

AWKWARD WITHOUT W

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May your hands be too big for your pockets.

I am not threatened by it because it is not trying to depict me.

It had been cooked in water, and was served with water.

Not merely convenient forgetfulness, because sometimes her forgetfulness benefits others, sometimes herself; in this case herself. Indiscriminate, sincere forgetfulness.

They make no distinction between their important achievements and insignificant or forgettable ones.

"Did you see my interview?" (a complete puff piece)

"I won my squash game."

Ostentatiously she removes her glasses from the glittering case and sets them on her nose, deferring the moment when she will look through them.

"I had a dream about you in which you did not appear."

Alarming: because the fantasy is operating as interpretation.

He'll give it to anyone who asks for it, even if they don't mean it.

Do you take unsigned checks?

Do you take out-of-state third-party checks?

"We don't applaud."

When they really care about something they stop working.

One of those gestures a society makes toward things it doesn't value but pretends to.

We always defy our gods.

I assure you, she's really famous.

Both aggressively infantile and aggressively maternal.

He laughs politely and impolitely — in short at every opportunity.

I feel a bit odd with them because they're never laughing; whereas I'm in the habit of laughing, wanting to laugh, on the verge of laughter, all the time.

The first step in taking someone's wallet is figuring out where it is (seeing him put it in his pocket, for example); before that, figuring out if there's anything in it worth taking.

You won't understand.
— Not if you say it like that.

If you want him to desire something, you shouldn't apologize for it.

The best way for him to desire something is to trick him into believing that he's fulfilling your desire.

Why are we friends? We're not friends, you just recognize me.

They complain that the scene is dead there, which may mean simply that no one was sufficiently eager to welcome them on their return.

They grab hold of each other because they're feeling drawn to other people.

He can only write intelligible sentences.

Not all awkwardness has two *ws*.

The only way they have of getting back at you is telling the truth, so you're safe.

Haven't seen you in a while.
— I stopped buying from you when you recognized me.

“Uniquely compassionate” — i.e., in a way that no one else would understand as compassionate.

Overslept: you’re having the same dreams you had earlier in the evening.

What made him think the phone was ringing?
He often picked up the phone and spoke a tentative greeting into it, as though he suspected that it was trying to ring.
Or suppressing a ring — someone was trying to reach him.

If other boys could speak, they would say the same thing.

One of the things his writing looks for is comfort. It finds it.

Anxiously feeling the outside of his pocket for an object that should have been in it.

If the idea is unfinished or simply wrong, I don’t like to say it, but sometimes I will say it so as not to be silent.

Graphological portrait.
The signature of someone who isn’t often asked to sign his name.

I remain loyal to your former dislike.
I continue to treat that person as though you didn’t like her.

If they only know one thing about it, they feel compelled to say it.
They have to show how little they know to keep the conversation going.

Thus, theory is a way for crude intellects to enjoy the benefits of sensitivity.
Thus, sensitivity can be replaced.

My sleep had no character.

Not quite as dumb as he’d planned to be.

He puts the *ums* in in writing that he doesn’t put in in speaking.

Beauty is not yet part of his self-image, so that's even more charming.

It's interesting when one of us is wearing more clothes than the other.

Being smart is only a job for them; they don't take it home.

There are people who, by acting nice and sharing their gifts, inspire rage in others and are the victims of cruel pranks, unjust treatment.

Only criminals know how to enjoy life.

"See you around." "Around," she repeats as though hearing it for the first time. And what an ugly concept roundness is.

What was happening between these two people was more interesting than what was happening on the level of the game, between the teams.

He backs away from the curb to show that he is not waiting for a bus.

Pornography is more interesting when viewed upside down.

She agreed that her throw had not gone anywhere near the target.

Nothing angers them more than the suggestion that the recipients of their degrees were undeserving.

He grew up and immediately lost all his hair.

The joke is that where they economize is always security.

Not being at home = not knowing where there's privacy.
A guest has no privacy.

It's easier for us to invent something new than to make an effort to understand the art that already exists.

I can't believe you're friends with that guy.
— Well you're friends with him.
Yeah I just can't believe you are.

I compulsively reminded them that it was still possible for me to fail.
They should not have to be reminded.

Aesthetic principles: nonrecurrent events and abrupt endings.

What are they doing with their time?
Mostly they worry...

People invent things to say.
This is the whole problem.
It's their job to say something, so they can't not say something, so they invent false issues.

"The least autobiographical writer."
Everything I write is something I've thought.

Our wonderful Arabic numerals.

Flying into Minneapolis?
It's like a dream.
It's like the hippogriff.
It's like *Dumbo*.

Career advancement is apparently not a sufficient motivation.

Cognitive portrait.
An amazing memory for things he hasn't seen.
The least negatively capable person you ever met.

I wish I'd gotten bad grades.

A warrior is someone who keeps accidentally killing people.

Almost painful to keep from following a glance, a pointing finger, a command to look ("Look!").

A polite phrase uttered at an impolite volume.
A command: "Take your time!"

Why do people who don't know me want to take my picture?
This is too intimate to be shared with a stranger.

Slowing the door (so as not to let it slam shut) causes it to creak.
Preparation for bed refreshes you, puts off sleep.

"I couldn't sleep, but I thought I might be able to levitate."

So much language comes out of that guy.

"You're very sexy when you're disgusted."

Their clothes seem to show what they think their bodies are.

Touching the image, you expose yourself to contamination.

Everyone in this place is going to another place; but this one has
reached his end and has no direction.

This character has no futurity; the other has no finitude.

As though you could get there faster by pacing around.

You've got to stop meeting everything with laughter.

Nodding and bowing to the telephone.

He would not knowingly wear any patterned fabric.

Only a successful American office worker can be truly innocent.

What about him? What percent is art, what percent is sheer pig-
headedness.

Can someone just "pretend" to be nice?
Isn't being nice strictly on the level of appearance?

Will you let me say it as a joke?

Obviously these questions are formulas.

What answer would “you” give to such aggressive questions?

The closeness of the recently broken up.

He turned to look at her when she had completely finished speaking.

Some rooms, when you turn out the light, go red; others go green.

His description is so compelling that she decides to apply it to herself: “I’m like that too.”

He wanted to believe that he was not choosing.

He is trying to annoy her, but she will not allow herself to be annoyed.

Finally, as an indulgence to him, she pretends.

People have almost no imagination; without other people they would surely die of boredom.

Fortunately not everyone has the same little imagination.

He always takes women to the same place, because he has no imagination.

I was telling him my problem.

I was not asking his advice.

Well honestly I feel
more comfortable in things that conceal

They all seem to prefer that one for their friend, never for themselves.

She thought I was making it up.

It was perverse for her to accept the invitation if she thought that — which means she thought I didn’t want her here.

In any case, I wasn't making it up; it was quite true.
This should be rewritten.
No one says: "I like being in groups."
"I'm a follower."

Let's lose contact.

It's hard to tell, from what they're saying, if one of them is being reasonable.

And wasn't this also reflected in the style, the way each sentence seemed to occur three times or more.

Notice that his imagined "perfect day" does not include any imaginary encounters with other people.
No room for other people in his imagination.

They gave their children a traditional religious upbringing without telling them.

He pretends not to be a nice person.
Another one pretends to be nice.

Like an easy mark; also like it's not worth the risk.
Like he's wearing a sign: FUCK WITH ME.

He tells time by overhearing others ask for the time; or by reading their watches.

They don't quite match their sad or angry photographs.

The surface was not reflective enough to catch his imperfections.

Enjoying the weight swinging and twisting at the end of his arm.

Some parts of the body are never in fashion.

The finishing touch can hurt.

Seeing them with another person, they sometimes become more

interesting. What you're not giving them becomes apparent.

The puffs of air escaping from his backpack.
“Thanks. I like to have a basin when I’m throwing up.”

The filthiest thing I’ve ever touched
is the handle of your toothbrush

Punishment of the body is one of the needs of the soul.

If people had been nicer to her — really, if they had just left her
alone — she might still be here.

I can hear you smiling.
The crack of his smile.

Everything else in the room was more interesting than the film.

Can’t you blur me a little more?

Headline: BE SPECIFIC.
Or: BE MORE SPECIFIC.

He asked *very* nicely.

He’ll even tell you what to think.

Same values, different suits.
Like with playing cards.

Yes we are relevant, yes we are exciting, just give us the money.

Yelling at her, but quietly, so awful to watch.

He waits until he’s standing in front of the microphone, then blows
his nose.

His tiredness made a sound that woke him.

He felt, at last, that he would be able to sleep at the poetry reading.

Warning: THIS PROGRAM HAS NO CONTENT.

Your two bad aspects are in conflict.

Nice job.

— My job is being nice.

Their parents murder them. And if they don't get murdered, they get married, and their spouses murder them in fits of jealousy. And their lovers murder their spouses.

Conversation is my form of suffering.

After ten minutes, conversation hits a wall.
Because you do not share anything with them, and the necessity of explaining everything, including the most elementary ideas, is unappetizing, and simulating agreement is impossible.

"Now you have to do something nice for someone else."

"I'd rather just pay cash."

I was pretty sure that I had behaved honorably.

He expresses love by spending money.

How often one is required to explain oneself.
Amazing that it should ever come as a surprise.
You don't have a prepared explanation?

dozing all afternoon
in the posture of the hanged man

Every time I looked at you you were reading, i.e., elsewhere.

The most important tool is ear plugs.