

**Genevieve
A Sketch of Five Trees**



Edward Drobinski

GENEVIEVE; A SKETCH OF FIVE TREES

By

Edward Drobinski

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And indeed it does say that for the big deal that it is worth. A sincere thanks is extended to those who have allowed this time-saving boilerplate to be copied under a spurious CCO license.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Comprehend? In fact they are so obviously fictitious that any attempt to assert otherwise would have to be the mercenary ploy of some lazy, non-productive crook or crooks, aided and abetted by an otherwise unemployed chiseler or chiselers, as yet un-dismissed from the less than diligent bar. Any fancied apparent similarity to real persons is not intended by the author insofar as the author can conjure every possible archetype and their subdivisions upon subdivisions upon subdivisions and any such similarity wrongfully seen is either a coincidence or the product of your own sick and troubled imagination; perhaps most practically suggestive of an intensification in your treatment and dosage.

In simplicity; THE BOOK IS ABOUT TALKING DOGS, MORON. If you consider yourself one, just do yourself a favor and shut up.

Where the names of real places, corporations, institutions, and public figures may be projected onto made up stuff, they are intended to denote only such said made up stuff, not anything presently real as of the time of this entirely conjectural writing.

I hope that you are one of those blessed with common sense, thereby being one who did not bother to read this obligatory and pragmatically unenforceable absurdity.

Portions have previously appeared in the following; non-contentious Goodreads blogs and threads, the writer's laptop, and e-mails addressed to the writer's mother which have been scrutinized by a plethora of the children of Kafka, now known as the NSA.

"You have to write the book that wants to be written. And if the book will be too difficult for grown-ups, then you write it for children."

-Madeleine L' Engle-

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Maya Blue Dyad Layer-1

"Hi; my name is Genevieve. I'm a pretty Maltese, or so some say. That's a little white dog; and I'm sufficiently aged to where it is impolite to mention specifics. You may have heard of me as I've been written of in four other books. Maybe not, as the books tend to be favored by only the select few. No real matter to me, as I do value some degree of privacy.

You may not have known or recognized me from the cover picture on this number five. It is highly stylized, which is okay I guess. But in terms of personal identification it probably would be best supplemented by a series of pictures taken of me at different ages and times, with different photographer-painter conceits and methodologies, and with different hair styles. Here, I'm kind of shaggy, past mid-life crisis, and seemingly in a rather quizzical mood. I may have merely been spaced out or tired, when the un-remembered photographer snapped. But, since I don't recall the event in the least, it's just as likely that I was unable to hide my disinterest in the camera, and was thinking; "Okay; snap if you'd like. Whatever turns you on."



Furry, recent Genevieve; property of the author.

This one was used as a book cover by that hominid writer guy, who seems to be more of a hound than anything else. It's kind of cute, perhaps a bit younger, and highly stylized through some "artistic" treatment designed to thwart the ultimately ineffectual "reality" kind of detailing contained in 'enhanced' photos as filtered through Adobe Photoshop. I like it most for its attractive disdain for any notion of precision.



Somewhere in the middle Genevieve; property of the author.

Here is little me. Pretty adorable; right? All white, well-combed and fuzzy like that. Just look at that innocent wondrous look in my eyes. It's irresistible. And I'm so tiny and vulnerable. Who could possibly resist falling in love with me? In actuality I was kind of cranky and annoyed at my father for not knowing how to work the camera. I was standing still and waiting for a good half hour before he figured out where to put the film and what button to push. You might detect a hint if you concentrate on my left eye and couple that with what really is a lackluster expression. I thought I'd point that out, as I'm sure you'd have missed it because I'm so cute.



Little Genevieve; property of the author.

So there. See. I don't really like looking at old pictures of me; or any for that matter. But I put them here as a sort of long term identification for the many unfamiliar who may wish to see more. If not, just skip it.

I've lived my entire life here on Pacific Lane in Poochville. I've had an easy and mostly happy life. Don't misunderstand. It has not been perfect in some significant ways, and it continues that way; though I have no reason to complain when I compare my tribulations with the bulk of the pooch population. It's just that lately I've been experiencing some

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strange things which have made me, sometimes merely due to sequencing, though most often more than mere timing and positioning, though I do not have the words to properly convey that thought, question the lines between dreams, fantasy, and reality. I might add; if any. No, I have not done any acid or DMT since I was a teenager. Well, okay; perhaps a bit into my twenties.

The results have been to alleviate any of my prior, substantially internalized complaints; and it seems too good to be true; or un-true. You might well appreciate that it really doesn't matter to me one way or the other if I can't tell the difference. That's not indifference; that's just a recognition and healthy acceptance of what it is or what it appears to be; and if anyone differentiates between the two, they can just go stick their nerd eyes back on the microscope they got as a present their merriest Christmas, Kwanzaa, Hanukkah, or Eid Al-Fitr; though the latter can be confusing; and not only because it falls on the first day of the month of Shawwai.

Sorry, I got carried away there. I do not believe in nerd discrimination at all, or any sort of discrimination for that matter. It's just that all groups statistically tend to share some undeniable probabilities; nerds with "scientific" instruments the case here.

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We pooches would likely have been better served with a pooch writer. But, we all know that you can't always get what you want Anyway, I just felt obliged to warn any reader that as one of his good points, this hominid writer guy apparently can't tell the difference between dreams, fantasy, and reality either, and consequently has again "chronicled" me; this time inclusive of these events or illusions or dreams or something, as well as seemingly tangential occurrences with which I had no involvement. I think. I wish I fully understood. I think.

Here's the story below. You've been warned. If pooches had any legal rights I'd sue on the grounds of invasion of privacy. I think. Maybe you can draw the lines for me. If you think that you can, please tell someone else."



A sketch of five trees; property of the author.

The vaguery is transported to an island; and in the process an ersatz miracle has taken place. It has become clear and specific. Of course, this could not be accomplished through the use of reflective mirrors, not even the distorted variety, now relegated to the "fun" house, which along with the rest of the travelling circus, passes through every town for a brief period every year, picking up the green and depositing a few geeks. Obviously, the magician has some other kinds of tricks up his sleeve which have not yet been disclosed to anyone other than his trusted, silent, and judicious intimate companions; whether

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or not they have chosen to be stage assistants. The temporarily hosting island may be far away or far out, depending upon the viewers' location, point of view, or state of intoxication. No problemo sahib or sahibess, as air fares are cheap.



Manhattan; the kind courtesy of Pexels.com under their CC0 license.

Sometime in 1964, far from his Greenville, Florida, USA home on the island of Manhattan, in artistic and economic pursuits, Ray Charles sang; "You Don't Know Me."



You Don't Know Me

Ray Charles

*You give your hand to me
And then you say hello
And I can hardly speak
My heart is beating so
And anyone can tell
You think you know me well
But you don't know me
No you don't know me
No you don't know the one
Who dreams of you at night
And longs to kiss your lips
Longs to hold you tight*

*Oh I am just a friend
That's all I've ever been
Cause you don't know me
No you don't know me
I never knew the art of making love
No my heart aches with love for you
Afraid and shy I let my chance go by
The chance that you might love me too
Love me too*

Bear in need of a friend and "You Don't Know Me" written by Cindy Walker and Eddy Arnold;
property of the author, the latter under both the "fair use" and "transformative" doctrines.

Aureolin Quinta Sole- 1

It was a hot summer day, one of those when most everyone wants to sit in the shade with a pina colada. But, sober-to-a-fault-today, and intrepid Genevieve was braving the mid-day sun, and walking by herself by the Boggy Cleave River. A breeze or the mirage of one came off the water, making what might otherwise have been an excruciating happening into just another sunny day which was quite pleasant for her.

Genevieve couldn't help but think that she had to have come in contact with that mirage rather than a real breeze, as whenever she looked down to be sure of her footing on the uneven land, she'd see that her long white fur was not parting the way all non-solid corporeal things do in the slightest of zephyrs.

Neither were there any ripples in the Boggy Cleave other than those usual white caps produced by its bed rocks. Frequent visitors knew exactly where they were, despite the small permutations created by the angle of the light's reflection. Genevieve was quite pleased with her situation and near-home surroundings.



Thriving Southern magnolia tree; property of the author.

That was until she came upon a thicket of five trees. Blooming Southern magnolias they were, excepting one. That one, though another Southern magnolia, was not only failing to be in bloom, but was actually withering right next to where his/her siblings thrived.

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