

Emotional Hash

Mind Oil on Canvas

65 $\frac{3}{8}$ X 56

by Sherrill Anne Layton

There's a lopsided throne perched on a wee isle near the river bank. Those rocks over there, the ones embroidered by rain... the Round Dunces moving a meter every three million years or so, they can smell you, Queenie, preening toward your parking lot of lonely daisies. A row of Patience waiting between piles of gray jagged memories can launch itself over the river at last. The purest of sunbeams crack open the flower petals inviting a plush and sticky core, a magnet for your royal pollinated ass.

She stops. *Focus on the senses.*

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The smell of melted beeswax carries with it the promise of transformation. Alchemists could hover over their tribokos for days, smelly and thin, adjusting their steely acumen to the command of the sealant.

Do it.

Transmute!

A melted-wax situation is always special. I see romantic candles blown out just moments before, Oh Martha; or possibly, it was a dubious insurance disaster in a mold factory claiming unintentional lives. For Seanna, liquid wax was the extension of familial nicknames: a silly-putty, egg-headed child, egg-shaped container of Goo. Her mother might bring up fewer labels if she were ever *In The Cheer* or just in from the hardware store. Mum was ever In The Cheer. Hardly ever hardwaring.

The melting of wax as medium was the charmer having to destroy before you can create, if that's what you could call it, yeah? For her, for the Little Of Cheer, it was simply the reinvention of a self that no longer suited its form, no longer went placidly-amid-the-noise-and-haste fitting into an egg-shaped putty place with empty Chiklet packs nearby and what looked like purple epoxy on her jumper. Inbigtroublelittlelady.

Sheer, premeditated destruction. Anticipation seduces The Becoming just waiting for the moment to break into life... ..a chunk of doomed wax in its glory-melt, a nubile iceberg in late spring, an escape from an unacceptable and solidly rabid ennui.

A crown.