

AS FOR NIMBLY CHALLENGED STALKERS

As for nimbly challenged stalkers. The jewel in the crown of off-peak poaching. Trail scouts sniff. Prouder moments. This is it. Outskirt William Wallace. Chiffoned privates pinkly tedious. Tune-up. Geographical recreation. Back in business. Roses smell as sweet at night. Clustered cameras. Shouldering acrobats in stacks. Spotted owl and cellulite.

Subjected subjects, bruised and battered. Bumps appear, when you hit your head against things. Full stop. Bulging third eye. Nothing to speak of. I have a boat to catch. What coincidence. Go get your feet wet. Water won't bump you off anywhere. If you spread your toes, you look like a fan. Skinny flowers and fleshy butterflies. Wrinkled chinaman.

Tuxedoed cow by noon averts his eyes. Time blinks, buzzer ready. Circle mirror betrays expectation. Feel eyes at the back of neck. Cowly relatives crowd room and foot of bed. Sleeper surprise in store. Stroke, of noon. Angelic beach bag ready. Peace offering. Didn't see you. Herding watch to bedside huddle. Hold breath, welcome. Merriest of mornings.

Lily-shaped salt and pepper shaker. Softer lights, goody-bag of ambience. Indecisive covering of wall, changing mind. Care to order? Blackboard salmon and soupy disintegration. Spoon-fed surprise. How do you like them apples? Cross-street Doctor Jekyll, storefront windows, waving gloves and cane. Low-cut glasses. Same mistake twice.

Amazement at number of knuckles fitting in a jar. Lidded luncheon. Carnivoresque addition. In-pitching blinis. Ambidextrous utensilism. Syllable extravaganza. Scheduled seating, coupling for later. Make noise like moose and sperm whale. Lobsters mate for life. Hymnal hosting, splendid wine. Sparkly crystal window. Cliff-side bungee jump.