



Pineapple by John Elkerr
3.5" x 4.5"
Ink on paper

EL AND THE ART OF ESCAPE

practice ruined him. even pale calyxes of form begged him to stop making them breathe the world's stinging carbolic air. he made a hundred paramecium shells but they escaped on tiny oars to underwater vents, conspiring to make the sea blue (he hated blue). he attached chameleon tails to myna birds until he thought his heart would stop (perhaps it did). but of all living creatures on earth, the wingless two-leggeds hated him the most. exactly half of the first ninety-seven Adams refused to suckle his breast. he chased Eve No. 49 into a tree but his shouldercock became wedged in a knothole, so he turned his arm into a snake and offered her a pineapple (what a shit). she spat in his face and everywhere women spread fire through the pineapple groves of Babylon. the fires burned up the winding ziggurat ramparts of Babel, where the old god proclaimed himself "Alpha" and "Omega" and went missing up a barking cyclone of feathers and dung.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry