

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/3

*Daniel Y. Harris*

### **Beast 666**

Finger-taut grip of blue-black veins—collusion mixed with envy, linked to us as Eddy Daemon's gross motor skills with glassy eyes and clammy palms declaim his end with App. He's in repose's lack turning into us. He begins to scale the tiers, a dark hint to forebear in dread and hear blanks in the tropes of expiry. It's the vitriol of a partial eclipse following him in rank dress with autopsy. No excess translation of shriveled form cloaked thin at the Ectomorph Gala. Once and for all, we admit that Eddy Daemon is a hauntboy, a puerile ephebe: *vital, arrogant, fatal* and *dominant X*. We know the drills. Light sources lit obscured with flick-beams of a dark, gutted self in neon.

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### Helix 144

Eddy sucks on dormant strands of red junk-gum dispatched as the drenched spur of *Everpresence*. It's raining in *The Land of Nucleic*: raining imps and fat trolls. Eddy sees his dim past reversed as salver and complains bitterly to the manager of the field office. It turns out that the junk-gum is human flesh and Eddy's a smoker: a *lymtudor* whose femur turned into melted cheddar cheese. It also turns out that the manager isn't Mr. Henry Ham but rather Dr. Henry Ham, a jurist famed for patenting red junk-gum. Eddy chomps, spits and cries out "Vibila 144, Psalm 144, Sonnet 144, 144 Mahjong tiles and this goddamn Section 144 of the Bangladesh Code of Criminal Procedure."

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### Subatomic 13.798

Grand malpractice, defamation of character, vitriol, slander and dealings in all things despoiled: *ermahgerd mah fravrit berks*, says Eddy as a drogen-decreated version of himself. He fears the vice versa of a lost tribe of gas, demurs into baryonic dark matter as Eddy Hubble, the extheist of crusty halos. To Eddy's credit, active brain-spoors of word-spill course in their sap. What about prior to? Eddy imagines a heavy residue of curvy onion booty. How did cosmology become garbaged with the wild scent of soft porn? Spin fast forward to a galactic bulge threshing an apology: his nuptials were clusters. He affected the outcome. The topos is in the billions. Eddy rides the carrousel at 2 pm on Thursday redispersing the verdict of bang.

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### Mandelbrot 3.14159

Self-belabored, crushed, mislead, overreached,  
upgathered and glitched, Eddy auditions for lead  
role in *Eddy Benoit, Fractal King of Carpathia*. He  
claims descent from the Hyksos, postures and acts:  
*I have no spur/to prick the sides of my intent,/but  
Only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself/and  
falls on the other.* A bucket falls from the catwalk,  
hits Eddy in the head. He passes out in a lit muck  
of oils and hacked-off heads. A blue-red cardioid  
and period bulb attracts cycles of three fixed points  
in x-flux. Eddy vies for fantasist in this bad prequel.  
He concedes to join the *xjokerz*, lying on his back  
in the psych ward. He begins to count the *p/q-limb*,  
yields to  $\pi$ , Q-tipping the mad bytches of his sad lot.

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### Zoas 4

Eddy boasts that his four volumetrics of etcetera are valencies of carbon, confusing darker matter with rants about beryllium's steel-grey gas sheen as syncretic link to Albion and this *quijibo* named Irma Vala. Eddy unloads his druidic penny stocks where mendicant and margrave stage phony wars with the leg bones of Tasmanian Devils. *Textholes* back Irma Vala, demand net neutrality or a hack. Too bad Irma's a *twink*. Eddy once styled himself as a bit of an unengraved rogue in *leetspeak*. Now, Eddy's a soap-bubble in a bathtub frieze. He feeds carrots to his beagle Northrop Frye. Deism is born, unfinished as *traffic tetris*. Eddy reenters the agon of a first folio, but none survived the prison break.