

Gymnopédie Set

by Scott Garson

garson c. 80 words

Houston Gymnopédie

The streets have terrible breath, it's said, and everyone hides but the young, who have slick, naked shoulders and fragrant tobacco shreds in the linings of their empty pockets. Had we lived there, I'd have thrown beer bottles, end over end, at the shadows of rats. I'd have shined apples with spit. I'd have offered my blood-puffed hands and taken hold of your shoes, the tapering soles of your heels, if you needed to see over fences.

garson c. 90 words

D.C. Gymnopédie

Take the surveyor's view, heading south on 16th, and you'll generate a nice illusion: the dome of the Jefferson Memorial setting like a sun behind the president's house. I don't know what to recommend, beyond that. I used to look for parking spaces close to Lafayette Park, then lace up my blades while sitting in the open bed of the truck. Pennsylvania Avenue ran on the other side of the park and was closed to traffic. A field of thoroughfare, unpurposed. In winter, in the early blues of dusk, you could do flying infinity signs.

garson c. 80 words

Kansas City Gymnopédie

Who keeps throwing papers on our driveways? No one subscribes! I've half a mind to let the sun and rain make clotted porridge of them, then pick the green rubber bands free. The squirrels might like it. Who knows knows but there's nourishment. I remember swinging the butt of a barroom pool cue into glib teeth. Say what you like about my saying so. I think I have a good idea of who's framed in the shaving mirror light.

garson c. 100 words

Baltimore Gymnopédie

Our church wanted people to host members of the touring choir that would perform for us Sunday. We took on two boys, Evan and Borealis (I don't believe that was his given name). In the spare bedroom with the dark wooden paneling, downstairs, they smoked pot and listened to grimly soulful music on equipment they'd brought. Then they took a walk. A day later, I replicated it. I saw rowhouses, faded and narrow as gills. Above them the stain of a three-quarter moon lifted the bars of a waltz. I adjusted my rhythm. In places where drum beats should be I heard whips. I heard clinking bottles.

