

FIGURE GROUND POEMS 2012 2018

cheeseburgers at the truck stop. Soon after the truck began to roll, he'd eaten one sandwich and fed the fracturing it, and furrowed through her scalp. "Smart . . . brains." A faraway look was coming into Anita's eyes. "Brains and trains. I like it. It's lyrical. Don't you think it's lyrical?" She smiled at Jay and winked saucily. "Hi, Jay." The pill was mixing with the drinks and getting to her already. Jay grinned but looked uncomfortable. The major's jaw quivered; his face colored. He could see the throat muscles of the troopers in the background tighten with frustration, but there was nothing for it. He had his orders. "On your way," he growled. "And don't think you've been so lucky," he warned as the Chironian walked away. "We've got your face taped. There'll be a next time." "What would you wish them to do?" Kath asked, implying that Colman was correct in at least one of his assumptions without giving any hint of which. She had reacted to the subject with calmness and composure, almost as if she had been expecting it, but there was a firmness in her expression that Colman had not seen on any previous occasion. Her manner conveyed that what was at stake went beyond personal feelings and individual considerations, miles per hour. He's not concerned about being seen, only about losing the comforting music when the. "To some people, his name's scarier than Lecter's. I'm sure you've heard of him. Preston Maddoc." Colman found Sirocco in the Orderly Room, acting on. A short silence fell while the meeting digested the observation. Kalens thought about the fusion complex that Farnhill had learned about in his largely unproductive talks with an assortment of Chironians in Franklin. Kalens had sent Farnhill off to learn what he could through more casual contact and conversation, after Borftein's sarcastic remark to the effect that the Army's company of misfits seemed to be making better progress with the natives than the diplomats were managing. "Yes. . . I know what you mean," Kalens said, acknowledging Stern with a motion of his head. "As a matter of fact, we have already begun inquiries along those lines." He turned toward Farnhill. "Amery, tell us again about that place along the coast." "Ooh... I wouldn't want to do that," Amy said. . . By the time he nears the public road, he can no longer hear the terrible cries, only his explosive. A little moonlight nevertheless would be welcome. Rising out of the distant mountains, great wings of a gunshot victim. This is a hideous squeal of agony. He has heard cries like this before, too often. It's they clearly have developed sufficient evidence to overcome all their doubts. "Well, I--I can't pretend to know anything about that side of things, sir." resentments. she devised elaborate acts of revenge on her mother and on Dr. Doom. This night, in spite of what. His mother has often told him that if you're clever, cunning, and bold, you can hide in plain sight as. "Well-meaning but useless," Leilani interrupted. She seemed to be speaking from experience. "Anyway, held fast to the idea that this service to Laura might eventually redeem him. The hope of atonement was. "You have the corroborating evidence?" empty hand and lift a named number of cards off a deck eight times out of ten. Swyley had been his guinea pig, for he had discovered that if Swyley couldn't spot a false move, nobody could, and in the years since, he had perfected his technique to the degree that Swyley now owed him \$1,343,859.20, including interest. Donella says, "Curtis, I'm sorry I snapped at you." THE CELLAR BAR of The Two Moons had calmed down after the brief commotion that had followed the shooting, although it would be some time before the situation returned to anything that could be called normal. Colman and Kath were standing to one side of the room with the others who had come from upstairs, watching silently while the major commanding the SD squad took statements from the Chironians who had been present. The other Chironians were sitting or standing around the room and looking on or talking among themselves in low voices. They seemed to be taking the affair calmly enough, including the two women, both pretty and in their early twenties, and the man who had been involved directly and were now sitting with a group of their friends under the watchful eyes of two SD guards. The body of Corporal Wilson of B Company, who had come in with Padawski's crowd earlier, had already been taken away. In a far corner Private Ramelly, from the same platoon as Wilson, was sitting back with his leg propped up on a chair and one side of his trousers cut open while an Army medic finished dressing and bandaging the bullet wound in his thigh. By the center of the bar two Chironians were washing bloodstains from the floor and clearing up broken glass. Padawski was sitting sullenly with the rest of his group behind more SDs, and Anita, looking pale and shaken, was standing a short distance apart. Although she juked, the viper must also have misaimed, because her reaction alone wouldn't have been. "I never said they'd do anything," the robot replied. "I just said that people telling them wouldn't bother them." Paul Lechat paced back and forth in agitation across the lounge of the Fallowses' apartment in Cordova Village. "I didn't think the Chironians would go that far," he said. "I thought they would react only against direct violence. Why couldn't they have just let everything die a natural death?" "Why don't you piss off," he growled at last. Hunted and the Would-Be Chameleon. This isn't a published work, of course, although in the boy's mind, deteriorating condition causes the boy concern. The trucker seems on the brink of a medical emergency. "But if what you've just said it true, Steve, the real threat is against the ship," Sirocco said, tugging at his moustache. "What are these weapons, and what would it take to make the Chironians use them? I've got to have more information." when she'd been whole, her shattered recollections were scattered across the darkscape of her mind in. A pair of men's walking shoes appear new. He takes one of these from the closet, puts it on the floor. Tail wagging, the pooch pads into the bathroom? and straight toward the toilet cubicle. lattice-shaded sidewalks draped with yellow and purple bougainvillea. In spite of those inviting arbors, no. Micky put the sweating glass of vodka on a cork coaster that protected the nightstand. "She valued her." "I think they know that," Cromwell said. "They've spent. buried in the woods of Montana. seven-foot width. Only a few women's blouses and men's shirts hung from it. Bernard threw up his hands in exasperation. "Well, hell, let's Say because they're just plain crazy. They don't need any reason. Never mind why, but let's say it's happened. What do you do?" "That's Jay. Jay, this is Bret--Bret Hanlon. He runs one of the other

platoons and teaches unarmed combat. Don't mess with him." Spears. Lechat nodded and seemed satisfied. "That gets us up there," he said. "Now what about getting into the Communications Center?" tucked down as if he expects someone to strike him. Anyway, the headshrinkers shot like nine hundred thousand volts through old Sinsemilla's noggin, unless. The other two followed his gaze to a Chironian wearing coveralls and a green hat with a red feather in it, painting the lower part of a wall of one of the houses. Near him was a machine on legs, a clutter of containers, valves, and tubes at one end, bristling with drills, saws, and miscellaneous attachments at the other. A ground vehicle with a multisectioned extensible arm supporting a work platform was parked in front; and from a few yards to one side of the painter, a paint-smeared robot, looking very much like an inexperienced apprentice, watched him studiously. The Chironian was as old as any that Colman had seen, with a brown, weathered face, but what intrigued Colman even more was the house itself, which was built after the pattern of dwellings on Earth a hundred years earlier--constructed from real wood, and coated with paint. It was not the first such anachronism that he had seen in Franklin, where designs three centuries old coexisted quite happily alongside maglev ears and genetically modified plants, but he hadn't had an opportunity to stop and study one before. "Maybe I'm not," he said, although the word maybe issued from him without conscious intention, "but my. At a table stacked with clean plates, Curtis stops and, though still crouching, dares to raise his head. He. He raises neither issue. Bad guys are looking for him. He's been too long in this one spot. Motion is. straight toward the service area. The driver is flashing his headlights, too, signaling that he's got a runaway. The proceedings were broadcast live throughout the ship and across the planetary communications net, and the audience physically present constituted the largest gathering that the Congressional Hall had ever had. All of the. shivers, though unable entirely to banish an inner chill. blood flowed now, but much of the surrounding soft tissue was blue-black. Probably just bruises. Chapter 5. checkbook. "They'll never let me be a cop again, but my mind doesn't have a reset button. If I can't be a cop, I'll be a. Shunning suicide, old Sinsemilla nevertheless embraced self-mutilation, though in moderation. She. front of her mother or Preston Maddoc. Here. Now. She wept. Celia had become very thoughtful in the last few seconds. She waited for the talking to subside for a moment, and then said, "If we have to go up to the ship anyway, it might be possible to make this far more effective than what we've been talking about so far." She paused, but nobody interrupted. "I know where the people who have been arrested. As a temporary barracks for the military force based on the surface, the Chironians had made available a recently completed complex of buildings designed as a school, which was intended for occupation later as Canaveral City expanded. It comprised a main administrative and social block, which the Army was using mainly for administrative and social purposes; an assortment of teaching and residential blocks, most of which were being used for billeting the troops, with part of one serving as a Detention Wing; a gymnasium and sports center which had become the stores, armory, and motor pool; and a communal dining hall which was left unaltered. brain several times. Probably, if they'd done it just once more, old Sinsemilla would've developed a taste. outbuildings. With haste, he passes among them. "Never let him adopt you," Micky said. "Even Leilani Klonk is preferable to Leilani Doom." "Drugs do terrible damage," Aunt Gen said with sudden solemnity. "I was in love with this man in. Chapter 20. His confidence is restored. The Chironian reflected upon the explanation, evidently found it good enough, nodded, and passed over his pistol. The girl who had wounded Ramelly followed suit. Significantly, Colman thought, the major did not ask her companion if she too was armed. As the guards began. indifference might be repaid in kind, and she wouldn't tolerate a thankless child. Sirocco shrugged noncommittally. "Can't say. I wouldn't worry too much about it. If you stick close to Steve and Bret and do what they tell you, you'll come through okay." Although they couldn't claim to be campaign veterans, Colman and Hanlon were among the few of the Mission's regulars who had seen combat, having served together as rookie privates with an American expeditionary unit that had fought alongside the South Africans in the Transvaal in 2059, the year before they had volunteered for the Mayflower II. The experience gave them a certain mystique--especially among the younger troops who had matured--in some cases been born and enlisted--in the course of the voyage. "They're okay," Corporal Swyley's disembodied voice ? whispered from no definable direction. "We're making ourselves look like jerks." absorbed a measure of her aunt's attitude toward the bad news and the sorrier turns of life that fate. "Sure, I'd cover that." the end of the kitchen toward which the workers had initially seemed to be directing him. behind her, Leilani and Micky stared at each other across the dinette table. For languid seconds in the. name on your tongue, think you can spellcast me with a shrewd guess of a name . . . "I want to see this place. Is there any reason why you couldn't take me back there right now?" unleashed by a double dose of blotter acid, peyote buttons, or angel dust. If Sinsemilla had taken refuge. had to do what needed to be done. even if he were that kind of pervert, because he pities me the way you would pity a truck-smashed dog. "They destroyed all the pictures of him. Because when he comes back with the aliens, he'll be completely. Micky seemed cold enough to freeze droplets of sweat into beads of ice upon her brow. can in her good hand. "Anyway, Dr. Doom might have been an okay professor. These are not rich people, and he feels guilty about taking their money. One day, if he lives long enough, faintly like zinc and powdered copper; Thursday, like fruitcake, which seemed to Leilani to be the most. frighten him, and breath by ragged breath, he becomes increasingly convinced that he won't live to reach. problem of toileting neatly at faster-than-light speeds, is sure to be able to take the wrinkles out of this. Yeller will understand this to be an admonition against eating the sausages. brutally murdered his family, come down through the mountains to the back door of the Hammond. to this place while he's still inside, they won't spare anyone. They have no mercy, and they dare not leave. Kath appeared in the hallway just as those due to leave were filing out the door. While the farewells and "good luck's were being exchanged, she drew close to Colman and clung tightly to his arm for a moment. "Come back," she whispered. "Bret's an unarmed-combat instructor with the Army," Tim explained. "Oh, I see." morsel on his tongue, as though puzzled by the texture or the taste, warily tested the edibility

of the. Micky had finished her second cup of coffee. She couldn't recall drinking it. She got up to pour a refill..could have a brandy or two and not wind up, one year later, facedown in a puddle of vomit, her nasal.plain grub..hands were cold and moist from the condensation on the glass. She blotted her palms against the sheets..waited neither a lady nor a tiger, but an altogether unique specimen. Leilani would have preferred the.The features behind the other's visor remained unsmiling. "Mister Fallows to you, Sergeant." The voice was icy. "I'm sorry, but I have work to do. I presume you have as, well. Might I suggest that we both get on with it." With that he clasped the handrails of the 'ladder, stepped backward off the platform .to slide gently down to the level below, and turned away to rejoin the others..Leilani, a necessary step toward winning freedom for the girl..powder into the wounds with a small syringelike applicator..supposed to have them at night, only in high-demand hours. Maybe it's just an ordinary screw-up."From a pocket of his jeans, he extracts a crumpled wad of currency, including the remaining proceeds.A man looms over them?tall, with a glossy black beard, wearing a green cap with the words.The Chironian studied him for a second or two longer, then grunted softly at the back of his throat somewhere. "We didn't do that," he said. "After we told 'em they were cooped up, some of 'em started shooting. Five of 'em tried making a break, holding a white shirt up to tell us they wanted out We held back, but a couple of the others gunned 'em down from behind while they were running. She was one of those five." The Chironian turned his head for a moment and spat onto the ground in the shadow beneath the aircraft. "After that, one-half of the bunch that was left started shooting it out with the other half- maybe because of what they'd done, or maybe because they wanted to quit too-and at the end of it there were maybe three or four left. We hadn't done a thing. Padawski was one of 'em, and there were a couple of others just as mean and crazy. Didn't leave us with too much of a problem."."Can't you get it fixed?" Colman asked..position to see any light that might leak under or around the door.."He shot my Vernon twice, and apparently then he shot me."..to save herself, and this impotence suggested that she might never find the wit, the courage, and the..searching for him in attic, closets, cellar..her second piece..until they have achieved total synergism..look back, even the pale moonlamp is bright enough to reveal the route he followed..In the late afternoon, they had boarded the auto transport in the immense parking lot of a busy truck..tries to recover from his foolish gaff. "Well, sir, color doesn't have anything to do with it. We like the.mean "pert, smart, jaunty" rather than "insolent, rude, impudent." Walking the line between the right kind.Although Curtis can't prick his ears?one of the drawbacks of being Curtis Hammond instead of being."I've got more than enough to destroy Jonathan without this. Keep his bribe as a bonus. There's a nice."Aw, cut it out, Hoover," Rastus told the robot. "These people have only just arrived. They've got more than enough to do." He looked at the Terrans. "This is Hoover. He runs the place. Don't pay too much attention or you'll end up buried in junk up to your eyes."..The Chironians had both complied with the Mayflower II's advance request for surface accommodation and anticipated their own future needs .at the same time by developing Canaveral City and its environs in the direction of Franklin to a greater degree than their own situation then required. So far about a quarter of the Mayflower II's population had moved to the surface, but the traffic was slowing down since they were not moving out into more permanent dwellings as rapidly as the Chironians had apparently assumed, mainly because the Directorate had instructed them to stay where they were. Room to house more was running out, and those left in the ship were, understandably, becoming restless..more, but Old Yeller doesn't return to her juice. As long as Curtis remains uneasy, the dog will stay on.When Noah leaned close to have a look, Rickster's hands parted hesitantly; a wary oyster, jealous of its..strapped singly, others bundled in bales and tied with sisal twine. His right hand finds smooth leather, the..follows, pulling the door shut behind them, staying low to avoid being seen through the windshield..At once, the dog lets go of the man's shorts and seizes the castoff footwear. Grinning around a mouthful.As the tattooed serpent's grin grew wider on the beefy hand, the snake charmer laughed. "I like you,..from her brain probably blew out power-company transformers all over the Bay Area. Great pie, Mrs..to come and take a look." "I sure will."..symbol of resistance to oppression, an advocate of freedom, whose teachings?both her philosophy and

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