

82. **Automedicador** (For Amalio)

He had his fortune invested in sheets, but one day he was robbed by a platoon of ghosts.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

Turn Back! What's an automedicador w/o his pocket insulin? What's Garcia doing in the forsythia why Garcia under the Chinese Witch Hazel bush or puzzled by the Arboretum's Camper Down Elm? Garcia on acid for a week, a month, a year melting the walls of his brain maybe or just turning doors of perception into bliss and windows.

The legends of Garcia grow (still after the elusive metaphor) down by the river where he got his free sandals where he watches his step aware of Corua by the Embudo where it stripes itself with the Big River. Garcia eyeing the waitresses, ordering tuna tataki or sending tulips to the Lady of the house always to ward off the confusion of all sentient beings' erroneous views, *usually projection* Garcia sings, part Yaqui, part Jung, part Chinese, eating Crispy Pimp with Jidi Majia in Xining.

Garcia stabs himself w/ another needle for the hit of a warm hormone & regulate his fat metabolism stabb'd smack dab the middle of the island of his Yaqui belly without even an ouch and more than a pinch of gratitude. Garcia an oxy for his hip, a smile in his eye under the full blossom'd Cascadia cherry tree on that rare March day. Holy Garcia laughing laughing his hoarse man ghost laugh w/ overgrown ear hair.

The ghosts'll come
one day, but not to
day. Today Garcia
orders one more Dragon
roll.

1:12P - 4.1.13