

Cobbler by Willie Smith

Contributed by Willie Smith

COBBLER by Willie Smith The cobbler sat down to cobble together breakfast with the remains of last night's cobbler. The meat was already for the most part consumed. So he hacked out the liver. Quartered the organ on the cuttingboard. Tossed a slab into the blender. Found organ music on the radio to mask the racket. Let "er rip. When WHERE SHEEP MAY SAFELY GRAZE became ungodly boring, he snapped off the blender, killed the music. Poured pureed liver into a coffee cup. Drank off the room-temperature goo. He was famished after a long night of nightmares. He congratulated himself, as the sustenance slid down his gullet, on this brainstorm of eliminating the competition with such excellent nutrition. Glad he had so chosen to stop shitting himself on the shoe. Backs are for stabbing. Competition " what of it you can't eat " is for the vultures. Thus the cobbler " belching " cobbled the day's philosophy. Slipped into these twin adages of the ages. Relieved himself on the toilet. Closed eyes. Dove in the toilet. Swam to work. Reported for a hellish day of slaving to meet the demands of double the business. Swore he would never again eat another cobbler. Then a new kid appears on the block. In his hand appears a hatchet. Along the mind's blade hatch ideas. Batten the hatches! Drags the corpse upstairs. And again the cobbler a the cobbler. Our very own cobbler. Squatting all these years in the sub-basement. Eating cobbler kills the appetite. Till along comes in your face the next cobbler. It's a virus eat virus world. Keep all receptors scratched and nicked. Never trust a surface with no rust. Remember: you are just another I in the peacock of us.