

Whistling In The Bath

White-green album, white-green album flashback green-orange of my storms; orange-red of my organs. Too wide—too adrift! "When you get that bath, you take it. Right?" "Pee-pee," D. tells me—or rather, confesses to me—her cheeks flushed and a pleading look in her eyes. Toll-toll goes the bell... It's okay, I'll rinse you off. And the owl goes "hoo-hoo." Doll playing with bubbles. Lovely girl singing in bath. "D., Right..."

Choo-choo, the train whistles. Quack-quack, the duck quacks. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Hey, watch out for the tap—you could hurt your neck! Poppycrack goes the hen! Oh, D.! How dare you! Poppycrack-poppycrack-poppycrack! Quack-quack! Cluck-cluck goes the hen! Ha-ha! Gobbledygook-gobbledygook! Cluck-cluck! Claptrap goes the tap! Quack-quack! Choo-quack-choo... Choo-choo-choo! "Put your back on the other side, where the tube is smooth." Choo-choo—quack-choo! Ooh-ooh!! Ouch!

But don't slip—be careful. Stick your back here, with the bubbles. Hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo goes the owl. Hoo-hoo. Choo-choo—quack-choo! Hoo-quack-quack! Poo-poo, the lollipop poo. "D., I'm going to have to wash your mouth out with soap!" Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Toll-hoo-hoo goes Peep-peep with the bird. Blah-blah-blah. Poo-poo! Poo, lollipop-poop! Polly-poop... Quack-choo! Ooh-ooh!! It's like that the whole bath—D. wears me out.

Besides, her "jolly folly" delights me too! I call her my Molly. D. lolls her head. Ooh-ooh!! Lifts her chin. Lets it loll. Ooh-ooh!! Lift. Loll. Lift. And so on. Babbling and babbling... Babbling in the bubbles! Clunk-clunk—clunk-clunk! Clunk-clunk—the clock's counterweights drive its mechanism. Mom is sealed. She is doing Dad's accounting. Ring-a-ling, here comes the mailman. Splash goes the water! Ring-a-ling-ring-a-ling! Choo-choo—quack-choo! Ooh-ooh!!

More bills, always electricity bills, loan repayments, the mortgage. And this too, and that as well! Quack-quack! Choo-quack-choo... Choo-choo-choo! High-pitched laughter. Cuckoo-coo sings the woodland cuckoo. Plant your elbows firmly. Leave your little feet on the rubber mat. Mom frowns at her calculator; her daughter bursts into fits of laughter! I'm always the one who gives my little sister her bath.

Choo-choo, the train whistles. Quack-quack-quack, the duck quacks. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! "Oh, that may be true—so I'm a brat," said Mom, "but D.—who shared the same sacred womb seven years after me—turned into quite the little rascal before she'd even turned thirteen!" Clunk-clunk—clunk-clunk!... Clunk-clunk—Choo-quack-choo... Tap-tap-tap! Tap-tap! goes the green woodpecker. Is it its flight call. Is it, is it? No, it sounds like... uh... maybe "waffle"? Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha!

You're such a little seal! At her desk, Mom frowns over her calculator, but in the bathroom, her youngest daughter is bursting with laughter! The carefree nature of the youngest. "Hey, watch out again. There you are! D., don't fidget—you'll sink in the water like that." Burst of laughter! Still giggling... Clunk-clunk. Cuckoo-coo-cuckoo-coo! Hoo-hoo—quack-choo! Give it a rest. You're going to slip and swallow a mouthful of bubbles. Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Bathwater overflowing, splashing, peals of laughter. Ha-ha-ha! Ha! Ha-ha!