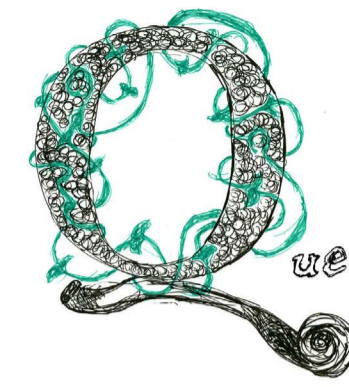


Question Mark

By *Robert Horton* (stories)

And *Constantin Dubois Tchoulik* (illustrations)



Question Mark woke up this morning.

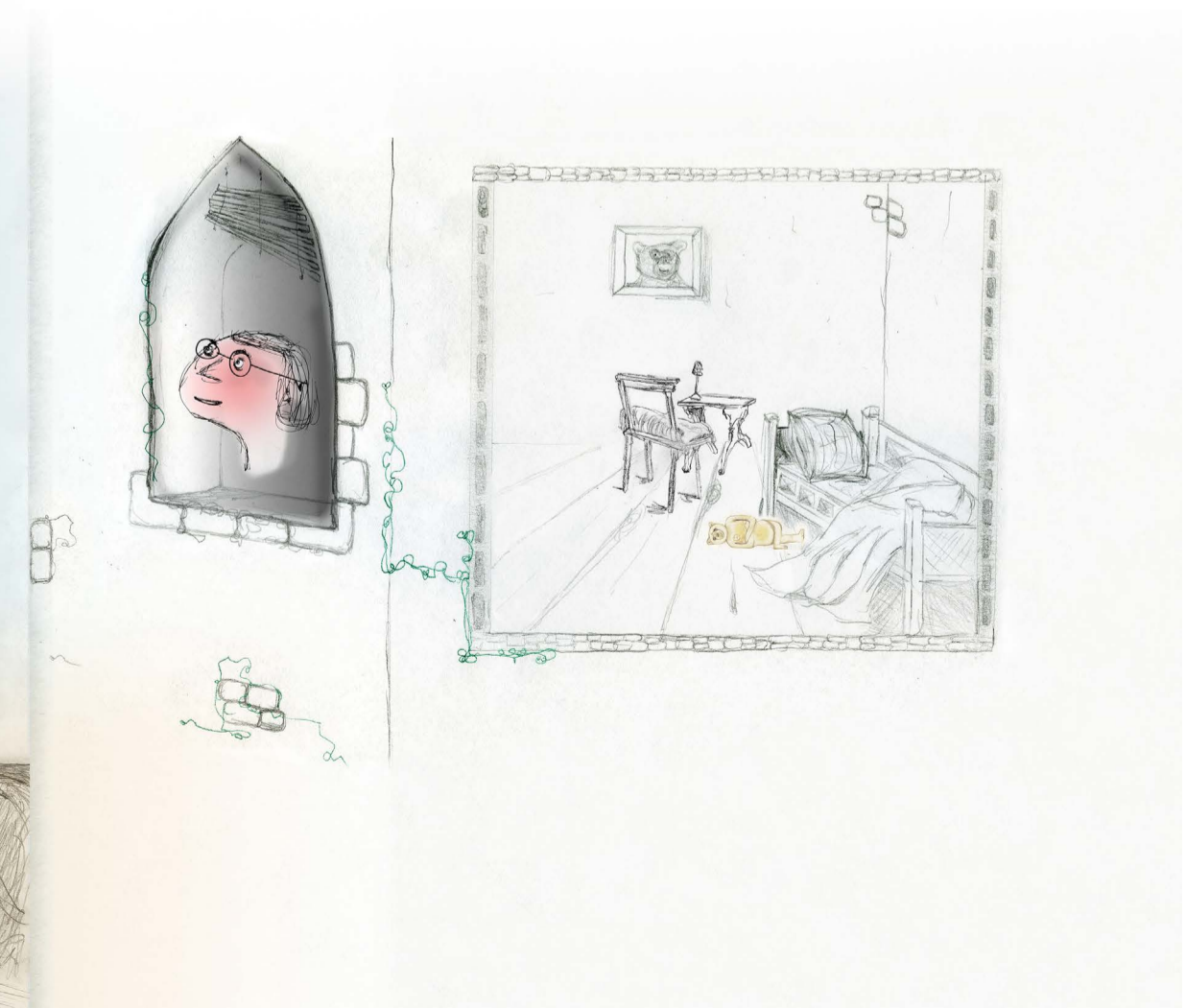
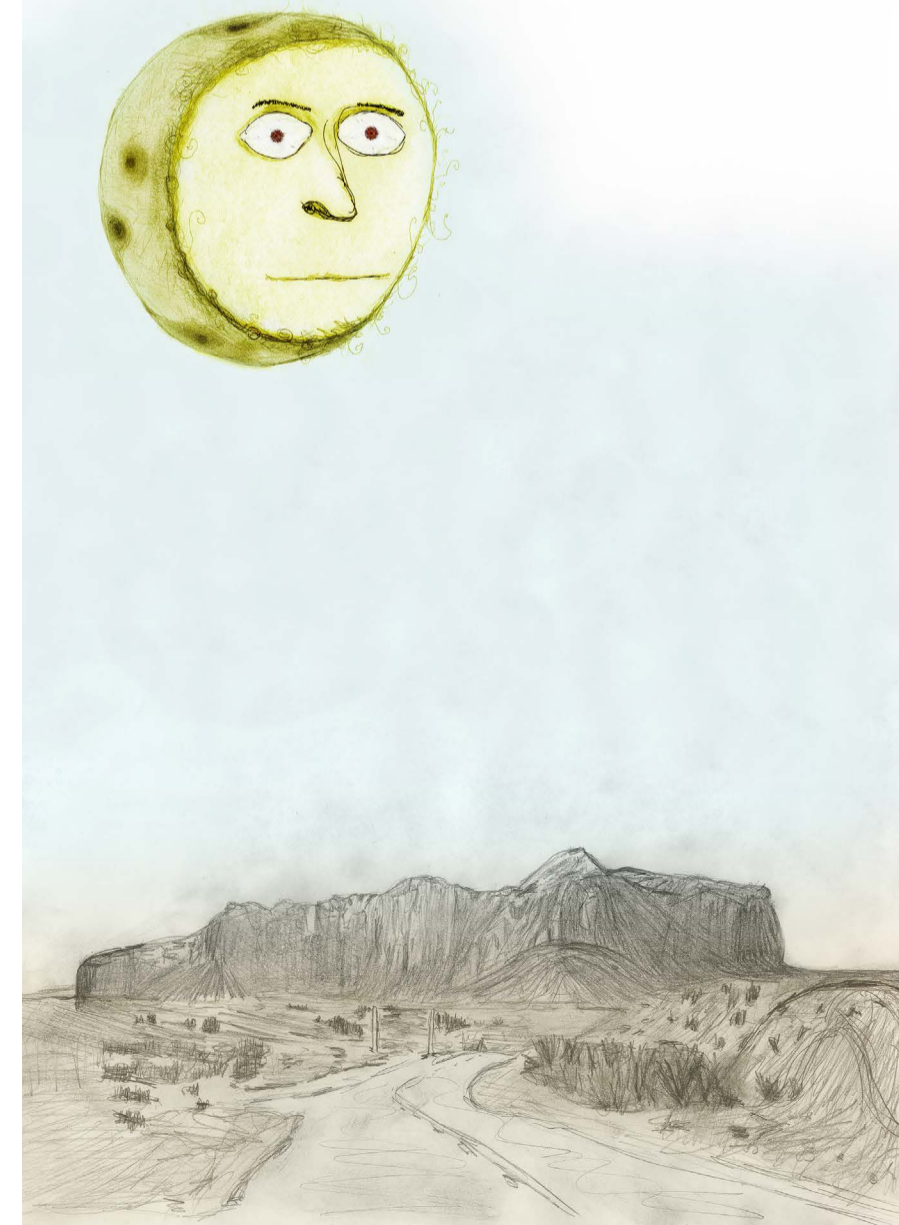
Who was he today?

That was the question he always asked first each day.

He opened the blinds and asked it of the sun.

The sun said nothing but somehow

that was ok with Question Mark.





He learned to ask the morning question from Max

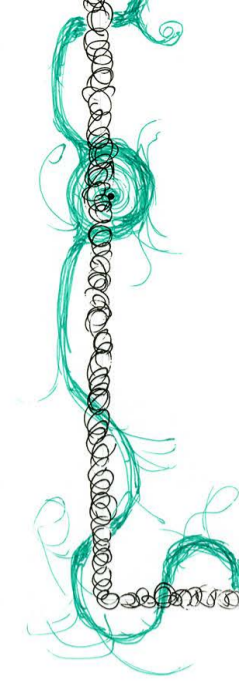
who was a stuffed bear and a member of SALT.

Stuffed Animal Liberation Front : an organization at the forefront of stuffed freedom issues.

Max always wore a button that says "Who am I today?"

Question Mark always felt that Max was deep.





rows

perch on electric wires,

"Why", asked Question Mark

*as they flit on
down the street*

*leaving their caws
in small black shiney puddles
on the cracked pavement*

*question mark reached down,
touched a caw on the pavement
and said, "I don't know why—
but thank you brother crow."*



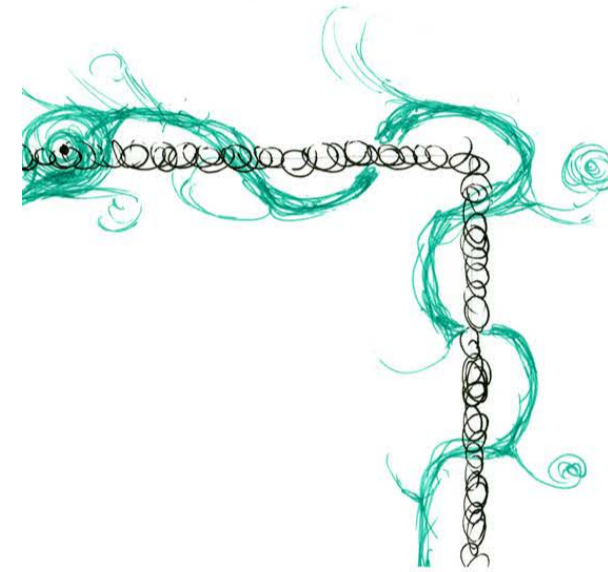


*Sometimes I feel like a bird
Who am I today?
Sometimes I feel like a word
Who am I today?*

*My friend Max the bear, he has a button that reads
"Who am I today?"
I asked him. how do you use it?*

*He said, "I shake up all my parts
like a kalidescope and let my personality fall into place.
It's different everyday. You shouldn't try and be the same person in the morning.
Make it new!!
So its all a question mark to me.
How about you?"*

*I always like tea but I always change what kind I like to surprise myself.
Today I like red robe chinese tea for the emperor.
I feel regal today. and I want to sit here and not move all day.
Ok?*





*his morning Question Mark opened his eyes,
looked out the window at the sun
shining around billowing white clouds.*

He didn't think anything at all for a moment.

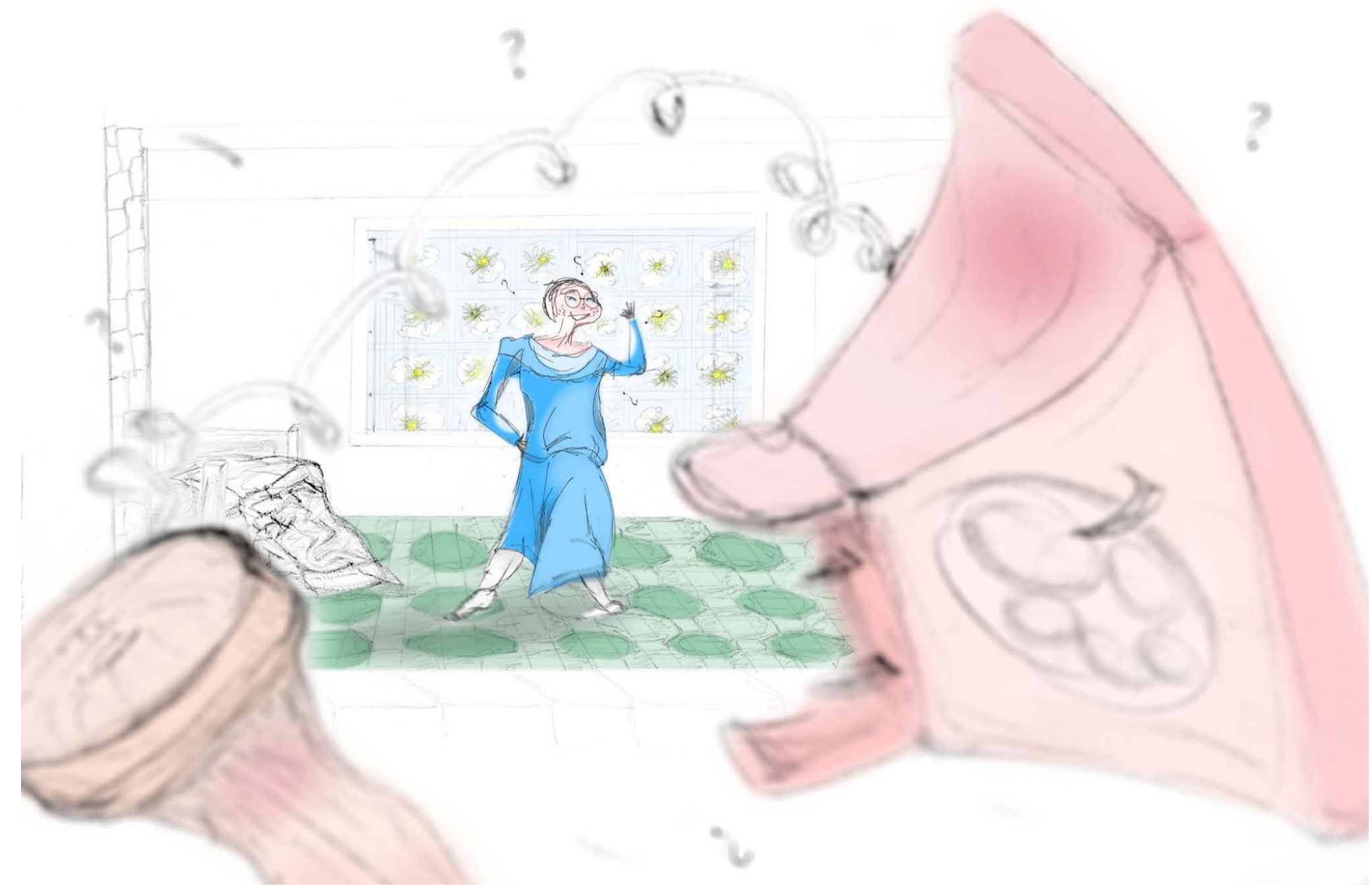
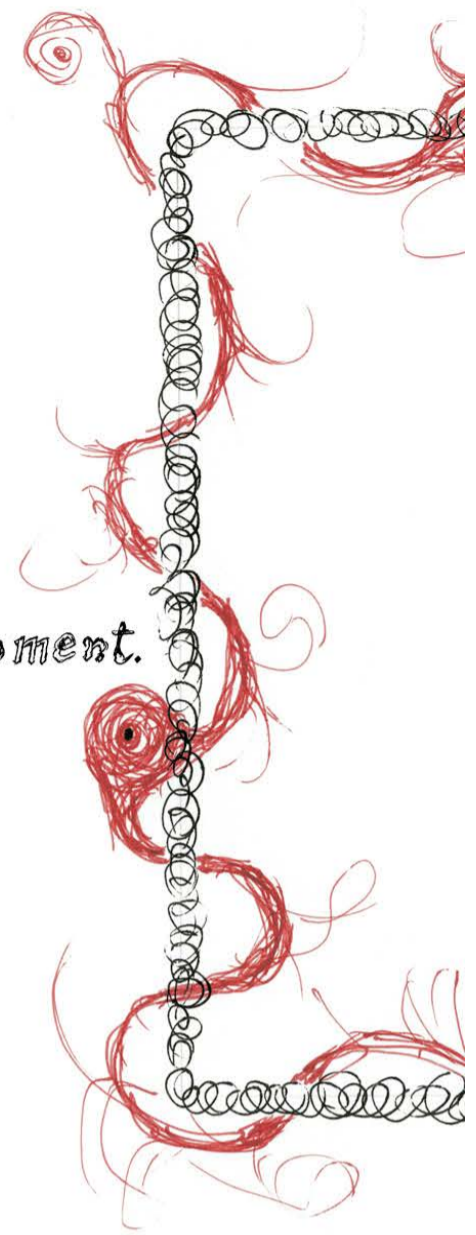
Then he asked (because it is his task) :

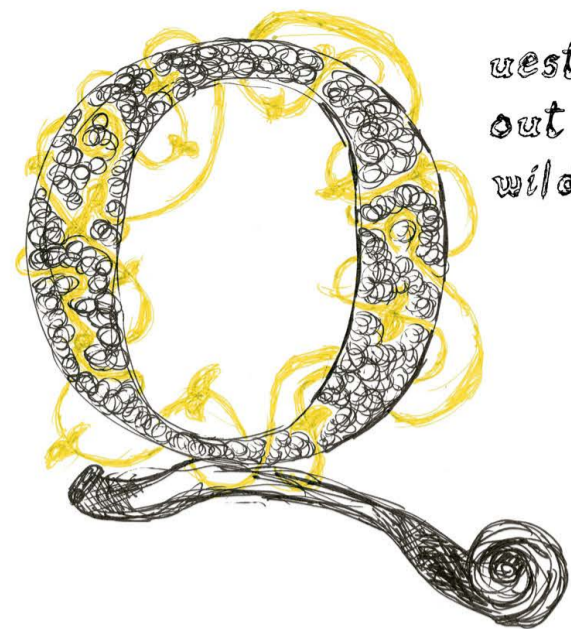
"Why can't we just recognize how amazing we are ?

That it is so sci-fi that our body even holds together as a life ?"

*He rolled out of bed and said, "I am going to dance" -
and he did while humming.*

The phone rang. "Fuck you" he sang, and didn't answer.





Question mark moved past his questions and out the front door. He headed down into wildcat canyon.

While walking he met a woman looking for elder flowers. "Up there on the hillside," she said. "ah, white blossoms."

Since Question Mark always asks questions he asked, "What is your secret?"

"Dirt," she said, "I eat dirt."

"I put clay in the water."

"I am sure there are some but that is not why I do it."

"I like it."

"You ask a lot of questions."

"I don't know I guess it's loving the earth."

"When I was born"

"I ate dirt early"

"I don't know you would have to try it and see."

"What?" asked Question Mark, "How?"

"What are the health benefits?"

"Why do you do it?"

"Do you love the earth?"

"Yes I do it's my job. What is your job?"

"When did you start?"

"Me too, my first word was why"

"Would I like it?"



This is a work in progress, to be continued...

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