



ItYou

by

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Good cleaning woman. With bucket and mop. Pushed stick in big swirling designs across floor.
“Hello pretty babies!” her would say to rabbit litter.

They couldn’t answer her; they just animals.

“Aren’t you the cutest?” her would chuckle to bird. Poor dumb bird can’t talk either.

Swirling and squirting her mop, her talked and cuddled her way around guinea pig, rat, bird, rabbit, dog, making you-are-so-nice noise. Not-you-are-so-nice-noise at salamander, lizard, snake. Quiet and staring.

Her stayed several weeks before her noticed us. Quiet and staring.

We watched. I watched; you watched; it watched too. We stayed quiet because we liked this her.

Her stand in front of cage, speak. “What are you? A lump of dead flesh?”

What could you do but answer her? You said, “Haw, haw! I am you.”

You spoke clearly that time because I could understand you, though it was making sulphur trickles and even I couldn’t stand those so how could you who is so much lower down? Who could blame you for answering her by haw haws?

Her was good one. I liked her. Her finished whole floor before her quit.

I am not you. Nor am I it. I can tell you what I am easy; though sometimes for it is not easy, nor for you.

You feels that way too since bottom and top me were formed by gametogenesis, fusing together small fertile mammal-egg cells before differentiation, held together by lumpy who-knows-what-flesh so foreign to both you and I that only term it fits!

One time father -- or was it mother? -- well, whatever, it, or her -- held tall amber beaker over me almost as tall as you. I laughed when acrid liquid poured -- “Hee, hee, hee,” I said with squeaky voice, knowing that it would not be hurt. Besides, who would care? Certainly not you or I!

Soapy liquid cleansed it good. Yellow goo bubbled into foam and even sulphurous stench from it poured down you. Oh how my voice squeaked with a staccato laughter as I watched it pour over you, like scratchy rasps from violin’s E string -- or is it G string?

You knows I can’t remember well. You thinks he (?) does better, but he (?) doesn’t and it’s memory isn’t worth talking about so you make your “haw, haws,” too, if you wants. It will talk to you later -- or is it her? -- him (?) -- her(?) always does -- no, no, it isn’t her or he (?) but it -- and -- Lordy, how confusing can I get in simple conversation to you?

Box taught me. Box taught you, too, but did it ever teach it?

I’m clear that box wasn’t a her, a he, an I, an it, or a you: it was something, though, an it plugged into electricity and punched me and you everywhere searching out learning-sensitive spots. I suppose that’s when I and you first became aware -- but of what? Certainly not just I because there is also you and it -- isn’t there?

How surprised the box must have become to learn that it learned as well as me.

It moved it’s cancer-red pucker-mouths all around our body, splurting forth squirrgly phonemes. Maybe you would call them something else since you hear differently. You said, “haw, haw” and I said “hee, hee” and it squirrgled!



I'm tired now. You talk.

I is the ass, not you! "Haw, haw." You may have big floppy ears and buck teeth but watch manners. Even it, slobbering holes and all, doesn't "hee, hee" like I.

You woke first, not I. You picked out syllables and sense from noise. You broke cypher, man! Or is it man, cypher? Jesus! How can you speak to I or it? You pushes sound out with spastic flatulence, using anal-mouth muscles in great whooping hoo-haws, while I squeeks like modulating tweeter.

It? It isn't with us, as usual.

You learned words before I, putting them together in sentences, longer phrases, then paragraphs: soon you dialogue -- talk with, communicate to, dig, dig -- with the mother-father (?)

"Haw, Haw!" Does that sound like you was born ass?

You remembers well, too. They let public see us at first. A person/thing (?) from Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals visited. "Haw! Haw!"

What scene that little old her made -- or was it he thing? Whatever, he or her, it pulled neuro-plug from it and it screamed. Without completion of cycling-currents, naturally it would scream. So would you or I.

Loudest scream came from person/thing (?), though. You whooped with laughter when mother-father (?) explained how donkey's and human's single-celled eggs had been accidentally fused during mammal gametogenesis experiments.

"Serendipity," father-mother (?) said.

Person/thing (?) slashed at our father-mother (?), defecating high-pitched noises just like I's -- or was it really I's voice you heard?

Nevermind. You will rest.

Finally! You and I have shut up!

Talk about egoists! Talk! Talk! Talk! Every night it's same old thing. First I squeeks, then you blabbers and it can't rest.

They are both pair of jackasses. Neither one realizes that real portion is with it. I, with nose and human eye located immediately over anal-mouth, must rest above us; that's how fusion grew. Still ass-end of jack-ass is still jack-ass even though it's I.

You, on other end, sits at bottom of us, waving your carefully manicured ears, grinning at us with buck-teeth -- donkey-teeth they are -- and spews forth drivil through pearly sluice-gates, both human words and anal fluids.

Whether ass-end is down or up, isn't it still jackass? Which leaves it in middle.

Oh, you and I learned well and it was quiet most of time during sessions. What matters how sulphurous my holes, or filled with ooze and stench? A human is a human no matter how he smells or where it be.

"It is an anomaly," visiting father-mothers (?) have said.

"Never happen in million more trys. Save it! Take care of it! It is invaluable! It is most valuable addition to molecular biology in century! It will advance our knowledge hundred-million fold!"

You and I, with jackass ears, never hear those words. Let them hee and haw like any ordinary asses and babble with simulated human words. It is buried like strong, silent volcano and it knows truth. Father-mother (?) and person/things (?) come to visit it, not you and I!

Only thing -- is it I -- You, too?