

THE CHART OF ENDINGS.

Here below, the pithy final acts and false epiphanies to forty unrealized stories in whose titles are formulated by the noun phrase of the X axis and the adjectival one of the Y.

	THE ARTIST	THE HOUSE YOU BUILT	THE BLOND CHILD	A FORD MODEL T	MY SORRY DREAMS
ON FIRE	No—his oil paints, with the flirtation of a fallen cigarette as he slept. •••	The scents familiar: lumber, plaster, dried and cracking bracken, all made kindling.	How the glen arched, a great back. How the blond child darted for the low lake. •••	It barreled down the infant highway, the stature of a rampaging chimney. •••	Joy had broken out across my face. “This was the house you built,” the artist said. •
IN TEARS	The Seine’s lapping, coupled with the foot-flattened lavender, overwhelmed him.	Could the house have buckled in response? Could the pipes have moaned, bed-ridden? ••	The buzzing arcade, the musty topcoats, pressed on her. “My mother is busy.”	On that city block, the two counted every sputtering thing in earshot. Either four or five.	The sponge of his ungroomed beard saturated. He continued down the hall in a mutter.
AS AN ORPHAN	Here was an echoing, a return to the sisters’ chapel hollows, when he felt first near-silence.	The parking lots wrapped around the walls, a scorched earth, outlasting you.	She drew in her margins schematics of the very same bed sheet escape rope.	Thomas strained his sight into the gallery forest. Yes, this is an odd place for monuments.	I hid from the nuns in a copse alee, clothes charred, linens swaying from my window.
WITHOUT LIMBS	Toppling the buckets with his chin, he went about another failed masterpiece, slathered.	No reaching out. The trees had been plucked from the ground, baring the colonnade. “The stucco feels like skin,”	“Jesus came into His dominion swaddled the same as you, Leslie.” The bell.	Cranks and keys in the attic hadn’t felt slots or ignitions for years, resolutely rusting.	No room was adorned. No song orchestrated. Our races were run with our tongues.
80 YEARS OLDER	She finds him, the cabernet finishing it’s trickle from the wide lip of his glass, his hush.	you said. We left you there, stumbling your fingers in the dimness. ••	Holes of various sizes molded into the cigar box. The ring, buried in the peat of letters.	Where had they run, in the blurry, dense winter, that could not be trailed closely.	Cinematography, needle and wax reciprocating—the last methods of my histories.
WITHOUT MEMORY	“Such an ungroomed beard. Such an ungroomed beard.” This continued down the hall.	We could only approximate the portrait’s dimensions from the fade of the wallpaper.	She emerged from the dense rack of discount blouses, startling the two women.	“Rend the upholstered bench, the leather canopy. Shatter the headlamps and snap the crankshaft. Yes, boys. Excise its face.” And they went about it, their clubs in percussion. •••	
SUBMERSED	The Seine’s lapping, coupled with the foot-flattened lavender, overwhelmed him.	As the waters, like late afternoon shadows, rise. One slate shingle surfaces.	The indigo and onyx. The gargled keen of barges above. I see the sun, obsoleting.	A dusty contrail gracefully curved to the river surface. Now to walk in the dusklight.	The portrait recovered, hung on the wall. Just in time for the rising shadow and water.
IN LOVE	For each broken tip of charcoal, the two laughed. He resharpened in slow strokes. •	The plumes of dust, the swinging of the great cobalt ball, are something operatic.	Curtains were a perfect hiding place, and in their pleats she felt drawn and anonymous. •	How the glen arched, a great back. How the blond child darted for the low lake. •••	A fallen cigarette. Near-silence. The foot-flattened. The lots of onyx. The bell.

LEGEND TO THE CHART OF ENDINGS.

- This ending, although superficially sanguine, has an undercurrent of hopelessness sufficing for blood in its veins, so much so that the figurative skin of this novella assumes a starched palate of blue hues.
- Any supposed animism derived from this tale is a leaden blame that sits solely on your, the reader’s, shoulders, indicating your fervent wish to find qualities human in the sterile inventions that buck us.
- You manifest the ensuing disaster that scripts its way in the blank pages post this declaration, in your impulse to actualize the cruel god of your manner that hopes it may exert a power unfamiliar and base.