

# Codicil I : Suitor, Sued Her, Suit Her

by Peter M. Topolewski

I push a Q, my pantyhose itch. I wonder what word I was spelling. Baroque? Sure. Sweat is collecting just above this double-stitched Dacron seat. At my perineum. Most uncomfortable. Is this what I've come to? Toodle-loo. Yes. I wear beige pantyhose with reinforced toes. My feet are webbed. They don't make me feel good about myself. How old am I? How old do I feel? Old? Old. In relation to what? In relation to the stupid fact that I could chew Mrs. C's face off. It could be night outside. For all I would know. I'm not even on earth. I'm nineteen stories above it. Nineteen what? Stories. A story would be nice. One fairy tale. Nineteen stories, Mr. Adam Smith you can take this job and shove it up your asshole. I cannot see the sun, should there be one.

Sometimes I remember why I'm here. The Liquid Paper smells fresh today. Funny, I haven't gotten a new bottle in ages. Will I still be here, here when Liquid Paper is gone? Up here, nineteen stories. I want my floor to collapse onto the floor below. I

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never liked those shits on eighteen. That would be some justice. And justice for all. Seventeen floors to go. I'm glad Heisenberg worked so hard to find his principle. So that I could sit here. So I sit here, indebted to him for setting me here so uncertainly. I'm certainly here, well

enough, well enough. For four years. I push a key marked F seven. What does that mean? What does that mean? Is that a word? A function, a function for me to perform by pushing. Push. Push with my finger. Fabulous. Forget it, it's just a function.

Mmm, that feels good. But should I reprimand myself?

Yes. How many times have I told you not to clean your ears out with a paper clip? Oh shut up. Shut the hell up. Nice use of reprimand though. Thanks. Where'd you get it? Oh, Mrs. C used it

on me. You know, it was review time. Right. Caps lock. Caps lock? Caps lock locks me to my keyboard. Thanks for coming out. Four years now. Four whatever, for whatever have I come to? I can't remember. What have I come from? Can't remember if I

never knew. Yes, so what? I like me. Hi key. Big E, little s, little c. I don't know you. What do you do? Can I push you? There. Oh. You don't do a thing. Just like me. But no, I do recognize you. You are the escape key. How many times have

I pushed you with the hope of living your label? Who will push my button? Who will push my escape key? Yes, thank god Copernicus took me from the center of the universe so I could do this. Thank who? Thank god. God smod. Thank god I might like to

hang myself by the telephone wire if not for fear the interns would see my webbed feet dangling. God smod. If there is a god I think he should like the way I've lived my life. If there is a such thing as justice in this world, then god would like the way I've lived my life. Back to

square one. Beige pantyhose. Where is my taste? Where indeed? Good thing I have my priorities in order. Do I always think this way? Like I'm talking out loud? Yes? Yes. Yes, I suppose I do, but I don't know. Did I yesterday? Was I here

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yesterday? I should like to know. Am I still doing it? Doing what? Thinking that way? Have I ever asked so many questions? As when? As now? Is that all I can do? How can I answer that? Can I? Does it matter? To whom? Who's asking? Fine. From now on I will

only think in the form of a question. Too late. I've been typing all this time? I have been typing all this time. I wonder what I've been typing. I should like to read it some day. Not really. I feel fatter. So sue me. It's a good thing I have a life to live outside this office, this job. A life outside, outside, there's no getting outside it. Good thing to be here, glad to be here Mrs. C. I'm committed to my job, as you can see. Not my life. My job, my job. My job? Amen. Piss off, should you decide to waltz back in here and inquire about whatever it is I'm typing. Some shit for you, what else would it be, you mumbler? I've no letters to write, no one to send them to. Not that I remember, not that I care. Not that it matters now that this ancient terminal you've supplied me with has given me terminal brain cancer. Ha ha. Isn't life terminal? Thank god yes, thank god smod yes! How much longer until lunch?