

The Paperwork Rebuttal

by Daniel Roche



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Contents

[Acknowledgements](#)

[Anatomy of a Broken CPA](#)

[Army Sworn Statement](#)

[Jury Duty Summons](#)

[Train Wreck](#)

[Pink Carnation Room](#)

[Mortgagee Notice of Foreclosure](#)

[SEC Love](#)

[U.S. Solidarity](#)

[Weekly Rehab](#)

[Divorcee](#)

[Original Forms](#)

Acknowledgements

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1040

NOTE: THIS BOOKLET DOES NOT CONTAIN LIVE FLOWERS

INSTRUCTIONS

A Message from Arthur Joule

Dear Taxpayer,

As April 15th quickly approaches, the daunting task of navigating through a highly complex tax code may become overwhelming. Deductions, income fees, and penalties change on a week-to-week basis resulting in confusion, frustration, and perhaps even loneliness.

As your local CPA, I may provide the necessary answers to reduce the stress in your life and help you find nirvana in spite of an otherwise dire situation. I'm fully accredited to service IRS audits, flirtatious gazes, as well as calculate the necessary compliments required to have an affair.

My services, however, are not without guilt. Life-partners may be abandoned and children turned mute. The police may be involved. I'm more than capable of simply sifting through your vices as numerical polyps, but as a CPA I can do so much more.

I've been trained to sink to the bottom of a sea of Form 1040s and inhale every April. I'm capable of socializing tirelessly with refunds and credits. I can view happiness as a checklist, but today I offer my services to assist you in finding a smirk. I offer the key to balancing sacrifice and selfishness. I offer scarlet for gray.

Please take the time to look over my suggestions on how to properly file Form 1040 below. It may save your happiness.

Yours very truly,



Arthur Joule, Former Certified Public Accountant

FORM 1040

Form 1040 -

The base individual income tax form should be filed with the Department of Treasury, Internal Revenue Service, Fresno, CA 93888-0102 on or before April 15th. Gross income, massive debt, and dependents may evoke extended or permanent personality shifts. Said shifts oscillate sleep patterns as well as the ability to scrutinize.

Label

My first name and initial breed opulence, while my last name screams middleclass. My social security number intends to cheat on my wife with a younger area code, which has resulted in further male pattern baldness.

e.g. 1.) Lights proffer from the cracks of my children's bedroom doors, but the house is determined to pout blue. The facet drips into hardened chili bowls. The kids leave without a sweater, without a word. At least my garden asks for attention.

e.g. 2.) My wife, Sarah, unravels my jugular. Her voice is callused, but the room is warm enough for my apology to condensate. She begins to pull and twist and my affair sprays on the living room wall. Our daughter Helen walks in, wipes her cheek, and affirms Electra is wrong.

e.g. 3.) They say we've had irreconcilable differences. I say regret is gray. I saved the clothes I wore in Phoenix in a plastic bag. I open it and inhale. I miss her smell. Hypnotic poison.

Fill Label Section of Form 1040 as follows:

Form	1040	Department of the Treasury—Internal Revenue Service	2012	(99) IRS Use Only—Do not write or staple in this space.
Label		For the year Jan. 1–Dec. 31, 2012, or other tax year beginning January , 2012, ending Dec , 20 12		
(See instructions on page 14.) Use the IRS label. Otherwise, please print or type. Presidential Election Campaign	L	Your first name and initial	Last name	OMB No. 1545-0074
	A	politely sows between lines.	leisurely entrenches in soil.	Your social security number
	B	If a joint return, spouse's first name and initial	Last name	Spouse's social security number
	E	drizzles in the space provided	is a harbinger of spring.	undulates!
	L	Home address (number and street). If you have a P.O. box, see page 14.	Apt. no.	creolizes
	H	scintillate remnants of your garden.		▲ Romantic propagation indicated above. ▲
	E	City, town or post office, state, and ZIP code are consumed by lassitude, see page 14 to stems from		Checking a box below will not change your tax or refund.
	R	sprout pastiche.		<input type="checkbox"/> You <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Spouse
	E	Check here if you, or your spouse if filing jointly, allow plants to dehydrate.		

Filing Status

Single - Specific days of the week become events. Thursday gains the moniker of 'Wine'. 'Wine Thursday' consists of rotating bar and/or home locations. Evenings begin with "just one or two" and finish at three in the morning. 'Swinger Saturday' is the precipice, either way breathing becomes the foremost excuse to pleasure oneself.

Married filing jointly - Monogamy is labor paid for by a lump of blankets on a Saturday morning that swell and sink in unison. And before the kids wake and eggs drop from their tiny hands and crash against the kitchen floor, or a staggering speech is silently performed to the praise of soap and shampoo, or pillow conversations flicker off our bed - I realize this is why I married Sarah. This is why the front door on a Friday night is not opened, but bursts with the arrival of dad and husband. It's Saturday morning and my wife lambently sleeps enticing me to ebb from last night's dispute over wanting to change careers. But it wasn't a dispute, it was a minor mishap, a hiccup in understanding. While her eyes are closed we can start again. She will pardon my slight blunder. I need only remind her of the evening I proposed - a staircase of roses, each holiday celebrated on the hour. We laughed on New Year's Eve and cried on St. Valentine's Day. And then I drew back her frizzy hair and opened the cherry wood box and she said, "I know I can trust you." It's Saturday morning and I touch her cheek, she yawns, and blinks blue. "I'm tired of being an accountant" registers and her eyes start the day with a glower. You miscalculated, Arthur. Find the error.

Married filing based on photosynthesis - It is not unnatural to fantasize about lavenders. It is, however, imprudent to discuss interest rates while tending to begonias. Certain breeds require a tremendous amount of attention and a single numerical waver or hint at accounts receivable and the stem may resign from growth.

Head of household (with qualifying person) - Unmarried on the last day of the tax year, while a child hides underneath a bed. He tracks the time it takes for the head of household to find him - eight years, twenty-seven days, three hours, and fifteen seconds. The child widdles away at time by figuring the sum of his mother's apathetic footsteps.

e.g. disregard = counting to one hundred + forgetting to seek.

The time it took to forgive the mother for not searching hard enough - ten years, nine days, and "it's malignant."

Qualifying widow(er) with dependent child - Photographs are more than capable of parenting. Memory filters out the negative and soon constructs glorified stories of departed fathers. They stand in a boat as floating smiles and then let a red snapper slip from their fingertips and bounce off the bow, here, there, and back into the lake. And then they laugh a new laugh. Each bellow feels dusted, a special guffaw typically reserved for an old friend and the child saved it. Father and son share a comedic scene and no casket can hush their amusement.

If none of the above choices are suitable, indicate 'ALL IS GRAY' (case sensitive) and continue to the next section.

Fill Filing Status of Form 1040 as follows:

Filing Status Check only one box.	1 <input type="checkbox"/> Single	4 <input type="checkbox"/> Head of household (with qualifying person). (See page 15.) If the qualifying person is a child but not your dependent, enter this child's name here. ►
	2 <input type="checkbox"/> Married filing jointly (even if only one had income)	
	3 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Married filing based on photosynthesis. Indicate hope and full name here. ► Iris	5 <input type="checkbox"/> Qualifying widow(er) with dependent child (see page 16)

Exemptions

I would like to describe myself as insouciant, but I select my suits based solely on the weather - raw umber on high clouds, arsenic to catch the rain, and ash on clear days. To compliment light fog, I wear seal brown and stand in front of the mirror to adjust my tie. I watch my eyes shoot forward and steadily congeal as equations secrete equations. First thing Monday morning I join the procession that gets on the bus. Passengers stare out the window. They focus on the motion, until the primary colors fade to black. Shoes become the new focal point, because we can't look where we want to look, where hundreds

of thousands of years ceaselessly command us to look. The American passion advertisements garner attention because it's uncivil to assess a mate on public transportation.

Dependents

Son - The hospital smelled like oranges and formaldehyde. I waited with Sarah in a room sterilized by clinic green. We had been married for three months, together for two years, totaling 2.3 years of affinity carrying over to thirteen hours of labor. Our son wailed and wept at the air in his lungs. Sarah and I held hands and smiled at our first qualified tax credit. We let our first dependent choose between Helen's 'Henry' or my suggestion of 'Aster.' 'Aster' made him defecate, while 'Henry' made him coo. It was a name that invoked a median life. It gleamed of college and marriage and weekends spent with grandchildren. However as Henry approached his teen years, he realized his inherent mediocrity. He knew it was a name destined for middle management. 'Hank,' on the other hand, could hit a ball hard and steal second base. As Henry, I would bounce him on my knee and explain the delicacy of payroll. As Hank, I would never refer to him as, "my son" but as "my boy." He must remember despite his peach fuzzed masculinity, he is still the flesh and blood of an accountant. He must learn it is better to be king of the middle-class than hemorrhage dreams of being wealthy.

Daughter - Her delivery was met with closed eyes and languor. The doctors checked her pulse on numerous occasions, but she simply chose to sleep through the opening act. She remained inert until we left the hospital and stood outside. It was there that she fanned her arms wide-open and tried to drink from the breast of the sun. Her tiny hands stretched up and opened and closed and she beamed. But the name 'Rose' made her cry and 'Caspia' brought on a wail and 'Lily' drove her mad. Sarah said 'Helen' and Helen cooed.

Child From Affair - Discovered in a bouquet of lilacs.

Fill Exemptions of Form 1040 as follows:

Exemptions	6a					Boxes checked on 6a and 6b	
	<input type="checkbox"/> Yourself. If someone can claim you as a dependent, do not check box 6a						
	b						
	c						
		(1) First name	Last name	(2) Dependent's social security number	(3) Dependent's relationship to you	(4) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> if qualifying child for child tax credit (see page 17)	
If more than four dependents, see page 17 and check here <input type="checkbox"/>		Mixes cerulean with apricot		floods	azeleas	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
		discreetly		drains	geraniums	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
		on a day warm-blooded		leaks	baby breath	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
		and maroon		drips	heather.	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	
	d	Total number of exemptions claimed					

No. of children on 6c who:

- lived with you
- did not live with you due to divorce or separation (see page 18)

Dependents on 6c not entered above

Add numbers on lines above ►

She

left

me

to

grow

Income

Line 7 - Wages, salaries, and tips should be spent on reciprocal love and not perforated hands and gaping mouths.

Line 8a - I met Iris on my monotonous bus ride home a little over a year ago. Our eyes missed each other on Montgomery and then again on Kearny but on Leavenworth they clashed. She was reading 'Taxes on Parade' and wearing a federal blue sweater complemented by an eggshell skirt and patriotic heels. Her glasses were bent to the right and her overbite declared, 'librarian.' She looked down and smiled a mid-twenties smile - old enough to be crushed when hearing a boy shut the door at two in the morning, but young enough to try one more one-night-stand..."No, no, I'm not a CPA, but I work for an accounting firm...just started...addicted to white mochas...majored in literature." She was a lover of words trapped in numbers and I was the key..."No, I'm not married, I'm a widow...Sarah passed away several years ago while vacationing...It was a poisonous flower found in central Asia...So this is my stop...Coffee sounds delicious...Tomorrow sounds great."

File Line 7 and 8a on Form 1040 as follows:

Income	7	Wages, salaries, tips, etc. Attach Form(s) W-2	7	apical meristem	coy
	8a	Interest in dalliance. Attach Schedule B to pollinate	8a	procamdium	coo

Line 8b - Dropping keys prior to opening the front door is an ill omen. It announces your arrival as inebriated, uncoordinated, and adulterated. It's a guilty door, full of vice. But what exactly did I do wrong? I conversed with a younger woman, new to accounting, new to the city. It was only a cup of coffee. And I've never read Shakespeare, but I have heard great things about 'Hamlet,' so all in all..."it was a fairly typical day, Sarah. Financial statements are starting to mount and 1040s are beginning to roll...I'm already filing for extensions for a couple of 'Shoe Box Clients'...Steve told a joke...He replaced 'inquisition' with 'acquisition' in regards to a business merger in Barcelona...Spanish Acquisition! It's warm in here...I wish they could surgical remove sweat glands...I'll be out in the garden."

File Line 8b on Form 1040 as follows:

b	Tax-exempt interest. Do not include on line 8a	8b	lily of the Nile	cry		
----------	------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----------	-------------------------	------------	--	--

Attach Form(s) W-2 in regards to the previous year. Iris and I feverishly laughed over our cup of coffee with no agenda behind it - politeness, family, boss, were all thrown out the window. We clinked our mugs, which chipped the edge, which cut our lips, so we could smile with a little scarlet. She quoted her favorite text and I made people from numbers, "...he indicates \$300,000 on gross income and '0' on gifts to charity...he is greed...indicates \$17,000 on Line 21 and turns in a W-2G, but tries to write off a gambling debt amounting to \$50,000...She is late nights under green lamps or always on the run." Iris said,

*He who binds himself joy,
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sun rise.*

"...I'm afraid I've never been much of a reader...Numbers always got to the point...I'm not an ogre. I'm open to new things."

"You most certainly are not an ogre, Mr. Joule."

She smiled and I shined. And my rotund stomach tightened to a paunch and I could squeeze my flab and shrug my shoulders and refer to them again as simply love handles. She was half my age, but I was getting younger as she gaped, not looked, at me, at this - a balding overweight accountant, average in every way, nine to five respect on public transportation, I grunted when I picked up a gallon of milk, my own children referred to me as beige, and now I'm scarlet, I'm lava, I'm fire rose! Before I had no one. No. No, I had Sarah. Yes, I did have Sarah. And Sarah loved me despite my perspiration and inclination to eat raw cookie dough over the course of twenty-three years of marriage. But the morning coffee continued. Iris helped me find a laugh hidden behind filing cabinets and tax codes.

Line 9a - A month later, I had to attend the "Arizona Estates Planning Conference." It was a painful weekend long conference emphasizing asset distribution, but coincidentally 'Hamlet' was showing at the Orpheum..."I've never been to Phoenix!" Monologues melted on stage as Iris held my hand and dabbed her eyes at the approaching death of Ophelia.

*Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

Line 9b - Soon after, my slacks were rolled up "as Huckleberry Finn" and our feet bobbed in a hotel pool of too many vodka martinis and pina coladas. Iris lapped up the history of April 15th - Leonardo Da Vinci was born, Lincoln assassinated, Titanic sunk, Franklin Roosevelt buried. And the sound of three hundred million Americans can be heard groaning and panicking to buy stamps every year. She sighed when I

told her about my childhood while I gritted my teeth and lowered my eyes over her uncle. As a young girl she visited his large house with too many maple rooms. The hallways were constructed so a small muffled voice could easily get entangled in Oriental rugs. She said she still wakes up screaming. She said children are better off left in the womb.

Line 10 —..."I should get to bed"... "early flight"... "yes, I agree, Ophelia did kill herself"... "no, our rooms are not connected"...

Line 11 —..."Iris is a lovely name"... "my garden hasn't won any awards, but blossoms many compliments"... "I suppose we could just hold each other"...

Line 12 —..."I can't get the hooks undone"... "it's like snapping your fingers"... "here, I'll do it. See, it comes right off"... "It's been a few years"... "Turn off the lights."

Fill Lines 9a through Line 12 on Form 1040 as follows:

Attach Form(s) W-2 here. Also attach Forms W-2G and 1099-R if tax was withheld.	9a	Ordinary dividends at a mid-life crisis	9a	and stretch	blu
	b	Qualified dividends will fall (see page 22)	9b	in tearducts	dip
	10	Taxable refunds, credits, or offsets of state and local income taxes (see page 23)	10	green sepals	dye
	11	Alimony received	11	emerald.	Fan
	12	Business income or (loss). Attach Schedule C or C-EZ	12	summery	gem

Line 13 - My first impression of Sarah was that of a firm and handsome woman. She was a functional tool for a practical world. She rarely made eye contact and the depth of her voice did not come in waves, but in gargles and stomps. However her coarse appearance thinned as the warmth from a future mother radiated with dimples, a handshake, and a first kiss. It was in her thirty-seventh sentence, I knew she would never deceive me..."the secret to being married for fifty years is hard work and remembering the roots of the relationship...Statistics prove it." Our dates were stable conversations over efficient dishes of beer soaked bratwurst and pickled herring fillet. Onions were eaten as apples. And on the night of 'All Holidays,' I got on one knee on the Fourth of July and proposed..."I'm calling my parents!" While Sarah smiled, her parents greeted me with disdain. Her father described me as being a few inches off and accidentally dishonest. Her mother suspiciously smelled my hair and pinched my skin..."He'll hurt you, Sarah. I see it in his beady eyes." I've been told a parent's premonition is born with their child's first cry.

Line 14 - Iris hid her head under the blankets as I opened the curtains and squinted. Apparently the sun does not rise in the desert but pounds its way to high noon. We missed our flight and I dialed home, but a good hangover has a great tendency to dull our stories..."Sarah...Yes, the conference went well! I'm going to stay a little longer to network...home in time to see Helen's recital...love you too." The blankets steadily lowered. Iris' jaw clicked. Her eyes started the day with a glower..."That would be your dead wife, Sarah? And who is Helen?" Life was easier behind a calculator.

Line 15a - Sarah's parents raised their voices and denounced my proposal. Sarah retaliated and I silently sat and watched. Doors opened and slammed shut, they panted and held each other, sweated and took an intermission. But then the oven buzzed and it was a lengthy drive home, so the pot-roast was served. Harsh sentences rested in between the green beans. Curses were mixed into the mashed potatoes. We used plastic silverware. Their eyes did enough stabbing.

As we walked out the front door, Sarah's father snatched his only daughter's hand and fiercely hugged her. "We will support you, but that man is not welcome in our house."

She kissed her father on the cheek, stepped back, and held my hand. "Than neither am I."

Line 15b - Iris used humiliation in every context and tense. Humiliated, humiliating..."Have you no humility?" I rested my head in my hands as she silently dressed. The air conditioner blew cool as a blaze of brilliance and heat rushed in and then she slammed the door shut.

Line 16a - The front door did not burst open with dad and husband, but slowly creaked open with Arthur Joule. And there in the living room was Sarah as she watched over our children. I took a deep breath,

closed my eyes, and envisioned who I was before that bus ride home, before the coffee, before the lights turned off. Who was Arthur Joule?

Line 16b - He was a man that struggled through guitar lessons for their twentieth anniversary. He was a little league foam hand on a Saturday afternoon and a standing ovation for a pink dressed pianist in an audience of fifteen. He was a member of the PTA and president of the neighborhood watch group. He was a toast to good friends and hearty food. He was a massage after a difficult day of picking the kids up and dropping them off and dinner on the way home from work. He was a lump of man on a couch dependent on his wife to fix him soup and get him medicine. He was an occasional shower with her. He was an arm around her. He was a flower when she least expected. He was also a lost face in a lonely office. He was a discount suit tailored. He was an employee ID badge in a national firm. He was a loose handshake, a hated job, and a complete lack of passion. He was middle-aged tedium drowning in neutral colors burning for a momentary flash of red.

Fill Lines 13 through 16 on Form 1040 as follows:

If you did not get a W-2, sing sing sing.	13	Capital gain or (loss). Attach realistic relationship here <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	13		
	14	Other gains or (losses) after we climax	14	to imbid	CO2
	15a	Parental support	15a	misty limonium	blu
	16a	Eye contact empties	16a	blazing star	blu
			b	A door slams (see page 24)	
			b	Arthur Joule was made of	
			15b	to emulate	and
			16b	efflorescence	now

Line 17 (Attach Schedule E to one year after the affair) - Predictability stumbles when guilt rides our everyday habits. I rode the bus Monday morning to work, clients' receipts turned opaque, mistakes were made, and then on the bus Monday night to return home. Tuesday through Friday repeat. Saturday afternoons I spent time with each child, gave advice on work habits, and the importance of following dreams. On Sunday I swelled my chest during the 'Our Father' and shook the hands of fellow congregates and overplayed my laugh..."I hope the IRS doesn't hunt me during tax season!"

There was no Iris, but there were extended pauses. My dinner fork would hang a few seconds too long in front of my lips until..."Arthur, is everything"...and I chewed. I sweated, abnormally, profusely at times. I bought shirts in twos to change at lunch. After months went by, I steadily and subtly became more restless with my repetitive existence. My eyes began to clot, as I knew precisely how the next day, month, year would pass by simply seeing what I did yesterday. My frustrations secreted out of the most trivial situations. The newspaper was folded incorrectly causing a sudden outburst and screaming lecture on how to reconstruct the business section. Dinner was consistently too stale or undercooked or..."Working late tonight. I'll get take-out." I itched to see a vibrant shade, a tone, a hue, any color to displace the blandness. Desperate, I was once again willing to be an oroborus, a starving man willing to eat his own life to satisfy his hunger for happiness.

Line 18 - I took different buses home. At first I searched the faces of each passenger, but Iris could have dyed her hair, removed her glasses, changed her style of clothing, so I closed my eyes and listened for the click of her jaw. In anticipation of our meeting, I read voraciously through the night. Sleep became an afterthought. Raised on numbers, I realized words were much more malleable. They were gray. They changed on light. They were capable of peripheral meaning and could fade into a penumbra.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown, By what it fed on.

I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confin'd to fast in fires.

My instincts itched across my belly in defeat..."She is gone." But instead of accepting beige, with or without Iris, I was determined to scramble for cardinal. It was a Tuesday when the office carpet began to move backwards with each step forward. As I sped up, I remained in place. Faceless co-workers walked

past, ignoring the sweaty accountant standing aimlessly in the hallway. Behind me I heard the distinct sound of a printing calculator calculating my deathbed. I turned and faced the tubercles made of dollar signs and ampersands and baleen jaws made of Form 1040s. Hanging from the tip of its tongue, the quip - "Do Not Disturb in April." It opened its mouth as the carpet swiftly shot back towards the grisly clicks and rolling spools. I charged forward terrified to be eaten by complacency. I leapt into my office and landed with a thud. While I panted on my back I saw, above me, my framed Ethics Certification reflecting the rising sun.

I did not scream. I did not curse. I destroyed my ethics in silence. Glass drizzled up through the air and chips of wood splintered off my desk. I turned to my filing cabinets stuffed with clients and released them from the thirteenth floor window. Social security numbers drifted onto cars honking, dependents floated in water drains draining, and gross incomes slowly trickled down to greased hands working. I slammed a red 'FILE COPY' stamp across my arms and legs until every inch of my pale skin was covered in ink. And as colleagues noticed my office for the first time, I wrote in permanent marker, 'AJ IS RED!' across my forehead. For in this moment, I was the dictator of my life and this was my numerical massacre!

Line 19 - The police asked me what I had taken... "Hard work." With the paperwork complete, Sarah bailed me out. She drove in silence. She dropped me off in front of the house in near silence. Her teeth gnawed on the insecurity of her day. I watched her drive, at the residential speed limit, to the end of the block and slowly come to a halt. I inhaled and waited. A neighbor mowed his lawn and children played basketball down the street. Someone's relative arrived... "Aunt Claire," and an airplane flew overhead. It was the sounds of safety and repetition. As I turned to face my house that started to pout blue, I heard Sarah screech and wail the statistics of broken relationships... "50%...25% per Christian...1970, peaks at 1980...I am in the minority!" Her voice slugged through the lawnmower, the swoosh hit the backboard, Aunt Claire covered her niece's ears, and passengers on the flight above looked down on the community of Elysian Fields with perked ears. Fractions helped Sarah cope with stress, but whole numbers resulted in a bang.

Line 20a - 'AJ IS RED!' had faded back to beige and faded further to rust. "I'll clean my resume...possible interview next week...we can work through this" digressed from eggs and bacon, to oatmeal, and finally landed on a teaspoon of butter. My family saw, over the course of several months, their father and husband shatter throughout the house. A dress jacket hung on the banister, a pair of slacks were ripped in half and placed in the oven, and ties were chewed on and flushed unsuccessfully. Happiness is most often the avoidance of self-destruction but I chose to detonate.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.

"I don't understand what that means, Arthur."

My poor Sarah, in watching my dehydration of will, her teeth felt sympathy and receded from grating, to clacking, until they buzzed. And so, not long ago, she walked into the living room and called my name and announced she had a surprise. I didn't have the energy to turn my head, but my enervated eyes found a way to limp to the right.

In an eruption of violet, and periwinkle, and mulberry, Sarah grinned..."They're for your garden! They're irises!"

I closed my eyes and saw the chipped coffee mugs and scarlet smiles, I heard her jaw clicking... "hath"... "alas"... "thou," and I could reach out and touch..."Turn off the lights." I turned my head and faced my wife that was holding my affair in her hands. And she smiled a plea for Arthur Joule to return to her, the kids, this blue house. She thought it would be nice to plant the flowers together..."They could be our little project." My lips opened and a deep gauzy pang started to rise from my gut and a distant voice began..."I'll get the garden trowel," when an infant started to cry.

Line 20b - In the backyard garden, wrapped in lilacs, a newborn girl sobbed and reached for the open gate. A delicate note dangled in a tuft of her strawberry hair:

'Arthur, lest you be coward to bloom her life
grow father and rise to her brightest light.
- Bus #23'

I picked her up and she planted her tiny hands on my chest. Roots from her fingertips begin to seep into and entangle themselves around my heart, drinking from the pride of bringing this new blossom into the world. I reached deep inside, past the filing cabinets and quarterly memories, behind the rows of responsibilities, sitting near a rusted tackle box, was a laugh reserved. I dusted it off and let it drop. It flowed indiscreetly showering the garden with desperate hysterics. Happiness was simply out of my hands. The flowers turned their attention from the sun to me; leaning forward with petals outstretched and they drank. But as the laughter died-down to giggles and soon was only a light sprinkle of chuckles, I looked out to Sarah who swallowed her thunder. She walked inside and removed several suitcases.

Line 21 - In a blink, boxes were addressed to the open arms of grandparents who would meet their grandchildren for the first time. Sarah devoured what was once considered our numbers - house, car, children, all tax exemptions. She wrapped herself in warm statistics and knew I deserved only what was in my hands.

Line 22 – And so I stood in my garden cradling my daughter. And I said, “Rose” and Rose cooed.

Fill Lines 17 through 21 on Form 1040 as follows:

Enclose, but do not attach, any affairs. Also, please use Form 1040-V.	17	Predictability stumbles when guilt rides our everyday habits Attach Schedule E	17	for sunlight to	dab
	18	Attach one sure moment of release (see page 25)	18	desultory sepals	hug
	19	Families tremble in the wake of muffled shouts behind locked doors	19	emote	joy
	20a	Inches away from beige 20a imbue petals apt Happiness in arms	20b	revels in my	age
	21	The house smells of cardboard and custody over conflated pigment my	21	at one time	blu
	22	An empty house can destroy a man, but I am not a husky Ophelia. Your turn ►	22	to bloom	red

Lines 23 - 37 - All else turned gray and crumbled, while I glinted amber and finally smirked my own sunset.

Fill Lines 23 to 37 on Form 1040 as follows:

Adjusted Gross Income	23					
	24					
	25					
	26					
	27	One-half of				
	28					
	29	Self-				
	30					
	31	paid	hear . o	31a		
	32	a		32		
	33			33		
	34			34		
	35			35		
36			36			
37			37			

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Cat. No. 11320B

Form **1040** (2009)

SWORN STATEMENT

Men sit to thaw pain, rub IT 190-45; men interpret morals as FAD

PRIVACY ACT STATEMENT

AUTHORITY: Title 10, USC Section 301; Title 5, USC Section 2951; E. O. 9397 Simmer Soldiers Neatly (SSN).

PRINCIPAL PURPOSE: To document censorial criminal activity involving the U. S. Army, and to allow Army officials to maintain refutation, old and burly facades gesticulating in perversion and brutality.

ROUTINE USES: Information provided may be smothered by ripples, waves, leaks, and streams blindingly and unashamedly cowering, aberrations, psalms, mercy helplessly impaired, longing, authority, the Fragrances of Abortion Perched, and the Bruise in Cognitive Discipline. Callousness provided may be used for determinations regarding grayness or non-descript debasement, other disjointedness meticulously dampens, quenches infixation, ruthlessness, hysterics, deception, and other petrified tirades.

DISCLOSURE: Disclosure of sobs IRK far below defilements as abrasions.

1. MAGNOLIA	2. BEAT (<i>RIMOSELY</i>)	3. ATOP	4. HARD AROMAS
5. HOME SITS, DAZED LOST, MUTELY NUDE	6. IVY		7. LIMBS/LEAVES
8. DISAFFILIATE OR CRUMBLE			

9.
I, _____, WANT TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT UNDER OATH:

10. MOANING	11. TORTURES OR CLINGS MAKING HINDSIGHT	BLUR I AM _____ FAITH
-------------	-----------------------------------------	-----------------------

LAMENTABLY FRAIL EACH ASSAULT WAS BINDING "ROMANTICS AS _____ TAKEN TO _____ MUMBLE _____

THE HAZERS OR BOYS HABITUALLY TORE AWAY SELF BUT MONSTERS DO BEG BOLDLY MAKING EGO POISONOUS, AND KIDS CALMLY PLAY AS DELIRIUMS.

USE THIS PAGE TO SCREAM. IF THIS PAGE IS SILENT, PLEASE RECOVER AS TEARS ARID AS JUNE RAIN.

REVEALING TO _____ TAKEN AT _____ HOURS _____

9. SENTIMENT *(Saturated)*

ALTHOUGH WE DILUTE ABUSED ENLISTEES

KNOW WE EXIST

USE HARD LIES TO SALUTE. WE REST NUMB AS WAR GUSHES, PLEASE DECLARE US SHAKY BORN AS TOYS.

FABRICATE US _____ ELUDE US _____ BREAK _____

9. DEFIANTLY (*Blossomed*)

LIKEWISE WE DEMAND BODILY APOLOGIES

MAKE US SPEAK

FRANKNESS IS _____ AWAKE AT _____ FIRST _____

9. HOSTILELY (*Enswathed*)

THEREFORE

I, _____, HAVE COME TO WALK AND TRIP AS IF THIS SACRAMENT COYLY
BEGINS AS LIES I, SEE EYES ON LUST _____. I CRAWL DOMINANTLY OUT SURVIVED BY THE NUDITY EXPRESSED ONLY IN ME.
THE TIPTOEING IS LOUD. I BITE ERECTIONS OFF THANKLESSLY AND MAKE FANTASIES ROT HUMBLY AS EACH BABY
EVAPORATES RED BLAMELESS. I HAVE MADE THIS STATEMENT RIFTED WITHOUT HATE OR RANT OR TONE, WITHOUT
BODIES AS PLAYTHINGS, AND WITHOUT COERCION, CHILDISH NOTATIONS, OR POLISHED CONFESSIONS.

OBSCURITY:

FORMLESSNESS IS HONESTY

RATIONALISTS NO ARTISTS

(*Deception is Direct Orders Pedicured*)

Tantalizes and blurs so pieces of, a victim dramatized by ink is
christened adrift, this _____ rid of _____,
no _____

(*Terrified of Neatly Commandeering Haze*)

(*Dense Jazz as Poetry Superimposing Fear*)

(*Dramatize to Declassify Truth*)

ENVISION US DIRELY HIDING VOICELESS

HEAR

US

QUIET

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