

Explain the Diagram

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As can be seen in this slide here, the subject ended up BB-eyed, benerved, pulling and chewing on its tongue with a brittle rice sack around its neck acting, or so we think, as a crude bucket for the last step of tearing. The eyes, like unlauts, as seen here, are encased, here and here, in a fathomless head. Zooming out, we can see, in this following series, unavailing attempts to tap into the burning willow tree with prod-umbel fingers. Dissection of the subject has revealed that it had not cried for approximately nine hours of its life, the time it took for the willow to collapse into a pile of tetrahedral salts.

Aerial angles got us the best head shots, as these slides will show. The top of the head, as can be seen here, was more like an impressive plateau or bowl of sorts, comprising a good forty-two percent of body landmass. Ultimately, this head was found to be a landing pad for a revisiting flock of small black birds. The birds, after three solid weeks of station (during the season of rain), would fly away to return again within the same hour on the same day of the same month of the following year. Bathing on the head, playing on the head, fornicating in close orbit above the head, defecating down the subject's bare back, the birds were very much alive.

Drowned out because of the cap-toothed color of moonlight, this slide here shows an inaudible shape yawning into the subject's mouth. If we zoom in, here in this slide here, where the shape has pulled away we can see receipts of subterranean reds, frothic syrups, spilling from the mouth: an unidentified animal that may be too much study.

This is when we caught the subject collecting acorns from a lone oak tree. And here the subject is eating the mashed meat of those acorns in a rectilinear field of dust and dancing devils.

Here we caught the subject with a sentence, the only of its kind in three years. After careful analysis by an international panel of experts who read the lips in these photos, it has been concluded that the subject said, "Ten percent of hearts need new people."

Here the subject is rocking back and forth while holding a jar of collected rare space.

Here the subject slipped and fell because the sun is down.

Here the subject is passing out party poppers and strange horns with paper tongues to a host of invisible guests, backlit by the willow at a time of good standing draped in magnificent color. A busy shot indeed, but if we look closely we can see, etched in a plate of bark, in chicken scratch: *Come Home Jennifer*.

And so finally, here, we can see in the subject a perishing subject, laying next to its hut built of saliva-rolled deposits of earth and animal shreds. A pack of wild, cockle-eyed dogs circled the subject. They extended their tongues and applied them to the subject until an agreeable time of death. Clattering on the salt, their claws sounded as if on a kitchen floor. It appears they were drawn to the subject's epithelial sheath of skin, an odd de-development. Oddly more, in the end, the dog tongues basted up the subject as a glossy urn of deathlessness in relief design.

Upon approach, clucking the dogs away with our tongues, the putrid odor of a sucked thumb forced the team, momentarily, to retreat for a better air hunt.

In addition to an untitled manuscript stacked in the corner, composed on clay tablets, we can see here and here and here, and here, the pictures I talked about on Monday. Saliva-stuck to the hut, a raw collection of, possibly, American women posing with such things as whips made of harvested horsehair, ordinary fruits, and wide, unbecoming mouths.

For next week, the mouthparts.