

Genesis

by kelvin a. t. tan

Fuzzy. She craned her neck for a closer look. It was 2020, yet we still can't get no closer to the molecular bi-polar structure beneath the brain dumwits still can't see any clearer than without those spectacularly iridium charged zoom lens what were they called in ancient times – double focus precision. Fiddly. The scope slipped out of her grasp as the latex grip gave way – great laughing elephants – heard that on the morning show – seems like everyday's a new day for a new catch phrase, just like the trains, zoom by to the lab – no more parking tickets, what a bother to commute those fines. Just launched the new hi-sped today – conjoins New Halifax and Eastern Hangorra, no more muleteers, those fragrant macaroons. Like date pips. What did mama say, don't drink hard with the boys. I hardly think so old chap. I wonder what the C of E would have to say on this. Cranium tissue – hold your breath now – distilled and deliquesced – perfect consummate lattice for sub-zero hyperspeed lubricant. *Voila!* No more medium grade mediocrity, marking mid-term papers, quicker than one can hum a demisemiquaver, watch out for the vitriol spray you buggers you chuggers you *friends* you. PAGING FOR THEMPKIANZI – that's *DR* Emily S. Thempkianzi for you mind your ps and qs and for me. Mutts. The joyful gaiety of the bleeping melody, no bells for me, they're so sure. All right, carillon. Flinging off the fluff, flicked the release switch. Down those sterile gleaming white walls blended into the flashbulb flare of the blinding white floor – too wise, too white. Yes I KNOW. What do those Flemish boys down in Flanders hanging out in them fjords do? Swaggering swines on the 846th floor – gluttons who ate for sex peering down the long way to fall. The slippery route to stardom, don't reach for it. Prominent protuberance. I'll sooner gargle with those gothic gargoyles on those lesser scrapers built 85 years ago. Do I really have to pre-empt everything? Butano's office on the left. Screw the But. Ricksfields' on the right. Right – RF – don't even think about it. Shiny trolley careering toward me, such a careerist, me. Get outta my way! Pushed those effulgent elevator buttons – elephants – even those are back-lit these days. Messrs Nilsson and Johannson better be in, slouching on squeaky leather, no doubt. Where do them Kianzis come from, will surely form the opening liner. Sad sorry state of sense of humour. Aqueous absolutely evaporated – little wonder the current state of affairs at the company. *Look with your eyes, but see with the brain.* THAT's the motto. THAT's what ought to oil the engines that drive us. Pure jets of latitudinal white mesmerising at ever increasingly infinitesimal intervals. A million microns thick. Getting bored counting but still bound to the floor that's losing its gravitational attraction. After an aeon, another. And another. Ants on an antfarm lattice contemplating the aphelion. The dark side of the moon. Still, the continuous and repetitive whirr of the mechanism, its regular hearbeats lulling the user to mental duldroms. Drifting off to an illusory tunnel-to-heaven saturation, sudden jolt of apoplexy freezes and frees the mind from its bondage.