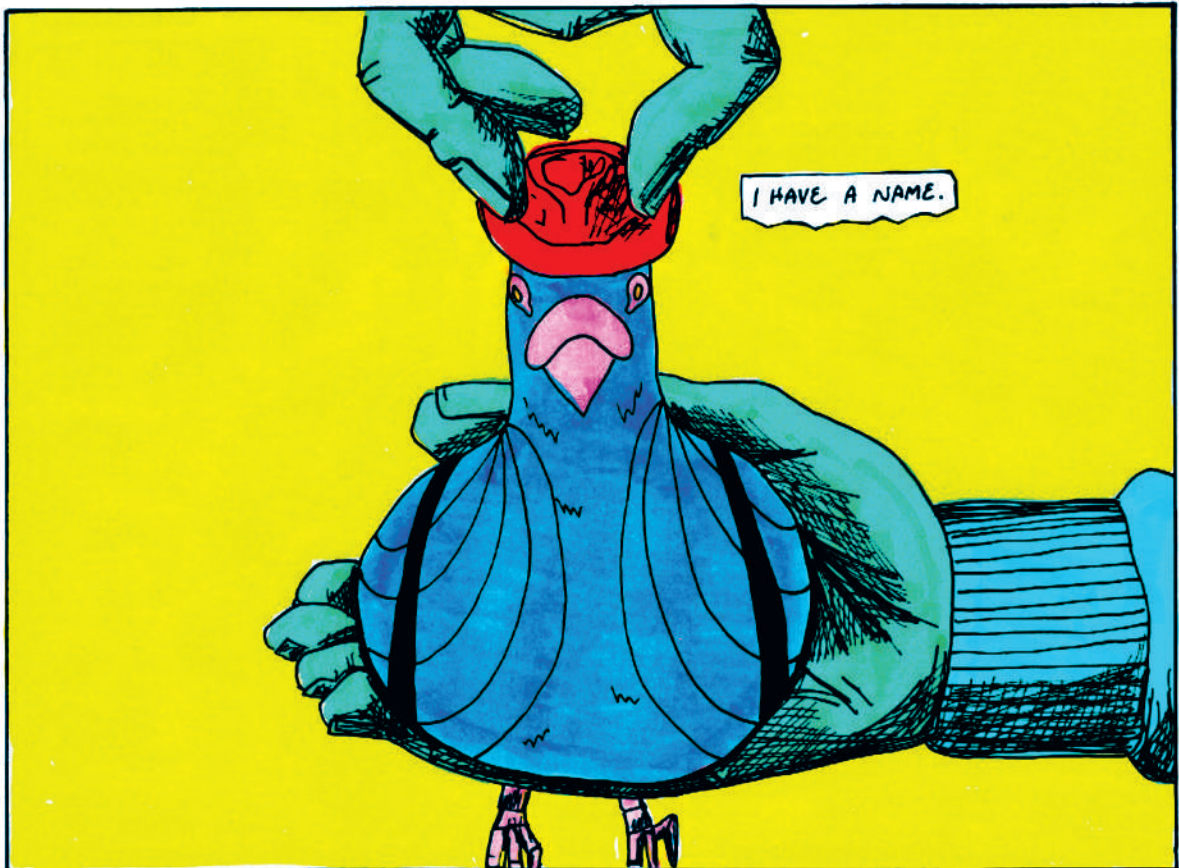
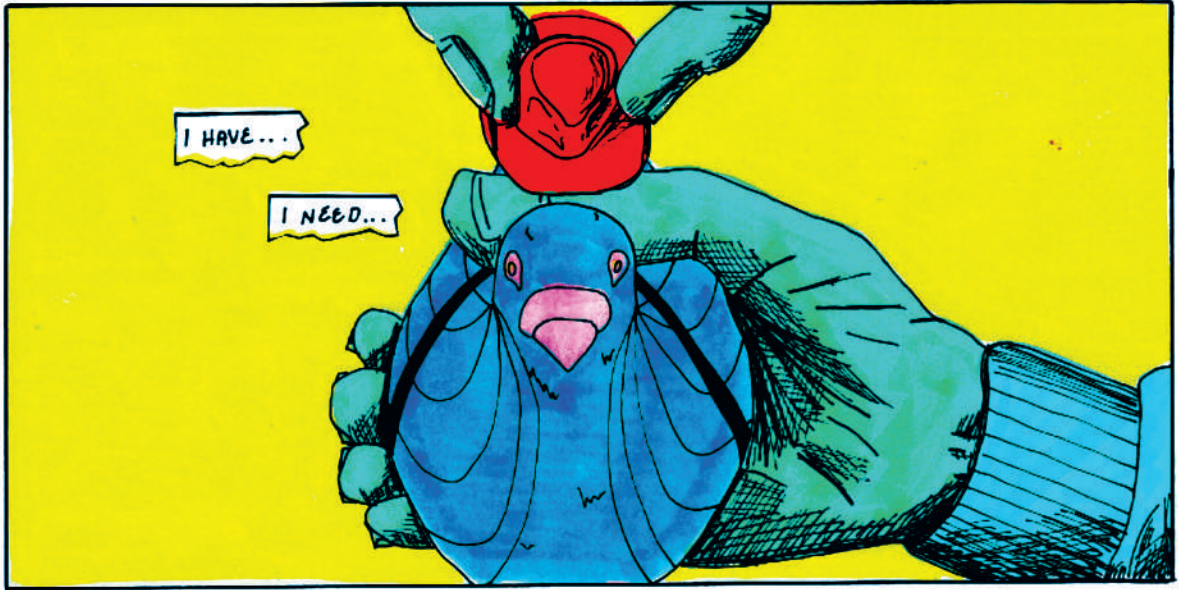
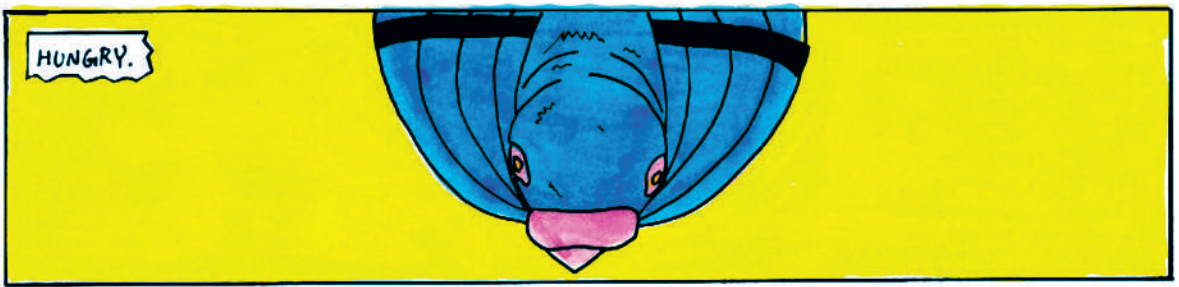




Elias Reichel

cowboy pigeon
in

THE TEN-GALLON CANYON





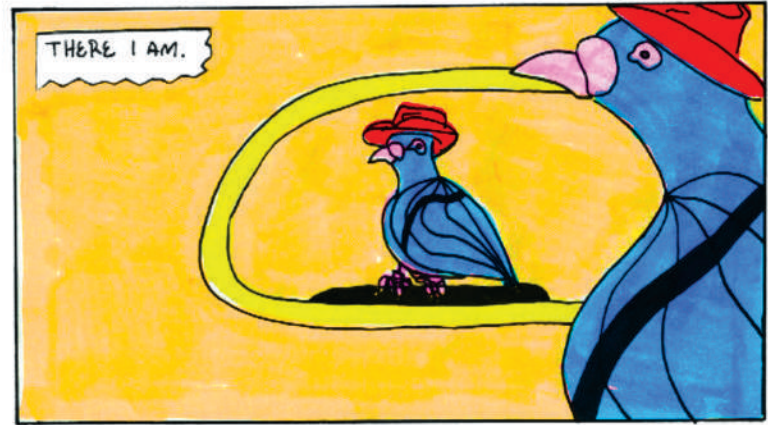
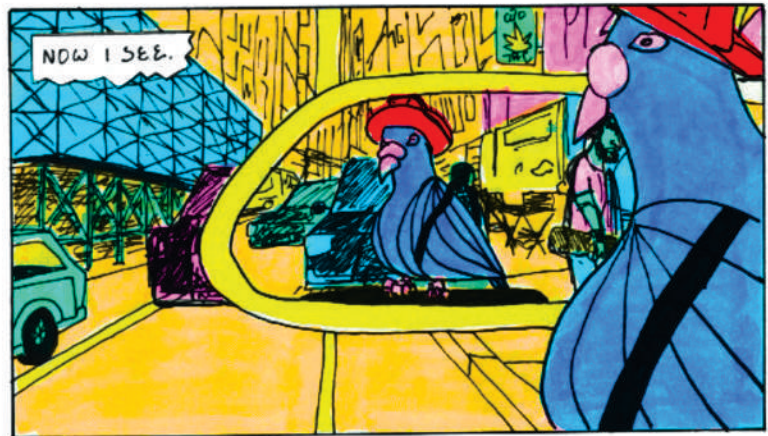
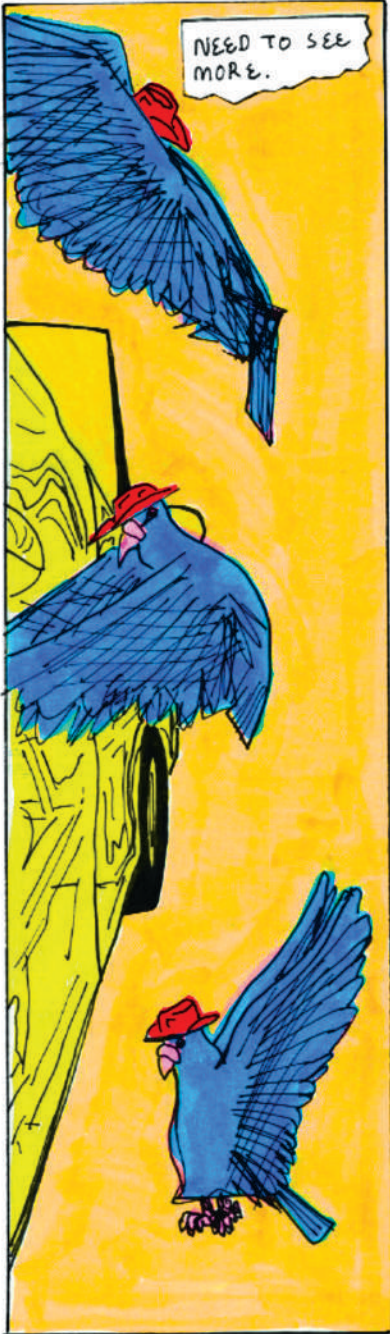
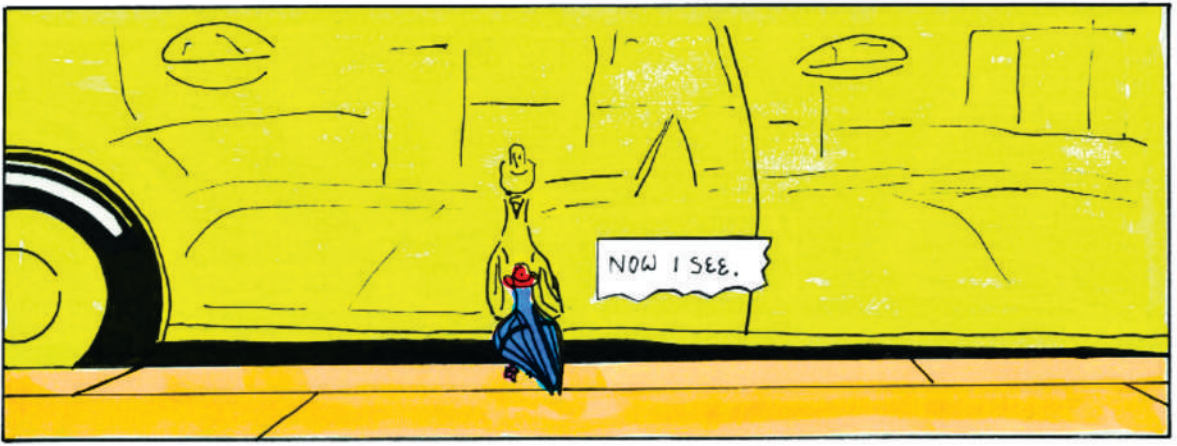
I'M A COMMON DOMESTIC.

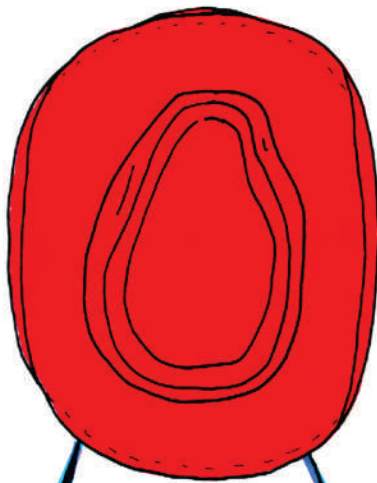
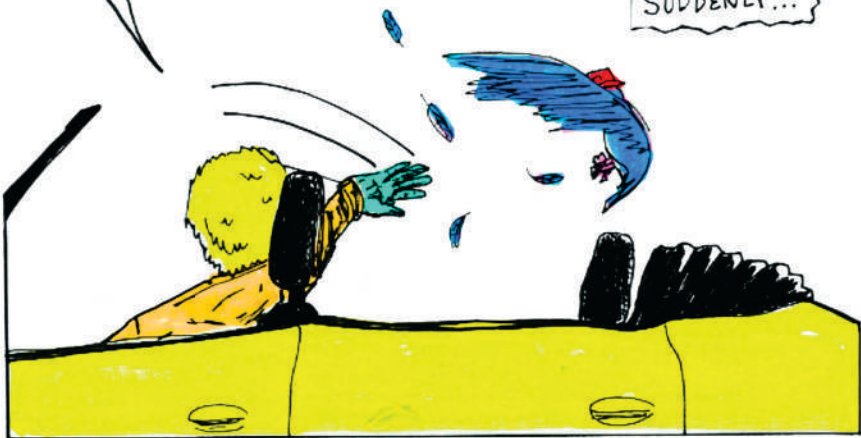
PIGEON.

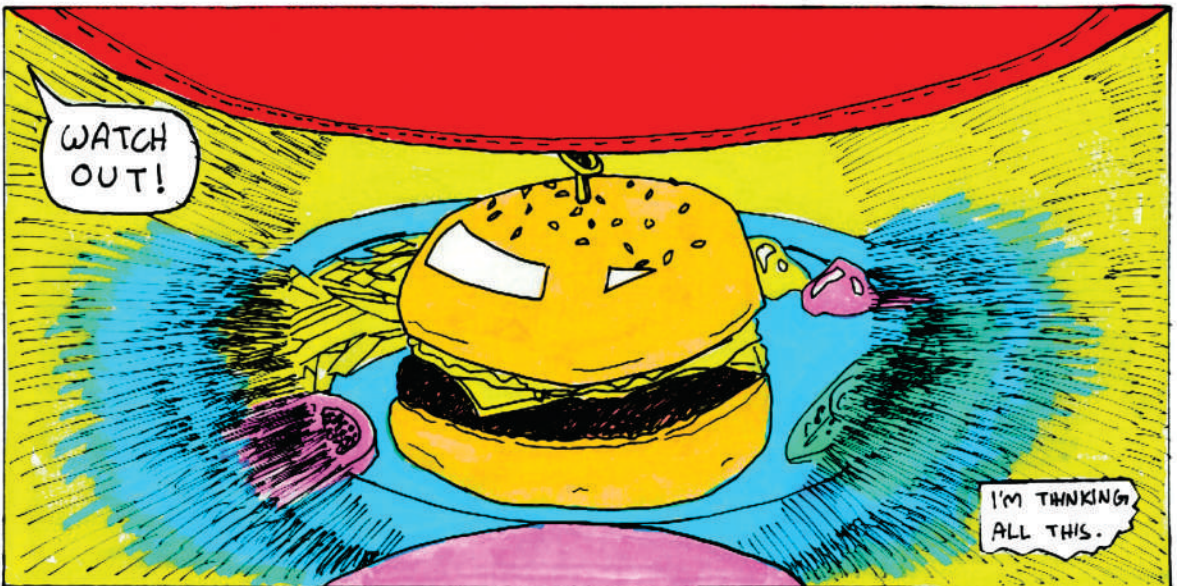
THESE ARE MY THOUGHTS
AS I THINK THEM, AS FAR
AS I CAN REMEMBER.

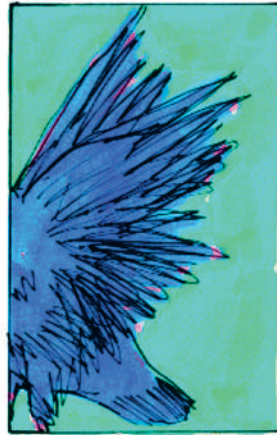
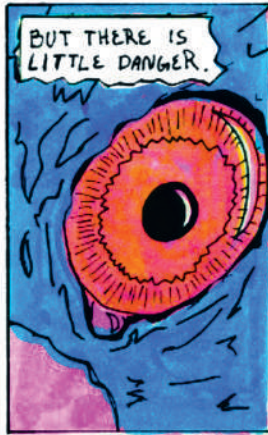
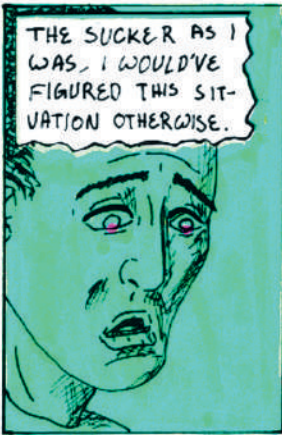
THEY NOW MEAN VERY
LITTLE TO ME.

<input type="checkbox"/> SLOPP	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> GARETH	<input type="checkbox"/> T. SHARON
<input type="checkbox"/> DASH	<input type="checkbox"/> SHARON ROXBOROUGH
<input type="checkbox"/> SHARON	<input type="checkbox"/> SHARON DASH
<input type="checkbox"/> RETARDED	<input type="checkbox"/> D. GARDNER
<input type="checkbox"/> MICH. FOR	<input type="checkbox"/> D. GARDNER
<input type="checkbox"/> CHANGING	<input type="checkbox"/> D. GARDNER
<input type="checkbox"/> KENT	<input type="checkbox"/> D. GARDNER

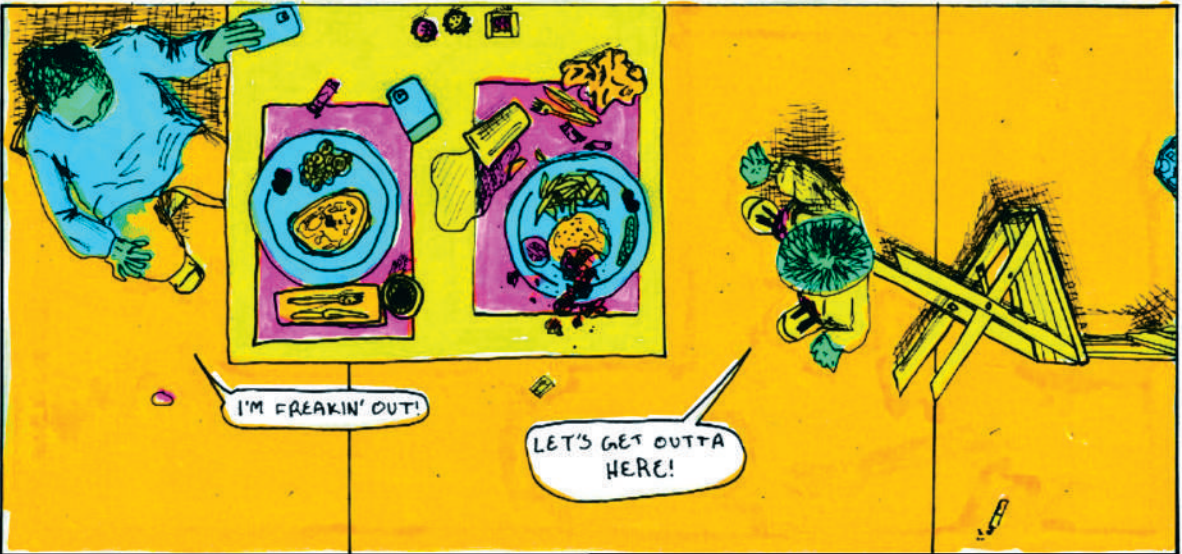








I'M A SWIFT.

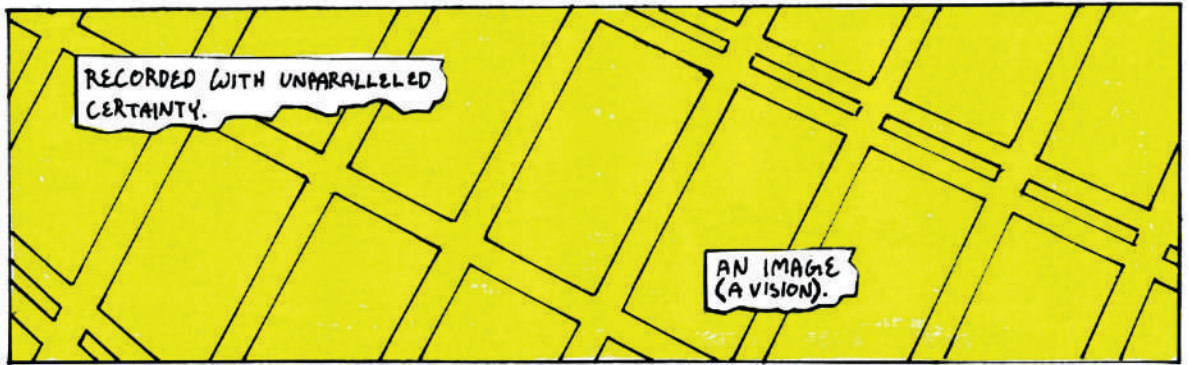




IT'S A SMALL WORLD.

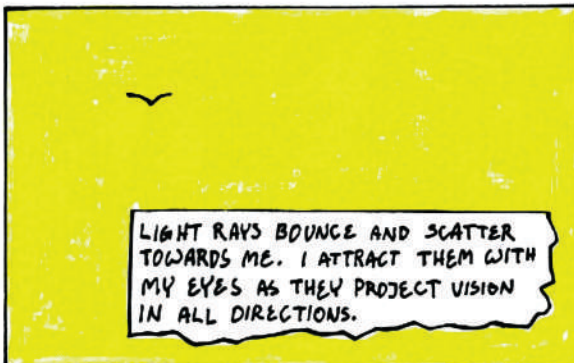
LIKE A DREAM SO GENUINE
IT MAKES YOU LEARN.

BUT I'M REAL
AS EVER.



RECORDED WITH UNPARALLELED
CERTAINTY.

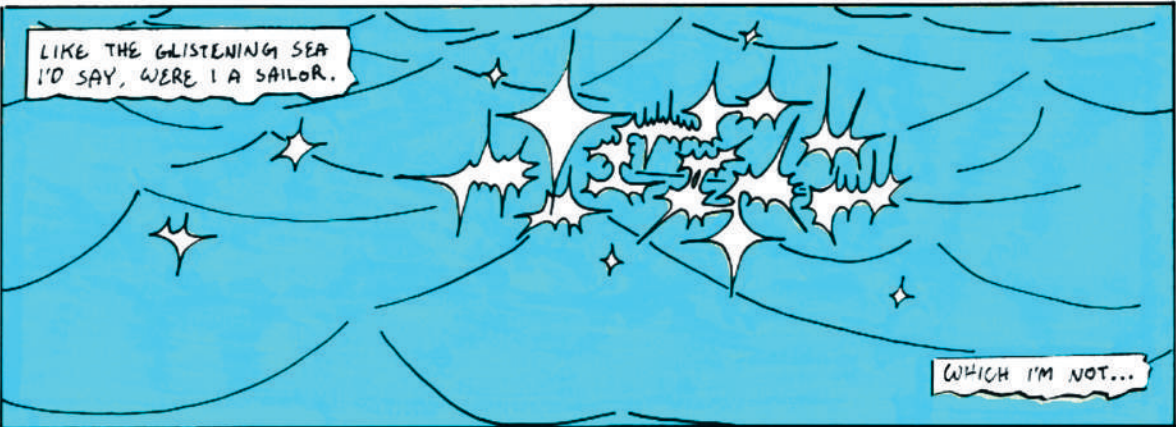
AN IMAGE
(A VISION).

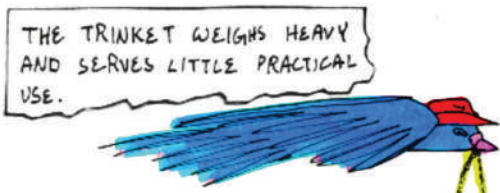
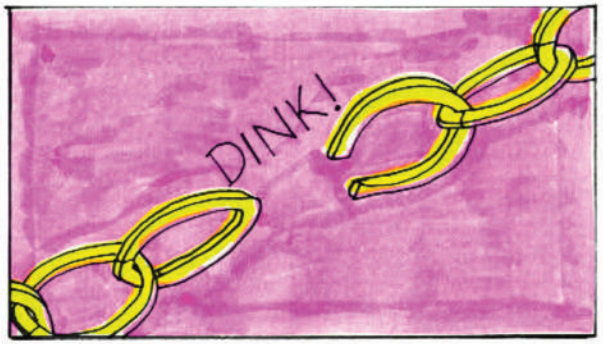


LIGHT RAYS BOUNCE AND SCATTER
TOWARDS ME. I ATTRACT THEM WITH
MY EYES AS THEY PROJECT VISION
IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



FROM WHERE I'M
FLOATING I CAN
SEE EVERYTHING.





I MUST DEPOSIT IT FOR SAFE KEEPING.



SAFETY IS ABUNDANT IN HIGH PLACES.



I'M DIVING UP.

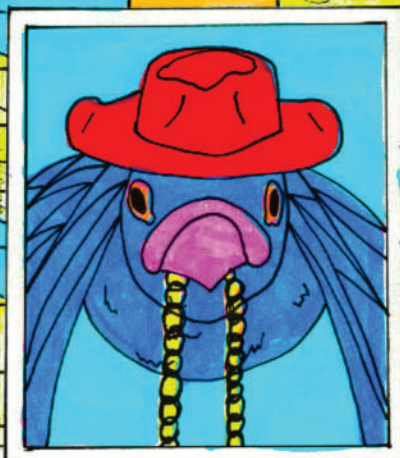
I REFUTE THE UNRELENTING
PEDANTRY OF COMMON PHYSICS.

I'VE WRESTLED MYSELF FROM
THE RIGOUR MORTIS GRIP OF
HISTORY.

LANGUAGE ITSELF CAN
NOT CONTAIN ME.

I HAVE NO NEED FOR QUESTIONS ANYMORE.
I CAN GENERATE ANSWERS AT THE SPEED
OF THOUGHT.

I CAN IMAGINE UNSPEAKABLE HORROR.
I CAN SEE HEAVEN AND TASTE THOSE
MARVELLOUS FRUITS, WHICH BURST WITH
RICH FLAVOUR AND DECADENT WISDOMS
FROM THE TIPS OF ITS ANCIENT TREES,
LIKE HOLY BULLETS FROM A DIVINE GUN.

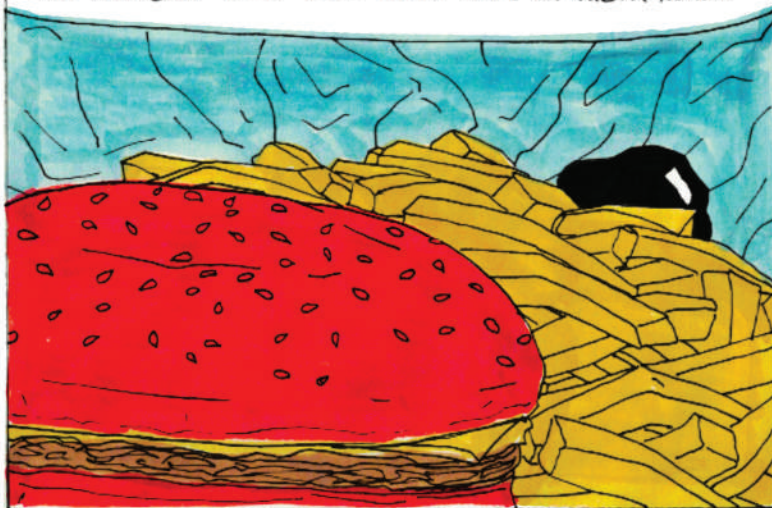


I'VE DEVISED A NEW SEQUENCE.

IT GOES: -38, 111, 423, 449, 480, 521, 610, 621, 787, 1200...



... AND DON'T GO RUNNIN' INTO NO BURNIN' BUILDINGS. IF THE FIREBOYS DRAG THEIR FEET, THAT'S ON THEIR NECKS.



WE DON'T DEAL WITH THAT...



YOU STICK WITH ME AN' YOU'LL BE A-OKAY. HECK, I MIGHT LEARN A THING OR TWO...



GOODD INSTINCTS CAN'T BE TAUGHT. GOTTA BE LEARN'T, BUT...



YOU PAY ATTENTION, YOU'LL START SLEEPING BETTER. FEWER UNKNOWNS...



BUT YOU GOTTA KEEP ME IN THE LOOP.



SOMEONE AT THE PRE-SCINCT RUBS YOU THE WRONG WAY, YOU FIND A GOOD LUNCH SPOT...

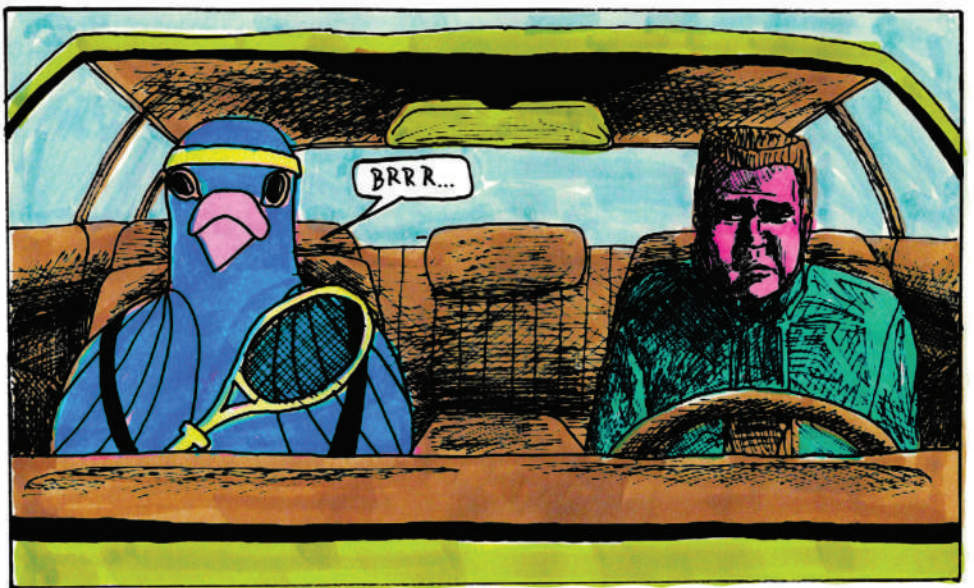


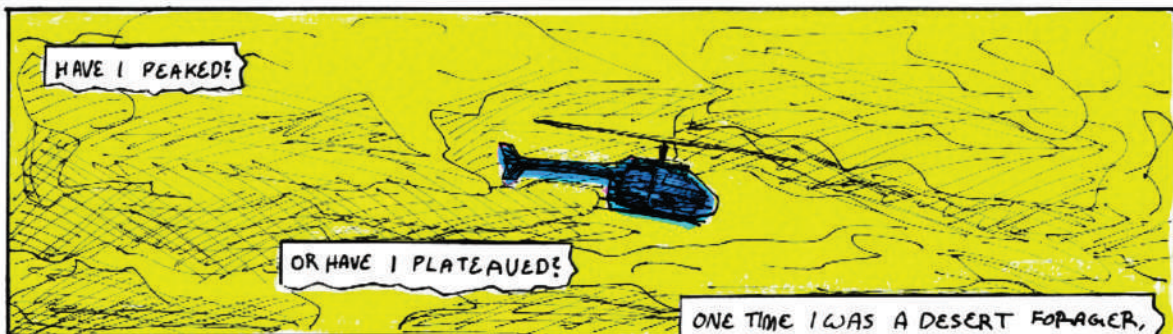
I WANNA KNOW THESE THINGS. OR ELSE WE DON'T GROW TOGETHER, WE GROW APART.



YOU'RE ON THE TAKE, I'M ON THE TAKE SO WHAT? WE EAT BETTER. THAT'S ORDERED CHAOS. WE UNDERSTAND THAT. THEY DON'T.







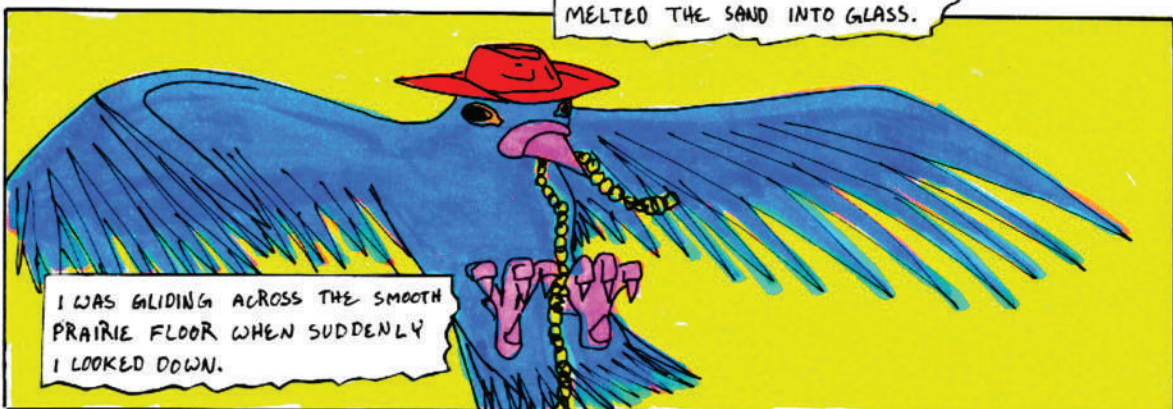
HAVE I PEAKED?

OR HAVE I PLATEAUED?

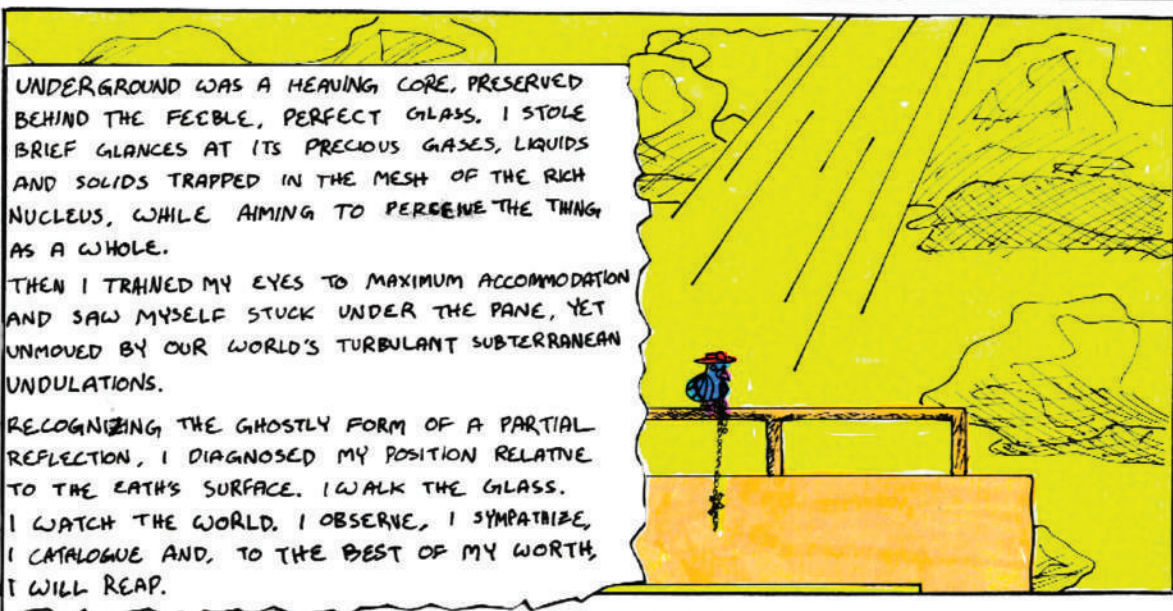
ONE TIME I WAS A DESERT FORAGER,
A FRIEND OF THE JUNK DEALER AND
A BENEFICIARY OF THE EARTH'S NATURAL
MERCY, THE UNCONSCIOUSLY SELECTIVE
CONSUMPTIONS OF ITS CHILDREN INCLUDED.



THEN THERE WAS A BLAST, AND IT
MELTED THE SAND INTO GLASS.



I WAS GLIDING ACROSS THE SMOOTH
PRAIRIE FLOOR WHEN SUDDENLY
I LOOKED DOWN.



UNDERGROUND WAS A HEAVING CORE, PRESERVED
BEHIND THE FEEBLE, PERFECT GLASS. I STOLE
BRIEF GLANCES AT ITS PRECIOUS GASES, LIQUIDS
AND SOLIDS TRAPPED IN THE MESH OF THE RICH
NUCLEUS, WHILE AIMING TO PERCEIVE THE THING
AS A WHOLE.

THEN I TRAINED MY EYES TO MAXIMUM ACCOMMODATION
AND SAW MYSELF STUCK UNDER THE PANE, YET
UNMOVED BY OUR WORLD'S TURBULANT SUBTERRANEAN
UNDULATIONS.

RECOGNIZING THE GHOSTLY FORM OF A PARTIAL
REFLECTION, I DIAGNOSED MY POSITION RELATIVE
TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE. I WALK THE GLASS.
I WATCH THE WORLD. I OBSERVE, I SYMPATHIZE,
I CATALOGUE AND, TO THE BEST OF MY WORTH,
I WILL REAP.

I STRUGGLE TO BE OF
THE HERD.

IVE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING
OF MY OWN...



PSYCHIC ATTACK!



THE GLUE THAT BOUND OUR FEATHERED
HERO TO HIS DERONAIR ACCESSORY
SEEPS INTO HIS BRAIN, DEACTIVATING
HIS BODY, RENDERING HIM NO MORE.

