

"LICKETY-SPLIT"
BY AN-DINH NGUYEN

THE
BUL-
LET.
A COLD
SPEEDY

RELENTLESS LITTLE THING.

HARD AND DARK . . . AND NICELY POLISHED.

SLEEK TOO, MELTING ITS HEAT AWAY, CRUISING
FROM THE VANISHING POINT . . . INVISIBLY PIERCING
THE MENTAL SHIELD, IGNORING HIS INTENSELY LIT ORBS
SILENTLY SHREDDING, CLEANLY CLEAVING HIM THROUGH
AMASSING A MESS, EXTENDING AN ORIFICE ALONG THE WAY.
GOOEY WARMNESS RETURNS . . . THICKLY OOZING, SLOWLY
STIFLING, BUT ON AND ON IT TURNS AND TWISTS AND SCREWS
AND BURROWS. IT SWEEPS HIM UPWARD, BACKWARD, SENDS
HIM REELING INTO A VORTEX, THUMPING, SPRINGING
OFF THE FLOOR, WRENCHED, CRUMPLED, UNTIL
LISTLESSLY HE UNFOLDS LIKE A LILY ON A
LOVELY PLACID LAKE. NOW IT STAYS
MESHED, DANGLING, SUSPENDED
ENSCONCED, ABSORBING ITS
WORK WITH THE KEENEST OF PLEASURES
FOR ITS APPALLING EFFICIENCY, AUTHORITY AND CELERITY.