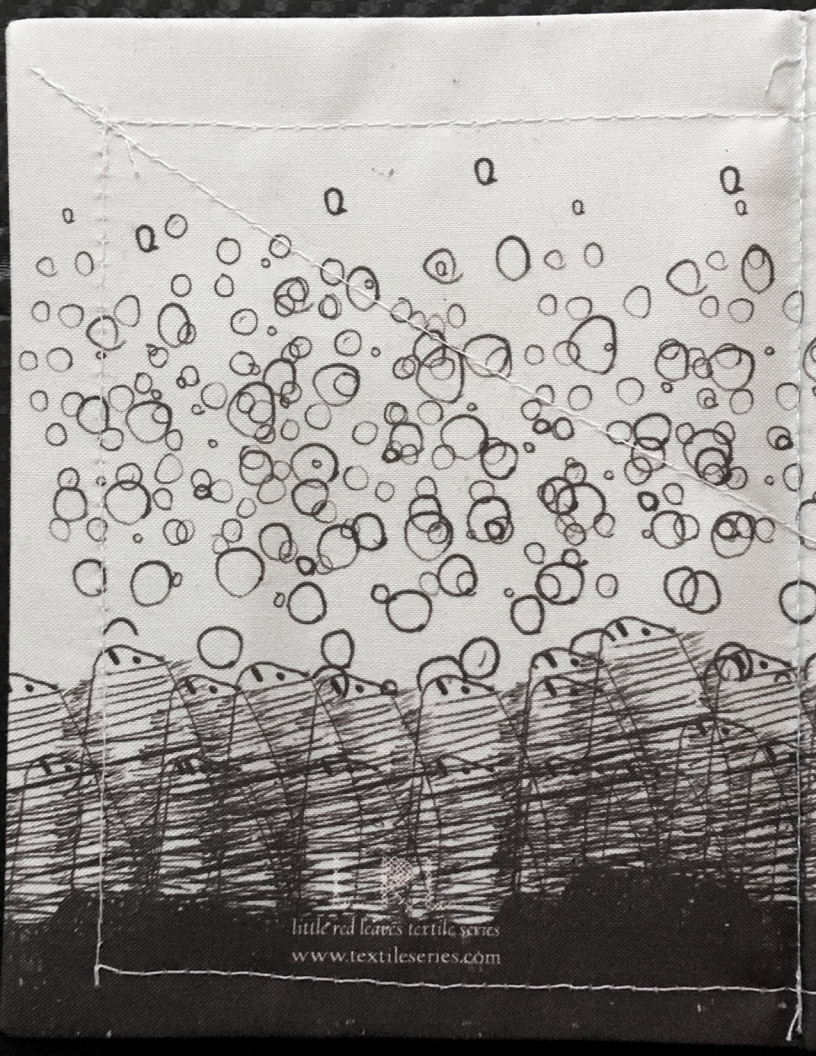
[Evol Ghosts]

In 2012 C.E. PUTNAM's back catalog was published by P.I.S.O.R Publications: *The Papier-Mâché Taj Mahal* (1997), *XX Elegies w/ John Donne* (1998), *Spaces Where Spaces Are* (1999), *Transmissions from the Institute* (2000), *Maniac Box* (2001), *Things Keep Happening* (2003). He is also the co-author of *Crawlspace* (2007) with Daniel Comiskey. He has recently moved to Portland Oregon after serving a four-year term as a Poetry Attaché for the Putnam Institute for Space Opera Research in Singapore, Singapore.

His text, image, and Halloween themed mind-melting audio mashups (P.I.S.O.R. SCARES) are stored at:
<http://www.pisor-industries.org> &
<http://pisorinstitute.tumblr.com/>

This *little red leaves textile edition* was lovingly sewn by Dawn Pendergast in Houston, TX.





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