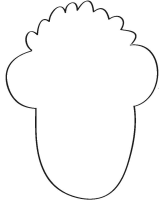


# Fashioning Time

Jeremy Trylch

THE ABSURD CIRCLE



COLLECTIVE



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COLLECTIVE



JEREMY TRYLCH is a bipedal primate from planet Earth with his wife and son and 6+ billion other big brained monkeys.



4.

On an ugly red door, written with a Sharpie by Flav's hand, were all the things she'd ever wanted to be—Pop star, Artist, Weaver of Tales, Magic Ring Forger, Bride of Kong. The near illegible accusations damned her.

She turned the knob. No lock. No alarm. No flaming sword booby-trap set by archangels.

Inside the apartment, among Play Doh containers strewn about the floor, stood a tilting, lacquer finish-chipped papier mache chair.

She knelt, laid her hat at the foot of the throne, and, looking ceiling-ward, shouting in wrenching self disdain, tore her Times fashioned top.

5

4

Projector darkened, crowd stilled, she leaned against Jezi who, seated on a stuffed dragon pillow, kissed blood from a scratch on her neck.  
The projectionist, a thin guy wearing an Atari Space Invaders tee-shirt, hushed the silent crowd.  
"Flavius Josephus Jones did not attend tonight's celebration."  
Gasps. She sat up, scanning the crowd, the rooftops.  
"There's speculation he's fallen victim to a conspiracy. The FBI, CIA, The Borg Collective? Nobody knows the Truth. All who wish may seek him."  
She looked toward the steeped screen. "I will find him. I am his one."  
Jezi said, "Better you than me."

3.

1.

The party celebrated Flav's final film. Her outfit needed to be right.

She braided a pink weave into her blonde hair. Her tank top, fabricated from the Washington Times, set the tone. She'd done a bikini wax to wear the blue bottoms, which she'd say represented water.

She tried imagining Flav wearing flip-flops but couldn't. She slipped on four-inch heels.

Flav would say her nakedness symbolized mankind's spiritual vulnerability. She put on the last piece: her papier mache croaking frog hat crafted from the Time's Sunday Edition.

She'd decorated the frog with a pink bow to match her weave.

2

3

A boarded-up back wall of an abandoned church served as the screen for the projected image of Flav's film.  
Plastine frogs hopped in four-frames-per-second motion, eating everything. Angels threw tissue-wrapped LED-lit yoyo fireballs emptying out a third of the wash tub ocean. A Dilbert calendar showed December 21, 2012.  
Flav was a genius.  
She danced among the papier mache crowned crowd—among locus, foundering ships, and demonic serpents. She stepped over cracked concrete, moving to keep and kill time, waiting, wanting, hoping Flav watched the crowd, scoping his following.  
She danced for him.

2.