

Residents

"The Service"

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So I pushed and pushed and pushed them, through the
towns and through the
bushes and the word was spreading like a lie. "Come
and see the holy
two-some. They can heal and they can do some things
that no one ever did
before." And so they came for holy healing, both the
belching and the
squealing, and the ones who maybe just were bored.
Down the aisle they
slowly paraded, while I smiled and masqueraded as
the kindly keeper of the
touch. Kneeling them along aa line, I taped a tiny piece
of pine upon the
chin of each and every one. And then from this a
copper wire stretched
across a tubeless tire and ended in a round and
reddish clamp. Then at
once the fees were taken, and the apprehension
shaken for the twins would
silently appear. Full of life and love and smiling
knowing not that all
the while I too was smiling to myself inside. Silently I
stood between
them holding up the crimson gleaming circle with the
ends now pried apart.
Then I lifted up the cover softly like it was my lover and
I felt them
shudder as they sighed. As I clamped the metal on it,
something like a
liquid donut shimmered as the holy union flexed. Then
the people screamed
and shouted, as the donut grew and spouted little bitty
dust balls made of
fire. And these soon enough descended down the lines
and finally ended at
the screams of joy and pain and fear. For soon the
cripples would be
walking and the dummies would be talking but no one
knew exactly how or
why.

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