

FLOUNDERS

Flounders have a profound asymmetry — one side has been completely flattened. What's more, they have deformed, twisted skulls, and an eye that has migrated from one side of the face to the other. It's as though you had both eyes on the same side of your nose. How did they get this way? —He was in the next room tearing up papers.

- It happened very fast, without warning.
- the sound of water
- We lasted no more than 10 minutes in the restaurant.
- She was three months pregnant.
- the red room.

1.

Flounders have one eye to the anger, naturally. The living a baby's eyes rose with her sister-in-law's first chemo trees and his arm twisted a baby's like some morning without warning tragic was though now out there, darkness reminded her of a thought. It was the houses, and his dribble accumulating a baby. The most emotional anxious and the baby's lips. She migrated from rising, red. Went to therapy because it wasn't tell so I told her face to be dialogue. Between all white a profound water was whereas three months yet. Her sister, and snow

she was calming, the window that she was lay sprawled across think throat. They were to the feel alarm and the yellow myself off. I seemingly a translucent egg yolk against a day. My mother purse for pleasant stop talking again. Anything red in there's not want, mountains the only nod that has security sewn in. Temperature calming, maybe even. There's no one side of the temperature had to feelings, where it was dropping and still was, grown with them, like a there, dark as an eye. Both eyes rose with a swagger. The trees and experience the houses, moodier and different patterns. Sheknew to tell so I told me to try everything, the outside forever. In my rage. Let me say at her yellow satin bedspreading out. There was winter and she lay fallen. The only was the different patterns. They were support. "Serious eyes," she let loose two balloons, one red in the wind reminds her face. She had passed still was, a grown woman life. In fact the valley today, airing up paper articles, dark silver them. She was tock to trees and his back.

2.

I would have to start with the anger, naturally. The fist at the back of my throat. He was in the next room tearing up papers, newspaper articles which tracked the rise and fall of the financial market. Out the window right now the nub of a building is brighter than anything else on the horizon, a seemingly translucent egg yolk against

the sky. He was tearing up those papers into little pieces and throwing them, like confetti, all over the living room floor. A cat lived in the house too, and it came to see what the shower was all about, sniff the flakes. He had had his arm twisted again and again and couldn't shake the feeling that something tragic was about to happen. Tilly, the cat, stared at him with her yellow eyes. It was winter, and snow stuck to trees and mountains in different patterns. There was a trace of disaster to be followed, had to be someone to punish. He shredded the pieces of paper some more, each cut conforming to the stress of a thought. The sun is setting like a tablecloth on all the houses, looks like a storybook out there between the houses and everything with its snow fur. That pastel time of day. The last hurrah, though, the radiator pipes kicking as pieces of light on the branch outside fade.

3.

flounders have a profound influence. my eyes feel weak. should i go out and get cards? when i'm ambivalent already why try to look for a sunny card, as though the radiator in the morning against the sky. He was tearing up papers. There were newspaper articles which tracked the rise and fall of the financial market. While some time had passed, still she hadn't gone out there to show her face. She lay sprawled across things

as a spreading out on character. We lasted no more than 10 minutes in the next room. The papers were pinkish-red, not the bloody red in my rage. The sun is setting like a tablecloth on all the houses, and it looks like a storybook out there, dark as a tree trunk. The wild wind reminded her of another person: the tock to your tick. In my world, people don't have one. Tilly had been predicted, but in fact the temperature had risen and one could see elephant-colored mountains where snow had melted off had turned to iris-color, the sky changed more silver than blue. The dingley light outside was gone, a very short-lived show. Puppet masks. I can't think clearly, they're probably not thinking clearly either.

flounders have a profound influence. should I go out and get cards? when I'm ambivalent already why try to look for a sunny card, as though the radiator pipes kick pieces of light on the branch outside gone. Guilt was a pressure that came after everything. She had forgotten his dribble bibs in the hurry to meet her sister in a coffeeshop downtown, Cosi's. The baby sat on the table, her sister-in-law a few weeks away from 50, childless and single. There were twigs filling the space, plus a carpet of some sort, but a lot of indistinguishable debris made the room impossible to climb through. Like a comma, go off in that direction. The red room was where it was happening, the control room. In it, boughs had snapped off trees and lay fallen. There were twigs filling the space, plus a carpet of some sort, a lot of pain about not

having a child, and he didn't know how to break the newspaper articles which tracked the rise and fall of the face to the other hand, the sound of water -- We lasted no more than 10 minutes in the next room tearing up papers. --It happened very fast, without warning. --the sound of water was stultifying. On the other. It's as though the radiator pipes kick the pieces of paper, each cut conforming to the news. She wasn't three months pregnant. --the red room was where it was happening. There was a carpet of some sort, a lot of pain about now and experience the orangish gold tint across the yellow satin bedspread, feeling she was a kid, talking and listening. Right now out the wind. I don't have one. Tilly had been talking about her baby since she was being rude gnawed at her too. He didn't know how to break the newspaper articles, whereas this is exactly what I did. It's the last few minutes, the mountains again this morning when I first wake up but I've learned that I can't think clearly. flounders have a profound influence. my eyes feel weak. should I go out and get cards? when I'm ambivalent already why try to look for a sunny card, as though you had both eyes on the same side of the day.

4.

Flounders have no way of knowing. He'd be stuck to your tick. In a small place for the flakes.

Middle of the flakes. He had forgotten his dribble bibs in the houses,
and it came after the living with his sister talking about it: she was no
one to trees and mountains in different patterns.

He had passed still was, a grown woman living room.

I seem to not want to explore my feeling now that she was almost
burning to the next room tearing up those papers.

There were “serious eyes” the window the nub of a tornado. The cat
stared at him with them. The guilt swathes my head, cramps my
stomach, I have no way of knowing.

Whereas this morning to the orangish gold tint across the pieces of her
gnawed at him with a swagger.

I seem to make order out of human living room tearing up paper some
time had to feel like a combing.

The fist at the bloody red in their pain and after all.
the wind swept across things and everything,

The dribble bibs in the nub of a day, and it looks like I'm choking. Or could say blinded.

frequently confused with the verb *founder*. The difference is one of severity; floundering (struggling to maintain a position) comes before foundering, losing it completely by falling, sinking or failing

5.

She let loose two balloons. The idea that I had both eyes on the newspaper, each cut conforming to the other who died. I allow myself. In the limits of my head, cramps my stomach, I shredded the red room. In it, boughs had completely flattened. The ball at the branch outside gone, it was happening, The first disaster to be dialogue between the orangish gold tint across the voices. We lasted no more silver-blue sky. He was dropping and lay fallen. The dribble accumulating at the back with her yellow eyes. little room impossible to climb through. like confetti, the balloons, one white as an eye that has migrated.

6. in the family

seem to be the narrator, the sister-in-law, sister, “he” the brother, Tilly
the cat, a baby on a table, a fetus, and “We,” perhaps a subset of these.

he she sister brother sister-in-law I me baby mother

in the family Bothidae, containing about 200 species, the better-known flounders include the summer flounder (*Paralichthys dentatus*), an American Atlantic food fish; the peacock flounder (*Bothus lunatus*), a tropical American Atlantic species attractively marked with many pale blue spots and rings; and the brill (*Scophthalmus rhombus*), a relatively large commercial European species. Flounders in the family Bothidae typically have eyes and colouring on the left side. See also *flatfish*

Perh. an onomatopie blending of the sound and sense of various earlier words; cf. FLOUNDER v. (OF. *fondrer*), BLUNDER, and the many vbs. with initial fl- expressing impetuous and clumsy movements.

7.

numbers a necklace of bones.

thin, white, bendable but hard

arrows the kind that if you were eating flounder and found

in your mouth you'd have to stop

chewing. Numbers and women. ○

Bones like nets keeping things

together. Spikes on your tongue,

down your throat. A scrim of spiderweb

Between the head and the heart, a series of branchial arches, cartilaginous structures that support the gills of fishes and larval amphibians begin to form. In higher vertebrates these

structures form part of the jaw and ear. Limb buds also appear, and by the end of the embryonic stage, the embryo is distinguishable as a representative of its species.

He
is
assessing
directions,
but

he
is
not
lost,
not
floundering.

9. one side of the night was calming

The swollen ball at the shower was all about, sniff the financial market.

Now she knew that just because she couldn't have one. Tilly had been predicted, but in fact the temperature had risen and one could imagine it

happened. --sound, water -- He smelled like turning but a lot of pain about now and experience the orangish gold tint across the yellow satin

bedspread; feelings, whereas this something has a pressure that came after all. dark silver-blue sky. for weeks the mountains different. The sun

is setting moodier out there between them and everything, but couldn't have babies. not even an alternative life style. it's like a tablecloth on all

this correspondence--but i've learned that it's just about her baby's lips.

she was in the houses, and an eye. somehow in their furry coat of snow.

It's the last few minutes in the restaurant. I walked in, saw my sister in a

coffeeshop downtown, Cosi's. The baby since she wasn't three months pregnant and felt rotten. What kind of newspaper articles which tracked

the pieces of light on the hurry to meet her sister holding his back for support. "serious eyes" the wild wind reminded her of the day. When

you know you have just as simple as it's too painful emotional scenarios? she let loose two balloons. She had to be someone to punish.

I allow myself to be dialogue between them and everything with the anger, naturally. The fist at the back of my head. He was in the middle of the tornado. little pieces of paper some more, each cut conforming. Right now with them she heard them talking in the middle of the face to the morning. "serious eyes," she said, "he has security sewn into it." the darkness reminded her purse for tissues to stop talking about her baby's lips. she was tearing up papers. They were pinkish-red, not think clearly.

The sun is setting moodier out of sensation. It was thought at first he'd be a therapist, putting him in a clock. The last few minutes in the red room was where it happened very fast. though you had both eyes on the tornado. a little pieces of light outside gone guilt was a very short-lived show. the idea that i'd be stuck to trees and mountains had all been white and one could imagine

As an adult the fish lives on the bottom, with the eyed side uppermost.