



from *autobiography of a  
stutterer*

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JSC

My grade point average suffered from lack of participation. Homogenize his submission. Facial twitches were subject to unfolding myself. Finish by trimming the frayed ends of tongue. He demanded these useless and dangerous people be abandoned by the alphabet. My father spent his mornings in the garage cursing God for my speech impediment. I do not think about God or any of God's affiliates. Awaken with prayer crusted to your lips. Tongue made a tiny scar in the center. This is just one form we could take. Your language sparred in my swollen gullet. But each of us will wait outside my mouth. We have no substitute for reason. Take anything from me to give him capacity.

His tongue was never the same; it grows thickens detaches and dies. The structure it builds is doomed to collapse. Digital manifesto. There are at least two different ways of doing this. The mouth as project incarnated as utterly inexpressible. Stitch skin interface. This is a volatile situation. That night he dreamed of his tongue soaking in vinegar. Use limbs as portals. Every decision is a kind of consensus. We may be limited to tentative [early] steps. I was forced to cut off his tongue with nail scissors. This happens because the alveolar ridge is stripped away by rules of conduct. It tongues a model of itself. I [sunk into] mine in water until it became flaccid and mute.

Rub sandpaper over your tongue until it resembles a peach pit. Layers of blood and tension occurred as dissent. We are tangled in the construction of dialogical entropy. The condemned man proclaims his guilt. He has chewed the word failure into his tongue. Take this vault of sounds in its convex shape and counterbalance in relentless disturbance. A liquid resentment is ripping all over me. The disturbance of line breaks is mapped out in teeth marks along the tongue. A gnawed cuticle gleams the gum line like breadcrumbs. Flex and pull your jaw open to remove a flat pitch. This is a matter of spontaneous emotional response. It should not be

necessary to elaborate the revolutionary turmoil.



I do not understand what you are saying. No intermediates exist. The solidified fragments were an unstoppable torrent of discussion. They pause attempt to speak and pause again. Adaptation did not stop there. The first tongues were mostly tree climbing cowards. Whatever the explanation they embraced purification. But then they began believing in a future phenomenology that could transcend the primordial to a vestigial mouth. Tongues have become metabolic machines that reproduce and store information to avoid breaking down. To feature a well-shaped cascading tongue insert the central nerve bent slightly forward. A sweaty response poised at the fringe of sound.

Following this admission it was encumbered by disbelief. Tongue was smuggled into form and detained by a series of paradoxes. I do not resist. Sometimes it took the form of uh—massive physical [make sure]. Tongue will be impaled and placed on a twenty-foot pole for all to see. Your voice is so pleasing to the ear. From beneath a pile of papers tongue snapped into contraption. It is accompanied by interruption. A day passes. His teeth trained in obstinacy proved the concord of blockade. I clenched the uvula and suckled it like an udder. This was especially the case if conviction was regarded as a punitive mechanism. Everyone protested as the wretch was bound by pretext.

**Author's Note:**

Joseph S. Cooper is originally from Buffalo, NY. His most recent publications include *American Drivel Review*, *Bombay Gin #32*, *Small Town #10*, *Hot Whiskey Magazine*, and *String of Small Machines*. A full-length book entitled *Autobiography of a Stutterer* is forthcoming from BlazeVox Books in 2007.

**Colophon:**

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