

The Residents, The Service

So I pushed and pushed and pushed them, through the towns and through the bushes and the word was spreading like a lie. "Come and see the holy two-some. They can heal and they can do some things that no one ever did before." And so they came for holy healing, both the belching and the squealing, and the ones who maybe just were bored. Down the aisle they slowly paraded, while I smiled and masqueraded as the kindly keeper of the touch. Kneeling them along a line, I taped a tiny piece of pine upon the chin of each and every one. And then from this a copper wire stretched across a tubeless tire and ended in a round and reddish clamp. Then at once the fees were taken, and the apprehension shaken for the twins would silently appear. Full of life and love and smiling knowing not that all the while I too was smiling to myself inside. Silently I stood between them holding up the crimson gleaming circle with the ends now pried apart. Then I lifted up the cover softly like it was my lover and I felt them shudder as they sighed. As I clamped the metal on it, something like a liquid donut shimmered as the holy union flexed. Then the people screamed and shouted, as the donut grew and spouted little bitty dust balls made of fire. And these soon enough descended down the lines and finally ended at the screams of joy and pain and fear. For soon the cripples would be walking and the dummies would be talking but no one knew exactly how or why.
