



Ride my buckshot compartment falling skin tooth  
straight off the road like a winking motherfucker in the  
wind as if an eyeball stricken against any id glass or for-  
mica or no mind hath followed god down into the off-  
shoot separatists swam on about lucid in their melan-  
cholic doubt and useless in practice like a calendar set  
ablaze chemical fire showering down big bosom drop-  
lets and the flavor grave took stock of the yearning  
shred of the tongue as if it were a taste for not yet  
maybe odor when the taste of a rinen like swine  
herdier than the pig both like the rinen like the  
the director stepped up to the Bostonian  
to grate the mic whole a bullfrog mouth wal-  
loping flies out of the muggy mist recycled in the forni-  
cating disaster flick left on a fuzz on the projector erect-  
ed in the tadpole prosthetic fretting wimpy bitches sad-  
dled with an itch they scratched with some bozo  
notion of a twig left the flock against free will and returned  
the prize pig to the woods as if to both recall as  
screaming but the murder made me want to become  
a murderer or a murderous thing movie doll  
compulsive to seek revenge against the systems that  
made in the first place.

**“BY VERNON HOWL”**

THE ACTUAL TITLE OF THIS BOOK IS:

*Ride my buckshot compartment failing skin  
tooth straight off the road like a winking  
motherfucker in the wind as if an eyeball  
stricken against any id glass or formica or no  
mind hath followed god down into the offshoot  
separatists swam on about lucid in their  
melancholic doubt and useless in practice like a  
calendar set ablaze chemical fire showering  
down big bosom droplets and the flavor grave  
took stock of the yearning soup supply little  
doggy did not have a taste for not yet maybe  
older when the taste buds ripen like swine  
complicit in the matter of good fortune  
perspicacity and the like when the director  
stepped up to the Bostonian podium and ate the  
mie whole a bullfrog mouth wallop flies out  
of the muggy mist recycled in the fornicating  
disaster flick left on a fuzz on the projector  
erected in the tadpole prosthetic fretting wimpy  
bitches saddled with an itch they scratched with  
some bozo notion of a twig left the flock against  
freewill and returned the prize pig blue ribbons  
stapled to both corneas screaming bloody  
murder made me want to become a llama or a  
giraffe or a murderous thing movie doll come  
alive to seek revenge against the systems that  
made it in the first place.*

(But let's just call it... *Ego-Free-Elitist-Ocean-Bug Jack & Jill*-No, that's not right. How about, *Jill & Jack*... OK?)

Ride my buckshot<sup>1</sup>

One, two, and three:  
little bird lifted like a  
god ~~when the god went~~  
~~off~~. When the gun went  
off, excuse me. The ride  
home was all excellent  
scenery, hit the ground  
with a thud. One, two  
and a three, you count.  
Release the hound,  
retrieve the new pet and  
pretend you found food.

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<sup>1</sup> Ride my buckshot into the wind; now we're really hunting, huh Jack? Judy XVII screamed. She wanted to be anywhere else.

## Compartment failing<sup>2</sup>

**Kismet: kiss the mitt,  
the catcher's glove, big  
brown buffoons, no  
buffaloes. New food is  
better. You summon the  
DNA of a dinosaur,  
alternatively. You left  
your dog at home. The  
compartment failing is  
only a byproduct of its  
inferior size.**

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<sup>2</sup> What size refrigerator do you want to get? This one is big enough to house the bulk of an antelope but not an elephant. It's not big enough, you tell your angry wife. She gets madder and storms out of the showroom. She is immediately flattened by an SUV in the parking lot. A different kind of fridge for you, Judy, you think. As the tears come tumbling down.

### Skin tooth<sup>3</sup>

My teeth are made of soft skin and work counterclockwise of the ~~decay~~, I mean ~~cache~~, I mean the list of things we wanted our teeth to do before they fell out. This meat isn't as rotten as it is hard. In fact, it's perfect for my softest skin tooth, which I pluck out and pretend is eating alone (like a little person).

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<sup>3</sup> Judy meant cache, and had panache in her meaning.

Straight off the road<sup>4</sup>

**We go flying: straight off the road; the majority of our kill is trashed in the crash... an ellipsis to miss the point entirely. Can't blame this one on art, Jack. It's the 1,000 beers you drank while the gun was still warm.**

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<sup>4</sup> Why do we hunt, Jack? For food's sake, Judy. Enough the puns, old man. I'll pun you back into the previous century, sister. That is so like you. And the married couple, perfect in our dreams of them, shared a delicate laugh. But the thing about delicate laughs is, when they morph into outrageous snickers, they're bound to become maniacal howls. And when the wolves in the forest where the totaled truck lies hear humanoid howls, well, it's only a matter of time.

Like a winking motherfucker in the wind<sup>5</sup>

**Thomas, the most  
~~blessed~~ based of the  
wolflings, the tiniest cub  
born in a cubicle in the  
grayest office building  
in Massachusetts,  
ignored the threat of  
setting when he heard  
the howls. And like a  
winking motherfucker in  
the wind, he emerged:  
confronting wreckage of  
all stripes.**

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<sup>5</sup> If we could circle back before the buffalo were only antelope, before America dined on the corpses of rotting ideas... maybe we'd have a chance. But, alas.

As if an eyeball stricken<sup>6</sup>

**When Jack was just a boy of fortytwo and the wolf had just been born, the energy between them was absorbed into a balloon. And the balloon popped ~~by~~ ~~chance~~ by the needle of Judy who invented the idea of eyes and calmly paraded her ideas in the island nation of her you.**

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<sup>6</sup> Enough of your lies, wench! Jack screamed at the dead body of his wife and thought that the Dodge Durango's tire lines were an improvement on her otherwise already stylish outfit.

Against any id<sup>7</sup>

The little wolf Thomas  
was against any idea of  
id. ~~He thought it passé~~  
He thought he'd take a  
pass on only living egos  
in an exchange to see  
god in the outline of fear  
he evoked in the people  
he scared when he got a  
little older. And, in truth,  
he got a little older all the  
time (such as creatures tend to do) •

---

<sup>7</sup> Jack couldn't comment on Thomas's philosophies and instead decided to write a song about just how much he didn't care about them. "(Thomas's Philosophies)" (stylization his) went on to become a #1 hit single.

Glass or formica or<sup>8</sup>

When they asked Jack  
what time of eye he  
wanted to replace his  
balloon-pop eye which  
he didn't actually  
replace

(he had it surgically attached to his right

kneecap) he freaked out and  
said “~~Or or or,~~” to which  
the attending misheard  
and said “Ore ore ore?  
What are you a freaking  
miner?”

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<sup>8</sup> It has been said that of all Jack's accomplishments, outside of having several wives (all named Judy) perish in SUV accidents, that his skill as a marksman and hunter was far and away his fondest, personally.

No mind hath followed god down<sup>9</sup>

Thomas spoke to Jack plainly: “Won’t you and the corpse of your ~~what number could she be,~~ ~~man~~ 17th wife have lobster with me down in the den?” Jack threw the carjack at him, which he was holding for some reason.

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<sup>9</sup> Thomas, the wolf, elaborated: Why can’t we, canis ut vir, come down to one another’s level, my main man, mi hombre? Let us allow us no wolf, no howl, not between us, not now. Walk with me (drag her along, but gently, sure); it isn’t far. We can dine together, person to dog, man to man’s best friend, on the supple supply of ego-free elitist ocean bug, mano a mano, mono et mono, in silence (I won’t talk if you won’t). The eating’s good if the company ain’t, I can assure you of that. At least.

Into the offshoot<sup>10</sup>

Down deeper off ~~this~~  
~~could've/should've (?)~~  
~~been nameless road~~  
Concord St. outside of  
Boston, Jack set forth,  
following the wolf.  
Humming a new tune he  
gave the impromptu  
working title, "Into the  
Offshoot," Judy's head  
bumping against dirt. A  
rhythm that would  
suffice.

---

<sup>10</sup> Judy's dead mouth would like a word. Careful, Jack, I am not the drums, synthetic or invented or irregular or otherwise. My head was not made for a beating like this.

Separatists swam on<sup>11</sup>

**There is a complaint leveled by many sub-Bostonians about their place in ~~the world~~ Greater Boston. It goes something like this: “That was a stupid thing to do” and it’s never been clear who the message was intended for and what the thing was supposed to be about.**

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<sup>11</sup> Every town is a little nation, Jack was fond of saying to his third and most beloved wife (Judy III). You don’t get to be a man like Jack without Roman-numeralized wives.

About lucid in their melancholic doubt and  
useless in practice<sup>12</sup>

**“My den is not a land  
against god, though I  
understand it shall  
appear that way,”**

**Thomas said to Jack. To  
which Jack replied, “are  
we there gods yet,  
dude?” with a chuckle.**

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<sup>12</sup> There is now Thomas in the bible or any scripture, the  
wolf said. No Jacks either. He who cast the first stone,  
Jack replied. Hir, please. What? *Hir*, my preferred  
pronoun is hir. What now? I believe it's either Latin or  
Danish, though there's no difference in the world of *canis  
lupus*, friend. Our language is still mostly howling, after  
all, haha. Her? No, *hir*. It's pronounced “here.” But it  
doesn't matter, there's no wolves in scripture either. I  
don't know about that. You can call me “you” or “dog,” it's  
fine. You are *hir*, little doggy. Very funny, Jack. And we  
are *here* together. For better or worse. You can say that  
again. Without sin, even, among *you*. Haha. Haha.

Like a calendar set ablaze<sup>13</sup>

**“There’s no time in the den, huh, Herr Thomas?” Jack was befuddled. And the wolf was growing indignant, such as wolves do when the fear dissipates grows in new and unbelievable ways such as the original emotion seems negated.**

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<sup>13</sup> Dead Judy numero seventeen was growing more loquacious with every bump. Your lair exists outside of the spacetime continuum? she asked. *Hir’s* lair, Jack responded, sarcastically. No. *YOU* is fine I said. Just forget it. But, yes, that’s right, Judy. He sighed (and it sounded like a howl). Would you two just shut the fuck up, please!

Chemical fire showering down<sup>14</sup>

**They finally reached the wolf den and it was all electric, wet lightning and white. “God is cumming!” Jack screamed.**

(Judy told him to watch his language or else she would reanimate more than her mouth and he'd be sorry, for she was a crack shot with the rifle as well, though in truth she felt his sentiment deeply and wondered if he was, somehow, right. “Could we really be inside of god's orgasm,” she wondered, in her dead brain, the worms of which were destined to agree. Bump bump bump, went her head again, with vigor, as if Jack could hear her thoughts. And of course he could.)

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<sup>14</sup> The wolf den itself was serene. But it was protected by a chemical fire. This blaze was harvested from every manmade disaster, every burning plastic thing in the world. But it was only a ring, the width of a cheap piece of paper at that. Still, it being a chemical fire, the most ungodly of things, no human could possibly withstand its burn (only magical, mystical, talking wolves). Good thing for Jack, he wasn't your average human.

Big bosom droplets<sup>15</sup>

**Why does a forcefield feel like balloons in the dying ~~dreams~~ DMT release? “Big bosom droplets,” the dead man. who died instantly, painlessly thought. His wife Judy was no longer a corpse to be dragged but an equal, and even scarier notion.**

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<sup>15</sup> Jack screamed that he wasn't dead and in a way he was right. He wasn't dead like Judy or ethereal like Thomas. He was a different third or fourth thing. It was confusing for a man who had been born so premature he had to be kept under a heat lamp until the age of nine. But it was also the perfect mirror image, and he recognized that.

And the flavor grave took stock of the yearning  
soup supply<sup>16</sup>

**Inside the wolf den, a  
new life flushed out  
plainly. It was expansive,  
bigger than timespace. It  
was not a part of any  
universe. If all of the  
galaxies and their  
breadth beyond were  
collected in a ladle then  
Thomas's wolf den was  
the giant overflowing pot  
cooking the soup.**

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<sup>16</sup> The soup was constantly evaporating, peppered by pain, which was (somehow) receding from all the worlds. The soup supply itself was endless but what is an unseasoned soup, I ask.

Little doggy did not have a taste for<sup>17</sup>

There were other wolves  
in the wolf den besides  
Thomas. The ~~baby cubs~~  
Virtuosonati were tasked  
with keeping the soup  
alive. Constantly  
emptying cans (plain white cans with the  
word "SOUP" in red bubble letters) and adding  
the pepper. Jack and  
Judy loved the taste, but  
the animals there were  
either immune or allergic

(like the chef who can no longer taste food) •

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<sup>17</sup> Jack and Judy quickly grew to hate this *Virtuosonati*, the group of baby wolves who were even several steps beyond gender. As they were truly in command.

Not yet maybe older<sup>18</sup>

**“Do they grow?” Jack asked Thomas one day. “Do they grow older?” To which the wolf replied, “Not yet maybe older.” Thomas had been acting strangely perfectly since their insertion in the den. A mean member of the Virtuostonati named Yimbo stared at Jack coldly.**

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<sup>18</sup> Yimbo is not to be looked at! Thomas shouted. If you look into his eyes...

When the taste buds ripen<sup>19</sup>

Many millennia passed  
in the den. Jack and  
Judy grew in reverse  
until they were both  
premature babies  
equipped with their own  
~~synthetic~~ organic heat  
lamps which grew out of  
their shoulders like the  
wings of an angel. They  
kept their mouths  
permanently open

(hoping they  
could catch a stray SUV floating in the mist like an accidental gnat or kelp

for a whale) •

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<sup>19</sup> Jack and Judy knew if they could catch the ghost of an SUV, even the taste of one, they could escape the den.

Like swine complicit in the matter of good fortune<sup>20</sup>

**Not that they felt like they were ~~prisoners~~ stars of a movie nobody has ever seen let alone heard of. “Like swine complicit in the matter of good fortune,” they heard Yimbo whisper one day. *Was he talking about us?* They could communicate telepathically now.**

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<sup>20</sup> We haven't even mentioned the pig population in the den, which was so rampant it was like air. In fact, it was the air, technically-speaking. As the old Virtuostonati saying goes: *you have to lick a pig to live.*

Perspicacity and the like<sup>21</sup>

**Jack and Jill had fully evolved and were ready to catch an SUV in their ~~mouths~~ primordial gaps.**

(Judy insisted on being called Jill now, for obvious reasons.)

**She was far and away the better SUV-catcher, as the fairer sex often is, and Jack found this ironic, recalling her (and her sisters') many deaths outside the realm.**

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<sup>21</sup> Thomas was nearing the end of his lifecycle at this point. Hir was aware of the nursery rhyme's plan but hir was too weak to stop them. To tell them that there was no going back. Not really.

When the director stepped up to the Bostonian podium<sup>22</sup>

Jill recalled a ~~memory~~ tragedy of her life when she was just Judy XVII, the famous auteur. She was directing her seventh movie set in the fictional Boston of a past that didn't exist when she pushed one of her actors off the stage

(it was Jon Hamm in the role of Stellan Skarsgård's Professor Gerald Lambeau from 1997's *Good Will*

*Hunting*\* and he was about to deliver a big lecture) •

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<sup>22</sup> And when the director stepped up to the Bostonian podium, having fatally injured Jon Hamm in the process, she couldn't speak. She had no words. Just an auditorium of actors and crew, with their mouths agape in horror and shock.

\* All of Jill's films took place in this coopted universe.

And ate the mic whole<sup>23</sup>

**And she proceeded to  
swallow the microphone  
whole, an act which  
should have killed her if  
not for the Dodge  
Durango waiting for her  
down the line. For the  
rest of her life ~~time on~~  
~~earth~~ before the wolf  
den, she said she could  
hear voices struggling to  
put words into the mic in  
her stomach** (it was never removed) •

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<sup>23</sup> You humans are such strange animals, Thomas told them. I hope things are better for you this time when you leave the den.

A bullfrog mouth walloping flies<sup>24</sup>

**That's what it could have  
been said to look like if  
the swine ~~didn't get in  
the way~~ hadn't been  
there to guide their gaps.  
And sure enough, one  
day Jill caught a brand  
new, sparkling Cadillac  
Escalade in between  
where her two front teeth  
might have been if she  
hadn't been a giant,  
toothless baby.**

---

<sup>24</sup> The lack of insects was always a curious thing, Jack felt about the den. With so many wolves and pigs running around and the like.

Out of the muggy mist<sup>25</sup>

**They didn't even have time to say goodbye to Thomas or give Yimbo ~~the finger~~ credit for having subconsciously willed their escape. They flew out of the den, through the chemical barrier, out of the humid forestal surroundings into some new city of unknown origins.**

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<sup>25</sup> It was the Boston of Jill's films, of course. Every person, even the girls, looked exactly like Matt Damon. And every structure was built with the foam of Dunkin Donuts coffee cups, the kind they stopped using a long time ago.

Recycled in the fornicating disaster flick<sup>26</sup>

**People gawked! And why shouldn't they. If you were a Matt Damon about to have your Sweet Sixteen at a trendy downtown restaurant and you saw two giant babies with winglike heat lamps protruding from their backs loitering, what would you do?**

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<sup>26</sup> Before she was fired, Jill had had plans for an eighth and ninth installment of her Boston film series. The final film was about how everyone woke up to find they looked exactly like Matt Damon and whenever they had sex it created natural disasters. This was the new reality.

Left on a fuzz<sup>27</sup>

**This new reality was hell! And Jack cursed Jill for having invented it. She said, “I never spoke a word of this script to anyone.” They sought the end of this city hell and found a static: TV white noise fuzz. They could have walked straight into it but they turned left.**

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<sup>27</sup> Jack recalled something he overheard Yimbo tell Thomas once back in the den: The humans are doomed. They can't see that the best art is right in front of their face. And they left it to die in all the old, antennaless TVs decomposing in the garbage heaps of the world.

On the projector erected in the tadpole  
prosthetic<sup>28</sup>

The giant tadpole inside  
the fuzz called himself  
golfd *(a strained portmanteau of golf and god, they*

wondered). The being had  
prosthetic everything, so  
much so that it wasn't  
clear where prosthetic  
ended and the tadpole  
began. "It ~~doesn't~~ isn't  
matter," Jack said. "It's  
all just fuzz. He's not  
even there."

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<sup>28</sup> Stop me if you've heard this one, but golfd immediately corrected them. Their, they said politely. Jack and Jill could only scoff. The former pleaded that it was an honest mistake. Your voice is the lowest note!

Fretting wimpy bitches saddled with an itch<sup>29</sup>

**On one of the screens attached to golfd where a man-made kneeeap joint should have been, a movie played. It was a cheap teen drama.**

**Poison ivy, this and that; summer camp run amok; a girl named Sherry whined about a boy named Clay who drove a red golf cart recklessly.**

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<sup>29</sup> Jill was enthralled by the melodrama. She instantly connected to Sherry. But Jack was unamused. He hated Clay with a passion and hoped he would drive the golf cart over a cliff, honestly. They watched on.

They scratched with some bozo notion of a twig<sup>30</sup>

**The girls in the movie** (who  
golfd pointed out were not girls, but robots he hired) **picked**  
**at their itching legs with**  
**a stick** (golfd said it wasn't a stick though, it was  
something he didn't have a word for; that they wouldn't have understand  
— "sure, you can think of it as a stick he said, laughing) **and**  
**birds began to fly out** be  
**born of the wounds. The**  
**birds had human faces,**  
**but they were of the**  
**digital, uncanny valley**  
**variety. Jack and Jill felt**  
**ill.**

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<sup>30</sup> I don't want to watch this anymore. Let's see what's on one of the other legs, Jack said. I don't think you can use the word leg, Jill told him. You can't use any words anymore. No, not here. Not anymore. You're right about that, Jack.

Left the flock against freewill<sup>31</sup>

One of the birds, the  
only one without a  
human face (it was a bird-faced bird),  
flew away towards ~~the~~  
~~sun~~ some digital  
recreation of  
illumination. “The flock  
is against freewill,” this  
bird stated, as it  
became one with the  
light. Its voice was as  
high as golfd’s was low.

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<sup>31</sup> Inside the light, they could still hear the bird’s adorable little voice. It was airy and soaring, not pingy, almost angelic. It was difficult to see what was actually happening but the words it spoke were poetic and true. It was talking to the sun.

And returned the prize pig<sup>32</sup>

**“Sun, take this prize pig.  
This pig was the air for  
so many, and now I  
return it to **REDACTED**.”**  
The pig began to speak  
now too, and its voice  
was the same as the  
bird’s. In unison, they  
chanted, “Yod, Heh,  
Waw, and Heh. Yod,  
Heh, Waw, and Heh.”  
And Jack and Jill felt  
peace.

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<sup>32</sup> Author’s Note: The purpose for the redaction above is obvious, I hope.

Blue ribbons stapled to both corneas<sup>33</sup>

golfd leaned down and stapled blue ribbons onto the eyeballs of Jack and Jill. He whispered, “~~the~~ film your life is now over. Go in peace.” They both started yelping, but not out of pain, out of anger. They were furious that they wouldn’t be able to finish the movie.

---

<sup>33</sup> golfd was not an evil tadpole. Hir told them the rest of the plot: Clay did in fact drive his golf cart over a cliff but it was caught by Sherry who grew to the size of a skyscraper when the Poison Ivy reached her brain. She was also a tree. And Clay landed gingerly in a little nest that had been crafted in an odd nook chewed by a beaver named Bob near the base of the tree.

Screaming bloody murder<sup>34</sup>

**The cries of Jack and  
Jill turned into a  
cacophonous roar, as  
their time alive (like this story! you're  
welcome thank you very much) — in any  
*form* — was nearing its  
end.**

And so I tell you now, dear reader, these were my parents. Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of ME! And when was I born? Where was I born? Inside the wolf den? Perhaps in the crevasse of a Matt Damon earthquake? Both admirable guesses. My name is Bob and I am a beaver, and also an actor. The film, *Little Red Golf Cart*, was a colossal failure at the box office but my part, so small in it, spared me the stench of its cultural punchline. Nobody remembers Bob the beaver. So insignificant, the role was uncredited.

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<sup>34</sup> Rest in peace, mom and dad.

**Made me want to become a llama or a giraffe or a murderous thing<sup>35</sup>**

**But what I learned from that shoot was this: you are not your parents. *Little Red Golf Cart* came out when they were still so young. Daddy Jack in the role of Clay, who was so turned off by the experience he quit acting and devoted his life to marrying the future victims of SUV manslaughter. And Mama Jill as sweet Sherry. She couldn't swat the movie bug. She became a great filmmaker before reconnecting with her former co-star many years later. I had mixed feelings about the experience. My role was miniscule but it was important; I saved my (movie) father's life after all. Born in a dream during their lone sexual encounter, which occurred in between rehearsal sessions several months before the filming, I was just a beaver. I chewed wood. Perhaps you've seen my work in the 2014 horror/comedy *Zombeavers*? The funniest thing is that daddy didn't even recognize mommy when they met again years later. He thought it was neat that she was a famous movie director. But she knew.**

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<sup>35</sup> And her knowing is key to the end of this story. Skip the next page if you want to know the truth; it has nothing to do with anything.

## Movie doll come alive<sup>36</sup>

**Most movies are bad. But that is only because all movies are perfect. Life is the thing that is bad. It's a minor miracle any movie has ever been made. Do you know how hard it is to make a movie? Even a bad one, a stop-motion thing, made by an incel named Louis, age thirtyfour, in a small, dirt poor town thirty-five miles outside of St. Louis, in 2012, seen by not a single soul (even Louis, who was too embarrassed to watch). That movie is perfect and either better or just as good as *Citizen Pain*, my spoof on the classic I'm sure you can guess that almost as few people saw. Speaking of spoofs: did you know that I wrote the theme song for Little Red Golf Cart, which was a parody of the Prince song. They wound up not using it for the film (maybe that's why it flopped haha), but you can find it if you know where to look.**

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<sup>36</sup> **A hack premise, sure. But one that is stuffed with meaning if you think about it.**

To seek revenge against the systems that made it  
in the first place<sup>37</sup>

**Jack and Jill ~~went up~~  
~~the hill~~ ascended to a  
place above gods,  
above genderless,  
1/2-synthetic tadpoles  
named golfd. Jack was  
forever damaged,  
broken already, in  
search of a seventeenth  
something forever. But  
still Jill/Judy/Sherry  
didn't give up. She  
came tumbling after,  
thinking it was her  
place, her duty to fix the**

broken man. But the thing about broken men is that they're unfixable. The best you can hope for is some kind of revenge ~~against~~ in spite of their existence. Men are a system QB (like Tom Brady) and the system must be destroyed!