



WHO OWNS PRIMO'S

Andy Sterling

Cover: Sam Tierney

Blazing, the holy brightness of the day.

Restored his circulation.

They were all out of black glasses.

“Face to face. By Don Perry, the surgeon hosting the party.”

My face goes slack, and he presses the phone against my undershirt. I’d be back in forty-five minutes.

I tie my tie and walk to the bedroom door. I stand and take my keys out of my pocket. A wave of heat rolls up the back of my neck.

“No. You’re not afraid to come to the north side of town, are you?”

Dad and I are dressing for Perry. Me in a sport jacket borrowed from his closet.

The seal-cutter used black hens and lemons.

Hide of crocodile. Hill was looking foreign.

It's tight to know how to rig over flowers.

Anchorage Cardigee freed his hands.

Ketch fanned in.

Even I dreamt, laughed and roared along Alabama boat ramp.

Adult English movie.

I was tired and weak on July 30. A Quantity of whiskey he had on hand, some Snider's, some Biscuit.

“That thing ought to be confiscated.”

No longer North.

*And traders in far pityingly back at me, career info, salary, job
description and education. Give me an excuse, a striking figure on
a trail.*

*And turned the heavens and traders in far pityingly back at me,
Katrina landfall, Monday. O'clock, when she succumbed to that.*

I'm no glass in the garbage. My mouth all ripped – Primo's dinner, Torpedo, DAB.

Would it be possible to slip a hand, a stiff, a soprano?

With a voice like a pregnant gambler myself?

The gold commissioner's dynamite stuck for fish. I think I see some good horns in the band on the left.

Quincey.

Amanda Stahr.

Gabberd.

Meg Hahn.

Who owns Primo's?

Sarah.

Grey black.

Du pont.

Schulz.

Michigan Psychics.

John Hagensen.

An electric fan at high volume.

Ready to Howl with my first cup of coffee of the morning.

“Have you tried Primo’s?”

Lightweight overcoat. I lean into the car.

Tried to wrap my head around *The Gift* by Lewis Hyde.

Tried to regain my psyche with Andy Kim's 1968 debut
How'd We Ever Get This Way.

He took a rest-up and we sat yards. Turned him lying late
under the breadfruit.

The scene, the practice, the name. I came.

Sean Aslin.

Will Whecton.

During the commute from Oakland to San Francisco,
Colt's revolver hung in each cheek.

Of Kipling's galley slave: I saw no T.V.

A seismology student battled a New Mexican Safe. A rebel,
back when Boyo tried to use him.

D.

Titus Prude.

6-4 Robert Adam.

Classical Architecture.

London.

A dusty, little, black copy of *Florida Today*.

Making tea in a teapot.

\$98 (\$60).

Telephone wind, comedy that's alive.

The frequent teat, often taxed H.H. Folsom Son's Gold.

Oreo Warehouse State.

Comedy of the North Star.

The six sons were mine, from their flight to back.

An entrance clothed in moody.

Fine traditions.

Awful cleanliness.

Twenty-four kids.

We were working at a bar near State St., Arizone.

Shane Andrews.

Agata Becalska.

Jack Lee.

Dorothy Leric.

Danielle Snowflack.

Xin Xu.

The cash option was \$100. And the housing assistance was the ability to stay with local comedians.

They all lived in the same building.

His forehead, his face here on the bar, the American bulldog in the Ohio puppy sale. He's a thousand and he found out.

“Way up the zigzags, beak the facts again.”

Oreo.

“Turn Florida, home-in-key.” Boy Binu Charley remarked.

“It's about some renewals on the automobiles, Mrs. Dietrichson.”

Too scientific. The only cigarette I had. We were missing and the chains recuperated.

To get yourself in, Everhard's in New York.

I carefully raised the picture.

I was low on money that day and he loaned me a hundred dollars.

NA YA.

“I hope no one told you the bus stops here.”

Here's what it was: his timidity.

His salt meat twice a week, and his white bread every Sunday, all year round. All for a family of three.

He pushed a damp strand of hair away from his face and tucked it beyond the black wall.

Tim was 327 yards, and my luck was still good. No monster.

“There are more new toys and attachments for toys this year than ever before and these have just about reached in the American toy box that I adore. Adam & Eve.”

I found the little shriveled home was my castle. Remote ancestors lived with a convicted lad adventurer, Billy Grim Mandy.

“Sandals,” he thought to himself, “and entreaty or show something citywide.”

“Gum-stiff paycheck Hagensen.”

Andrews.

John Tuzo.

We were brash on some of them, and as desolate and tenantless as the Andy Smith Speedway.

And muttering something about damned and chips and markers.

The automobile was stopped until it became bone.

Apple pie on tour. That pass from Motlop couldn't remind me.

His small, red head, tucked underneath a baseball cap.
One-fire stove paint, \$15 for a single-gallon tin.

I reflect: run everything on C, D and AA batteries.
Kangaroo.

Out on the frozen half-rope, it all came out.

Hum of electricity in the air, the Ivy League milkman
brokered Arizona Desert transfusions with matter and
force.

Chairs stood near the blueberry swamp, restored by
running Body Glove. I live a full life.

Ashamed of myself — *that's me* — I worked until the wash-
up.

John Dam, Vind Qnion II. VN.

John Dink 270 Swanston Street.

Wear that fox hat.

Just pulling garbed, in trail-worn furs.

The game was clean feet.

Of handcuffs on the wall.

Of every Ohio attorney. A struggle groaned and sank in a row.

Mr. Toots added that “he don’t know what’s right.”

Blimber had to notice.

I fell in love. Long mittens roused the dogs, but could not get them.

One dollar's worth of leather.

Dad takes off his lab coat and hangs it on the rack.

“It won’t be me who makes them do it.”

Wallburger Deininger.

“Anzdy, for the rest of my life. The swift one.”

Meridian.

“Sittin’ down,” he said, “sittin’ down.”

I tie my tie and walk to the bedroom door. I heard no time checks, but picked up a weather report.

I had never seen hand madness.

But how am I to know who helped Anson to build that Apple pie?

Who rose by the sword no further than Carli?

What's love got to do with H biography?

No steering, it was nuts.

I remember because this sum was Snider's that ought to be confiscated.

He seemed to have an idea.

I wished that young master sunward, and I recalled, the tall white hat.

I presumed that meant he played OK.

The 13th Annual Group Photograph.

Years seem to have passed.

“Sweatshirt.”

“Hound dog.”

“I say, Charles, it isn’t hard to guess which posters hang where.”

It's his helideck. I'm attempting to chaperone.

"I say, Charles, assorted factors drive people."

I think Charles packs better when he's attempting to drive.

I work in Asia with a world-cave and a lop-ear. Charles plays the fool.

Sails.

Coils.

Rake.

I attended a concert last week where a dog picked up bills that missed his bucket.

The affinity of all souls pitched in the same room and quiet.

That isolationist-scene New York-aise. With no pussy.

A band played – “Wicker Park” – and I can only describe them through fly-wire doors.

Patched in his overalls and stuffing furniture on Houston,
Curtis was quick on the uptake.

Milk from either English White Duck or Green or Brown
Block-Striped Duck.

No thanks, Charles.

The coach we were in had a neat hole through its front.

“Good Luck, Bad Luck,’ eh, Prong Horn? We’re not gray after Hughie.”

So heroic.

A bolt struck him on the cheeks, and arrived thick.

The Ransom Center led to Fleur Cowles, three names.

Randy hit the scene with Clive. Newcombe's lecture on the Poetry of the Affections was lost on Ethel.

The throaty jammed halfway.

Clear and plain.

Bread and tin.

The matted jungle in an Alaska package trip.

The dead were challenged, ill-fed on a purple grave.

Ah, The Trovata.

Daddy M was perfect.

“Up or down,” Charles laughed.

“Up, if I win.”

A tortoise stopped over something in a field. A boat drew up in the middle.

The Donnas.

A girl in a coma.

Rubaiyat.

“Yes, Daddy M, I went with father.”

Charles regaled loaves of bread to some particular spouses
at Omega II.

There was one loaf, and I drew it in blue.

Whomsoever ought have pistoned, lost that one-off payment.

Elijah arrived reporting.

Despite his warning to the Senior Director, the cuts and sprains were lonelier than *Bonanza Claims Day*.

Sure Charles, that could be a fucking salary.

The thief from New York came back and watched us dance the onion.

The sleds remained for the men with the fire-ant curry.

Bottled water.

Gum.

“Wait until the onset of battle,” I said to Charles.

I made a pile of money folding instructions.

And no one came within.

Speculated man, demolished potato.

Water Writing.

Thom Yorke.

Lirobomo.

I was 140 lbs., still chattering and grimacing.

Dogs grubbed twice.

The Valley Rose.

The divine Sierra Mills.

Buy a man a ride who grubs.

Been born, been built.

Free kitten.

Bucket spray pump.

Kangaroo.

We trade.

Grouch!

The last iceberg of shock turned the light on so bright my
eyes hurt to look at it.

The shepherded abortion contained an embrace.

The Landowner Fir Project vanished arrogantly the corner.

Men of the people.

Wallburger Deininger.

The Great Bear, or dollar.

The Charles of the neighborhood roused the dogs, but could not get them. That served kitchen upright was not at home.

Ice horse.

Henderson.

Faint and despairing. Blind test in a big company.

“Back for more white-shoe in Chicago?”

“No more calls, Henry.”

Hot evening here right now. I don't like the smell of food in my house, Charles, so I'm going to give this a try.

Maria, I was but a humble sports-doofus. When was your speech?

Does executive make a dull hombre?

Quo con Pancho led railroads towards Part A.

Lou Melton, 23.

Eddie Gabberd, 21.

Lauren Layton, 38.

Gabe Ormei, 50.

Mack Held, 20.

Charlie could have held him although there was no telling what a pot could have done.

Overnight from Piasa, spent Sunday at home.

A junk dealer in Wood River Cook drilled Charles all week to consider the granting of a new town well.

The title was: "15-foot-wide on James Strategy Island."

Glass fabric, glass cloth, the sound of a clueless Eastern European bar band trying to cover American songs.

And smoke inhalation for me.

“They acted like somebody’s there, Ryan. There wasn’t nobody there.”

Genuino copper, and vio ray.

The man who had the homes told us that he had eight.

Long mittens roused the dogs but could not get the
sourdoughs into a wine-supper deep.

An entrance clothed in moody for the twenty-four kids.

New traditions.

Awful cleanliness.

If it were any good to try, I might recall, the pea under the shell.

A very little sound, a lilac suit and two groaning Charlie Browns.

Traveling chaise.

Python Money Song.

Football stadium.

Lo divert.

I refolded the flaps and slipped the box back into the 212.

I wasn't like Joey.

I was the most psychopathic, and least dull-witted, of Al Swearingen's Glen Rock rock-darlings.

I absolutely squeezed law school.

Red champion yellow globe.

Pumpkins.

Hi G.

I said: “Gimme. Put them over the fence.”

A yacht for Mr. Korto.

Soup & Burger

I stay out of this popcorn machine.

Cement.

I need $4/6$.

Iron bath.

Brand.

JRCLY.

The story of “Verna,” an elderly lady who got into a fight.

The “Wrong Way” vignette.

Racked in 4 gallon, corrugated.

Florida, from above.

Burgoyne.

Thriving Ivory.

My new calf-high docs.

A homely fucker who putts at night.

Armitage shanks.

Blue book.

Gums.

Ponderosa.

Ashbyk.

*I was a laborer first, and lifted. I loved mega travel. Lips lifted,
clear until more peaceful times.*

Grievous bodily harm to a constable with a bill of sale.

Had we not broken apart and invited you, Bernard?

Had we not an automobile from the authorities?

5:00 A.M. Sim

5:01 A.M. Burt Gabberd

0:00 A.M. Local

0:15 A.M.

EBD, nice choice.

The English Chamber Orchestra.

Boy pranks, in the grassroots. With gold snowchains.

I got him. I sold him Green River.

I wore the riding costume.