

HARRISON STATE PARK '68

Stephen King

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"All mental disorders are simply detective strategies for handling difficult life situations."

Thomas Szasz

"And I feel like homemade shit."

Ed Sanders

- Can you do it ?

She asked shrewdly

From the grass where her nylon legs in gartered splendor
made motions.

- Can you do it ?

Ah!

What do I say?

What are the cools?

Jimmy Dean?

Robert Mitchum?

Soupy Sales?

Modern Screen Romances is a tent on the grass Over a dozen
condoms

in a quiet box

and the lady used to say (before she passed away)

- If you can't be an athlete, be an athletic supporter.

The moon is set.

A cloud scum has covered the stars.

A man with a gun has passed

this way

BUT -

we do not need your poets.

Progressed beyond them to Sony

Westinghouse

Cousin Brucie

the Doors

and do I dare

mention Sonny and Cher ?

I remember Mickey Rooney as Pretty Boy Floyd

and he was the shortest Pretty Boy Floyd on record

coughing his enthusiastic guts out in the last

reel.

We have not spilt the blood.

They have spilt the blood.

A little girl lies dead

On the hopscotch grid

No matter

- Can you do it?

She asked shrewdly

With her Playtex living bra cuddling breasts
softer than a handful of wet Fig Newtons.

Old enough to bleed

Old enough to slaughter

The old farmer said

And grinned at the white

Haystack sky

With sweaty teeth

(radiation

radiation

your grandchildren will be monsters)

I remember a skeleton

In Death Valley

A cow in the sunbleached throes of antiseptic death and someone
said:

- Someday there will be skeletons on the median strip of the
Hollywood Freeway staring up at exhaust-sooty pigeons amidst the
flapping ruins of Botany 500

call me Ishmael.

I am a semen.

- Can you do it?

She asked shrewdly

When the worms begin

their midnight creep

and the dew has sunk white to milk the grass...

And the bitter tears

Have no ducts

The eyes have fleshed in.

Only the nose knows that A loser is always the same.

There is a sharp report.

It slices the night cleanly And thumps home with a tincan spannnng!

Against the Speed Limit sign down the road.

Laughter

The clean clear sound of a bolt levered back...

Silence...

Spannnng!

“Aileen, if poachers poached peaches, would the poachers peel the peaches to eat with poached eggs poached before peaches?”

oh don't

don't

please touch me

but don't

don't

and I reach for your hand but touch only the radiating live pencils of
your bones:

— Can you do it?

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