

**Me and Bubble went to Memphis.** I did everything I could for Bubble to have a better name, but that didn't happen. Maybe because of how the name immediately stuck to the problematic motherhood of Bubble, how she wanted to burst the bubble of her abdomen every step of the way, how she wanted to stick pins in Bubble's bubblehead, much too big for the birth canal, bowling ball down twisted alley, hair all slick

That was years ago. Way before the little rascals' like every kitchen door maybe I've entered only kitchens, maybe there was some doubt up when I entered the scene, was compelled to wear a diving helmet in *Modern Mechanix* of lake bottoms for bubbling bogs, bubbles rising out of slime, that housed feral embryos, of braid above the ear over a swell of head, of miniature camel taking hold like the physics of going to Memphis of polyurethane-coated ribs, pageant sash slabs of ammunition. face with polyurethane too, when he got there, splattering off the sides of her casket grease, as if to coat particles of air, sleet

going up the nose air supply he walked on it as he nearly drowned turned botched kite off a cliff, it took to get through Knoxville Memphis, collecting tin cans ten inches cans destined to become diving bells, glass windows destined to be placed tight pressed wider, nose flattened, the punch of the deep, go too deep, just as long as he didn't get too near anything, remaining in some margin, near some border, some sideline where he could have been unnoticed had it not been for that collection of tin can diving bells, each one over a commandeered head like crude armor that he found out, couldn't stop a bullet, repeat: couldn't stop a bullet, and Bubble couldn't stop firing, monogramming execution's polite oversized hankies with airholes.

birth products, a dip in batter. me and Bubble watched door-size cake, white I've ever walked through test about everything being cooked often dragging Bubble who since he couldn't be an astronaut that he built himself, strict to specifications so thrills could be his, lust he saw thick skinned membranes snake-mounds hairy hump graft in some maddening science with Bubble, wearing a slab pageant sash slabs He sprayed his mother's some of it like bubbles of bacon tiny globules of synthetic breath of tiny bubbled tea, his in depth of bog so thick pushing his mother's casket scouted good ones the four days because of scouting, then once in in diameter, thirteen inches deep, cookie destined to be outfitted with plate against his face, his lips just as long as he didn't the center of

—Thylia Moss