



Send it
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I looked at her, she had the oddest mix of confusion and mirth, all spread out over that glistening landscape. I tried again, "Could you please send this for me?"

"I cannot, it's not that I would not if could, but I can't so I shan't."

My mind is reacting painfully behind my eyes, the weight of which are becoming rather uncomfortable. Perhaps I should close them for a moment... No. I must focus, if I don't focus I'll never get finished. I shake my head once, twice, just to alleviate the weight. I open my mouth, and try to speak, to get my meaning across. As the air moves up my oesophagus, and is about to reach my vocal cords, I stop, distracted all too suddenly by a movement in the corner of my heavy eye. "Maybe later then," I mumble, stumbling ever so as I turn to see that which had caught a glimmer of my interest. Not that it is difficult to catch mind you. "How odd," the words are so barely whispered I have trouble recognising them as my own. Beyond the rectangular pane, lies a reclining bear. Shaking my head I realise that it isn't a bear at all, but my own car. I grasp the slightly furry handle. Furry? I open the door and climb behind the steering wheel.

I then realise that I haven't sent it yet. Distracted again! How glistening the inside of the car is. Reddish. So organic. My head hurts again. My thoughts wander oddly, salmon, bears. Why can I not simply focus on the here and now? I should close my eyes. So tempting, how warm the inside of the car was, how comforting.

"Sir?" The woman from the counter is standing over me.

Where is my bear? I don't have a bear. Where is my car? The pavement is deliciously hard beneath me. I appear to have fallen asleep on the sidewalk. On the sidewalk. My head throbs sympathetically, "I'm fine, just need to get my bearings." I explain through a thick tongue.

"Would you like me to call a doctor?"

"No need, no need. Now could you send it for me?" I ask. Couldn't she see that it needed to be sent.

"I don't know what you mean sir. What must I send?"

Where is it? I pat the pavement around me. Where could it have gone? My mind slowly races, jumping between thoughts gratingly, each time creating a new, dull, thud. What was it again, I, I, what? "Could you bear it for send?" I tried, my tongue much thicker this time.

"I'm going to call someone to come and help you sir, just sit there, I'll be right back."

What an interesting spot. In one of my overweight eyes I can see a shimmering, a wavering of lines. I close it. It needs to rest if I am to find the send. The shimmering remains. Dancing on the redness of my eyelid. I look through the rectangular pane, from the otherside. I see the woman on the phone, she is glancing at me. She doesn't notice the bear behind her. I try and wave, to warn her. My arm is being rather otherwise, it doesn't want to play this game. The bear swipes its claw, and the woman explodes, her blood cutting through the shimmering, like a stone in a pond. I blink. The shimmering has gone. The rectangular pane has also gone. I turn my slowly thrumming head, glancing at the pavement. Lack of pavement. Everything is black. I open my eyes, they're already open. All that I see is the bear, and my body.

"It's so warm inside," says the bear, "you won't have to worry about sending it if you're inside."

I can't seem to argue, I feel myself slowly nodding, the slight movement sending waves of exquisite pain through my head. The bear opens his mouth, so wide! He won't have to bite me at this rate I think to myself, rather thankfully. I slide down his throat, so smooth, and land softly at the bottom of his stomach. So warm, comforting. My tongue doesn't feel as thick. My eyes aren't as heavy. Surveying my surroundings I must admit that it doesn't seem quite bearlike inside, I admit I haven't seen many bear's insides, but I certainly wasn't expecting a steering wheel.

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