

A Girl with Time

She's a girl with time to have a good time. Cause she can look fine in six minutes - or five. She's saving time...with the new best-drying Clairol 1200 hairdryer. Mmmm. The sporty bright and green machine is light and small and blows real mean. 'Bout the best thing blowing on the hair drying scene is the Clairol 1200. Hairdryer.

You come in shatters.

Now the green of the trees silhouette you where you stand, poised in anticipation of the moment before your leap. Your hands describe imperceptible circles, making tiny orbits around invisible planets beside you. As their circumference increases, hands morph in slowed motion to become flippers, wings, and finally feet. Evolution passes in a moment.

Then you leap. You become a whirling mass of hair, flesh and costume. Where there was definition and clarity, now all is plastic. Where there was green, now there is white. A cataract explodes and you disappear into the heart of whiteness.

You burst the surface.

Below is blue and indistinct. The time before day and before night falls, a fulcrum of light levels. The girl is beneath the water, pushing upwards. A head breaks upon the green surface and pauses in Janus-faced arrest. Time is saved.

Now the girl clasps her face with satellite hands. Her mouth is stretched open in a silent scream. Around her shoulders churns the green and white froth in a rolling, sparkling boil. He was so in so much pain he wanted to die. The acid covered his face and ran down his body as he leapt up from the bed. She had told him the moment before she threw the glass: "If I can't have you, no one can".

Your image persists long after the flash.

The room is smooth and shiny. It is bathed in a bright, even glow emanating from the curved walls and ceiling. Two green walls run parallel to each other, banked at their end by an illuminated, oblong panel. The light panel is shaped like a lozenge; a radiant Victory V. At right angles to the panel is positioned a highly-polished table. On its surface lies a towel and beside it, doubled, a plastic hairdryer.

Now we sweep together at high speed along the surface of the walls, our eyes as one. Oversized numerals flash past: one, two, zero, zero. The inner curve of the walls describes the outer curve of the hairdryer. It, too, is green. The room, too, is plastic. A nail tapped against the surface returns a shallow staccato. A moment of dizzying vertigo as the inside and outside become one.

The shape of your fractures has a causal relation to thinness.

Then the girl spins into view. She seems happy, manically so. Her long, white gown furls like an inverted corolla around her waist as she picks up the hairdryer. Her hand rises slowly as her head tilts sideways. She pauses.