

## No Tit, No Thumb!

I could die for a word, an adjective. (I could die for it.) Human being or not, situation, object, gesture, interaction, state of consciousness, specifying a name is not my style. (It's not my path.) And the verbs are so loose, in a domain where they no longer have axes. (In a world where they no longer have centers.)

“Mr. Spats  
Had twenty-one hats,  
And none of them were the same.  
And Mr. Smeds  
Had twenty-one heads

And only one hat to his name”\*. Only one, and a cap for... each head. Each cap. Each head. Each whatever. Phrasal movements encompass all humans stripped of their arboreal forms. The sentences in this game of rimes can be counted on the fingertips, but more often than not, they will exceed one hand. Are you my keyboard? (Are you.) Are you this true love of mine at the tip of my fingers? (My true lover!)

Give me my cap. (My head.) My hat. (My head.) Your hat. (Your head.) My cap. (Each head.) Your cap. (A cap.) Then what!

You can't be gentle in your writing; you have to be acid, a developing bath.

And when you've developed it, it's not the beautiful, rosy baby that conformist society expects of you that's exposed.

At best, it's the same dismembered embryo, the same uterine excrement stripped of its skin, vomited up alive by your gaze, gesticulating.

Your writing is not a delivery room, it's a dissection table.

And so. Whoosh! Is it so? To gut it by removing its basic structure. Opening the verb with a scalpel, slash his stomach? To dissect the text by removing its organs, the liver, the kidneys, etc. Its bones! (Its bones!) (The skull, the hips.)

”Mr. Spats had twenty-one hats, and none of them were the same. And Mr. Smeds had twenty-one heads, and only one hat to his name”. Only one, and a hat for each head. Each hat. (But what!) Each cap. (Each.) Each. Each wig. (Each.) A comedy mask. Your brain!

Sensitivity is not a hat. Phrasal movements encompass all humans stripped of their arboreal forms. The sentences in this game of rimes can be counted on the fingertips, but more often than not, they will exceed one hand. Are you my keyboard? (Are you.) Are you this true love of mine at the tip of my fingers? (My true lover!) My hat? Not even of that, the sensitivity at my fingertips. Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! The phrases in this rhyming game can be counted on the fingers of one hand, but more often than not, they exceed that number. (Wig!) Each whatever. (Each to himself.) Each finger. (Head.) Head. (Thumb.) Head... Yours. Everyone themselves. (Head, head, head) No head, no head no thumb. (Head!)

No head... No thumb! (Head!) No head no thumb! Head, no, no! No finger, no, now! Ah-ah! Ah-ha! Just now! (Head!) But what are you trying to achieve?

Lyrics : The Apocryphalists.

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\* Shel Silverstein, *Mr Smeds and Mrs Spats*. in *A Light in the Attic*, Harper & Row, 1981. p. 42