

## ANTO FIVE

### SPRING

*the sun was high.*  
*Light poured down like*  
*ica. The Great Lawn seemed*  
*the grass flashing hot roses. Light*  
*petal-pink down at the beginning of*  
*of the high pines shimmered new green*  
*Sinfan could see Bill Bizerkowill raking*  
*towers and turrets of Death House shined*  
*into peacocks in the spring light steam.*  
*resting his chin on his office win*  
*dowsill lazily on the lookout for a glimpse*  
*toward her daily appointment with him. She will come. A bird seemed to cry*  
*deep in the Pine Grove. It was a strange song.*  
*Long and high and sweet and tender and full of sadness and joy like a silk lute string screaming. Sinfan realized: Ancient pines*  
*talk withdraw conform. Deep dark mysterious bird manifests as if Truth*  
*Some way that song seems to be coming directly to me.*  
*Sinfan gazed a few minutes at the distant high pines and then down into the dark lower depths of the Pine Grove, trying to realize*  
*what kind of glorious bird it nested. Sinfan realized: It is a nightingale crying for a rose to open, when suddenly he saw a sliver*  
*of light like a quick tear spurt from a nightingale emerging from the needle carpeted darkness under the distant Pine Grove. It*  
*was Twistina Perdue. Sinfan believed she was naked as he saw her brush something that he imagined was a little heart off*  
*her back and shoulders. Sinfan realized: How utterly lovely and spiritually superior Twistina is. How sweet. She shook*  
*out her long black hair in a long bending sweep. Then he realized that she was wearing a scanty white bikini. Sinfan real*  
*ized: Even though she has lost a dangerous amount of weight from her anorexic compulsions, Twistina's body is so lovely.*  
*So slim. Translucent in the steamy air, an elegant woman. A crescent moon. How beautifully she throws her long black hair.*  
*Into the bright light, after Twistina, in valentine red sweater and pants and white sneakers, Wally Warpette the advertising man*  
*emerged from the dark grove and took her arm into a warm arm in arm. They stopped. They kissed. Wally Warpette turned and*  
*left her. He turned back to wave gallantly high to her. His arm a great wide smile, Wally Warpette turned once more and strolled*  
*toward Death House. Twistina Perdue turned directly toward Sinfan's office window in the Mental Barn. Her love could see*  
*Sinfan in his open window over that far distance. Sinfan realized: She understands I am here. Suddenly the Pine Grove looks*  
*like the cloud section of Olympus where the gods squat to defecate love. This is too bitter a thought. I must not give in to the two kill*  
*ers of humanity, jealousy and greed. I will not want what other people have. I want what I have. She waved her thin crescent*  
*arm toward Sinfan, wiggled her hips deliciously, pointed one slender finger to her vagina and threw a kiss. Sinfan cried.*  
*He watched her as she began to stride barefoot through the bright light across the Great Lawn. His heart pounded. His*  
*heart diddled. His heart piddled. His heart stopped. His heart popped. His heart turned upside down. Sinfan closed his*  
*linen suit jacket, and waited for her at his specially lowered desk. Sinfan realized: Sometimes*  
*the Truth is a bitter sting, I must be patient. It can become as sweet as honey. The poor girl*  
*has not only lost too much weight. She has lost all sense of right behavior. No one ever*  
*plucked a rose without feeling the stab of a thorn. She must regain her submission to the*  
*will of God. I must be patient. Her beauty and goodness: her future: must be saved.*

"Good morning, doctor. Am I very late? How do you like my new bikini?" Twistina asked: as she entered Sinfan's office. Sinfan said: "It's not appropriate for a medical appointment," as pleasantly as he could. "And besides you're too skinny for such things." Twistina laughed: "How silly! Only slim women can wear bikinis! Where've you been? Fatties spill all over. I know my breasts are small, Sinny, but what more could anyone want than a handful or a mouthful?" Twistina asked, and then cheerfully, her lips curled with cream, pushing her slender bikini top toward Sinfan: "Where've you been?" Sinfan said: "Where you cannot imagine, that is where I have been!" as pleasantly as possible. Twistina said: "Oh! That's right! They say that you woke up. Everyone's in awe of you. Even Mother and father. You must have worked very hard. What's it like to wake up?" Sinfan said as pleasantly as possible: "What you cannot imagine, that is what it is like." Twistina asked: "Is it like losing your mind?" Sinfan said: "The flying peach that holds the ripe green ocean of sugar rain that never falls, as they call it in China, is like an inner nuclear reaction. It is difficult to explain. Few try to explain it. Every particle of your mind collides with every other particle of your mind until the nuclei of your mind fission. Then there's a big light. Then there's a fusion followed by an implosion. And a bigger light. Then there's a terrible wind that blows everything away and all that's left is very little and very beautiful." Twistina smiled: "Just like you!" as she sat down in an armchair facing Sinfan's desk. "Did you see me?" Sinfan cried: "Where?" Twistina said cheerfully, her lips curling, her blue eyes shining: "I know you saw me! I could see your face in the window, Sinny! You're cute." Sinfan cried: "I don't know what you are talking about." Twistina snapped: "You god-damn prude! You saw me coming out of the Pine Grove with Wally Warpette! You know you did!" Sinfan cried: "Were you in the Pine Grove with Wally?" Twistina smiled: "You saw me!" Sinfan cried: "How pleasant, Twistina." Twistina sighed: "We fucked. I'm practicing for you." Sinfan cried: "I'm sure you're just exaggerating, Twistina." Twistina snapped: "Would you like to see the pine needles on my ass?" She jumped up, turned her back to Sinfan and began to pull down her bikini bottom. Sinfan thundered: "Twistina! Behave yourself! This isn't right! What would your mother and father say if they saw you like this? You know it's not right! Have you lost all sense of right behavior?" Twistina yelled: "My mother and father are goddam liars!" She turned and yanked up her bikini: "You think they never fucked in their life? They think I'm some kind of dried up Joan of Arc! Just because I'm skinny now and have big eyes people think I'm a saint! I'm a human being! And if that isn't good enough for you, or my father or mother: You can all eat shit! I may be skinny, but my heart is fat and my pussy's wet! And I love it." Then Twistina added with a sudden second act softness: "Can't you see how much I want you, Sinny? I'm practicing so hard to be able to make you feel wonderful! If you don't want my hot meat and electricity, why are you crying?" Sinfan cried: "I'm not crying." He sensed his penis becoming a bit turgid. Twistina said softly, winking as she looked at the bulge in Sinfan's linen trousers: "You know, Sinny, mon petite Dauphin des petite charmes exquisite, it is professionally and socially, very bad to lie. You'll never be a real boy. Your nose will grow longer every time you lie."

Sinfa then undere-  
"I am nota liar! And  
I am a man!" Ashe  
sensed his penis be-  
come a bit more  
turgid,  
he crossed  
his legs. My  
mind is mad.  
My head is  
a scissors,  
Sinfa nre-  
alized:  
My he

(art is a flaming feather My genitals are a<sup>n</sup> unrolling bunch of grapes. *Sinfa hardened. He snapped: "This is enough of this nonsense. Let's get to work, Twistina. Why are you so full of self-will and self-love?"* Do you want to ruin your college career and your mother and father's hopes for you?"

*Twistina sighed: "Sinny, you're not trying to help me. You're trying to help my mother and father."* She twisted into her chair in a way that ached her small breasts. She stretched her slim legs and looked down at her curling toes and said: "I don't feel you're trying to help me." Sinfa said: "I am trying to help you, Twistina." He sensed a slightly harder turgidity to his penis.

*Sinfa realized: My brain lobes have turned into bird wings flapping on a tight wire from between my eyes to a sweet spot at the nape of my neck.* Twistina

said: "I don't feel you understand me, I don't feel **Tw** I know you enough." Sinfa said: "We've known each other for a few years, Twistina."

**Tw** said: "I mean, Twistina, I don't know you deeply. Why are you so little, Sinny? Were you born that way?" Sinfa sighed:

"No, Twistina, as far as these things are known, evidently some fallout radiation from the atomic bomb at Hiroshima affected my pituitary gland after I reached puberty and my body stopped growing. I'll never grow again."

Twistina asked: "It must have been terrible for you. Were you burned by the bomb?" Sinfa said: "No." Twistina asked: "Was your family?" Sinfa said: "My father was burned to death. My mother wasn't killed."

Twistina asked: "Were your mother and father happy? Did they love each other?" Sinfa said: "Yes." Twistina asked: "What is your mother like?" Sinfa said: "She was very lovely. She smiled like the sun. She died a few years ago."

Twistina said: "Oh, I didn't know. I'm sorry." Sinfa said: "Mother was a very intelligent person." Sinfa sat back in his specially raised desk chair and smiled: "Very good to me." Twistina asked: "Did she work?" Sinfa said: "Yes. She was a master gardener. Her gardens were beautiful. Such blossoms. Such flowers."

Twistina asked: "Did she go to school?" Sinfa said: "Yes." Twistina asked: "To college?" Sinfa said: "Yes." Twistina asked: "Where?" Sinfa smiled weakly: "Wellesley." Twistina said: "Really?" Sinfa said: "Oh, he never went to college." Twistina asked: "What did he do?" Sinfa said: "He was a banker."

Twistina asked: "Where did he learn that?" Sinfa cried: "From his Master." Twistina asked: "Did your parents do spiritual work?" Sinfa cried: "My poor father was a Fast Banking Master of the Sudden School." Twistina asked: "What is that?"

Sinfa said: "Instant enlightenment." Twistina asked: "Like Zen?" Sinfa said: "Yes. The Sudden School is to Zen as sperm to feces."

Twistina smiled: "Oh: I see: Do you feel better now, Sinny?" Sinfa said: "Yes, I do, Twistina. you've always been very kind to me." Twistina asked: "Why don't you call me Twisty? My friends do." Sinfa cried: "Thank you, Twisty. I will. We are good friends." Silence.

Twistina said: "You know: Sinny: if: your mother went to Wellesley and I was at Wellesley: and Japanese women tend to be slim and have black hair: and I'm slim and have black hair: and your mother loved you and"

I love you: Maybe that's why you're afraid to fuck me: Maybe you think: I'm your mother?"

doctor and you are my patient and I must help you." Twisty screamed with delight: "It's not right! And isn't fucking helping someone? You god-damn liar! You're afraid I'm your mother! That's why you won't fuck me!" Sinfan said: "I don't think you're my mother!" Sinfan cried and sensed his penis erecting like a growing branch. Twisty laughed: "You know, Sinny, I had a vision. God called to me." Twisty cupped her hands in front of her mouth and very deeply and slowly called out: "Twisty! This is God! Go to Little America! Warm up Sinny! He's little and cold!" Sinfan said: "I don't want to sleep with you!" Sinfan cried and sensed on the tip of his enlarging penis something like an intricate nest of sparkling sensations. Twisty asked: "Are you sure you don't want to make love to me?" as she rose up pushing her hips toward Sinfan subtly. Sinfan cried: "Certainly." Sinfan said looking sideways, smiling in the sparkling nest. "I told you you shouldn't lie! It's not right. You've lost all sense of right behavior." Twisty said: "I'll never grow! I am a slyly at the enormous bulge in Sinfan's trousers:<sup>1</sup> "Don't you want to be a real boy when you grow up?" Sinfan cried: "I'm a thirty-eight inch midget!" Sinfan realized: My brain has turned into a turtle and is slowly turning upside down in a pool of light. Twisty said: "That will be all for today," swaying slowly to the door, her lips curling with cream, her giant blue eyes shining. "Now don't forget that you're afraid to fuck me because you think I'm your mother. We'll work more on this tomorrow. Please try to remember that I'm trying to help you. And, my good little man, please try to remember to put it down in your patient report that you love me. e've gotten that far! I feel you're doing well and in just a little bit of time you'll be much better." Twisty turned at the door and riding off down the long hall, her arm erect like a sword of light, smiled sweetly and said: "I may be more of a Joan of Arc than you think! You cute little midget! I am certainly not one of your ridiculous gang of mental health serious shit suckers! You cute little nut. You'll crack. God loves fuckers!"

<sup>1</sup> As should be evident, every pain has been taken to move this event into mainstream modesty. In these interests, the secret birth mark embossed, enormous member of the mysterious Doctor Tasmagari has once again been reduced in size considerably, has been given a very modest Fernand Leger, 'cut off pipe,' style of lean clean sexless mechanistic rendered expensive glass cigar tube, and for the happy misleading of children a Corona y Corona Nida de Aves Aureo Real y Real gold band has been applied subtly. And as is evident to the sophisticated color proficient, all of this effort is placed well inside of and completely covered by a pair of Dwarf Royal Outfitters of London, Ltd.'s exclusive off-white humiliation proofed Cardiff stiff lead thread linen trousers.