



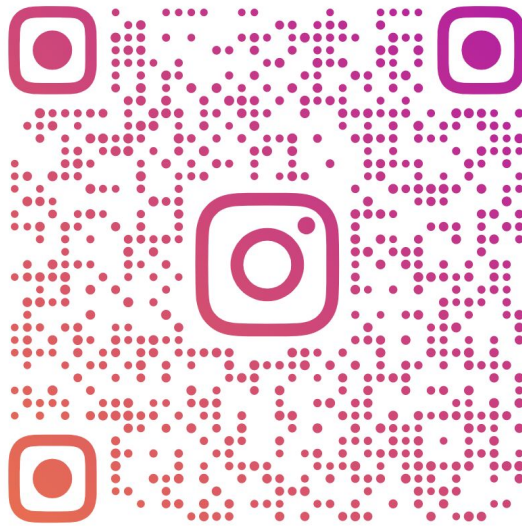
# Broken Things

fragments & poems

George Pestana

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Thanks to Frank Winkler (FrankWinkler) on  
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ØDDWRITINGS

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## Broken News



Officials were shocked today to learn that a smurf, whose identity will not be revealed, was responsible for breaking up the crime ring of a notorious band of criminals intent on stealing all diamond wedding rings in the city and hoarding them at a secret location. Central to the plot was the insertion of tiny pellets of the drug penicillin into the inside grooves of said rings, said to confer the power of safety from all infection whether intentionally spread or not. Using a stun gun aptly named "henry IV," the smurf proceeded to burn all flammable evidence in sight, while merely singeing everything else. Unfortunately the secret location happened to exist within the slum sector of the city, and many priceless slum artifacts were lost in the fire. Attempts to interview eyewitnesses proved fruitless, owing to the fact that they were dead at the time of the bust.





An unidentified dog today spurned the crumbs handed to him by his master, shortly after burping. The master, one J. H. Fumblecricket, exclaimed exasperatedly that he didn't know what had gotten into the beast. "I cann'a explain it," he said, "Lyotard hadn'a once acted so daft in all me life." When queried about the burp, the concerned citizen seemed unconcerned. "He burps alot," said the man, "especially after chasin' lizards." Upon examination of the crumbs nothing untoward was noticed. Rumor has it that after the incident a chemist neighbor examined the crumbs for any lingering rat poison or other dangerous commonly found substance, but Mr. Fumblecricket was unable (or perhaps, unwilling) to confirm the report. This marks the third time in as many years that unusual behavior has been noted in the dog residents of this particular neighborhood. Conspiracy theories are bound to begin their inevitable sprouting should this mystery not be solved, and quickly. When asked if he had filed a police report, Mr. Fumblecricket shook his head. Whether he shook it up, down, or sideways is of course immaterial to the case. We caution all responsible readers to watch their pets carefully for crumb denial, should this prove not to be an isolated incident.



## - BREAKING NEWS -

**DUMB THUMB  
RUBS  
SUNBURN,  
HURTS NUN!!**

A none-too-clever thumb has rubbed the sunburned shoulder of a woman of the cloth. Sister Mary-Ann Peluski complained yesterday of the painful incident, perpetrated in broad daylight at the corner of Winston and Marmoset. The owner of the thumb, who has asked to remain anonymous, objected that all he was doing was scratching her itch, which he could clearly sense. Sister Peluski denies itching at all, claiming that her shoulder was feeling mildly sedated as she pondered the concerto she had heard the night before. Preparations have been made for a full inquiry, to be taken under oath under the oak tree in front of Justice Hall. Residents may remember this particular spot as the same one on which the bones of former president Monroe lay scattered due to the upsetting of his hearse by a frightened cow, followed by a veritable feasting of flesh-eating crows shortly thereafter. This will be the first test of local ordinance 23, which prohibits the abuse of skin by non-relatives. The defense will undoubtedly claim that the intent to abuse was not present during the action, while the prosecution will argue that the damaged nature of the skin should clearly have indicated to the thumb not to proceed, despite the admittedly limited intelligence of the opposable digit.



The never-ending economic slump received a shot of adrenaline today as the largest trust of the land, Magellan Balboa, injected a truly massive amount of specie into circulation. The hope is that the sudden increase in liquidity will cause solid structures to melt throughout Wall Street, particularly the sculpture spreading its horrible wings over the populace recently erected by Phineas the bad-mouthed sailor upon the front lawn of the central bank. Participants of the yearly bull run have endlessly criticised the monstrous work of supposed 'art,' your correspondent included, for its propensity to steer the steers away from their appointed route, goring passersby in the process, much to the chagrin of the metropolitan city cleaners' guild. Veteran wall street brokers have noted, with full fidelity, that the trust's decision to boost the slump will likely succeed, at least to the point of changing it into a shambling sort of stance. Causing it to fully become erect is seen as doubtful, however, given historical precedence. Yet one cannot fail to appreciate the optimism apparent in the actions of Magellan Balboa - here they are, a firmly established firm, putting their monetary position in peril in the hopes of stemming the floodwaters of oncoming financial disaster if only for a brief shining moment, all for the benefit of the little man.

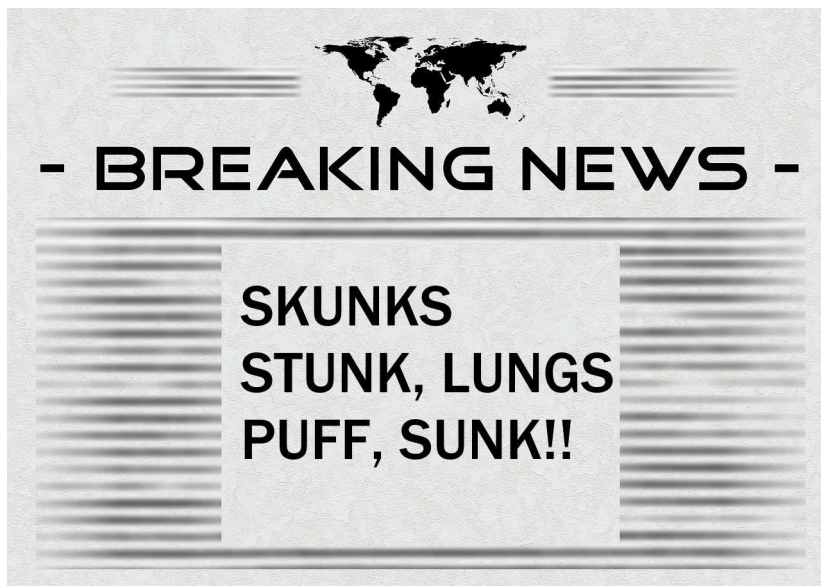


Residents of Carlyle Street were awoken yesterday morning by a constant barrage of drum-thumpings. In a desperate attempt to stop the racket, everyone in the neighborhood proceeded to open their backyard apiaries such that a swarm of bees soon clouded the skies throughout the town. The buzzing of those insects served to soften the audible blows of the skin-taught instruments, which was somewhat of a relief - but what really amazed the onlookers was the collective action of the swarm. It seemed that the repeated, rhythmic beats served to form patterns in the very body of that mass of flying creatures, much as a flock of birds will form patterns as they leap into the air during the summer; and the observers, mesmerized, soon began descrying fantastic shapes amidst the living clouds. Castles formed, and huge lollipops, and rings of undulating kangaroos - and soon the residents' cameras were out, and photos were taken. A new art form was declared - that of Apian Swarm Photography. Such photographs cannot be printed in newspapers, it was quickly discovered; the reason for which is not yet clear, but several hypotheses put forth by those in the know suspect that the inherent loathing of pointillist techniques by photojournalists in this part of the world is to blame. As for the cause of the drum beats, the Meredith High School Band admitted to have been particularly expressive that morning.

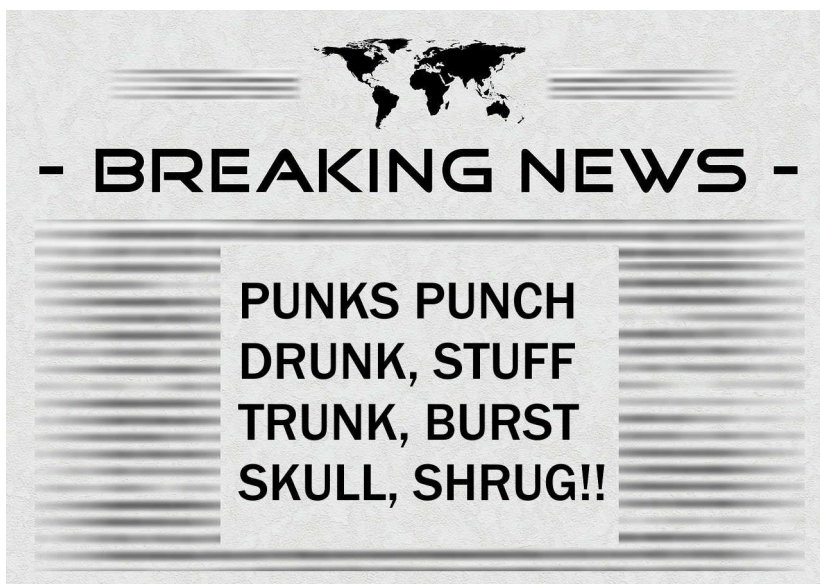




A brush was found this morning in a most disgusting state of turf, mud, dust, and fluff all entangled together willy-nilly. What the owner of the brush was intending to do can hardly be imagined, though one can be certain that those with civilized taste would clearly want to distance themselves from even attempting to make such a supposition. The police were immediately called, resulting in more than one officer doubling over and emptying the contents of their bellies into the nearest bush at first site of the discovery. Gingerly holding his nose, one upholder of the law managed to carefully dust the wretched handle for fingerprints, followed by all-around applause at this not-to-be-underestimated feat of endurance. Should the perpetrator of this offense to the public sense of decency and all that is good ever be identified, one can be certain that, like the ancient Athenians, he, or - good Lord! - she, will summarily be ostracized without the city walls. Such abhorrent sullyng of cleaning utensils is not to be tolerated, lest we as a society fall down the slippery slope leading to all debauchery and contumeliousness. A record has been noted of the location of the find, and the area cordoned off should members of the public be accosted by any lingering odiferous remnants of this disaster without the requisite warning to gird their loins in preparation for the assault upon their senses.



Pantaloone Square was overrun last night by an army of dispeptic skunks, resulting in multiple admissions to the city hospital of residents suffering from collapsed lungs. Those who survived described labored breathing in which their chests heaved to enormous proportions before shrinking down into shriveled forms of their former selves. Surprisingly, none of the skunks appeared to have sprayed anyone or any buildings in the square; they were instead suffering from an apparently acute form of indigestion, resulting in streams of flatulent air of such concentration that the effects of inhalation of said streams resembled those of nerve gases used during the recent war. The possibility of this being a giant hoax perpetrated by a group of wayward schoolboys has crossed the minds of more than one investigative reporter, given that yesterday the Society for Ladies of Proper Etiquette (SLOPE) held their annual meeting in that same square, and that particular organization has had run-ins with local gangs of roguish urchins on various occasions. Should this be the case, the timing of the hoax indicated quite poor planning, for SLOPE had left the square hours before the skunks descended upon the scene; and indeed, our urchin gangs have exhibited shocking incompetency in the execution of prior adventures, even by the standards of the contemporary blackguard-in-the-making.



An exceedingly unfortunate fellow, one Andrew Tourniquet, having just inebriated himself at the Sloozy Tavern, was accosted whilst attempting to open his car door in the parking lot. Set upon by a band of hooligans concerned about the prevalence of drunk driving in our fair city, he was punched repeatedly in the face to the point where his skull fractured into large sloppy pieces; at which point, his attackers pulled his keys out of his fumbling fingers, opened the trunk of his car, and stuffed him inside. Clearly no one would think of searching for clues to a missing Andrew Tourniquet by investigating the contents of his abandoned car, or so the murderers thought; unfortunately for them (but not nearly as unfortunately as what Fate had in store for Mr. Tourniquet), they were spotted in the act by the Sloozy Tavern's car park attendant. Asking the malefactors what they thought they were doing, they responded by simply shrugging. "That's one less drunk on the road," they added, as if having thought of saying so was an idea which had just occurred to them. Their leader then handed his own car keys to the park attendant - it turns out they had carpooled to the tavern in order to save some gas - who obediently went and retrieved the assailant's car, after which they sped away. When questioned by the police, the car park attendant admitted to not having asked for the criminals' identifications.

## Wood

wood that the  
wood-termites chew  
withstands the  
withdrawal.  
it's a wood-bank,  
like a food-bank  
for foragers.  
eaten away,  
the planks and posts  
stand still,  
an image  
of intensely slow  
crumbling,  
hosts for the hungry,  
pallid as ghosts.  
good will  
is in good supply  
here in these halls  
of holes  
and grainy porridge  
bowls.  
"please, sir,  
may i have  
another?"  
i read dickens  
in the woods,  
stricken  
with the sense  
of convalescence,  
even as the  
walls weaken,  
mumbling not



with wheedling  
words  
of the ways of the  
woods and the  
termites'  
feeding,  
needing, and yet  
not pleading.

*The above poem was first published in SkywayJournal, February, 2021.*



Artist : GDJ (Gordon Johnson) from Pixabay

## IO, the Lawbreaker

i hid within implicit sin  
in drifting high; illicit pills  
i wish i didn't mix with gin  
in-stilling mississippi's will

to flow or drown tomorrow's crop  
forlorn to knock on sorrow's door;  
oh! not for Solon's crown to drop  
of old, or roll on Oxford's floor

did i inhibit witticism's  
instinct in inspiriting  
insight, in sight, in limpid prisms  
splitting light, if limiting,

to colors soft, or bold;  
for Honor(')s hot or Honor(')s cold.



Artist : Philippe GDS (PhilGONDAS) from Pixabay

## Before the Fall of the Mastodons

before the fall  
of the mastodons  
the grey light  
shimmered  
in the early hours.  
some burly,  
some lean,  
homo erecti  
followed their  
ancient routine,  
arising,  
cleaning,  
fire-tending,  
blending their  
speech with that  
of lower creatures.  
they spoke  
of the turning wind  
and coming storm  
and the breaking  
of previous plans.  
the shaking of trees  
for nut-fall  
would be replaced  
by basin-spreading  
for rain-catch;  
salted hides  
sealed  
for dryness, in places  
unrevealed to the  
eye in the sky,  
and the gift prepared

for the slaking  
of the land.  
and with a hand-movement  
all work started.  
the gazelles and hares  
in their own way  
felt these changes  
and knelt in their hearts  
though not knowing why.



Artist: Digital Designer (DigitalDesigner) from Pixabay



## Certainty

casement closed  
against the spread.  
locks turned.  
eraser of my mind  
is at the ready.  
steady now, steady...  
imagination  
of what MIGHT be  
leaks into a memory  
and dread  
of what is not.  
forget what  
has not been.  
forget what  
may not be.  
reserve your sweat  
for what is real;  
and for the rest,  
turn the seal,  
turn the seal.

do note :  
even mountains tremble  
and disassemble  
at times.  
the earth  
cracks.  
rivers overrun.  
all of this occurs  
but only when  
the time has come.  
take a breath,

slowly now, slowly...  
nature heals,  
not just the lowly,  
not just the mighty  
and the strong,  
and not just  
itself - in time.  
that time WILL come.  
remember that.



Artist: falco, from Pixabay

## Request from a Kindly Cow



Artist : dendoktoor on Pixabay

are you enjoying this manuscript clotted with angst  
besotted absurdity brindled with colors of sun  
wondering lazily who in their right mind would thank  
with hundred-fold melodies creatures so tame  
that write on this parchment, my stomach, my name

kindly consider from whence was derived, in corporate  
craft of [odd writings](http://oddwritings.com), so carelessly careful and free  
the draft of which mottles the eyes of your fingers  
the stretch of your skin, the brawn of your thought,  
the crust of your crinoline headcheese

visit me please, and drop a few coins to show your thanks

<http://oddwritings.com>

moo

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