

# ***Bullish***

Tim Woodward

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The Katzenjammer Kids worked the yard as *der* Captain slept in his hammock. And so the first comic Z-Z-Z was inked and cut short by a lawnmower across a sailor's face. A wailing of cats and captains. A bloodless violence performed by children, furnished as anarchic Freedom.

*zzggrrrh, ur-r-r-awk, or z-z-c-r-r-k-k-k-k*

Carried forward a century, one might wonder what's the grammar of these neo-pleb assemblages? Onomatopoeic? Flatpacks resurrected like a corpse at attention, like flesh eaters performing an insect's score. B-ZZ. One leg juts directly from another. B-ZZ. A grotesque font as sharp as a Czech Hedgehog.

The hotdesk was first a hotrack, a navy bunk that never cooled down. These battleship origins reveal the prevailing anguish. A desk, like the war room, won't rest or freeze.