

Single Rotation

By Loren Crawford

Then again, what made him spin? His head around his shoulders spun all night. Spinning and Rotating around the axis of his mind; a moon to earth. A moon with many craters, many craters indeed. A thought; pounded by the light of the day he awakens; he dribbled on his pillow, lying in the puddle on the cold, hard oblique floor. A place I've seen before

It's flooded here with excuses and "buts" and maybes. And I knew where he'd been. His breakfast tray lay steadfast on the arctic polish, he rolled. He rolled over and he looked for his wife. His wife wasn't there. His wife was above him. His wife was in another league. His wife was still asleep. Asleep and lonely, and above him; above him on the silky mattress, her life reference flung open at a debatable sector; psalms.

I was under his nose, staring him in the face. He saw right through me;

"Look away! Look away!"

Oh sarcasm. The missing half of my two leg ensemble resembled his partnership and received an epitome reaction.

"I'm a marvelous lout. And my lotus; this is Violet"

Pointing upward in the wrong direction, I was introduced to his Violet. This man was a simple mangrove of mammoth proportions. 200cm round, 6'5 tall. Chocolate locks plastered to one gargantuan bright blue eye. All roots so exposed upon our first encounter, in more ways than one. He was a tropical tidal wave hitting Northern Queensland, carrying his beautiful naked flower in arms; she was clasping the bed sheets for her life. Shying away with her leather bound book, looking distraught and somewhat insignificant. An infinitesimal victim of modern religion I supposed as I walked away to leave them alone, tray in hand.

Half a sausage, half a leg; in the blue bin all set for an untimely and early collection, a race against time with the rubbish collectors. I'm a collector, a minuscule compulsion. Nothing odd; reminiscences, opinion. Thoughts! about people like Violet and her husband; Mr. Large that will probably be repeated someday. Up the stairs and down the hall to gather more memories and sing more tunes to the cockatoos and kookaburras that pass me by. By and By, and I'm back again. A short time and the same distance. he's dragged himself upward. He's trying so hard to be more like her. A boatload full of religious nonsense and disputable rituals, he's wasting his time.

Last night, an eventful night. Recall, an abounding portrait of a small pub in the brush of a summers day, cold rain evaporating off the pavement outside. Gushing romance with money and beer and other such felonies, his Violet chasing after him, pretending to be

unattractive; shunning swagmen off her shoulders. So animated as she danced among the apocalypse pots and glasses she thought looked half full.

“Half full? Half Empty?”

“Half full, pessimist!”

She muttered and screamed and laughed, uninhibited by staring faces and infidelity in her voice (reminiscent of past times). Mr. Large beamed a smile that chased both ears. Though Violet could never really tell if he was delighted by her or obsessed with the availability of beer. Probably the latter, she supposed quietly; and kept her wasted breath to herself. The place held the consistency of a cool air-conditioned breeze, and I remembered being there once or three times, with locals and subtle acquaintances in the past years. Years and Years and Years.

Entertaining thoughts of Mr. and Mrs., far from desire, but nevertheless an acquired duty (for no apparent reason, mind you). But they made me laugh somehow. Somehow they just made me laugh. Then again, I have been told my sense of humor is near punishable, and I agree. But they made me laugh because, well, they were funny. I understand that this may be beyond exploration; but my compass isn't broken. The two weren't funny 'ha-ha' funny...more like a satirical or mocking sort of a funny. I loved Violet's rendition of 'Modern Religion 101', for which the three substantial and somewhat foundational A, B and C seemed to be were;

- a) Drink to get drunk
- b) Read your bible, but don't follow it
- c) Serve God through lust, passion and desire

Seemed Fair.

Her husband's close to equally entertaining theatrical appearance in 'Drunks Uncut' was marvelous...he really WAS like her. Or he had the first rule down pat.

Fair-go.

Violet was his possession and she carried her book of psalms in a hidden place and gossiped and lusted. Not unlikely. Sailing into flannelette locals kept his Mrs. Warm that night; starry as it were. And a local man I'd met in my scarce and frivolous visits; Flynt's shirt fitted perfectly. He was long and thin, a small framed risk-factor and a half (he reminded me of that old sausage I threw in the bin earlier this morning). More often than not, Flynt ('old buddy, old pal') could be found in that there pub; and his relationship with the bar tender (who reminded me of 'Carla' from 'Cheers) really did resemble that certain sitcom. I hate sitcoms.

“Still meet me on the sunny road? Follow your compass a little east, over the brush.”

“Ah...that road.”

And the cracks in the heat dried sand shone and glistened for miles down the dirt track, but the nicknamed Mr. Large was too fearful to notice that she wasn't a perfect masterpiece. On the other hand there was probably some method in his madness. And in spite of this, to everybody else he was a maniac with a skipping stone. A stone that missed the cracks, and kind of missed the point because all that glitters is gold, of course.

And right now I stood in the doorway of their minds and listened to their tension and disaster and tragedy evolve in the next room. A room that was familiar to them and unknown. Suffering *déjà vu*, or they'd been there before too. It seemed she had decided on the latter beer obsession as possession of Mr. Large's, and taken to that jolly swagman; Flynt. Somehow I knew this wasn't the first time.

Mr. Large however, completely obliviously buried himself under her perfectly draped arm later that night (or early that morning) because he had cold feet and he didn't want to think about the road she'd walked. Her feet were cold. And they were freezing together, and she knew she'd found somewhere to go. So Violet had weltered on the sunny road. She was kind of exposed in a multitude of forms; especially down the track before midnight. She felt like a satirical Cinderella; although her shoes were much too large to fill.

So whilst her husband lied there, upon the ground after this latest epidemic of an episode, his smile vanished, which wasn't really that surprising. Her smile was a close to an uncertain sort of a smile. And the 6'5 disaster covered beneath his stubby and she hid her face behind her religion and repentance and they stared in the same dubious direction, they were so desolate. And globally, everything about their habitat was bizarre. Bizarre and uncommon and camp and terrific! But who am I kidding?

The brush of the pineapple forests and unquestionable seduction of the heat creeping into eye sockets and mouths and nostrils was so terrific that I was bored. Bored with Mr. Large and Violet and their beer and bibles and dusty roads. Well, the dusty road was bizarre, like me, and I was almost compassionate. Although, I noticed the dirt filling Violet's mouth like somebody's wet sneeze enveloping her. And nothing was perfectly camp anymore. Anymore!

“Anymore? Was it ever? Anyway, I'm not a confrontational man.”

He wasn't a confrontational man. He slanted his head left and his slimy hair dangled in his broth. From underneath the roof below him, the unmistakable sounds of a creaking tap. I'm sure it was cold; the hot top had a more distinct and significantly deeper creak that could only be recognized after living amongst this besom for years on end. And at the end of the creak (I suppose this was when he found the freezing temperature satisfactory) He shampooed and soaped up and leaned against the shower door in fear of collapse, (a rusty

bark) and sat up and had lunch in bed. A lunch of beer and more beer and a whole slab of beer for dessert, and he was alone in bed thinking about younger women in drunken states who looked like a more accustomed version of Violet. And by this stage, he'd sat me down on the end of the bed (another noisy apparatus) and was in the middle of relaying a poignant tale with no point to my soft midday brain. I did tune in every now and again, though I was mainly wondering about where Violet would end up, even though I couldn't have cared less. Mr. Large was feeling guilty in all of his glory.

“Glorious!”

A scarcely Eighteen year-old Japanese canary paraded through his sheets with an oversized camera snapping him up like a tourist attraction. This bird, (another optimist) found herself in vulnerable and volatile positions and all Mr. Large ended up with was confusion and guilt and apathy and perhaps the consumption of another pot or two of lager, if that was at all possible. He found himself becoming more like Violet, who didn't totally belong to him anymore. And he didn't really like it. It slightly surprised him, though his laziness seeped into his life almost wholly from that point onward; to the point of consumption.

But Mr. Large; what a local ambassador! He showed Japan to an Australia she'd never seen before. Failure to economize on Mr. Large's part left him also with a slap in the face and some amount of fluently Japanese cusses. Cusses, Norman could handle. The titan blundered those tunes so often from his own mouth that he was barely aware he'd presented them. Japan left, Violet left, and Norman had somewhat left the moment they walked out the door. And what a capacious door to walk out of, Norman was it's name.

Japan looked rusty, and at her ripe old age just about ready to fall into a downward spiral of retirement. Her face held a downward smile as she told me that Norman had attempted to pay her in beer, and went on to explain that she thought it tasted rancid. Like the words in her mouth were smoother than butter! I wasn't subjected to hold back; so I hobbled over and asked her to leave, lazily imitating her broken English and I think she would've liked to have chased me into a very deep lake. But instead, she did as instructed and left the spinney thicket alone, and didn't look back.