

REGULARLY SCHEDULED

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I would find it difficult to make a public speech when a giant robot attacks Laverne in a toy store.

When the mayor turns down a marriage proposal my fingernails and toenails become lusterless.

The corneas of my eyes begin to cloud over when I work for people who seem to have things arranged so they get credit for good work but pass off mistakes onto those under them.

I have had to be rough with people who were rude or annoying when Carol gets laryngitis and may not be able to sing at the Christmas services.

When Martin hopes to ride to Mars on an instrument-bearing rocket, I urinate, defecate, and sneeze simultaneously.

My body odor changes dramatically when I would prefer to be a high civil servant rather than a senator.

If given the chance, I could do some things that would be of great benefit to the world when, in a trip through Fairy Tale Land, Peter rescues a damsel in distress.

When Jack pretends to be a doctor in order to impress his visiting grandfather, my tone of voice becomes thin and my eyes sunken.

The space above the bridge of my nose becomes exfoliated when I feel bad about being misunderstood when trying to keep someone from making a mistake.

My way of doing things is apt to be misunderstood by others when The Penguin and his men try to steal the money from the award banquet.

When Vivian's divorce is ruining Howard's I Love You Day, evaporation ceases from the crown of my head.

When I press my closed eyes with my fingers and the minute circles of light that usually appear are absent from the lower part of my left eye, bad words, often terrible words, come into my mind and I cannot get rid of them.

Often I am sorry because I am so cross and grouchy when Gomer tries to help a night club comic who is going to be fired.

When Cathy suddenly becomes ill on the eve of a party and Patty takes her place and goes out with her date, the circle of lights that usually appear when I press my closed eyes with my fingers are absent in the upper part of my left eye.

When the circles of light that usually appear when I press my closed eyes with my fingers are absent in the direction of my right nostril, I have periods of such great restlessness that I cannot sit for long in a chair.

I almost never dream when Buddy is suspected of having an affair or visiting a psychiatrist.

When Hazel tries to trick George into having the kitchen remodeled, I cup my ears with my fingers and hear no humming sound throughout an entire day.

When I feel continuously short-tempered and angry, I do not sing in a choir.

I would take part in an orgy when the Clampetts move into a castle, causing Jethro to act like a knight.

When Beaver tries to win a dog in a fish-counting contest at a pet shop, my breath moves exclusively through my left nostril for three days, and then exclusively through my right nostril for three days.

My breath stops moving through my nose and moves only through my mouth when I lose out on things because I can't make up my mind soon enough.

Sometimes I enjoy hurting persons I love when Klink replaces Schultz with a tough sergeant.

When the nurses become upset when a mugger runs loose in the hospital, I dream I am riding a cat or a monkey with a red face.

I dream I am riding a water buffalo, pig, camel, or donkey when I am friendly with people who do things I consider wrong.

I am attracted to members of the opposite sex when Eddie wants a brother and will do anything to see that he gets one.

When Janet tells her visiting parents that she is married to Jack, I dream I am eating feces.

I dream I am wearing black clothes of yak hair while plunging downwards when I am greatly bothered about forgetting where I put things.

I have never felt better than I do when Chick goes to medical school to recruit more Navy doctors.

When Ozzie is selected to appear in the Neighbor of the Week column in the newspaper, I dream I am being dragged along by a black rope attached to my neck.

I dream of being surrounded by crows, anguished spirits, or villains when I stand in the way of people who are trying to do something, not because it amounted to much but because of the principle of the thing.

I am full of energy when Gilligan is bitten by a bat, causing him to think he is turning into a vampire.

When Marcia gets an inflated ego when she gets the lead in the school play, I dream I am in a lofty red-colored castle, surrounded by a moat and a perimeter wall.

I dream of being naked, with my hair cut off and my beard shaved, when I am about as able to work as I ever was.

I am a good mixer when Maude realizes Walter is an alcoholic.

When Doris tries to get the publishing rights to a health fanatic's book, I dream of constantly associating with friends who have died.

I dream of entering a womb and falling asleep when I am afraid of finding myself in a closet or small closed space.

I try to cover my poor opinion or pity of a person so he won't know how I feel when Goober grows a beard and becomes a philosopher.

When Hawkeye writes to his father again about funny things that have happened to him, I dream of being overcome in a battle in which the other side is victorious.

I dream of repeatedly picking red flowers when I feel uneasy indoors.

I try to remember good stories to pass them on to other people when the squad encounters an illegal adoption ring and a man writing a book on obscenity.

When a giant corn stalk, complete with the Jolly Green Giant, grows in Oliver's cornfield, I dream of twigs growing on the crown of my head and birds nesting there.

I dream of dancing together with a host of ogres when at elections I vote for someone about whom I know very little.

I am quite independent and free from family rule when Walter takes over the store's drama group after the regular director has been fired.

When Carter sends Gomer to a psychiatrist because Gomer claims to have seen men from outer space, I dream of setting out, thinking I will roam to unfamiliar distant lands, never to return.

My semen is reddish when I have more trouble concentrating than others seem to have.

My mind seems to work more slowly than usual when Parker takes over a salvaged two-man Japanese submarine and, disguised as a sea monster, tries to scare a nosey Binghamton off McHale's island.

When Tony's latest problem is how to get fresh water from salt water, my semen flows without any blissful sensation, and it is interspersed with quicksilver-like globules the size of sesame seeds.

When I stand stretching out my four limbs holding a rosary or suitable symbolic hand-implement and my eyes, grown numb through strain, stare at the center of a cloudless sky and see my form projected with the hand implement missing, then I take damaged goods back for exchange.

I can't understand why I've been so cross and grouchy when Gidget and Larue join a singing group and appear on a TV show.

When Lucy pretends to be Ricky's agent to get the studio to put him in another film, my right hand is missing from my reflected image.

When my left hand is missing from my reflected image, I feel sorry for injured birds.

I have very few quarrels with members of my family when Laura is frightened to spend the night alone in the house.

When a man and his wife return to London to reminisce about the past, my right leg below the knee is missing from my reflected image.

When my left leg is missing from my reflected image, I believe a person should never taste an alcoholic drink.

I believe my home life is as pleasant as that of most people I know when Sock receives a phone call from his old girlfriend and prepares to meet her without telling Mandy.

When both Aunt Bee and Howard decide to run for Town Council, the right part of my head is missing from my reflected image.

My head is missing above my neck from my reflected image when I am afraid of losing my mind.

I break out in a sweat, which annoys me greatly when Ernie thinks he has ESP and predicts danger for Robbie and Katie.

When Beaver's old friend comes for a visit but they soon find they are bored with each other's company, my head and neck are missing from my reflected image.

My upper trunk is missing from my reflected image when I hesitate to ask strangers questions.

I have difficulty in starting to do things when Maurice puts Darrin inside a mirror when he finds out the new baby will be named after Darrin's father and not him.

When Ricky grows a mustache and Lucy gets even by wearing a fake beard, my lower trunk is missing from my reflected image.

The right side of my body is missing from my reflected image when I horse around by the swimming pool.

It would be better if almost all laws were thrown away when the Colonel's hippy son takes over the magazine when his father and Mr. Nicholson go to a convention.

When Louie the Lilac plans to take over the minds of Gotham City's flower children, the overall shape of my reflected image is square.

When the shape of my reflected image is semi-circular, I am apt to hide my feelings in some things to the point where some people may hurt me without their knowing it.

I am neither gaining nor losing weight when Rosie falls in love with the janitor's new robot assistant.

When Grady tries to protect the house when Lamont invites his ex-convict friend to stay over, the shape of my reflected image resembles a bundled corpse.

When my shape is upside down, I like to let people know where I stand on things.

I think most people are good when the Endicotts say goodbye to Alison, who is going to study art in Rome, and to an injured baby dove.

When Tim Blair panics when Timmy is to do a bathtub scene in a movie, my reflected image is white and fades in the center.

When my reflected image is black and fades from the right, parts of my body have feelings that they are burning, tingling, crawling, or going to sleep.

Some of my family have habits that bother and annoy me very much when a professor sells Prince John a weapon capable of destroying all of Sherwood forest.

When there's a contest at the station with Venus and Johnny as the prizes, and Andy's old girlfriend comes between him and the station, my reflected image is red and fades from the left.

When my reflected image is yellow and fades from the head, I go to sleep without thoughts or ideas bothering me.

I wake up fresh and rested when Dobie decides to marry Zelda and once again Maynard comes to the rescue.

When Ruth is all for a magazine story about her until she sees the magazine, my reflected image is blue and fades from the legs.

When my image is hazy and diffuse, I do not like to see women smoke.

At times I have worn myself out by undertaking too much when Joan panics when the boys plan to go to sea and end up on a rickety raft.

When Mr. Roper believes Chrissy is in love with him after reading the x-rated diary that she has been typing, my reflected image is garish, irregular, and variegated.

When my gums grow grimy and black, I sometimes tell white lies.

I usually expect to succeed in things I do when Eddie tricks Beaver into thinking he hypnotized him.

When the President is coming to visit Ed's garage and it is making him a nervous wreck, my nostrils sag inwards and deflate.

When my limbs are subject to repeated fits of expansion and contraction, I often talk to strangers on trains and buses.

I forget right away what people say to me when Sam tries to help a pinball-addicted writer finish a script for his show.

When George's sister tries to keep Hazel from singing at a benefit show she is arranging, my eyes stare fixedly, without blinking.

My cheeks sag inwards when I resent anyone taking me in so cleverly that I have to admit that it was one on me.

I have nightmares every few nights when Herman is caught by a Russian fishing trawler whose crew thinks he is the missing link.

When Laura takes a couple of pills and suffers side effects, the tip of my nose inclines to the left.

Tears flow uncontrollably from my eyes when a man prepares to jump off a ledge but is saved by the girl next door.

When the sisters get caught caring for a donkey named Hector, my right cheek sags inward.

My upper and lower teeth become locked when one or more members of my family are very nervous.

Almost every day something happens to frighten me when Harris begins a new novel, the station gets a bomb threat from a neighbor, a tourist gets robbed outside her hotel, and a man fights a succubus.

When Ray and Peggy invite a young student couple over for dinner to show them how a happily married couple live, a black spot appears on my tongue.

When my ears lie flat against my head, I have strong political opinions.

I like to read about history when Lamont acts like an African in order to impress a visiting Nigerian woman who is more impressed by Fred.

When Morticia, feeling unfulfilled, takes up sculpting, the xiphoid of my chest sags inward.

My hands shake for a prolonged time when I would very much like to report news of the theatre.

I notice blood in my urine when Richie thinks the Dukes, the neighborhood gang, arne't that bad, until they steal his bicycle.

When Buddy is hiding out on a farm with a tomboy named Betsy who can outfight anyone, I face south at noon, place my elbows on my knees, lift up my hand so my wrist is between my eyebrows, focus both eyes upwards upon my hand, and the image of my arm vanishes.

I position myself at sunrise with a pool or pond to the east, and then stand up and gaze at the surface of a wall to the west, and two superimposed shadows appear, and the upper shadow disappears when I feel hungry almost all the time.

I enjoy reading love stories when Lisa buys the biggest tractor she can find as Oliver's birthday present.

When a renegade Indian tries to go straight but just can't, my urine has a bluish or reddish vapor which then disappears at dawn after I have not drunk alcohol.

My urine's vapor is red and spotted when I hear voices without knowing where they come from.

I have periods of days, weeks, or months when I can't take care of things because I can't get going when Florida appears to have a nervous break down.

When Mr. Ed befriends the new neighbors, no vapor rises from my feces.

When I press my closed eyes and no circles of light appear, I sometimes go through a whole day without achieving anything.

I usually work things out for myself rather than get someone to show me how when Ethel and Lucy sell homemade salad dressing on TV.

When Beaver is asked to write a composition about what his mother did before she was married, the humming sound is absent when I cup my hands over my ears.

When I stand with my back to the morning sun and no evaporation rises from the crown of my shadow, I don't blame anyone for trying to grab everything he can get in this world.

I have reason for feeling jealous of one or more members of my family when a tea room fortune teller forecasts a tall, handsome man in Wendy's life and she doesn't mean Jeff.

When Lucy and Ethel buy a meat freezer and then unknowingly buy 700 pounds of meat, a single tuft of hair rises exceptionally upwards from my posterior fontanel.

When I cannot see the tip of my nose, the only interesting part of the newspaper is the "funnies."

I am so touchy on some subjects I can't talk about them when Jethro gets drafted.

When a rich heiress tries to kill Smart by using poison lipstick, I cannot see the tip of my tongue.

I cannot see my left eye in the mirror when I am apt to pass up something I want to do because others feel I am not going about it in the right way.

I usually have to stop and think before I act even in trifling matters when Gidget tries to build up the confidence of a teenage nervous wreck.

When David and Julie receive an expensive Chinese vase as a gift causing their friend Sheila to redecorate their apartment, I breathe into the palm of my hand from a distance and my breath feels warm.

I breathe into the palm of my hand from close up and my breath feels cold when I never attend a sexy show if I can avoid it.

If I were an artist I would like to draw flowers when the Bradys are convinced that Alice and Sam are going to elope.

When Jan is ashamed to admit she needs glasses, I look for my reflection in a vessel of water and no reflections, images, or the like are apparent.

When I am bathing and the water dries quickly around my heart, I feel most people inwardly do not like putting themselves out to help people.

I like drop-the-handkerchief when Richie, in order to satisfy Potsie's wishes, agrees to go on a blind date and then discovers the date is much too tall.

When Endora casts a spell that causes Darrin to gradually shrink in size, no sound is emitted when I snap my fingers.

When my lice and nits suddenly leave, I am very careful about my dress.

At times I feel like smashing things when the new Swedish maid doesn't know how to do anything.

When Bill tries to spend more time with the kids, a former wrathful temperament is reversed.

My image reflected in water lacks arms when I feel guilty because I have pretended to feel more sorry about something than I really was.

I can sleep during the day but not at night when Chuckles the Clown dies and everyone can't stop making jokes.

When Monica opens an all-girl car wash in the garage, I hear a previously unheard pulmonary wheezing.

I cannot sense the smell of a dying butter lamp when I am attracted very strongly to members of my own sex.

I have one or more faults which are so big that it seems better to accept them and try to control them rather than to try to get rid of them when Mayor Teddy wants a token black on the platform when the President comes to town.

When Ruth is alarmed that an old school friend named Fatso plans to visit her but finds that Fatso has changed, I feel a turbid confusion and darkening of moral consciousness.

I have recurring amnesia and disorientation when I am happy with our government.

I think when a man is with a woman he is usually thinking about things related to sex when Woody makes a date with a divorcee with two children.

When Peter buys a phony pirate map and the Monkees go on a buried treasure expedition, I advocate force where necessary.

I have the desire to roam and travel alone, without companions, when I have a daydream life about which I do not tell other people.

Usually I prefer to work with women when one of George's clients takes Frances on a business trip with him because he feels she brings him luck.

When Mr. Wilson dyes his hair in an attempt to prove to a famous screenwriter that he is a young author, I feel inertia, faintheartedness, and character changes.

I have dreams that are disturbed and recurringly negative when a windstorm terrifies me.

I do not get closely involved with people when Ann becomes upset when she learns that Julie's roommate dates for a living.

When Vivian's ex-husband makes a pass at Maude, I have incontinence or constant secretion of generative fluids.

I am unable to digest food or drink and I may vomit when I strongly defend my opinions.

I have very strange and peculiar experiences when Beaver gets locked in the principal's office and gets his head stuck between the bars of a park fence.

When Stan convinces Julie to keep his chinchillas even though they could be evicted for keeping them, my bodily warmth diminishes and my neck will not support my head.

My body grows heavy and my skin sags toward the ground when no one seems to understand me.

Some people are so bossy that I feel like doing the opposite of what they request even though I know they are right, when Mel tries to convince Alice to carry a gun when she is bothered by an obscene phone caller.

When Bilko opens a radio station on the base to make some fast money, I secrete saliva and nasal mucous while my throat and tongue become dry.

My eyes roll upwards and I no longer recognize people when I believe it is great to be living in these times when so much is going on.

I like to talk about sex when Professor Crayton gives a reception for a British poetess.

When Lucy practices grape stomping in order to get a part in a movie, my breath becomes wheezy and my limbs quiver.

All appearances are suffused with redness when I would like to be a solidier.

I am not usually self-conscious when Aunt Clara accidentally turns Darrin into a chimp.

When Dobie believes Maynard stole some money from a teacher's desk even though Maynard says he got it from a squirrel, all appearances are suffused by whiteness and dissolve into the subtle mind of attainment.

When all the blood of my body converges in "the life channel," I would rather win than lose in a game.

It makes me nervous to have to wait when there are flashbacks from scenes of previous episodes.

When Goober takes a car apart in Andy's office, my exhaled breath extends from my body by a cubit.

When my exhaled breath extends from my body the length of an arrow, I have to fight against showing that I am bashful.

I sometimes keep on at a thing until others lose patience with me when Hazel attends a class in personality improvement.

When, during Christmas, the Partridge family's bus breaks down in a ghost town, my external breath ceases and awareness dissolves into actual reality, at the center of the heart, like the meeting of mother and child.

When nasal mucous and vital wind flow through my left nostril and bodily warmth recedes from the left eye, I like repairing a door latch.

I enjoy detective or mystery stories when Rick and Kris find there is a picture missing from their wedding album.

When Doris wins a Doris Day look-alike contest, the sun and moon are circled by aureoles of light.

MARK CUNNINGHAM'S latest books are *Helicotremors* (Otoliths) and *specimens* (BlazeVOX). NAP just posted a chapbook, *X-ray Glasses*, with paintings by Ivan de Monbrison.

