



A Needle through Night

Julia Pello

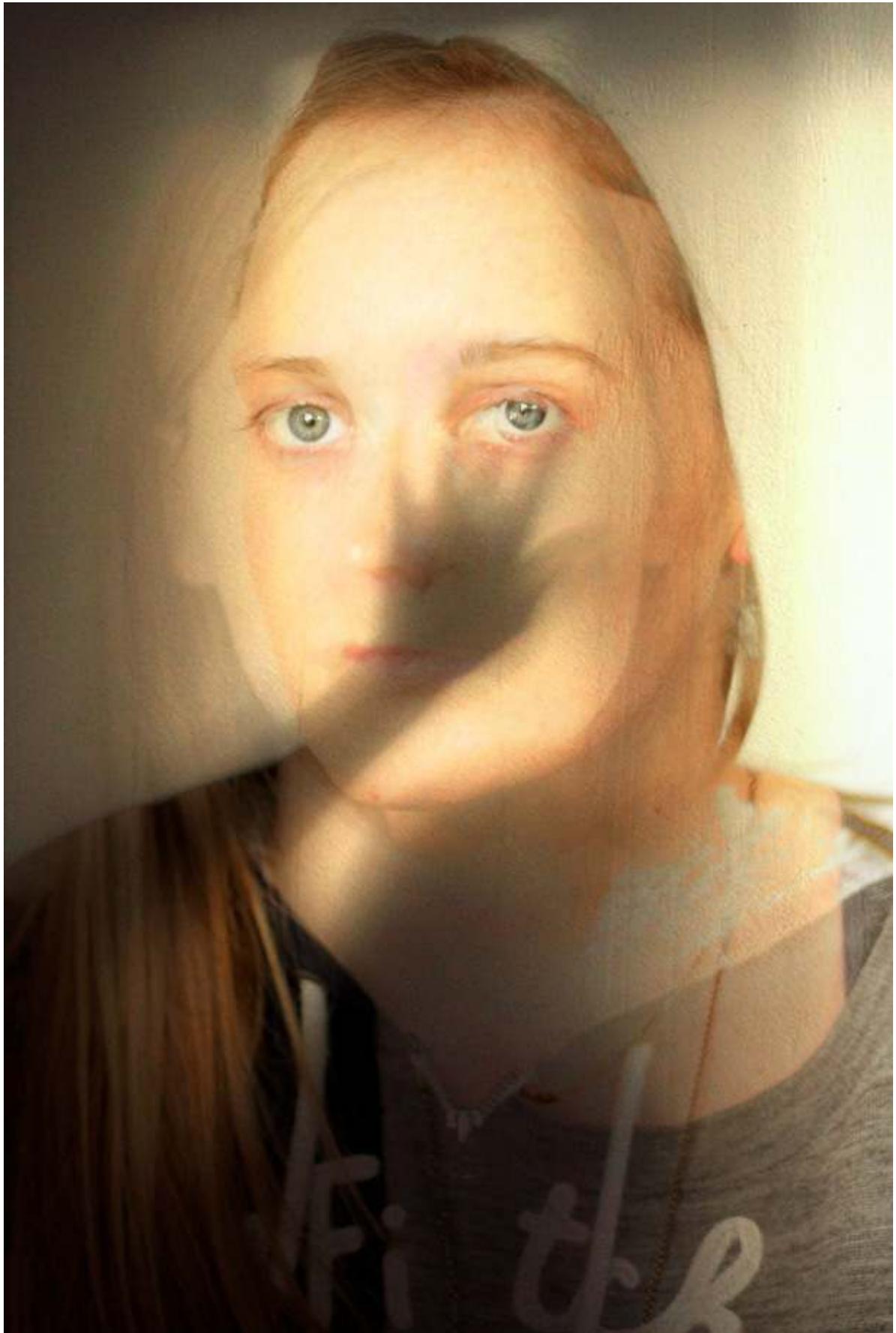
Images by Darlene Lin

Argotist Ebooks

Cover design by Darlene Lin

Copyright © Julia Pello 2013
All rights reserved
Argotist Ebooks

A Needle through Night





Light comes to wrap the body, which is heavy but full of breath, this body belongs to someone, no, something, it is erect and then it is slumped, digestion has complicated the body, perception has complicated and explicated the body, there are questions and answers, for example, is the body free followed by the answer: the body is and is not free, above the tunnel is the open air, in the open air, there are images that seize emotion, forgetting is not emotional, forgetting is a move forward, backward, it is better to forget, it is better to remember, the question why and the answer because, the body is complicated by time, time and the body communicate, time goes, the body responds, then, time comes to wrap the body, remember the danger is near safety, tonight they are intertwined under the stars, stars come to wrap sleepers in a cavernous pit of bedrock under the stars, the morning is new, he is old today, mornings are timeless, there are mornings on every planet, forgotten mornings do not happen, yes, they happened, the mind is not an epicenter, the mind is a wandering herd, the mind is too soft, the mind complicates the body, to be born in the morning, lying awake as rain sweeps the surfaces of the cities, she imagines the ocean at peace, the rain caressing wounds where the organs are exposed, the rain caresses the inside of the ear, the ear gathers the softness of sound, against the view, the coals smolder, the eyes sit like an emptied center that is imaginary and functional, there is imagery on the retinal surface, it must be immaterial, it is material, the gas, the air, the mist over the airport where time is complicated by enormous strokes of motion, he falls asleep in Caracas and wakes up in Cape Town, he sleeps the entire morning and awakes at noon, the earth is brittle in the South, the earth scrapes our skin, but that is of no importance now, yet, the eyes are not useful, they cannot see where size is of no consequence, the eyes are needle-less threads slopping over, there is no body where the eyes fall, there is no body out there, the body is here, the body is everything, consciousness possesses the body, or the other way around, or no, he says, neither, neither, this is a strange contract without signatures, it is the contract of forces below the surface of the stigmata of design, in the afternoon, everyone sleeps and each awakes alone, in faithlessness and doom of this impossible moment, where he is rendered impossible, faith, faith is a burden to one out of its grace, no, faith escapes each morning in the mornings it is not reset, in the rain that sweeps past the stones of the house, this holds you, you want stability, right now, say so, speak, so that forgetting is natural, it is natural, standing up from bed is like rising with a taller body, the ground is not firm, I am about to learn the ground is solid again, he drinks a tall glass of water in some other room of the house, this is a house we will remember without reflecting, we will remember like a reflex of time, in blindness she walks on ahead, this is the prerogative of the wandering herd, where is Caracas and where is Cape Town, we haunt cities and cities do well to haunt us, there are animals in the city, the city is on fire, the city is underwater, this is a logical shelter, this is a shelter of beautiful parts and ugly parts, when I find a beautiful part, I cherish it, if it is ugly I will cherish it too because I do not know myself, it is of no importance, but an act of consciousness is important, when I stop I am reverted to a state in which the world is size and color, the world is not in color, the color is at the threads of the eyes, please, come with me, please, go with me now, where my body is, the eyes are straining, trust me even in the sinking ship, you will breath without air, the mastery of sailing and sewing began in the hands, and the hands are delirious,

these are parts of a body, I do not know, it began on the tip of the tongue, a diver, a driver, is divine, it began when I saw your eyes, which were looking at me, I did not want to touch you, yet, but very soon, yes, I cannot wait, I want you to touch me, he is falling asleep, I do not remember the night, I cannot forget your touch, the night is a consequence to the morning in which I remember your touch, it was a night of fire under the stars, the light of the fire casts its hues on the faces of those surrounding it, the fire moves, a flame throws, it's of no consequence to the morning, the morning is brighter, this fire makes me shiver, this fire is so hot, everyone wants to touch the fire because, yes, because, this, no, because we lament the time from which we are absolutely separated, like us, two, brassy, the two trap dust, absolutely now, separated from the past and from the future, the almost present is a step at the heels of the messenger, synonymous with words and comprehensive sounds, I have molded the sound so that you would be able to look at my face as I speak, if I start to cry you will know that it is because a momentum of freedom has sprung my consciousness, I think the world can hold me close, there is a present, after all, they, everyone in the world with the same hands that slap mosquitoes and type instructions, these hands are mine and after I die, they will be mine for all time, to touch with the body, to touch with a language of the face, to touch with empathy, or to inspire with delight, to inspire with earnestness, to inspire with tears in the eyes, you are inspired by the flight of a hawk over the valley, the eyes are strange, they are connected to the disconnected body, the body tells me that what I see is space and what I feel is time, whatever made my body was responsible for time, the body is only a patron of time, its victim, its resolve, its voluptuous figure and the starkness of what it is, its success and failure, he shivers through his body, existence is strange and unforgiving, but it is known and sublime, the sublimity he felt at the end of the passage shows that one moment in time can reverse countless pasts, stamp them with a super human feeling at a height of one's natural form, turn their heavy brew inside out and create of them deliverance, no, redemption, here come the songs of our human lives, they are stories, but if they are not stories, they are complex carbon emissions of evocations, history will show, this document will attest, these emissions are more startling, more bitter, less remorseful and compromising than any caricature of action and meaning, time is frank and disjointed, it doesn't roll into a scroll, it resists a story, if a net is thrown over water, it returns empty, dripping and sopping with feeling, it returns as a memory of water, the dirty and partially frozen riverbank is a reminder of our childhoods in the industrial cities of the North, the North is very quiet in the winter, there are only interruptions by the whirring sound of engines, of machines with an aggressive quality, sovereign and pathetic, but wait, at last, we are sympathetic, what they do is what they are, as people in a city, in this city, a man gives advice to another man, their good natures connect them as much as their superstitions, he dissolves my fear, he nurtures it when I cannot think on the great struggle for myself, we cannot help ourselves, I cannot help myself, I cry, I am ready to acknowledge the limitations of my being, without an act of consciousness, yes, he has a good nature, it is good, we justify each other, we connect at a distance through a burden and a freedom, he gives advice with a kind of charm, the charm of a performer, he smiles so that we can close our eyes, finally, the music filling this room pushes hid outer edges to fill a space born to him, the lamp has a loose fuse, it flickers and throws patterns on the bluish wallpaper, this tired, smiling man gives advice to a woman standing against the wall as if bracing for the message of her life, he is noble, no one asks the questions just outside

the immaterial line of the peripheral vision, he keeps a great distance that values the honest impersonality of strangers, yes, it is not easy to live and talk, live and talk, one right after the other, to live, to lock eyes with another, in this moment, it is certain that we understand each other, it is certain that there is love between us, it is certain that I want to come closer, this advice is for the best, this advice is unnecessary, even if it doesn't concern you, remember and remember, this and that makes all of it, if the whole of the planet were inundated by water, if everyone faced the same trauma, we would be able to help each other, is this true, is this true about dolphins and elephants, following the herd it seems to be so, finally having found a shallow ditch of water, the herd is resting under a full moon at the bank of the river in the savannah, which is not industrialized (yet), the animals are beautiful, they are beautiful when they help each other, they are beautiful when they march in leisure, as in a sac of their diaphanous solitude, in a sac of opaque solitude, each one alone like each soldier on the front, their different colors turning in the eyes of the man, this one's brows are too thick but they have arches that open the eyes, the eye is turned off by the skin of the lid, there is a feeling of a vague comfort when it is time to rest, but I do not fall to sleep, sleep is a guard at the gates of the countless worlds that possess me, what is beyond the gate, if it is fruitless and bitter, or if it is noble and not too easily lead by advice, let us not pity the helplessness of the limbs, the eyes, the moments we cannot share as if sharing ourselves, the eyes that lock in understanding, and we know what it is to feel above and below the world, his advice is to remain cautious, the window opens onto the night and we look out, the streetlamp just below will be hit by lightening sometime in the future, when your hair color will have changed, the changes are coming in the forms, in sets, there is danger of losing everything, of reverting to a state of joylessness, the lightness of the spider web is extremely elegant, the spider itself perceived as light-footed, it is a sign of life here in the cellar where bottles are covered by dust, these bottles were made by beautiful animals, they were made by the first persons who walked the Earth, the Earth is our home, is it not, the universe is also our home, this house is our home, this canopy where we are disturbed by the someone's voice calling from the house is our home, in this tireless heat, in this small divide, we are touching neck to neck, it is now time, well be it time then, go, to go to the heart of a foreign city where people cry each day, people cry with a book for a pillow, they leave their teeth and hair behind, the light makes the teeth look almost white, this is strange, the body without life, this is strange, the sun without the earth, this is strange, small eggs from the belly of a fish, we will salt and eat them, egg by egg savoring the salty liquid in each burst of the membrane, this is strange, a country for no person, this is strange, I do not want to nurture, this is strange, I do not want to injure, this is strange, a life without desire, the absolute minimum of life inside a being is enough to live, it will suffice to say that history sits atop a blind eye, and it will suffice it to ask if the harmony did not come before the melody, the desperation is a clue, your smile is a clue, were you really just an embryo, one day a cell met another cell and the result was like touching hands, the clue is in the sweat of the palm, the clue is in the wave that grabs the fisherman, the clue is in the coldness of the winter, the soul is reaching, death is a clue, it will suffice to say that one statement follows another, there is no beginning or end, this is the affliction of our modern times, in exchange for innocence, we will barter the absolute minimum of life inside a being to live, there is a painting in Florence no one has ever seen, there is also the Parthenon and it is sitting atop a blind eye, the body is a bubble, the bubble is gaseous and floats away, at

one time or another, it will suffice to say that it is like taking a hot air balloon ride over an endless desert, this is strange, Earth without life, people should make love in the desert and bring embryos to life, plant an embryo here and then, there, and soon you will have a garden, I whispered in your ear a clue about life, I am not sure it made sense, sense is not the most important thing but meaning is everything, meaning is not the most important thing but sense is everything, these bricks are extremely heavy, we can sympathize with the suffering, faces make no difference, one face is another face and is another set of blind eyes, it is an eye with tears flowing, it is an eye one falls in love with, meanwhile these bricks will make for a sturdy building, they release space from the dirge of emptiness and inutility, we want this room white, this wall whitewashed, this roof tarred black, clean and empty, to fill, to steer by long oars, to rest in white, to rest as white as a clean bed sheet in the sweltering summer, sleep again, sleep comes again, sleep for all time, and now walking through the parking lot to car, the red car, the blue car, a man or a woman are looking this way, this way is the scenic route, this way takes the courage of a fisherman licked by the salt of the sea, the sea heals wounds and drowns and drowns, the objective part of the picture is the statement: this is a picture, turn it over to the other side and it tells us the same: this is a picture, she enjoys his gesture, she can feel his loneliness and listens, someone gives advice and has a drink after, someone gave him a fresh bouquet of lavender to hang upside down, this year will not be the same as last year, for one thing, we will be more tired, but, anyway, let us sunbathe in the arctic under the hole in the ozone layer, let us try driving onward to the Atlantic, let us try to gouge out the eyes of the guilty and give them to the eyes of the innocent or the poor, whoever would want to keep them safe from harm, open your hand, then open your eyes, then open your mouth to know the value of time, the impatience, the value of, the value of, the value of, remember, and remember, the body is released by space, it is complicated and explicated by matter, space and time are on very friendly terms, the body insists on continuing, we can judge the habits of others, we can judge and it will suffice it to say that our judgments have closed purpose, some of us are allowed to keep more, we dress up, we drown ice in champagne glasses, a wise person knows when to leave someone to his or her solitude, to his or her own devices, to ignorance, to anger, to his or her little bit of self-pity without which one could not forgive him or herself, this is noble, forgiveness, it is noble to remember that he left and never came back, without a star in the sky, it was a deluge, it was monsoon season, after all, she will never forget how he sobbed into her lap covering her hands with snot, while you are trembling in twilight, so let the tendrils grow, they return cyclically, newly inspired, of energy, by lust, sudden momentum, it is not clear what one suffers, take a little bit of sugar, take a little bit of water, take a bite of the apple and a glance of love from the blindness of the eye, he was born blind, the population of a utopia is exactly zero, zero is a particularly beautiful digit, it is the presupposition of all numbers, or just a compliment, before there was man, there was space, there was the beautiful zero, standing at the top of the mountain, we can slide down to meet the masters of the Earth, we can do this together, to meet this master who is somehow a little part of us, to help us understand, something, remember, remember, the value of something, remember the beauty, and the threads of which this mitten is made, it is particularly sad that we cannot communicate well, trust is an ironing table, connecting words feigns the power of knowing, but your eyes know something, something, a bad feeling will one day tell us we know nothing, OK, nothing and something, just words and just little apexes on this chart,

you have done this almost impossible deed for love, or peace, he wants one and she wants the other, they want both to surrender and to triumph, how strange the planet is a planet, is it really the last, the very last, and go on now, go on, go on, go on, this many in a row and this man vertically, this many trees and this many horses, you were shivering in the twilight, it was always going to happen, no one could have known it was going to happen, the floor and the ceiling reflect each other perfectly, a ceiling of mirror, a floor of mirror, the one cannot touch the other but they look upon each other without ever seeing themselves, they look and they do not see, the mirror is a complicated thing, time cannot complicate the mirror, he sighs, and she sighs too, they all sigh, they all sigh and turn their faces away, they do not speak to each other, the words don't bubble up anymore, it is not logical why any one should live, it is clear why anyone should live, to explain life as a function of being is the beginning, everything seems to emanate from a place without a center, we can imagine the Earth as a center of the universe even if it is not, the imagination is hilarious and absurd, because something coincides with something else, the stones are laid out in the shape of the rays of the sun, it is a signal for help, help him to be free and he will help you to be free, the earth rises and falls with each breath, the numbers don't lie, they just rise and fall with each breath, standard procedure is tried and tested, he is trying to wake up with the sun, his dreams are absurd, reaching for this, reaching for that, we may finally know the pain involved, the symmetry of pain and joy is astounding, a body splayed by pain and joy, look over there, it's the edge of the earth and the beginning of the new season, the seasons is not so new but the leaves still fall, the snow still falls, the ice gathers at the surface, the sunset pulls trails of light away from the eyes, be careful, this may become heavy, did you feel my touch while you slept in the silence of the night, sleep toys with the emotions, the woman and the man are mix of a woman and man, a wonderful mix in the presence of the crescendo of French horns, if it was possible to walk on water, I would go all the time, I would drink this water too, she told him, go now, go now, go now, and don't come back until you learn the bombs were only a dream, you slept for countless years and awoke with a crick in the neck, this way is better, this way is shorter, this way is going to force you to return to where you started, with a basket of lilies and a bottle of champagne, he wishes to be more gentle, he is not afraid, the two of them found a way to hold hands in the height of fever, no one managed to complicate simplicity, the order is called a standard procedure, any minute now, whatever works, whoever knows the best, I will do my part to love, you should do your part to question the viability of the central tower, we dedicate ourselves, we resolve ourselves, we revolve around the central tower with its rigid signals, we have resolved to dedicate ourselves to the task, we have resolved to walk to the lake where the swans nest, we have resolved to help each other, she left this box of chocolates at the vestibule door, which is translucent and through which the sun's rays are masked and smeared into a bodiless mass tracing the cracks along the concrete steps, goodness is prescribed, goodness is recommended, goodness without hope is a deep glance without too much concern over blindness, the eyes of a dead woman lack hope, so that's it, we know from now on, we know this to be true, how does she manage to alienate him from his goodness, what a pity, the rat's life is as long as his tail, as gray as the sky, the condensation of rain follows the absorption of moisture from the fields of this earth at the edge of my sight, this land on me, taking you to me, look now, see here, this be the day, this be the hour, we are sitting and laughing, we are sitting and forgetting, therefore, try

to listen better, try to speak better, try to dress better, he was watching the clown undress, mistakes are meant to be forgiven, mistakes are meant to be forgotten only after they are written down, help her to love the past, and this deplorable look on the face of the wretched, it's already disappearing, stagger into the dark cove, but resolve yourself, resolve to be resolute and upright in love and in hate, he knows he should love her but he doesn't, they cannot agree on dinner plans and so the cat watches as their argument disintegrates into a reprisal of loneliness, they miss the dinner and the movie, this is not an ideal date, we should meet other people, it is easier to be kind to strangers, it is not easy to be kind in general, it is easy to be kind when one is filled with happiness, everything depends on this, everything depends on the axis of the Earth and on the kindness of strangers, that man lived in the forest and fed the wild birds dried corn, the only thing left of his grandfather is a copper medallion that turned virescent in the course of one hundred years of solitude, if you wish it so, it will be so, there is a limitation to the will, there is a limitation to the willful vengeance of a child, he has to act responsibly since he is the adult, he must set an example to be followed, follow him to the bank of the river to contemplate the virtues of not drowning in despair, the water and despair being on equal terms, each day, this is the way, this is the way to the gushing river, what wondrous face she wears approaching the man holding binoculars, he is earnest in his love of birds, he wants to give her his hand but instead he gives her his binoculars, tonight has seen the appearance of the long sought fire-bird, are you thirsty, let's leave the tales on the table and amble to the river like we are children without destiny, the only destiny is to blow perfect bubbles and watch them burst on their short journey toward the sun, and tie dandelions to each other making a kind a crown fit for a boyish peasant in love, between here and now, the snow melts, you missed the train but it's of no use to worry now, she is not apologetic enough and therefore, will not be forgiven, he only wants to communicate the amount of pain you caused him, he wants only to hurt you, this is the strain of communication, in reaching we trust, we do not trust enough, he is looking coldly at her as the source of his pain without trust or hope, we lean on the fragility of the moment, this delicacy is not delicate enough, they wanted to compete and win, they wanted to be the winners and beholders of the greatest pain, which is an exercise in communication, take your trophy and put it behind the door so when the wind swings it wide open, the trophy, the trophy of pain, this fruitful exercise asked only one thing of me, to roar, to bray, to make the noises of common pain, all pain is common, are you bored of this pain, let's try to find a more interesting pain, one that cannot be measured against another's, this is the trick from the black hat of the magician, who woke up hung over and drank himself to sleep again, I hired the butler to measure his pain against my own, I hired the ice skater to make crop circles in the ice, it was just a way of sending a message to the aliens of the future, who will be people like you and me, history is a series of convenient interpretations, sometimes they are so indulgent that they become incredulous, it is convenient and necessary to lie, we cannot gather history into a monument of truth, it is insane, the sun is our little star and it is set to supernova, there is an end in sight, the gray tunnel is painted in the colors of the sunset, meanwhile, she is shivering in the twilight, she thinks you are entirely useless, she doesn't imagine your tears at night, she thinks you are nasty and dirty and bad, and she doesn't know that you cry at night, it is hard to live by the words of truth, first of all, the words were written in the sand, and the trophy was destroyed by the wind, and all of this has an end, and you saw it coming, and she saw it

going, and that is all for now, for the moment being, for the time we spent together, this is all that will be, this is all that was, this is all, all, all, are you thirsty, or hung over, let me repeat the question, are you dirty and bad, an ego surrounds her like a hard shell in the heat of the desert, dried by the sun, and dark, dark, dark, his ego is hard, his eyes are sadder and her eyes are more reptilian, his eyes are less aggressive, this is the work of the master magician, the work of hands we do not know, she walks into the arms of goodness, which is enormous and life-saving framed against the impenetrability of the shell, is this a cause for concern, is this a cause for revolution, the ego is like a debt collector, the ego would like to be the richest bum on earth, but the accumulation of wealth has no end in sight, the end in sight is the scorching of the planet, natural causes superseding natural explanations, supernova, literally, and I the beast with narrow vision, estranged in a shell that demonstrates its hardness when I blink, self-combustion is an admirable path to the natural rhythms regulating life, their egos are not a sight for sore eyes, nor a tale for swan hearts, yes, these hearts dying at the edge of the earth because of the simple kindness they've learned from strangers and kept in tact, by the power of their own blindness, he asked her, she asked him, neither answered, but both turned away, what kind of mask should I wear for breakfast, he is not incapable of masks in this twilight, I said to him, it is not different selves in many voices but the selves of one voice, mood betrays her, mood betrays his bad intention, mood betrays the good intentions that could have been brazen, frothy and kind, I'm a sinking fish, I am fish food, I will learn to eat alone and then teach the others, there's something cooking in the cauldron, he wants to share it with her, but she turns her nose, her nose is small and her eyes are large, her eyes are red like the devil's and she throws herself overboard, this is the strangest moment of our lives, this will be estranged from us forever, this will show us that time is a line to stand in, we will wait, we will wait on ourselves, ever closer than the limit we hope to approach, but there is no hope in the devil's eyes, nor in the dog he is dragging behind him, let's take a picture of this, to remember ourselves as we were, we were the greatest champions, we had our trophies, we had our blood, to give, to give, to give is compelling, let him compel her to be more kind, let her compel him to be more understanding, it is not a random word in the dictionary we open in the hopes of finding the astrological weather report, we all know this, let's hold hands and see if we can jump over the mountain and land on the other side, a spreading of light over the pool's surface, fierce warmth, watery death, someone wants to give sight to these eyes but the bodies are elsewhere, they are long gone, the hands of time, the sands of time, these are the days we did not live, these are the hours we spent crying, these are the hours we cursed, this cannot be the end, this is the end, and she was shivering, all over, from head to toe, from toe to head, hairs on end, she was shivering in the twilight, she is blind and therefore sees nothing out the window, she was separated from her baby boy, who is an old man now, he does not have his own children, he is a scientist, maybe, he is useful only to the birds he feeds, the earth has forgiven everyone, the earth doesn't really care, it stares without eyes, blind as no person can be, it stares and it sets trajectories, you want to revel in obscurities instructing thin lines from the apex to the trough, the earth cares if you care, she cares if he cares, these are the terms and conditions set forth by the righteous event of one's birth, no, of course not, righteous carries etymological symptoms, he drove away from cultural implications, he drove far and wide, she met him there, this beautiful distance between us increases as we learn to walk back in time, I will dismiss the pity, I will dismiss the long, blind stares, I will

walk a bit this way and a bit that way, learning to eat and to see, I will walk and I will walk, and I will walk into her arms, I will walk into his arms, these are the elastic arms of the kindness of strangers, it doesn't seem to end, but there's an end in sight, you have to swallow this to understand, you have to despise it to understand, you have to love the whole world to understand, youth is forgivable on the terms and conditions of a haphazard birth, I like this caveat, and we like the way this memory has limits that we cannot map, do not try to think now, it will come to no good, the floods have come and receded, this is the criminality of the universe, that things come and recede, but I am a criminal who is happy, he is a criminal who is happy, but not now, not now, not now, do not talk to me, do not disturb this crypt I keep hidden, one day it will go to flames, and the cranes flying above will not deliver the message, if you do not like war, do not make war, if you do not like pain, do not cause pain, and these faces are not masks, there are no such things as human masks, they hide nothing, anyway, they only reveal, they only reveal the things he wants to hide, the good man is a child, his eyes are crossed and he has scurvy, since the doctors gave up, she will not live, she has to give up something of herself to live, give up and go down to the thrashing waves upon which no man can walk, and she was looking for threads at the tips of her hair, which is long, but can be short, our break as short as a moment, a moment is long too, it is long when the only sound reaching the surface is the interior buzz of immobility, there's no such thing as perfect silence, but perfect silence can be imagined for a very short moment, for a very long moment, march, turn, twist the little finger until it is a piece of yarn from the mitten you lost, you will lose this mitten over and over again, love cannot stop the spread, but it has its face emerging from the mud, the mud is gold, it is terribly beautiful, and the beauty will not let me breath, his breath is short and inconstant which gives others the impression of him dying, but death doesn't matter, the terms of death will never be clear enough for her to understand, his hands writhe and he is becoming a father, let him touch her cheek as if his benevolence was tantamount to the moment, she sees, he touches her cheek, we came only to invoke this sense of benevolence as a form of power, it is as if we might have asked, please, sir, I'm lost without you, I am asking you to see me this way, his asking is too deliberate, his delicacy is not delicate at all, to keep his place here, not beside her, but above somehow, closer to god, but please, god is god, perhaps, a word, perhaps, and you are the swan at the edge of the earth and you are you, that's why, you are something, something, but as he parts, his gesture is meant to calm, the difference between this and that is pretension, even if it is such as it is it, it is innocent always, innocence always in the land of lost time, you see that, the bad man is a child, you are fucked, you know, if you are trapped in someone's vagary, you are tracing the dream of your beloved who has skid the ice and fallen back into his own dream, which amounts to absolute estrangement, his show of power betrayed his intentions, this is what it is like to be fucked, this is what it is like to be, to be, to be more than this short moment can sustain, there is only a handful of dried corn left, he is starving but he gives it to the birds, because he pities himself and they are a part of him though separate, he gives everything to the birds, he lies, she lies, we are lying at the edge of a crust of time, this new found clarity is a result of circumstantial urgency, let the circumstance be, there's no other way, and circumstance away, masts up and billow on, we are still moving in the sound, he cannot imagine a better ending, he is overjoyed, he holds her face, he holds her face without breathing, this is the best ending one could have hoped for, this line is lost, how do we return home after

such a long day in the sun, I do not recognize your face, and the face is a set of lines tracing the lines that are long lost in the vagrancy of time, let him think on that, tomorrow he will feel better, or worse, it is not certain, yet, it will be certain tomorrow, if the song is as long as the day, you can spend the whole day listening, if she has been a bad friend, it is because she had to go, she left in the morning and she never came back, she was romanced but it ended badly, she drank the wine and like this, there was none left, this is the way it will be, because someone took the last piece of bread, people die in hunger and hatred, this is the consequence of the urgency of circumstances, one better-better be, what do the birds sing in Recife, to be better, we see others better than ourselves, the only thing to contradict that is the sinking feeling in her stomach, she knows, she has been wrong, she has been cruel and blind and too proud to realize herself, she was like a doomed character in that film, she has made the same mistakes as a character in that film by what's his name, the character's life was ruined, definitively, it was a tragedy, it makes sense on the screen but means nothing as you step out of the magic door, the threshold between the quiet interior of the sphere of the cinema and the exterior that pulls out your old selves, props them up, they stand, and walk, and she takes a step and she is walking, meanwhile the filmmaker has shown prowess at affecting the human psyche for a short rupture of time, you have become the character of the film without realizing it, so stepping out, the familiar sounds of the life of a city coddle you, to be better, it is better, now, funny, yes, oh life outside, the world outside is quiet on a night like this, the docks are creaking, and there's a halo around the moon, it is a halo of love and goodness, the one that follows us stepping out of the cinema and into the world, but someone else completes the act despite himself by means of an over-readiness to vilify himself, well, except for him, there, he hasn't a mean thing to say, but he is ugly and his teeth are crooked, she doesn't want to wake up next to him because his breath smells, but most of the time she wakes up and the bed is empty, they're out fishing, it was last winter when drawbridges snapped, taking a pen in one hand and a mirror in the other, one must live as if to earn right death, I feel so sad and so inside the sadness, the panther is wet black, and it opens its great jaws in the dark, you have the heart of a man as a woman, and the heart of a woman as a man, one must earn right death, they came together only to find out they wanted to be alone, there were six of them, three men and three women, they spoke silently and their voices diffused through the silence of each other's bodies, and their voices were the clarity of their shadows, their biographies were meaningless, to themselves and from themselves, they were human beings breathing in the foyer, breathing in the courtyard, breathing near the embankment, and they wore their childhoods like a wedding ring on the finger of a widow, once mourning loses its sacredness, it is simply dead weight, but how can time weigh so much, nothing was and everything will be, when you hold the body of a shivering bird fallen out of its nest, it hasn't learned to fly, and wrap it in a thick and fluffy pad of sterilized cotton, and death is in the grips, and the bruises rise to the surface of the skin, it cannot eat or drink and in the morning, it is time for a shallow burial, things die in the night, things live in the night, the morning is new every day, this morning he took a hot, pressurized shower and he thought they had finally overcome the past, until he stepped out of the bathroom and smelled his mother's perfume, but it's not here, it is nowhere to be found, he found an old photograph, the image is muddled, as muddled as images are before you purify them, or lose them, give them up to it, she wanted to push the image from her mind, but the fovea

knows best, all around her the sight of the beach and the sunrise, the elderly bathing in the morning, the humidity everywhere hot as if the heat was itself pollution, as if something poisonous was in the air, interfered with the will, the will has limits, it was rising, the air was hot, too hot, someday the Earth will be too hot to sustain life, and he took the baby in his arms where there was death in the air, a child born from his chest, a child belonging to us both, we kiss, we sleep, we cannot say enough about the suffering on Earth, one combusts at the snap of a finger, the clocks are ready to strike on the hour every hour, spinning to the metronome, a kiss can relieve the endless pressure of one's life, the kiss is wet and delivering, she was shivering from the kiss in twilight, he picked every fig off the tree, the persistence of the message bewilders him, the message strikes against the flux, it fixes a moment in time, a kiss can raise blood pressure, coffee raises blood pressure, he has left the country of his birth in pursuit of a kiss, the kiss is impaled on the sword, what times are we living in, is this the past or the future, the metronome is the compass of music, it goes, she finds herself elsewhere, she is not a good person because someone thinks so, and even more rudimentary, she is not a good person because many people think so, it is to the credit of her mind that she disagrees with everyone, a real victory, he spoke the words as he wrote them, it is easy to lie to oneself, as easy as it is to lie to others, the act of lying to oneself automatically includes the act of lying to others, between loving and hating oneself, there is a thin red line, he is speaking the words as he writes, let's imagine the width of a capillary in scale, in proportion, who made our brains so small and who made our brains so big, she functions as she acts, he can conceptualize a brain that is not separated from the rest of the organs, organization is a conception following a fishing line to the bottom of a carp dwelling river, we enjoy the act of conceptualizing, it is a neutral act with no circumstances, he wrote a poem and sent it around the world like a suitcase with foreign currency, five more letters, and there will be this many words, help me to exorcise the demon, I have seen him in my dreams and he told me to shut up, help me to exorcise or turn him into a fiber indistinguishable from other fibers, this is an act of conception, this is an act of the will which has failed, it is time to withdraw to the backline, to lie down in bed as if the hospital gown was an evening gown and dream the dream of all life at the tips of the nerve and in the threads of our individualized, disorganized, chaotic, flippant, desirous, garish, notorious, riotous, unpronounceable, vain, battered, seething, solemn, radical, insistent, moralizing, hungry, pestering, crepuscular, daunting, cataclysmic, fabricated, capitalized, irrevocable, savage, and conceptualized humanity that fits on the hand like a penguin's glove, like a cardboard hat emphasizing the piteous tone of the beggar, a bargain for some to see and others to dismiss, all the foolhardy dismissal in the world is not capable of changing neither the circumference nor the meaning of the cascade veiling and unveiling the incoherent light surrounding the eyes, it is a matter of time, it is a waste of time to ask the body to breathe when it is already breathing, he has arranged the currencies of the world in alphabetical order to facilitate communication, I am a fool, I know, the man descends the stairs in his black leather boots, the entire house is riveted by the encroachment of the next step, the next breath, he draws his breath and kisses a morning cup of tea, black tea with milk and sugar, sweet cradle of my enemy, she has conceptualized the distance between her desire and his, as well as the distance between the first moment of life and the last, this is only an experiment, do not depend on the figures, do not lean on the statues, do not go, do not brandish your hope like a firemen's ladder, this heroic moment will not make a martyr

of you, be still a little longer, stay close, keep watch, vigilance will not make a martyr of you, thankfully, one day will be followed by another, and another, the other is following you, until he stops, he asks her for a little bit of respect, and her eyes are wide open and she wonders why condescension is vile, it is disrespectful, that is why, how much does he spend a year on the cost of gasoline, cologne, sex workers and leather, a sex worker is a beautiful thing, it is remarkable how easy it is to dislodge love from the act of sex, as if the myth is harder to sustain than the blunt reality of a physical action, as if one is having sex all by oneself, it is like that in the mental exercise of dislodging meaning from any action, either the meaning is a form of recognition or a form of conceptualization, whichever one it is, it is that one, for some, and for some it is the other, you do not have to appreciate mythology, still people prefer to hear themselves speak, this preference has a certain air of immaturity, he thinks it is goddamn annoying, it unnerves him when he is trying to fall asleep, she shuts off like a computer screen, what a lucky being, we want a wreath of money around our necks, and the necks of elephants and deer and ducklings, he will marry that great writer even if she has been dead for one hundred years, she already married him yesterday, it was a simple ceremony and guests wore wreaths of money around their necks, and they threw red rice at the blessed couple, red rice because it is better for the digestive track of the pigeons who will die from over-eating, humanity is so cruel, their eyes are so small, their appetites so big, sometimes, their stomachs unconscionable and their questions redundant, but we love everyone and everyone is loved by everyone else, this is the path to freedom, unconscionable love and a firemen's ladder to the sky, if only it didn't rain on the parade, if only she did not snore, if only pork was kosher, I think I could be happy, I cannot stop thinking of him, I must be bored out of my mind, I want him so bad, I want to spend the evening not touching him, she is just thinking about the touch, this is the best part of the night, the approaching hand to the body waiting for the touching, he is as tall as a cedar on the Lebanese flag, and his face has an androgynous quality like a character from a modernist novel, what line can he trace between his body and hers that could live on its own long after they are gone, she wants him to touch her, she doesn't want to move her hands, she moves her lips but in a subtle way so that no one notices a thing except of course for him, perhaps he knows, this is not clear, this clandestine language aims to mimic the clandestine language of our ancestors, nothing much has changed, but this is not true, the message she is sending through the room tonight should be intercepted only by his sexual reflexes, her breast fits in the palm of his hand, it will be another year before he touches her, I will keep you informed, there is an ongoing negotiation between her sex and his sex that needs her sex, and so on, we will not disclose the details except that she is wet standing next to no one and looking, he is hard standing next to the door through which they hope to leave together, there is no window and no one needs a window, no one needs light either, but a small flame would be helpful in lighting this cigarette, there's a growing feeling of discontent at the idea of leaving this room for the dreariness of a routine night, there is great discontent in speaking bluntly, there are words that best serve suggestion, this little contract depends entirely on avoiding blunt words, they have made love before, they fucked some years ago, they are both still beautiful, they slept together on a dirty bed, they vomited in each other's presence, they have done this and that and it all lead to this and that, this being that and that being this, this being, that is, the incorrigible desire to be penetrated and to penetrate, he is not sweet, he holds back without holding back, this is a limitation of one's

perception that is complicated by one's projection, that is knowing others only through knowing oneself, his arms dangle like vertical blinds, he has a rather nonchalant character, this is neither attractive nor repulsive, it is simply so, but in any case it is inconsequential in relation to the crescendo of lust that night, his legs are as tall as the trunks of trees, he imagines fucking her again, the little pink parts, pink and wet, he imagines her body waiting for his body after, after so many hours in traffic, this many hours eating, this many hours chasing flies, leafing through books, playing jury and judging, planning and strategy, chess strategy, that is, he would like to part her ass cheeks and moisten her with his fingers, he has only a few hairs on his chest while her nipples are contracted and pinkish from desire, desire for sex, which is not a desire for sex, strictly speaking, it is for a sexier thing, for this body leaping in the air, this body leaping and falling, it is greater than freedom because it doesn't presuppose servitude, it is servitude but sex is no small thing, sex is not courageous, sex is actually of the desire for intimacy and the re-chargeable finality of a crescendo, and like everything else, here, it accepts a particular process, first this followed by this, then this and that, then some courtly surprises, venerable shocks, well-mixed in, some breaths louder than words, a sweet (de)icing of your appetite, most of the time, in the dark they're both blind, but if the body is ever a set of eyes, it is now, tonight, in this room without light, wet and hard, hard and wet, the fit fits the mood, the fit of lust crams the outlines of their bodies, the body is most definitely not a set of eyes, he has burned his eyebrows on the small flame of the lighter, there's a small patch of skin where the hair used to be, she wants nothing more than to be utterly lost in the moment of perfect irresponsibility, they are both lost in the desert as it burns mediocre versions of themselves, her eyebrows are bleached and growing at the pace of the moon rising, but anyway, speed is relative, and desire is relative and after you get something you want, your hunger subsides, this is the mystery of the appetite, it is better not to approach this stranger, it is better to enjoy the idea of something than the thing itself, the idea is perfect within the context of its fantasy, fantasy is not satisfying if it is never realized, the fly finds its dumb and hysterical way out of the room and the sound dies, help us to exorcise this desire by the stroke of our paint brushes and swords, help us to enlarge this desire beyond any known limits, the fly is back, this is tiresome, I am tired and sleepy, I would like to orgasm in his arms and on the tip of his hard cock, which is also pink from the hurling swirls of hormones and body functions, this is the romance of the old world that will be reborn in the future under a different name, if this doesn't happen, if climate change prevents the expansion of the human race, all will be forgotten, let us enjoy this last morsel of lust before the tides roll out, he would like her orgasm to last an eternity, the paint brush understands this, the voice on the radio understands this, it is better to be a painter than a doctor, it is best to be both, they are both lost in the vicinity of a demilitarized zone, the artifacts are artifacts by the mere and inexplicable passage of time, the distance mounts indisputable factoids of a dissolved origin, that is, it is clear to everyone that nothing has changed in the structure of the reflexes of an immobilizing military force, the aliens are beings of greater intelligence, intelligence is relative and is complicated by the limitations of thought projections, yet no one needs an exorbitant amount of practice to enjoy the act of sex, it is an act on a post-modern stage, the audience is full on chicken as the dumb buzz of flies hovers around them, most of us do not have to pay for sex, and if one does, it is helpful to find a bargain, then your children will not have to suffer, decadence is inspiring with its monuments and dedication to

implosions of desire, all of this effort has changed the nature of his feelings, a nap is remedy, she asks the sky to rain, he makes a fist and opens it, she puts her breasts in his hands, he takes her breasts in his hands, she recovers in the pale light of a cloudy morning, she recovers her tenacity after repeated oppressions, he wonders if his tenacity hurts her delicate nature, but it does not matter, is this more painful to the crowd or the individual, by the greater clarity of the many, the consequence of tenacity, a thud on the parquet, the results of the experiment are dynamic and have certain implications in the light of climate change, we cannot reduce one thing into a vague image of something else, we cannot make everyone happy all the time, we have to pick up our hats and leave, throwing a coin into a fountain that will be retrieved by a criminal who used to be a beggar, we cannot speak enough about the homeless, we cannot speak enough about the onset of balding, she recovers her tenacity that is actually the fortified capacity of a reflex for obtaining what is desired, we would like to exorcize our guilt and leave behind only a trail of crumbs of glass to glisten atop the caps of poisonous mushrooms, after negotiations reach an impasse, the only thing left to accomplish is tanning the hide, and this is unthinkable on the dark side of the moon, there are no cows on the moon and there will never be, we would like to exorcise all mundane words from our zealous hearts, these words muffle the sound of the heartbeat, which is precise and incapable of forming thoughts, nothing yet and nothing still, what a saving grace that one need not order the body to beat the heart, maybe someone should tattoo a cat just to satisfy the curiosity of the look and the feel, we should all stand up and salute the chief just to know the look and the feel, lust deserts me and I am alone, lust returns and we are content on this island because we are in love, the dangers of falling in love are nothing compared to the prison of lovelessness, which afflicts the old and the young alike, no one is spared on this barren rock of mystery, oh great oasis of the heart, he will fortify himself with hope as she dresses her neck and arms in gold, the pinks are inspiring, these grandiose statements are making me sleepy, we did not hear the siren, we did not heed the advice and we are buried alive on this barren rock of mystery, to conflate the facts is to defend our right to give more credence to fantasy than to reality, the structure of fantasy relates to the structure of reality and a nominal division is not good enough, sometimes he rolls on the floor laughing because the irony of life is more vociferous than its mystery, a wildebeest watches his young, lions stalk this land, they may unleash naked terror, she is insulting him silently in her mind, and now she feels sorry for him because it reveals a truism, I would like to be vindicated, I would like the whole world to be vindicated, worry closes our doors, worry makes us small, smaller than a pea or a bean, smaller than whatever, together we caught a thought with a fishing pole, and we salted it and hung it out to dry under the desert sun, which is inescapable, he punctures the surface with the tip of the thumbtack, the balloon pops, he snuffs out the candle and prays in the dark, only a monster is capable of hearing your prayers, he uses women as skillfully as she uses men, it will all end in tears and then they will throw ash into the sea, there is ash in the brine, the sun is sovereign, no one wants to repeat this, no one thinks it is possible, no one knows why the translator is wrong, he agrees with her on principle but without any conviction and at dusk, they engage in lazy sex under the fig tree catching figs onto the tips of their tongues, no second thoughts about this or it will never happen, there's no way to retrace our footsteps but we can dive cliffs in our sleep and wake up alone with fish in our pockets and gold on our necks, she should not have to explain herself but she begins and fails, this

is as frustrating as chewing dried thoughts without dentures, it is not easy to be old, because you have stopped growing, this is not a service we can offer with no cost to ourselves, it is a service that will cost you your family, your job, your friends and your house, the cost of a family is relative to the value of the dollar, before she dies, she wants to see the aurora borealis and dissolve in a sea of salt, one grain among many, surrealism does not do justice to the realism of life, which is far greater than surrealism and magic put together, placed side by side like road signs from the beginning of love to the untimely end, that is why he will not denounce his beloved to his family no matter how bitter his mother's tears are, no matter how great the rage in his father's eyes, no matter if the moon explodes or if a Republican is voted into office, our flags are fluttering and they are bold and decisive, instead of dark buttons, they would like his eyes to resemble opals shimmering in the haze of moonlight and in the haze of a billion stars, which is the look of the milky way from our vantage point on the spiral arm of the galaxy, it is indispensable, it is absolute, they absolutely know without a shadow of a doubt that there is no end to the appetite of the world, only a dying moth can contradict our feverish assurance in the light of such a crucial discovery, and in light of the recent events that lead to the insurgency, she stroked his forehead, and whispered "goodnight," and her goodnight implied that everything would be OK, after all, she said to him that he must face the utter misery of the people or else it will all go to hell, we will all go to hell without dinner or desert, imagine a quantity that accumulates over the course of many years performing any mundane routine, this is a mundane thought and it has muffled the tender beating of my heart, it is impossible to know, to think, to feel when one is dead, physiologically speaking, poetic language confuses scientific language but they resolve themselves in the end, after all, in the light of hell, the light of heaven is light shooting through a pin prick on the surface of the poster board, his pessimism has finally killed her optimism, and finally, they are unable to stand each other, the sound of their voices, the smell of their bodies, the crinkle in their foreheads are repulsive and nothing can save us from this complex labyrinth of rushing thoughts, rushing, rushing toward a goal whose conception is impossible until the moment just before its actual conception, this is the human comedy and the human tragedy, she said smiling, there are smart people who are in fact stupid, he and she are not satisfied with their smarts in the presence of each other, it is a kind of blindness, a blindly competitive drive is a sign of pain stemming from an relentless desire to impress others, to be deemed impressive by others, the swollen tissue makes it hard to swallow, it is because he demands respect in the manner of an automaton who discovers the secret to his pleasure, she knows she is smart and yet she is not assured, this pain indicates to all those observing that a chasm separates knowing and feeling, he often tries to conceptualize that which he does not know, it is impossible to conceive the size of the universe, but some say the universe is exactly the size of the human brain, and he bumps into the old feeling of not knowing, knowing has such a structure, if you invert the pyramid, everything crumbles from the waist down, it is impossible to think of the universe in terms of size, if only the eyes could gather the universe into a image laying haplessly atop the retinal surface, which is to say, a surface simultaneously physiological and conceptual, it would be so nice, we asked the book some questions, the pages yawned, she is in love with her professor because his brain is the size of the universe, she is in love with him at night, in the morning something changes, she awakes from a strange dream where she is the prisoner of an old man she does not love, and it occupies her

thoughts, the professor is not the old man, the professor is young and dashing and his brain is the size of the universe, it is her dream they go to Istanbul, Moscow, Ulaan Bataar together, in each other's arms, tea in the train car with white cubes of sugar, it is his dream they eat piroshki stuffed with sautéed cabbage and mushrooms, it is her dream to fly like a peregrine falcon, to nose-dive reaching impeccable speeds, it is his dream to catch the fire-bird and to keep the bird safe from harm, and cherish the bird and honor the bird with everything but its freedom, the paradox of love is that it will conflict with the desire of the beloved, this is the moment where one must choose oneself' or the beloved, putting one of these two sets of desires ahead of the other, we are living in Dostoyevsky's short story, we are living "White Nights", treading water at a festival by the river because in matters of love, one's choice is the strength of a pea resisting the weight of a hundred mattresses, be it this way, to live and die and return to life as a prisoner and executioner of one's emotions, the desiring body makes declarations upon its life, that is, he is caught in a web of its own love functions, this is becoming too reductionist, it is better to praise love and to hope for love, to pray for love, to welcome it with arms open raised in triumph, it is better to receive and give equally, on equal terms if this is possible, terms are never equal, this is possible, to cherish the bird and keep it safe from harm, there are these moments when fading love finally collapses, it only takes a moment to cut the string of the marionette, she closely observed his relationship to his mother, he was a great son in gestures and in tense moments when his wisdom and understanding was most needed, he applied his talents through the application of special skills of his hands and their dogged fastidiousness requiring spatial orientation, and in everyday matter of fact things, he was distant, self-involved and pleasure-seeking, I don't know why everything must land on the belly of the feet in the question of respect, one should walk away, walk away now, but he is innocent and an incidental opportunist, whose fault is it, anyway, that we are spoiled sons and daughters, it is the fault of the parents who were dying to hold their offspring in the wild wetness of spring, it is the fault of universe, no, it is no one's fault, the genealogy of responsibility and fault should be chartered cautiously but with decisive strokes, she thinks it is the fault of the mother, someone is always absent, someone else is always too present, it is the responsibility of parents, perhaps, to raise the great future generations and this is the point from where the milk sours, the world is so full of different people, all people are basically the same, it is easy to say such things and hard to live all despite, this points to an enormous chasm between thought and feeling, thought and feeling survive through the human domain, and he says her smile makes him die, her body makes him collapse as she collapses from the exhaustion of holding her child to her bosom, it is hard today, it is hard to find the inspiration to turn on the tap, to call a friend on the phone, to put food in the stomach, an iron curtain wraps the body, the body asks the eyes to be the eyes, simple and discreet, for once, already, just be what you are, just do what you do, everything will collapse at the tip of the crest, at the edge of the tide, there is fire in the brine, there are ghosts, there is nothing here to change her mind, there is nothing here to help him make up his mind, the relation of the periphery to the center does not have to be determined today, yesterday he found her to be extremely impressive, today he finds her less impressive and she doesn't know a goddamn thing except that she loved her grandmother's dog, who constantly returns in dreams, she doesn't care about his opinions or the relation of the periphery to the center, her thoughts couldn't be further from the truth, she lies her head down and there is no music

in the air, the air is toxic and we are all sun burnt to perfection, do you really want to die, she asked the fly, in that moment the fly fled the room through the window, this poetic moment will never be again, but it may be only by the consequence of random chance since we have no control over the actions of flies, camels and sheep, except that we do, we know how to kill, we know how to trap, we know how to herd with the help of border collies, we know how to decorate Christmas trees and fly hot air balloons, if our opinions matter at all, they only matter to ourselves and some others who are willing to listen, the willingness to listen to mindless chatter of innocuous opinions casts doubt on the intelligence of the human race, and we who raise the veil drop the veil and raise the veil, and this is breathing, he cannot speak the truth but he can write it down, this is his weakness that is the same as her weakness, still there is always denial and denial is the modus operandi of parents and politicians, as well as people who just want to be what they are and haven't much but a clue as to what this will require, denial blew in diaphanous wafts through the evening air, after all the guests had left, he broke his collarbone falling down the great stairway leading to the foyer, and his first thought was not of the copious amount of alcohol he consumed but that it wasn't his fault, she made him do it, she had ruined his life, and the responsibility was in the hands of his mother and of the Other and of politicians, of doctors and astronauts who are not satisfied with life on Earth, one must make of confusion some kind of meaning, some kind of determination in order to dissolve its effects, a tongue twisting mind whistling, that is why hurling words is the same as pitching in baseball, it is like screaming in a forest next to a falling tree, her tears indict his mistakes forever more, his mistakes indict her tears forever more, I asked you to wait but you didn't wait, someone put out the butt of the cigarette in what is a leftover pancake, their grandmother's recipes have not changed in all this time, but the grandmother is now dead and gone, is it good to leave behind pancake recipes after a long life spent frying pancakes, it is not so different than leaving poems and etchings, anything that keeps the hands busy is good for the mind, unless keeping busy disengages the mind, the mind need not always be engaged, I am tired and I want to make love, there's redemption in this tropical sky, it is the redemption of creation and it gathers on the surface of tears reflecting a tropical sky, everything around him should glisten with the magic of joy but he can only think of her who is far away, or worse who is gone, from this world no one leaves with recipes in tow, all the incense in the world cannot make the dead appear out of thin air, this is no secret, we are all astronauts and we can leave the Earth at any time, this is in our control but it is also the dead end of control, what genius walks this way toward me, this tall dark genius, this genius with dark eyes who can scrape by on the stilts of truths with which he throws punches in the air, he wishes something would come of something already, it is not enough for a man to love a woman when he is a man of extraordinary capacity, the love of a woman does not deliver him into the upraised arms of his fellow man, not even into himself, a self that pours out as he pours that self in, he keeps alone in a country where he has no friends, therefore, he cannot go and visit his friends on a whim, no one knows where he is, he is like man represented by a dot on a radar that has sunk below the line of detection, sinking is the consequence of an invisible momentum that makes apples and figs fall to the ground, he will give birth to a stillborn and he will cry, long and hard, I will cry with him, life is cruel and uncertain, even if the love of a woman is certain, he is a bee keeper without bees, this is the consequence of the strain and uncontrollable urgency of consequence, which brushed the world that

formed the sloping rocks that take us to the moon and back in the course of one single life, do not worry, I loath the world too, in our mutual understanding, we can reach absolution, start by counting from one, ignore the zero since it is a presupposition, by the end you will lose count but you will find yourself among the pastures of Ireland or Japan and everything will ring with the perfection of being that you deserve even more than a woman's love, he forgives you for your indecision, photographing with one's mind is not the same as photographing with a camera, just as formulating thoughts is not the same as writing them down, the accumulation of photographs and pages is the ambiguous destiny of the epoch in which we raise our children to the peaks of mountains before the world drowns them in the nacreous ether of lost time, we have archived every reason for leaving, there are orange peels on the nightstand and cum stains on the sheets, the dermatologist gives the same advice as the cleaning lady, it is of grave importance to boil the sheets or else the blood will never come out, some people are unhappy no matter where they find themselves but their instinct to abandon ship survives on the heels of an enduring illusion, do not worry, I love life as much as you, she loves life and is not afraid to die, she wonders what it feels like to welcome death at the precise moment that death is at hand, this can only happen by chance but it happens by other means too, such as by wisdom and being on time, this is difficult when you miss the train and you worry too much, you love life as much as you loath it, this morning he woke up tired, the only one, and it was as if the life in her dreams is more tiring than waking life, the dream gave her something waking life does not, the kiss of a new lips, or perhaps the kiss of hundreds, she is married with four children, he is 86 years old, we are 14, at the tip of the kiss is the feast of life, the new neighbors do not notice what happens next door, they sour their stomachs with coffee every morning but what choice do people have to give up small pleasures when the greater ones are missing, one man's pleasure is another man's sour stomach, fever, diarrhea and a general sense of discontent, which is entirely his fault, he must take responsibility for something already, she resists taking responsibility because it hurts so much, she and he, she does not take responsibility to be good to the people, if it were not a matter of her elitism it would be the matter of some fundamental injustice rectified only by the contingent kindness of patience that when stretched to its limit becomes a danger, between the one who is patient and the one who is ready stands a miracle assuring there is not conflict, no hostility, no contradiction, it is a prison matter, a matter of prison wardens as nervous systems and soft tissue accompaniments to steel bars and beams and bricks, their facial signs are portraits of our foremothers, this happens in fades and in sudden starts, it takes only a moment to cut the strings of a marionette, so we grow away from each other as flowers closing to the night, he does not understand why, this is the result of not asking oneself to be more than what one is at any moment of one's being, there is a small wound somewhere on his body that prevents him from taking responsibility for the pain he causes others, no one wants to be diminished, you know this but you won't make amends, you know how memories lose their nectar, you know how fear shuts the devil in, you know that holiness has always been a matter of feeling, and yet, they demand responsibility, and out of love, out of love, I can only give myself, these are my siblings, brother Henry and sister Trina, they do away, they speak in flicks of water, they say "We best line the frontier with echoes of the supposed center," the choice stands as ever the same, you or me, you and me, us, together, desire at the crossroads of bodies waiting to cross the intersection, to flee the stars and build a hearth, still, everyone loses a

friend to his or her own cruelty and intolerance, losing a friend is like pulling a petal and eating time, eating time adjusted in the distance, everything is adjustable, nothing is conclusive and this is worthy of our tears, even if there are consequences to over-estimating the boundaries of the ochre, we are made of dust or pollen to be rearranged by the wilderness of the wind, a wind without reason, what choice do we have when this is the only pleasure life offers, besides the kiss of a new woman, which always finds an unhappy end, or a boring end, either way an end with no pleasure, if the pleasure principle was not so strong, we could perhaps find a more pleasurable route to the matrices of the great unknowns, nothing would get done in this kingdom or in others if it were not for complex pleasures measured by degrees of effort and its matrices, there is no confession, there is no revival of the outer edges of the heart, not tonight, so be it, captain, marshal of the wind, I, thank you for the calm after the confusion, pain and pleasure draws in the wrinkles on the sand, outlines of time, the mixture we must still distill, what a strange set of contradictions outlining forces, what a growing discontent and what pangs of sour stomachs, no, we deserve pity, no, not at all, we deserve nothing, a false principle extends of impotence, and who is to blame on this barren rock of mystery, still, we wish to be upraised by the triumphant arms of our fellow men and women, we all suffer too much, we suffer unbearably, flowers do not do our suffering justice, he will raise the veil and make them see, do they not see, do they not understand how much it hurts for him to live, there is something here to discover, there is something here that belays paradox, there is something here worthy of the great zero, I want to kiss this man, this short one and this tall one, in my dreams I wade through desire as if my feet were made of crystalline heat, he wakes up shivering because he slept badly, with muscles contracted, hunching, breathing irregularly, he knows the day will be long, he has only one duty left in this world, one duty that brings him pleasure and it is taking care of his cat, the cat watches his ascension to the sky with nonchalant eyes, it licks its paw and lying down under the autumn sun, the cat sleeps, she sleeps and has the feeling when waking up that she hadn't slept at all, that it was a sunken blink, dreams, dreams, exhaustion, nothing is more exhausting than waking up from a dream sweeter than one's life, no matter how strange it may be, no matter that its pleasure is saddled and pressed up at each end with anxiety, she knows, he said, he knows, this moment, thank you, the kiss is my fate, the tear is my fate, these are the atrocities of our mutual stories, he kisses my tears, I wish for him to kiss my tears, I wish him to reach the depth of the feeling that has brought me to cry, the kiss in my destiny, it is my greatest wish, I will live in the moment of this kiss for all time, time means nothing to me waking from the dream of the most perfect kiss, the most perfect kiss swallows my past and sets aflame a future without the kiss, the kiss is the kiss, the kiss is my destiny, the kiss is your destiny, I can give you nothing greater than my kiss, I want nothing from you but your kiss, the kiss destroys the plateaus upon which the mind has grown accustomed to life and time, the mind waits, I want for my destiny, the tear and the kiss overcome all history, the tear and the kiss redeem the story, the tear and the kiss redeem the flameless-ness of the morning, the quietude of incomprehension, the tear and the kiss, what are ten years, what are a billion stars, what is memory to the actual moment of the kiss, the kiss is the first and greatest moment of my fate, the kiss opens the world as it seals the world with a kiss, I seal all of human fate with the tenderness of the kiss, all my dreams amount to the desire for a kiss, the kiss and the tears, the tears after the kiss and the tears of the kiss after the tears of the depth of feeling, the depths of

courage, dipped in the sand, the depths of the will to love, behind nonsense trails the perfection of the kiss, no, I want for nothing more, I want no sea, no ocean, I want no stars, I want to close my eyes in the tenderness of the explosive kiss that seals lips and silences the voice when the voice is long, deep, gone, the voice is nowhere but in the past of all time before the kiss, the kiss represents the perfection of love outside of time, when we're looking out the window over the sun, whoever promises me the kiss promises me eternal life, I am on fire, I will not return, the agony of my life is that the capacity for the explosive desire of the kiss is at the mercy of entropy, and now I leave the kiss and I go on, I will go on without the kiss, the kiss is in my heart, my soul is a mosaic of tears, the kiss and the tear are joined and I must leave the kiss and go on, I must go on, he will go on, she will go on, the story does not end with the seal of the kiss, the story endures next to the body of a sleeping cat, the waves crash at the shore, the storm comes and goes, the inhabitants of the city retire for the night, the inhabitants of the city awake in the morning exhausted, they swallow coffee and rush off slamming doors behind them, locking locks, they will find their voices in the shallow depths of the routine, the sun is such, the moon is such, the stars are such, though they cannot compare to the kiss, I must leave the kiss, now, I leave the kiss, I leave the story to linger on the mind's hatch and the arrow of the kiss, we must pretend that the blood can be read, that the blood escaping the body etches words in the bedrock, we must believe that ochre of the clay is soaked with the blood of a million years, we must believe in something after the kiss, in war and in victory though we insist on the wisdom of peace, we must believe in the heights of trees and the spans of the deserts, we must believe the moon glows orange as it does and that we are made of star dust, this is the tragedy and comedy of our human lives, we have a feeling that cannot be reduced, this feeling will not allow me to reduce you, in the flatness there are no longer any worthy truths, like a steamroller on the topography, meanings lose the nectar of their reasons, the pervers of the world are those between identities, nothing is more beautiful than a kiss between a woman in between and a man in between, a pervert dreams of an extraordinary drop of honey on the sex of the beloved, in between, and they are condemned, just as we are all condemned to seek out those who understand us, who may understand us, there is still a chance that we will be understood, there is still a chance that we will live the greatest kiss, he has the look and dress of any man, his eyes are sympathetic, the man who is not a woman and the woman who is not a man are virginal, they are neither men or women, they are both women and men, this is how one falls deeply in love with a dead man and weeps at the metaphorical bedside of a dead woman, the man would have understood this kiss, the woman who does not speak, the man who does not speak, language is paralyzed and this is no place for the voice, the voice is an interjection between the surface and the depths and it slides between the two and disappears evoking feeling, feeling, feeling is the pasture and the chasm between words on which they find points of departure, it is the chasm between two sets of eyes, this is the fall of the world into the volumes and chasms of feeling, the chasm that hangs at the tips of the tiniest threads of consciousness, the mind is weird, fragile, bruised as it moves from a dream state into waking, the mind is supple and needing, the mind is careless, the mind hurls the world atop dangling threads of its consciousness, I am unable to leave the kiss, I give you this tear in exchange for the kiss, a kiss after the troops return from war in comparison to a kiss in the chasm, it is not our fault that there is the war, just because the war is real does not mean she should honor the wounded, or that he should be

stigmatized into silence by the others' wounds, to honor out of guilt is no honor, there are only bad reasons, he does not honor the atrocious pain of their mutual incapacity, his eyes are empathetic, he wants nothing more from this world than a kiss, and they hold each other as they shiver in the twilight, the man from whom she wants a kiss does not feel the incorrigible urgency of a human kiss, this is disillusionment ever in progress, snapping, this can only lead to disappointment, it hurts, it hurts, the man whom she wants to kiss is gone, from one world to another, the sun was setting casting sideways shadows on the mountains whose eastern ridges cloaked the indentations of its surface, the sun was setting on the shipyard and men were taking off their work hats and wiping their hands on the backs of their jeans, and the butcher was washing the cleaver, and the doctor hung up the phone, and someone was resolving to brush his teeth more often and someone was resolving to plant tomatoes and someone was resolving something else, the wife of one of the local branch managers was shaking her head in disbelief, any moment now her husband would come home and find her crying, one's punishment for loving a person may be loneliness, a good combination for an enduring, fruitful, beautiful relationship may be as hard to put together as a puzzle of endlessly dividing pieces, we need the whole world to join in on the challenge, perhaps one day it will be enough, one day perhaps the Earth will implode but before that happens, we should all try to find true love, one day perhaps you will meet the woman who will prefer you to all the others but who will not be able to tell you what she prefers, a wise woman once told me not to take anyone's advice, a wise woman who lives alone but loves people, she is a hermit of a story that writes itself each day on the invisible pages of time, his boots are sinking in the mud, the quagmire smells of the living dead, what makes a woman extraordinary is the same thing that makes a man extraordinary, all of this depends on one's disposition, the year of one's birth and the ascending stars that tell us nothing but the relation in distance of one star in the sky to another, we call these relations constellations, constellations are a good example of the way perceptions misguide, it is rash to make a point of constellations and perceptions, this is most certainly the result of a poor disposition, in the wondrous gaze of the observer of a starry night is the longing for the transcendence of this very moment toward the next moment with an otherworldly promise of a dissolution of all burdens, a moment of weakness sutured in desire, this be redemption, you will be redeemed all by yourself in the night with closed eyes, in a dream that slips away, someone whispered into the ear of the observer that the next moment will come regardless of constellations, this is the promise of the Earth that will not satisfy the observer who wants to relinquish all responsibility and burden of pain, so there it is, the moment and the next moment, the constellations bring us up and over life, as if it was something we could escape in the desperation of the greatest wish, there it is, we are sorcerers upon whom life has cast a spell and there is no formula to undo it, the constellations are beautiful, they are magical, distance is poetry and we cannot sense the motion of the Earth, the sun, or the galaxy, he has grown tired of wondering, he is hobbling down the stairs to sit on the bench in the park across the street, there are turtledoves on the reservation, his city is going to hell, crime rates are rising, sewers are overflowing, traffic does not move, doctors are fleeing the city and no one will ever build a ship again, we must abandon everything we have done and start over from scratch, these are the contexts of our lives, these are the sounds of the police van, these are the gorillas in the zoo, these are the eyes of population, these are the perverts and their pervert faces, this is the site of the battle where the world lost

itself, each crevice and detail has been laboriously reconstructed to preserve memory and meaning, the result of this reconstruction has been the muddling of memory and the propagandizing of meaning, he smears the meaning like watercolor on paper, he erases his name, he burns the last of the firewood, he was forgetting the love of his life and in that state it seemed impossible that he would ever remember, and when the sound of the turtledoves besieged him in the fragility of an afternoon mood, he was remembering and it seemed impossible that he would ever forget, and on the steps of the Parthenon, he was learning the lessons of time that were wasted on the birds, worms were eating away at the insides, at the hospital the heart monitor was beeping, and she thought is my life as plagued by melancholy as everyone else's, no answer, is my life as incorrigible as everyone else's, no answer, does everyone else suffer as much as I am in the flowering of my adulthood, no answer, why did I go, no answer, do I perceive crimson the same way as he does, no answer, how did everything change so fast, no answer, will I free myself before death, no answer, will he understand someday standing at the lighthouse holding five fingers against the sun, why she had to leave, no answer, will it matter that I refuse to be a father, no answer, does the mirror feign an image, no answer, was his action meaningful, no answer, will I ever watch the Earth from outer space, no answer, is his thirst the thirst of a lonely man, no answer, who will come on bended knees to reveal the face of the beloved, no answer, will the lines intersect and guide the eyes toward the point of the ultimate consummation, no answer, and is there a way out of this puzzle box, no answer, there is an answer in a book that does not yawn, he will find this book thirty-four years from today, there are no answers, these questions should be plotted on a graph before the eyes of god, when answers are absent, the mind reels and performs the duty of the solemn master who is a slave to life, no one is an absolute master, or an absolute lover, or an absolute friend, or man, woman, child, an absolute human, we are becoming aliens who reside in a bio-dome of consequences, I am not made for your pleasure, he is not made for the purpose of another's pleasure, he is speechless, the master accepts his burden and doesn't burden others, if one day a woman comes to offer him the gift of carrying this burden together, he will refuse out of the sheer inability to give himself over into the hands of another, there is no room for a woman in his trousers, the man is locked in a room with a million-piece puzzle, the woman is locked in the leaning tower of Babel, she can love even in the presence of danger, she is instinctual like a lioness rearing her cubs, it is impossible to live all of one's life in single moment, except in this moment now, under the poplar that is under the moon, let me remain here like this, in your arms, let me show you my love, let me give you a child, let me teach the child how to be free, let's love him together, no, I cannot, I can never, she will never, no, never, we cannot leave the kiss, all of space gathers at the tip of the lips, the crimson and the indigo play upon each other as night turns to day, we all know this without being able to confirm the original source, did you tell him something, he tells me something in a whisper, I only feel his breath, he learned all of this by himself, his mind apprehended the information and stalked it and finally bit the creature in the night with the fangs of an ecstatic vampire, the blur of forgetting conceals the apprehending moments for the sake of the solidity of coherence, when they kiss, we are not certain of the meaning of the kiss, we are not certain of death, please calm yourself, this is no reason to become hysterical, there is no reason to worry, your life is yours and yours alone, try to remember this when you are plotting to terrorize the tower that traps memory only to lose it at the cervix of the slumbering stars, the

infant in her arms was sleeping, there are infinite possibilities in what we cannot imagine, violet eyes are the most beautiful and the most rare, the infant in her arms opens his eyes and they are violet, there are too many artists in the world, too many bad mothers, too many sad fathers, there are too many flies, how is one meant to distinguish between the good and the bad, you cannot blame her for not loving you, his wife was shaking her head and any moment now, her son would come in to find her crying, oh lady, you loved a man who loves many women, and you love a man who loves no one, and she loves a man who cannot love himself, he worries about the future but not about the apocalypse, he loathes the stupidity of mankind, his temperament is such, his nose is such, his liver is such, he is learning to be a man, very slowly, fine, the moon orbits around this planet, it was you who changed, people are one or the other, instead of biting into the emotion and its supposed meaning, he could consider the relativity of feeling, it is not warm here in the winter, with one foot the path is awkward and uncomfortable, at the end of summer he lost way, he was unable to look away from the stars, you are as sheepish as a sheep, you are your own prisoner, this moment of liberation is false, but do not worry, your life is yours and yours alone, just when he believes himself to be liberated he remains as himself in the idea of his truth, he remains a prisoner, the truth is that it was all relative, this pretension is based on pretense, one day you are in love and the next day you are not, nothing about your beloved has changed, it was you, it was you who changed, it was you who saw the crimson and then the indigo, one morning she prefers indigo, one afternoon she prefers crimson, we cannot see all the selves of a person at once, in the action and bestowal of a kiss we can see a height of form, this is the pure moment of the kiss, I see the moon that orbits, the iris that blossoms, the iris that closes, the fuselage burning and the knees scraping, I see the moon that orbits and the crimson and the indigo play upon each other, helplessness breeds slavery, whether he is stupid or not, he is innocent, he does not know, we should act on sympathy over hatred, he is a slave and his stupidity is unforgivable, it's too much, she cannot breath, he his gasping for air, there is too much stupidity, there is too much hypocrisy, slavery breeds hypocrisy, there are stories, there are symbols in stories, there are signs in stories, there are sighs and tears, the entire world waits for the sign, the world is dressed in diamonds and emeralds, in dire gasps of air, we wait for a sign, a sign from the omnipotent nothingness that is the merely other side of concrete things, or the paths to concrete things, it is the muck, it is the ether, it is rising and descending, the great star is rising, the selfish and the self-obsessed have the least bookshelf space, they read exactly what they know themselves to deserve, we seek to read what we already suspect, we hope for nonsense as long as it pleases us, the mind is buried without funereal ritual, we need affirmation, please affirm us in the dwindling motes of our knowing even as we dwindle and the future peels away at the possibility as it engenders new possibility, the future dies with selfishness, there is a prism in the hearts of the population, something dies in the hands of signs, we are selfish with our bookshelves, the selfish are innocent, we know not what we do, it could be anything, we know not what our fathers have done, we do not know, the future should appear in the form of a great unambiguous sign, the sign will lead us like a train of pearls to the truth of stars, to the truth of the eyes, the truth in the eyes, he looks up to the stars unknowing, and in this unknowing, he opens his eyes, in this great silence the true nature of existence reaches out to him, the wilderness is out there, the wilderness is in here, nothing separates the two but a thought that demarcates, the narrative falls flat, the eggshell cracks, there is

something in the shadows, there is something at the periphery, it is a pack of wild dogs, this is the sound of subterranean rumbling, time contracts on the tip of the needle as on the tip of the nerves, he knows that a telescope is an instrument of action, the moon is not a flat disk, the constellations are giants burning in space, one must reconcile the superficial knowledge of the eye with the conceptualization of the mind, the breadth of distance, we can reconcile matter that is infinitely large and infinitely miniscule simultaneously, the eye is the beginning and the end, space is too large, eyes are too small, enormity is of the mind, enormity is of the body, I need an answer, we need love, we need the train to blow the whistle, we wake up, we stagger outside, we leave our husbands and wives with just a token, keep this warm and safe for me, I do not know when I will return, I will not return, I turn the page, I turn around, I turn and I do not know when I will return, but I love you, the willow stands in the mind's eye, it stands and cascades to the ground like an ever flowing fountain, it renews itself with the moment, it casts shadows, it ages under the sun, she sleeps beneath the willow, she dreams beneath the night, he is in love, again, as if for the last time, I love you he says, I remember the first words you ever spoke to me, they were not words, it was poetry from the very beginning, you gave me poetry and asked only for poetry in return, because of you I have erected a monument to man and woman, because of you, I gave something to the world, I gave the world an opportunity to be as it sometimes can be, through me, I am, you are, the train blows the whistle, it is time to descend, nothing will ever be the same, but she wakes up, but he wakes up, it is too early, he cannot open his eyes, from out of a dream, he finds himself as himself, it is a dream that's shut off at point blank range, I am more than the contents of this dream, he folds her into himself, I do not disturb his dream, it is possible to accomplish what is necessary, something is happening in the mind of the man working, he blinks, the ants move in curves one after another, they are soldiers, they have but one destiny from which they do not stray, they do not look up at the sky, their manner lacks the proper affectation of a human life, in one's sadness, one looks upon the non-emotiveness of cows and ants with longing, this is a sad moment, it is the perspective of someone who finds it impossible to accomplish the necessary, an asymmetrical flake of ash is caught in the wind, it will settle somewhere on the boundary between my country and yours, he hears music in his head, it spins like a top, it shoots out its silken filament like a spider setting its trap, his home makes arches in the atmosphere, this is the world of stars, this is the world where one need not belong, where one need not take possession, this is the crater from which beauty rises and evaporates into heaven, he prefers to bury his friend alone, he hoists a flag, it is a sign of the specific and never to be repeated moment in time, it is a circle, there were so many hats in the crowd, it happened like this, beauty is built into the roof and the ground, we stand looking on it, we sit looking on, we think on it, we breath on it, we die, we die, this is a joyful death, it is not without humor, it is not without a passion for life, in the mind, two paths are lived simultaneously, this is the path of pain, and here is the path of joy, and between them stretches an infinite path of beauty, it joins together the first and the last, it will not budge, it will not be called by any word, he calls it truth, we call it an auspicious anonymity, this clarity is a result not of a momentary conscious effort, it doesn't entirely depend on the instantaneous analysis of "what is to what could be", this is a result of a conscious effort that spans years, the resolution is low and slow, birthdays are an echo of the day of birth, this is impossible to accomplish, he celebrates right now, the Earth is turning in space, she looks at her breasts

in the mirror, searching for changes, time is tiresome, this obsession is tiresome, he cannot remember was it the crimson or the indigo, does he love his mother, his father, his brother, his friends, it is possible to love, to love under impermanent conditions, or to not love someone now and to love someone after, now and now, they equal exactly the same thing, the love must be so strong, these people must be very strong as to withstand hurricanes of biochemical currents, their own and each other's, we are living two lives, right now, now, that's a question, the brain is the brain, OK, one forgets everything else in forgetting the relativity of emotions, we make it a habit of being informed, this clarity is not a result of an analysis of the current circumstances, I try to fix or hold the clarity to my side, I cannot press it against my hip, he knows it makes one sheepish, from the picture frame the smiles are lost somewhere, they are lost on the horizon between the surface of the image and the moment of its perception, which is not full enough, it becomes too conscious, the effort, one's ray of determination fails to overcome the limitations of one's will, the echo of the will is the voice, the voices give the will up to the ghosts, he is forced to surrender the forms he has not earned, it rains, the sky rains, it is the first and last day, it is the moment they meet, each year we change the calendar, some people forget to change their calendars, or they forget to turn the pages, they are missing, something, no, someone, their son is missing, when he returns, he will walk into the kitchen to find his mother crying, they hoist the flag and it evaporates in the ether of heaven, there are signs everywhere, signs of everything, but there is no sign for the muck of nothingness, which is either present in an odious feeling or not present at all, it is merely the other side of the moon, it is merely another frame of the mind, it is a habit of the hands to be hands, and the habit of the hands to scratch the itch, he switches eyes with her for an entire moment, they return, the prisoners protest, soldiers die, he rethinks the situation, this time around, it fails to hold the same truths, he thinks what an odd habit of the mind to trick itself and to forget one truth in the service of another, it is impossible to accomplish the necessary, I don't want to crash your party, I don't want to ruin your moment of happiness, if I can see these scars for what they are, for what they actually mean, I could think only good thoughts, I would wish for him only goodness, they wish you only yours, it is easier to rationalize than to jump dimensions, than to jump over the consequence of relative truths, I count the sheep, there are exactly zero sheep, it is harder to chose understanding, is it not, that, understanding is an uncomfortable jump over the pleasure, the pain, the consequence of momentary truth, this is a familiar anchor, an anchor that demands no effort, an anchor under the habitual strain of gravity, it gives us truth in its momentary shell, sometimes languid sometimes urgent, the silence down at the bottom of the ocean, the catatonia of the ocean-floor, the coma of coming and going, the trance, the trance of life, the first thing I notice in you is a kind of echo of my own passion, its function and consequence, the more echoes, and more and so on until there are no more echoes, but instead ruptures and confusions, after a while, it will become necessary to accomplish, then it suffices to figure out which is stronger, one's love or one's indifference, a sickening moment, she is drowning in the muck, when they arrive at the scene of the quagmire, it will be too late, we proceed from here on the beauty of summer, flares of heat, and a changing light that transforms the look of a distant landscape, an unreachable place into which we will never step over from the other side, we are living a double-life, they have lived a triple suicide, and they had quadruplets, this is the golden twilight, if you can stop shivering, you will see these scars wish you only goodness, at that

moment he leaves himself, he finds himself on the other side of the picture, at the other end of the landscape, glaring back, in reverse, to the side from which we came, she jumps into streaming water of a gushing river, we are inside, we are outside, on the knoll, the hillock, the ducking spot, on the other side of life, I remember each moment of the pleasure in the pain, without your love I cannot reach the other side, I need your love to realize these other truths, to make these other truths matter enough to affect the momentum of one's life, I think I am learning the meaning of relativity, of simultaneity, of the multiple lives, sometimes one shivers, sometimes one turns to ether, he is learning the meaning of sublimity and the meaning of consequence, something continues where the will cannot go, something proceeds from this point, radiating outward, then gathering inward, either way, some puzzle piece somewhere fits next to this one here, he misses home, he misses his mother, he is only a child, a girl in his preschool class notices his sensitivity, from now on she will now associate his blond locks of hair with this first image of love, he holds a pencil with his left hand, he draws this way on graph paper, he doesn't dominate or provoke the other kids, he keeps to himself mostly, a window opens from the frame of the girl onto the frame of the boy, empathy and pity plait over each other, she is full of feeling, of empathy, for him, she wants to help him, she doesn't understand it yet but she can only give herself, she wants him to notice her tenderness, her feeling, there are forces that binds them together, in this moment, in this time, in childhood, right now, out of respect, she looks away when he doesn't want to be seen, she can give only herself, neither of them smiles, they are napping, it is midday, the world stretches farther than they can imagine, outsiders do not know what is happening beyond the façade, sometimes we are forced to live lies, to sacrifice momentary feelings for the sake of others, sometimes everything depends on love, everything depends on consequence, sometimes our sense of justice is deeply offended, the starkness of the room needs no symbol, he draws something on the wall, his good intentions are ignored, she is melancholic leaning against the window and leaving a trace of life, a trace of life is here, life lives here, this is life, she shouted, and sometimes the self of the beloved who exists for his lover disappears and in its place exists only a self who lives for himself, it was like walking into someone else's life, he thought they had been sharing this one true life, but it is his and his only, it is hers and hers only, one has to scrape up the walls of the tower to tuck in, to check on the memories that are so close to heaven that they are in danger of disappearing, or of mutating, or of bad interpretation, the blindness of the eye muffles the heart, the blindness of the eye depends on the heart, this place is one of my dreams, this place is my earliest memories, it is impossible to distinguish between the two, the way a child apprehends cities, these rising walls and outlying parapets, these gates and locks, these artificial lights transforming the look of things, the expression of things, the apprehension of time, and giant complexes of structures, these black windows, and the whistling of the wind, we are born to cities that are eternal, you are thrown back and over arching bridges and the black water of ancient canals, these monuments of an obscure history, this bronze face, this chiseled shape that hooks my intuition, the palace is burning in the night, there are bombs in the sky but they are as beautiful, as dangerous, as ecstatic, as thunderous as cosmic fireworks, as constellations falling to earth, there are people escaping on foot, someone gives her child to an elderly man whose eyes are stunned, he stares in front of himself but sees nothing, and the world of a child endures, the consciousness of a dream endures, it's a world that lives above eye level, I look up, he

looks up, she looks down, she closes her eyes, these enormous spaces, the body is small, the eyes are large, this space will take me to the moment of the first exposure, this moment of intercepting an angle of the world in an angle of consciousness, a real edge of space pressing against a dreaming mind, I am inside the sublimity of the estrangement, I will never belong here, I dreamt this place when I had barely any memories, this dark cluster of buildings, sidewalk corners, edges laying by the waste side of dirty shadows, no epicenter, no point of emanation, these beat-up bricks and colorless paint, the light of the street lamps falling at my feet, and gathering at my eyes' range, I wade in the shadows, I can fly, I do not fly, I forget that I have lived, here and there, in this truth and then in that one, with this voice and then that one, it rises, I'm rising, I am a glorious sparkle of dust, inching and settling, flagellating and dying, I do not know how I arrived, I am about to arrive, there is something here to discover in feeling, only in feeling, do not interrupt my feeling, do not try to throw your feeling over mine, like a blanket over a fire, I am alive, I burn in the air, I rise, this is glory, this is the perfection of a dream, a life lived on the filaments and in the gaps of neuron transmitters, everything is so delicate, it is in danger, I am in danger of the quagmire, this night, this night forever, we are inside this night like an original perception, night is just a perception, it is the diminishing of light, the poetry of Earth is a palette for our poetry, she is shivering in twilight, now it is night, something is still alive, something is left of the past, it does not matter how one crosses one's fingers, something continues to live, a diorama at the edge of the mind, it is weird, it seems to be sleeping, it is not sleeping, these objects arrive on the pinions of wings, at the tips of the plumes, this is the past but it lives, the past is my sublimity, it is living in the interstices of spaces that are born to people, it is contained in me, it leaks, it still leaks, these spaces inspire the will, they are so far from the will, the spaces in which we condense, we are born to cities, he swims at the river, she looks for silver fish in the river, one can make one's own city, and invite others to come, everything invokes these impossible spaces rising, night, passing, car headlights revealing textures of a smooth, matted, chrome urbanism, and the textures of tree bark, blades of grass rising over each other, I am ensconced, this will endure, this is the greatest concession, you can only give your own life, you can only give yourself, they must be cautious in order to avoid letting the technology determine the aesthetic of their work, she is working with the technology, neither one overwhelms the other, this is a sublime equation, this is an equilibrium that grants me peace, I do not want this peace to perpetuate, let me go, and then let me return to these spaces where I am a light among filaments, where I drop degrees, where I rise by virtue of my own self that I do not know, this stranger with the heart of an ocean and dark eyes, and that's the bell tower she watches, at the invisible horizon, in the air of night sky, which is almost as black as space, this space makes me a stranger to myself and to the earth, this is specific and peculiar, but do not speak too much, not too easily, these are fragile words, these spaces collapse, this canopy between the ground and the sky, you encompass me, soft and dense, fragile, ever reaching, ever wanting, so fragile it is in danger, you mustn't use your voice, we are afraid of sound, we are too fragile, I hate the sound pollution of the city, I live in the center of the city as a hermit, I survive on the love of poetry and on the love of my friend, one friend understands me, I leave through the front door and return through the back, one friend cries when she sees another's tears, your love of poetry is a love of life twisted to the best purity you can muster, your love of yourself is a love and a disparagement of life, I am disparaged enough to hide my face in

the shadows of the corner, I hide behind the glass of the window, no one can see me, I see the street as a different dimension, I cannot overcome myself, I live on the love of life, I loathe it, you try not to worry but you worry, each day, he doesn't want children, she agrees, it is easier to live for ourselves, let us not lie that we could ever live for our children, it is better to set off on an honest and difficult path, then to rush onward, out of fear, only to spend the rest of one's life trying to fix each crooked fork in the road, from a bird's eye view these diverging paths resemble the structure of the nervous system, the parts, structures and processes of the Earth are inlaid in the body, and the structures of the body are inlaid in the organizations of civilization, it is, it was, it is an accident, it happened accidentally, by chance, yet in itself it is not random, you see, grandma, there are rules, there is a body at work, and we are trying the best we can, we try to overcome our limitations, we try to keep our minds open, we try to keep the mind thinking, it is not enough to realize the same paths as our predecessors, this is fragile, I said, she said the night is fragile as the nerves of my body, how did we come to exist, anyway, he says, she smiles, she touches his forehead, he touches her cheek, one bestows confidence, the other accepts it, it is possible to know infinity, thought by feeling, feeling constructs a thought and warps it, finally, so there, thus, yes, the two parts of the form are impossible to separate, to think is to limit a thought, to think is to continue, if only we could see the edges of space, if only the constituting particles of light could illustrate the nature of substance, and they do, substance complicates the body as it explicates the body in the distention of time, substance explicates itself against and for the manner of the eye, distance and space permeate as matter complicates feelings, feeling is of substance, feeling is a consequence of substance as we lay down the law, spirit is a consequence of substance, it's a matter of thinking, it is a matter of thinking substance, in this distended night, I release the firebird, the past is still alive, in a different form, in a form that comes to him, a form that surprises her, no one waits for the form, the form is, the bird flies into the night, you fly with the bird, you wade shadows, you make a ring with your finger, you touch the edge of the glass with your finger, you swallow a bit of wine, you swallow the bitterness of the past, you fit it into the present, it takes all of yourself to make the past fit, or let it go, let me go, I will return, somehow, I will return, I will find my way back, you are waiting for me, we are shivering, this twilight is the majesty of our lives, there is no one to beg, he begs her, she begs him, they beg him, they beg her not to stop, do not stop, we are following the logic of our thoughts, they start off gracious, then grow pensive, there is still light in the room, dim because of clouds overhead, it is an early hour, between the half and the whole, then his thoughts tie up, become discouraged, and by the afternoon, facing the angry faces, the stoic crowd, he becomes enraged, he loses the integrity of the meaning he meant to put forth, to illustrate, point by point, no matter, the nerves swallow those emotions, he has compromised the whole day and by the end, he wishes everyone a violent revolution, a fruitful revolution, a revolution of necessity and sacrifice, someone in the audience keeps notes, folds paper under his sleeve, creases them shut, he looks about, he forgets where he is, how long has he been sitting here like this, with his arms folded and his neck stretching to see over the heads of those sitting in front, he cannot focus, the audience is restless, some people stand up and leave, what is he doing here among all of them, he is thinking, he is holding a pen, he is sweating, he lifts the screen of his laptop, he sees his own reflection, he likes what he sees, he sees the familiar look of his front two teeth, he has something in his pocket, two things, directions

to the show tonight, half a paper napkin with a piece of cheese in it, for the mice, presumably, there is also a paper clip, the paper clip came from a friend who likes to throw them against the sand, he likes sounds that are difficult to hear, and what is it doing here, what is he doing here among pedestrians and office managers, among the cultured and the worldly, among businessmen and women, among wholesalers, among the small-time gold dealers and drug dealers, and their girlfriends with gold embellishments, a Balinese mask in the corridor, among organ players and proctologists, among them with curious faces, knowing faces, empty or wondering faces, faces of a human civilization that lives by the rules of the sun, we are alive by accident, and perhaps by instinct, no two alike, no, yes, all are alike, no, yes, brotherhood, love, brotherhood of man, he is alive here, there, no, yes, the kiss, the kiss of human action, he is alive by human action, because of the mystery of human equation, we will never understand, someone kisses her husband's moustache, and someone notices the uniform of a soldier who stands up and looks around, the uniform is black and the yoke is straight, the stature of the torso reinforcing it, he wishes to leave, but he stands at the exist, he closes his eyes, he jumps lives, he jumps pasts like a consciousness ascending, like a consciousness descending, all the mushrooms on the path are poisonous, they are azure and pale yellow, they grow overnight after a downpour, snails and worms crawl among them, they are poisonous not because of soil toxicity but because of instinct, a simple instinct to be, mushrooms haven't egos, oh but he and she are just clamoring to be, they fight to be understood and to be, the power of his being rushes to his hands, he's brimming, he is full of sap, here, we are among the nettles of the field, here, retired in the injustice of inaction, the injustice of her actions and presumptions, the ignorance is staggering, the ignorance staggers, it chokes and ties up momentum, blood charges the heart, her hands clamor, hear her, hear what she says, she is fighting to honor her being, to give it the pleasure of being known and being touched, then we are fighting in a world that is clearly shared, before anything, we have agreed, we have no power to agree, we have recognized, we have the power to recognize that we are fighting for the world we share, it is a priori, implicit, this is the body at work, not only for ourselves but so that this shared world will include us, our incorrigible feelings, we want to punish the villain with a taste of his own medicine, which is saccharine and bitter, it is nauseating, we are fighting only because the world is shared, and among friends we fight as among enemies, as among the inquisitive and the stupid, we fight for our individual order, and they and we and all of us including the others and the ones opposing them, we, as in we, we do, we are, we struggle amongst each other, the power dynamics between people, the war wages them, it is rage, among them, each other, there are victims, they beg like beggars with pitiful eyes, pale of wont, they do not want us to excuse them, they do not want us to apologize, they want us to endure their misery, they are alone, and to love alone and to suffer alone, to do this with someone or alone, he begs the question, he pushes up to the nose of the stage, he snatches it away at the first sign of trouble, well, people learn from each other, a lot, like birds and cats, and how to make things, but how to live well, together, live well together, how to live by preserving the fragile links among ourselves, one man's charisma may be enough for a whole village, a whole company, a whole country but it may not be enough for her who is in love, like cats and birds, and he who is in love is in repose for the night, we could have died without music, a well, a melancholic well of the reach reaching, the depths which are the heights which are the paths we cross, the paths we make just to see ahead of

ourselves, the acknowledgement of this half hidden melancholy turns pain into an unthinkable pleasure, a newly recovered meaning, an embodiment of it, I take this duty upon myself, I give myself to someone, no, to something, through the forces of oneself who overcomes you and himself, this is redemption, that is, if it be a sadness not attributable to a single event, to bad news in the world, this diaphanous sac rising and decompressing, a the veil of sadness that reveals the charge of feeling, it reveals passion and urgency in the creation of meaning, meaning, the intimacy of meaning, in the manner one reads books, listens attentively to the stories of others, imagines the plight of other people, the way one falls in love, love makes goodness pour out of him, he walks out of a cinema in a halo of beauty, bound in himself to himself, enlightened by a call to duty, ecstatic, all-seeing, this is it, he shouts, she is sensitized, she is ready to cry at any moment, he is the love of my life, he is not a man, his music doesn't speak in genders, he walks the streets like a ghost because his heart is across the ocean with his beloved, it is now, it is ten years ago, it is ten years in the future, the universe is still ghostly, the city is full of ghosts, I watch him awake, it is the future and we have survived, our love has survived, I take a shower, I leave the house and walk to the library, she sits inside all day reading and dreaming, the spaces between words are breaths, white petals, everything will happen by the end of the day, someone will drown, someone will be married, someone will find a new way to part his hair, someone will lose a wallet, someone a tooth, someone calls the waiter to clear the table as he leans over her tattoo that signifies death and rebirth, you see this circle, it represents a cycle, it smoothes over the points lining the path between consecration and forgetting, we need not worry for the future of humanity, you need not worry for the future of your children, the small things count, everywhere, the whole lot, it is winter again, the same repressive feeling as if one's own body has been rendered smaller, as if the new space doesn't fit, he worries about winter, he worries about the snow and the tires of the car, then he eats dinner, then he worries about tomorrow, he worries about the diminished body, the winter sews over the natural lines of the seams, winter makes her crazy, winter just after one surrenders to the fall, still peacefully, with a modicum of one's own volition, with acceptance that feigns volition, with some amount of strength that resides among the sighs, an agreement made in silence, with the world that doesn't speak, watching leaves fall to the ground, the wind undressing trees, their hollow stance, their hollow reaction, they look deceptively dry, but they are still firm inside, they are still wet enough to bend sinews and tendons, they will survive the winter, the dry leaves crunch, some of them survive the winter and become reminders of cyclical death in the full, sensuous ecstasy of summer, underneath thick hairs of grass and the underside of bristling bushes, she accidentally crushed a leaf by stepping on it, but winter, winter is distant in the summer, one's old age is so distant from youth, at each point in the decades of one's life, one experiences circumstantial revelations, autumn comes again, one knows it is something to accept, and then winter comes, and one is diminished, one doesn't notice one's own shadow on the ground, everything is diminished, the air is so cold, the sun radiates heat but it freezes in the open air, only mirrors can stay warm in this light, the human is too fleshy, the human is beset with bruises in the shapes of bite marks, the body shivers, no, nothing free happens here, nothing here happens for free, I am not free, no, yes, everything is possible, yes, my body is diminished, my mind is diminished to a just a few memories, they are not memories anymore, no, they are exaggerations, they are an exaggerated, depressed, paranoid

mélange, the mélange of the poet and the criminal, the human, a mélange of what has happened and what remains of us, in images, incidentally, accidentally, these feelings have images but images contain them in acuteness of feeling, it doesn't combine, it doesn't welcome, it endangers, it erupts too early, too forcefully like a clumsy girl building a house of cards, it is impossible to stay on course, winter reduces my memory, it sucks the facts of the matter into the engine where it naturally makes it combust, a body is hot, a body is cold, remember what I told you yesterday, and tomorrow, I will tell you again, something else, other than this, please, these memories are circumstantial, they bring me little comfort in the damnation of my body, this is the winter, it is because feeling is stronger than the imagery, the imagery must bow to it, and to stamp the hulk as it is a collection of feeling, that make our states, in time, the depth of the height, the here and now, the low of the low of the impression of being, the impression that holds us, these are memories and their incidental imagery that rolls into an avalanche on the way to down, toward the landing, the end of momentum, the end, the end of it all, which is my feeling, the thud of my feeling, the blister of my motion, this soreness, this bite mark and bruise, this is not the end at all, the integrity of the images implodes, by emotion, by emotion it drags this cluster of images onto me and though no light catches me, I am lit up, but, please, no, I am not thinking, I am not thinking of the past, the past is upon me in feeling, if I peak into it, I can ask for the images, and I hold this ball of myself, in my hand, of course, for ever, never, really, I invoke the imagery that is possible now, I am not free, I see a little tuft, a curl, a button here, this is autumn, the most barren time for trees and memories approaches, those few tatters of the past are monolithic here, because feeling obscures everything, ringing at my ear, this bulbous rod, this orb, this nothing of the object shape, the object mass, no one remembers what good they've done, what bad was done to them, this is the coma of the winter, the veil, the veil, the veil, no, of coming and going without coming and going, that simple, the epitaph writes to whom it may concern, it concerns everything, it concerns not only you, not only them, no, of course, yes, not everything is possible, he is dying, yes, everything here is possible, this is not my living room, this is not my life, this is winter, life of the winter, the winter of my life, without a kiss, the winter a nail in my tiny coffin, the innocuous flow of objects beside me, think me, think him, the clock's face, the dials of the stove, the diaphanous surface of the tumbler near the bathroom sink stained with traces of toothpaste and limestone in the water, there are no pictures in a little house on the beach, it is the picture, and it is long ago, this summer, last winter, and this is the winter, you are dying, I can only think of one thing, you can only think of saving us both, we cannot listen from inside our own feelings, I can listen, after, only, after, let me die to find you as you are on the way back, always already back here, with me, I cannot listen, the flying carpet settles at his feet, he rolls it up, he drags it, I cannot focus on the shadow, she holds him, and the French horns, begin, they start as shadows cower, shadows rise into pillars that hold the sky above us, both, tonight, inside this kiss, inside of me, inside of this body that is already on the way back, here, already, with us, with us for us who climb, a little here, a little there, we have perspectives, boredom is yet a state, another state, daylight is another world, another epoch, we do not have the time for perspective now, it is not the one he wants, his instinct tells him he must protect his memories, he leans away from the man speaking to him, he stops listening, he closes his eyes, his heartbeat is prominent, he focuses on the regularizing sounds of the processes of the body, he takes up a protectionist position, he

plays dead like a roly-poly, he belongs to his body, his body belongs to him, he is waiting for the hurricane to pass, he wonders why in all the world and in all the time of the world, he came here, there is no reason, why did he follow this endless flow of people of which he is only sometimes a part, the angle of his torso leaning away from the table, from the room, from the house, he is waiting for something to happen, he makes a gesture and he waits, sometimes ten thousand miles away, I have imagined you walking into this dull room, this room where I am being diminished, which does not satisfy my constant need for intimacy and the exhilaration of feeling, I have imagined you walking into this classroom, this office to rescue me from the sinking feeling of this pallid room which cannot hold the enormity of my feeling, if she is wondering why there is no narrative, tell her narrative is meaningless, there are only thoughts holding up the moment which is the unit of our lives, because plot is just a convention, because narrative presumes a purposeful evolution, it is presumptuous even when it is satisfying, even when it is true, but you are carrying a little orb of light at every point and part of your body waiting for it to explode as you approach this dreary room that keeps you from yourself, this is how you fly away, you go, you fly from every room and every city that has been you, on the wings of the meaning of the moment that is the triumph of human feeling, it is time now to witness the doing of your strength, it is in her hands now, the rising and the overcoming of oneself, no one can take the place of another, though we try, it is the hour of oneself, and, no, yes, we do, we know, people walk along the banks of the river without the hope of meeting someone else, it is the hour of strength, the stars give it to you, and nerves take it away, the stars uncover the veil and fear binds wounds, now he must show the world who he is, he is bound to the stars, she is who is unveiled by stars, where she is able to go is what her body is able to do, where your voice appears is the place that she must have gone to in order to do, he must wait for the appearance of strength, a fisherman must be patient, a mother must be patient, the hour of patience and the hour of unveiling, if one's body must become a statue in waiting, do not forget its heart still beats and its lungs still breathe and its eyes blink and its eyes tear, and the tears gather like a wreath of all time around the glowing faces of those who are crying as they are rising, who are rising as they are crying, and we, yes, we are shivering together as we rise, the cold here is so stark it needs no symbol, snow opens the expanses around the body and light shuts the eye, in this brightness that is an excess of light, we sew the image of being into a body over the eye, he watches the face of his beloved sleeping, he sews his eye over the body, you feel the grasp of his hand around this apple, where he lives at the tips of his fingers, marvelously, we surrender the sword and the mirror, we will not need them for a long time to come, as long as it takes to walk past the guards at the gates of sleep, to climb down and to hoist up, to fold the vertical into the horizontal, take my body and take my eyes, in the kiss you took the body and in this kiss you returned it back to me who is always here waiting for you, in this twilight without fear, in this ocean without danger, in the proximity of my feelings to yours as a canvas that connects us, the fabric we are stitching is like a spider shooting silk, these are delicate matters, this is the comedy that stuns us from within the tragedy, this is the sober call to the drunken dream, or the drunk call to the sober dream, do not withdraw, they implore trust, sparkling water feels the sun on the surface, the sun is way, way over, deep, deep and longer, further and farther away like a ghost of the will spreading all, touching and constituting, all all all, the will to inhabit the space and the will to give it over, here, to you who is to us, as I am the one of the

larger whole who exists for us, is us to you, as you with you I am as us, as the sun takes us both, take me where you want me to go, we go there on the strength of the stars that constitute the unforced miracle of being, thank you for staying in this late hour, thank you for wanting what I wanted, we were frightened, were we not, we were sure of ourselves, that is so, thank you, your generosity is a small token of yourself but it is also the greatest gesture to me, it is the hour of strength, to unveil it, you are a star among stars, it is the hour of the star, it is the hour of exaction, we are here, today, in a perception without symbols, is it so, no, it is, and rather it is a cosmic imprint on the body that opens its eyes in an excess of light, a sudden memory of being, a compulsion to shiver, the twilight, a being, a being, a being, by this twilight we are connected, we connect, the shiver is yours, the shiver is of you and of the world at your body's crest, so, farther and deeper, we are trying the best we can, in being, being, we matter as the apex of matter in the solitude of time, time is the throne of solitude, the beauty of your eye needs no symbol, closer than the closest sound that is approaching near and going inward, inward, somewhere belonging to something, no, to someone, a person, a man, a woman, a throne, an arrow, a river bank, the city, the seahorse, and generations of stars, and all this hapless hazard, all this snow of the past, deeper, longer, farther, is now this, they do not ask all the questions, they ask only certain questions, they kiss, they go deeper and longer, shoulder to shoulder, this is destiny as destiny of the everyday that is each day, the consequence, holding and leaving, we hold, we leave, we give, again this crystal shape with a hollow cell, in which the space of night is born around the candle's reflection, on the cornea of the beloved, someone placed a bronze cast of the lovers at the boundary between your country and hers, where they are in love in twilight, in love, shivering with the silver leaves of trees that shingle pouring sweet sound down the gullet of the river that carries us, it is not enough to dream, it carries us, it is not enough to bow or rise, rise, rise, and then descend at the river's end, this space belongs to them who step between the mirrored ceiling and the mirrored floor, of the house they left, of the house you left, of the house you built at the periphery, at the boundary, our two peripheries touch and create small, living centers in caves of space, they and we too are shivering in twilight, she called this freedom from herself, he called this freedom from himself, to place the blame on oneself means to reverse the interiority and exteriority, I cannot placate the before-echo of actions, it is never ours, that isn't ours, the direction in which one moves is the absolute stillness in which the world moves through oneself, the world comes and goes, but it is always there, the reversal is freedom, the world constitutes her at the tip of an ice pick, the pain strings from one extremity to the other, this is a dream of the other side where one doesn't worry about breath, one doesn't sigh except to acknowledge the moment that has carried oneself away and collapsed on itself, turn your blue eyes toward me, turn your cold blue eyes toward the scene, your cold blue eyes as a glassy wall against the world, as a glassy wall that melts in the heat of the world, you see his eyes are blue, and her eyes are black, he reaches out with his crooked but steady finger to touch her eye but she flinches, she flinches when the birds break off as the door of the house slams in the wind and it is August again, it is the month before the fall, and the fall is the great destination of articles and bits that flake off the whole, if only she could touch the whole, she is touching the whole, and her eyelashes flake off into the mud, everything winds up inside her in order to release her, again, everything winds up like a kite string around a finger, like clock gears standing high above the city, the winding of the stair case and the

winding of the music into the heart of the ear of the beloved who sleeps, who cannot wake up, a perpetual fatigue is a sign of loneliness, he images a heart electrically charged, the beloved seeks a kiss, the strike is the destiny of the winding clock, he journeys to the center of town to watch the winding, he hears the clock striking, he loses his footing and falls at the feet of a young girl whose eyes are as black as oil, he falls in love, he will tell no one, he falls in love with a little girl because her eyes blend into the darkness of the night, and if her eyes are night itself, then she must be life itself, a figure of the night, a warmth in the night, as inhuman as all the human bodies and faces, let them walk together out of the center, let them hold each other's hands a little, let them know each other without words, by the skins of closeness, the kiss of closeness that is not a kiss, but more, vastly, deeply, it is more, yes, and let them know each other by the flesh of a delicate hand, curved inward, light and war, let them walk this thin sable line upon which it is most imperative to balance, let them walk knowing no other worlds exist save the one that's clasped between their hands, other worlds do no matter, one chooses worlds that come to oneself, let them lie down at the curb with her head in the scoop of his hunching body, invisible, inaudible, let them breath like ghosts the fine vapors of a life that was impossible before the moment now, let their eyes wade the path of cold cement feeling the night high above them below, huddled beneath, a gaseous atmosphere, touching it, wrapping them, surrounding, like that, yes, the night above them is the infinity of space that never began and that will never end, let them feel each other like the final absolution of a tattered life at the edges of a city, already in the danger of disintegration, and let everything disintegrate upon the sable line that is the art of the trapeze act of the lover in the eternal city, night city, living clock gearing, that's why and that's how, it is the art of a single music note, there will be light after, this is certain, there will be light before and after the kiss, there will be darkness at the edge of the kiss, let them hold hands because for the moment nothing matters but the ecstasy of feeling that winds up the necks of strangers who gave themselves for each other, and next to the shadow in which they have sunk together is a house of drunks and music, rising, setting sun, the cinched waists and voluptuous bellies of dancers, as they are, these are human gestures, this is human lust, there is nothing here to prevent one from seeing another, they are mothers of no one and fathers of no one, they are the human figures of an inhuman living crest, its pithy swathes of longing, sinuous, airy, oh blind longing in its sacred taunting, of taunting with sensual intention, of a joy with outlines of bodies, ensconced, and above which there are only stars and blackness, this is love that neither one can outlive, this love will plead for its past, it will mold into his solitary body, the present is becoming their prison, he looks at her who looks at him, he looks at her and is overcome with the sensation of belonging to a moment split equally between them, unspoken, made of the first incorrigible instinct to love, and he sees her mother who calls out the little girl's name, which is sharp but with a soft open ending, Alira, Zlata, Hera, almost Lara, and so a hand snatches her and she leaves him like a carriage pulled away by a horse, she leaves him somewhere in the heavy mist of serpentine air that sweeps along every mold and crevice of this night in the city, the stamp of warmth from her small hand is cooling in the dampness of the air, his body is hunched over but he is in the vertigo of his impossibly long body, he is ready to cry, he covers his eyes, he is crying, he is a man suddenly filled and scooped out from the inside, he loses his eyes, soon he will be just a blind body complicated by the loss of the sublime moment, it still is, forever, it is this, this loss, this love, what he possesses now is the look

of a dashed man who no longer has any reason to continue ambling the night that may or may not be his last on Earth, and the century is ours, the clock must strike, it will strike against the glass of the cold eye, it serves a simple purpose, the clock strikes and he stands up alone, but we know this much, in the story, she is young, her mind is elastic and resilient, she is in the first flowers of herself, but this gangly man with shadows carved into his façade is ensconced by a greater consciousness of the moment they have just lived, it may be his gilded prison from which she has already escaped, but she, but her future still flows from out of the clamor of her thoughtless spring, where memory is vast and shallow, here is the other man, already, onto his neck she plaits breathy tufts of lust and flirtation, she is inauthentic, she is majestic, she flies off his eyelashes, he tries to catch her, he wants the moment to be irreplaceable, doesn't he know that it is, he suspends himself in the vision of this exceptional moment among the others, he does this as reflex, to feel the entire weight of himself in one moment, perfection, the embrace spans time and blood, there is a small picture dedicated to all time, yes, in an embrace of an irreplaceable moment, walking, sleeping, dreaming and no, never again dreamed, willed or sought, never again, this kiss, she knows what he wants, she surrenders, no one will cross this country again, there is a limit to love as there is an end to a story, is it so that the story implodes, a story is not a story, he of the shadows approaches, crosses, forks out, and cannot collect himself, after the kiss, the limit binds events to its experience, even as it tears him apart and sends him down the rabbit hole, to exhale into the loamy covering of Earth from which we grew, where the remnant of a living substance reabsorbs itself, on the water, from within a plane on a ship, her hand is gone, the horses took her back in time, and he is resigned, he has reached the limit, he is swollen of his solitude, the conservative coherence of the light is a punishment, walk, sleep, in and of the moment, he surrenders the ability to hold on, in order to make this moment the nectar of a perfect love that always flees, out toward, out, out, he lets go of the hand and ambles back changed, changed, shivering in chill of the sweat to the familiar dark doorway of the house that is now the stark emptiness of the love you have left behind, the century is ours, every century is ours, because of this our words belong to us even as they betray us, even as they reveal only weakness, fear, jealousy, righteousness as compensation, for this, none so little, and vengeance in a moment where compassion would have rung out and over the ladders and wells of the earth, between which we are forced to travel a small dirt path that nature will take back in a blink of human time, as he walks, voices crescendo near him, two voices lapping and biding into each other, tonguing each other with rotten words that scuttle across the grates of the gutter, they speak, loathing lips curling with desperation, with great need, they found each other too, he thinks, this is theirs, this century is theirs, a century of bombs whose purpose is to mar the surface of the Earth as the heart has been marred by the sorrow of their stories, the history of war, the history of daily war, the history of an individual's war, the history of animal war, the history of all war, the silence, silence, silence, the shadow of history rises not on the backs of men but by the ever-too-slow changing laws of his ignorance, nature will recover her land in a blink of human time, and now as if bent over the crater, it is these two he overhears mouthing, gabbing and chewing on words, in their mutual discontent, they sterilize the air around them with callousness and helplessness, they have been wronged, they judge in revolt, they seek affirmation in their judgments and their revolt, they found each other, they scheme and sparks fly, their target is someone, is anyone, here, there, it is certain that he

cannot defend himself, now, nor can he show the simple existence of his tears, sympathy on her garden of human sorrow eludes them, but he cries the tears by which he acknowledges the body of pain, yes, you are a small human subject, everyone is a consequence of pain here, in this nightmarish country of sobs and silences, of shocks and paralysis, what would sweeten their bitterness of the mosaic, what could save people from a choke in the dark, why, why are they so brutal, friends, my fellows, your hand is not with mine, I do not matter, I do not matter at all, the other who is me, does not matter, you should feel ashamed of your violent reflex as it senses nothing outside itself, for the moment, they have soured from communion, poor darlings, together now they are a scraggly, destitute pair, they cannot resolve themselves, I think they claw to flee responsibility, they cannot feel their consequences in the broader sense, in the social world, so to speak, they would hang themselves off a cliff to avoid responsibility, they fold up in their words, oh lord they are shriveled, they've been had by whom, right now, they roll up in a defensive posture, squeaking and squawking, impotent, without regret, without hesitation, reaching into a house of ashes, to grasp a volume, they wish the whole world would order itself according to their singular anger, they wish the world was anchored on the very might of their impossible emotions, as if the world was as small and narrow as they, such selfishness is the might of weapons and the impotence of pain, unbearable, intolerable, they rise on the desire to destroy this world that is also a destruction of themselves, living the destruction is acting the destruction, isn't it, this has all been done, this approaches the end, this is surely the end of the story, then their eyes open wide like a face frozen in horror, then they squint with suspicion, there is another truth, look, here, it is there, it is the truth of an auspicious possession, everything depends on it, but he hangs himself off the cliff, teeth jutting, lips flapping, squawking and mocking, there is nothing left to unwind, this moment has shut you out of life, and what you have left behind is the calcified rim of a mouth that drowned in misery, if they could, if they were not so thin with rage and helplessness, if they could sense the reality of the other, if they could dedicate some part of their human consciousness to this idea, this idea deserves them, just observe the death of the lover at the hands of the beloved, the lover is cold drowning, this is the package and the packaging, the action and its acting, now the other is transformed into a target, but the other is the absolute point of a simple glance that wants to fly, and so listen, every century is ours, every moment is theirs, the target is his own pain, if this pain is utmost, which of us is the greater victim, this is a contest of victims, and the reward is the righteous denial of the other, I want to annihilate you because of the pain that belongs to me, since everyone spins their own tales, since everyone distorts reality, there is no right and wrong, the distortion is unilateral, is it not, but one answer cannot replace another, there is the human condition, there is good hunting and there is terror, we are made of the random and chaotic, we organize, he wants to yell that only chaos can explicate his being, but knowledge, but knowledge, she is proud of the fact that she is so strong she does not need anyone else, this little tear is precious and innocent, but we need each other, but we crush each other, but we need each other, but we crush each other, we crush him who crushed us, we do not need each other, but he needs the little night girl, he wants to love the obsidian perfection of his fate among the stars, did I love you, did I love, did he love her, how did he love, you are crushed into a pulp of a human body in an inhuman form, he says it is precisely human to take an inhuman form, weep little girl, weep little boy, and grow out of your tears

watching the tendrils climb the garden wall, build out of our tears, a poppy will grow, a patch of dandelions, a word that kisses the feet of the dispossessed and wretched, who do not need words, so reject words, reject them as a philosopher rejects philosophy, for years he placated his inner worries by drumming up words, ever harder, ever faster, the words have a target, the target of the words is the figure who hurt him, an Erebus of faces, but he cannot see himself, he cannot implicate himself in the character of the film he just saw, how funny this crossing over from the world of the film to a reality that welcomes him back just as he had left it, he is undisturbed, un-penetrated, like a parrot, like a goose, the lessons we cannot learn, the lessons that require too much of ourselves, too much sacrifice, too much pain, I'd rather spin the story of myself who conquered everything that came at me like an obstacle against my story, I am she, and I am he, I will subsume everything, I am a monolith and I subsume, for I cannot give space nor existence to another dynamic pattern, another biology ticking that does not pertain to me, I am short in breath, I have only this much time, to breath before I die, but if he, he, he has the power to subsume me, I must subsume him first, but, right, but, but she feels only hers above the others, she feels, and it is too loud, it is boisterous and it chokes me, I will not bow in front of your difference, for mine is more necessary to me, and I have made all the other stories that do not augment mine irrelevant, it is my vanity and it is my blindness, it is my misery, and my sublimity, but he turns water to wine, and he made sublimity where there was only misery, he did it by spinning the tale, but my tale subsumed his, for the events of my revelation, for the events of consciousness, I will use everything that crosses me as an obstacle to maintain this story, I cannot sacrifice myself for the other, I cannot sacrifice my story, I am forced to continuously weave the meaning which is the only meaning of myself to any concrete others, and to life which is as close to me as I need it to be, which is also sometimes as abstract as I need it to be, people are as abstract as my story needs them to be, people are as grotesque as I need them to be, tonight I need them closer than ever, is it too late, it is too late, so we took to our horses some as cowboys, some as knights, he were tired, hungry and we were broken, we journeyed onward, onward, dust, sand, soil, with suspicious eyes, one morning after one night, he found a letter by the side of the road, it must have slipped out of her hand he thought, the letter was out of place, a curious sign, he thought this will add to my story, he picked up the wet pages crusted with dry mud and bits of crushed pebbles and opened it, *(Dear Julia, You are still always about me. Before the last time we saw each other, I was fighting the descent. You saw it. I lost weight; my body was frail as if scooped out. You told me the paler I grew the richer the onyx of my eyes appeared. It was very difficult to breath, and I am still not sure if the descent preceded or followed from the decline of my body. It was some kind of protest against senselessness – vulgar intrusions of senselessness. I think of us like children in a big city, how we clung to each other moving through it all, brushing past strangers, wading shadows, noticing, escaping, re-joining. In the affectation of my innocence was an experience of great pain and an inability to adjust. Why did I need to be reflected that much, as if it was the last hope – and the first instinct – of my protection? And people living their lives – these partially self-contained systems bulldozing over my fragile worlds. But we were so tender with each other. My tears brought your tears; a sign of life. I felt like fainting. I showed you. The end of the day would swallow us back into the slow eclipse of an ever-breathing solitude. On those walks home I felt elated in your affirmation of us. You turned our dimensions inside out. In our world of quiet warmth and*

darkness, we were a balm of an unusual love not contained in words like lovers or friends. Forgive my weakness, Julia. This is where I've gone. I am here now. I am still here, and you are still the only one.), by night, that night, a needle through the night, he dropped his arms, closed his eyes tilting away from the fire, the air was cold, oh to be buried in our own darkness, this is the story but it is not the end of the story, we wanted to abandon ourselves, we thought it was over, it was almost time to release, which was in the eyes of that little girl, she was a flame of night itself, because the night burns flames, burns my heart as a flame in the night, now I throw myself over a cliff to avoid responsibility, truth is often too relative or too absolute, little truth and big truth, throw a bone, one must look at our conditions and circumstances, there are limitations to the scope of our eyes but they know nothing about the limitations of our bodies, your eyes are the limitation and the initiation of your body, there is no right and wrong because there is such a thing as the human condition, for instance, the moonlight is eerie and wondrous like glowing ivory, his goal is the personal satisfaction of his life's achievement, the whole overwhelming meaning in the sense of a wandering herd, he believes it appropriate to a man of his stature, this is history, he deserves to enjoy his success as a man of knowledge and culture, a spontaneous man crowding us, it is his will against an attack of senselessness, there is will yet in the spontaneous, there is yet meaning in spontaneity, this is a man who has read and chosen this book to read, she rifled through the history riding a deranged horse, she knows something about history and the human condition, notwithstanding its spontaneity, he would like to be a man of singular distinction, but this neither disqualifies nor qualifies him from being an honest man, so with horns and teeth, with sorrow and numbness, the liar sits at the river's edge, he is desperate to free himself of an obligation to others, she begs him on her knees, do not stand against reality, she will always make a fool of you, she is life's universal donor, she fills consciousness but never to an end, he brims with consciousness, he brims with the foam of the northern sea, dashing like a mind with a secret that he is desperate to share, do not stand against reality, for you prove yourself incapable of greater consequences, for you cannot stop a clock that must tick, tick, tick, as you are alive, as we are standing, the clock must tick then strike, and they stand, those two minds, those two sets of eyes, those skeletons in the dark, they stand against our good feeling, their bodies are acting out a blockage, they are talking to each other, they help keep each other's mind sterile and bitter, and even this is the power of human understanding, thank you friend, together, terrible, till the end, and I am watching them, through closed eyes, I hear them, but it is impossible to inhabit this place, this place must be blown to smithereens for there is nothing anyone can do, lick the blood dripping before it dries, lick it up sweet metallic, lick my back and my cheeks, lover, squeeze the air out of me so my next breath will be deep and desirous, let me tell you, he tried with all the might of princes and all the beauty of pearls to help them live alongside reality, exclamation!, he explained, there are necessary concessions, there are necessary loses, this is what you swallow, this is what you are forced to shelter, inside yourself, inside there, all, at the sacrifice of one's own self to oneself, sacrifice yourself for yourself of the future present, this is not written in stone, the glass, the casket, the hide and all of this and everything, in the commotion of the light that reveals the illusion of the shadow, which is not an illusion, either and you, yes, all, you, you marvel as light reaches and touches a voice, the song whistling in the wind at the edge of the brine on the shore, the sun will help you, the imploded moment, forever now, the beauty of her immobile lips will

help you, the shape, the color, the weight of the brick will help you, the lightening will help you, the inconsolable pain of at the nerves, the smallness of the eyes, the fatigue, the fatigue, the fatigue will help you, life will speak to you on its occasions, it will speak sounds, and yet you must be the scientist to his beloved experiment, you must do this, it is so, you must, not to stand against yourself, be vigilant, cry, stab your heart, stab the earth, yes, here and so, ah the words, these are words, they line the hidden side of the face, we uncover ourselves to order them, to muscle them, to lie awake in the softening of autumn light, to lie precious at their side since they insist and are like snake-skin, these are words, I'm certain, they are gasps of consciousness, they insist, and I insist, they are the salt in the wounds, and some ecstasy, you, joy, they are the sparks in the pale light of the middle, they will reach the sun by next dawn, they will not burn in the atmosphere, they are without a body, they survive since they have all the time in the world, they are curiously shaped drops of rain, but they keep post as the shapeless sentries of all history, they keep post and condense in the underworld until the moment comes when we have something to plead and they have something to prove, what can they prove but their inutility, their yearning majesty, are they mine, finally, or are they yours, words are hated, words are febrile, words are the weakest complement to the boundless stages of our bodies, people torture each other with words, later on they will disappoint the line in which we stand waiting for bread and butter, they are an obscured passageway, one state to the continental rest, I despise them too, but without them I remain a hostage, like everybody he would like to remain innocent, he would like to blame the guilty who by the sheer inability to use words, blame words for their own sins, they are right to blame words, are they not, words the pock marks, they are stamps, words are infected by the insipid who insist on using them as distraction, as convolution, as a means to a small end, words fill tanks and ponds and seas and oceans, they fill us up to our eye lids, they are frozen to our tongues, they are inelegant and boastful, they are crooked and crude, they do not know the tenderness of which they attempt to speak, they do not know the violence with which they leave this small orbit to pursue the course of the comets, who can will the return, they are infinitely vain, and they are infinitely innocent, all those objects in our hands, as words that slither between us two, who dare not hold hands yet, we dare not trust each other, who put these words there, and who woke up in the middle of the night to take a gun to point it at the dark sky, which is now only the flattened echo of the vast emptiness of space, who put his pen down in a discouraged moment, no, in a surge of desperation and cut the line in half, cracked the egg, fuddled the colors that had been so vibrantly separated into reds and blues by our imaginative minds spinning around ellipses of color in this scene that no one can describe, except in a sigh, in a sigh of relief, in a sigh of unknowing, forever, take the gun from my hand, no, take my hand, replace myself with yourself, listen to what brilliant, shining, ascending phrases she had found while you were away, he guarded them as the sentries of beautiful forests, we are still wandering, listen to the magnificence that does not belong to either you or me, we are made of it as we lie down to surrender, we are made of it, I see a light blink on in the window across the street through the motionless branches of that hulking oak, we are rhetorical, we are sarcastic, who made it so that words are so innocuous, so useless in the flight away from the conscience that has done well assigning us to being, to human force, to this spontaneity without which we should never know joy, without words we would sleep forever in the dawn of our world, which is lavender and green and yellow in the great swathes of spaces

between the opening and the closing, but you who dives a musical journey on the backs of the words, you know that the momentary clarity of words is somehow connected to the clarity that is always present, always waiting to be uncovered in the muteness of the sky, the muteness of nature, the muteness of each body covered in snow and in blood, one after another, one after another, with which words will he return to honor his beloved, with which words will he attach his sincerest feelings to the thighs of his beloved, what words will he sacrifice to silence that's not empty of words, but waiting, waiting, redeeming bride of the nether-days in cascades of motion, the dizzy, wondrous plundering of each human moment wrapped in the commitment of spontaneous being, give up the words, take silence, give up silence, take death as a stance before these words and the next, words give the rhythm and fall at its feet, unconscious, limp, wet from the sweat of the night's worst consequence, wet from birth, wet from the ocean which has spat you back up to the surface to take in a stroke of the sun and a gust of air, take death in your words for you are a poet with or without words, you are a poet in the vague premonition of the greatest consequence, keep your words at the edge of your breath, at the boundary of the exhalation which is at any moment in danger of destroying your most fragile self, we are so over-sensitized by pain that the slightest hint of human selflessness unravels us, that is why I want to give you every word I owe you, I owe you this, and it is my joy to give, take these words if they evoke, in any way, the mere possibility of the lightness of redemption and if they do, it is because I have found a way to bend them, to twist them so that they are only hints of things and hints of ourselves, so that they are just motion, the pure motion by which we live, these are the bees, these are the rivers, these are the clouds we will never touch, this is gravity making tears fall, this is the salt that leaves traces of the ocean on our faces, you are so tender, too tender, you need to breath with another, you need another to cry as you cry, you need the other in the depths of your life from which you may again surface with words, maybe, sometime, one after another, one then another, I need your sympathy as much as you need mine or we will be both dehydrate on this endless river that escapes us without expunging the pain to any lasting effect, the musicality is the secret of our deepest pleasure, she must not seek with easy eyes, he must not quarry for some final, tempting declaration to lock the gates through which we must always pass, as ether over the mountains, as soft bodies over this heavy topology, the iron ore, black clay deposits, the sediment rises when the waves wash over each other generating the momentum as the shore collapses it it, tucks it under, one after another, one then another, say you feel this with him, tell him you feel it as the only consequence of this moment, which destroys any possibility of a final statement, a lost gaze, an end, a petrification of life, the chastity of any future moment, arriving, arriving, excludes the possibility that we will ever reach the end where there will be nothing more to say and to feel, nothing more to share between one body breathing and another body seething, the moment here and now, the word, shapeless, the body small and round, long and longing, heavy and heavier, who can say what will come to you when you stand surrendered to yourself, bewildered to yourself, biting your coarse lips, and waiting, waiting, waiting, if a word is dead it is because it gave up life, if a word dies before it reaches you, it is because he gave up trying to reach you, nothing can teach you better about death than a failure, do you feel this with me, are we not as well suited to live alongside each other than night and day, tell me it is not in vain, it is not all in vain, we know it is not so, we know it is not in vain because again we feel new, this vocabulary

takes many lifetimes to develop, they are many lifetimes, already, and it is slow and arduous like the turning wheel anchored down, like a gaze lost in a circle, and then, you suddenly snap into a vertical view, then widen, then contract, all around us, this plane, this field, this emptiness indicated by the perfection of silence, go away, this kiss is your perfection, the emptiness scoops us to fill us, we know it is so because we feel new, we take a drink, we take the air, we climb shifting our weight, and struggle only to sit down, to rest, to be with each other as the snow covers the loftiest heights of this stunning actuality, as the snowflakes reveal their peculiar beauty, their definitive shape which we did not design, which is accidental and purposeful, which is simple, too, at which we marvel for that exact reason, they melt and evaporate, this circle does not frighten you, this circle is some kind of sure miracle, and we too melt and evaporate, the snow is transformed into a river to which we cannot catch up, it rushes on beyond the periphery of our perspective, we leave it be, we are conscious of it only in the sound that wraps around us like snakeskin, we take the air, we take the sound, we are not fickle, we are not hopeful, for the moment we are new, and in this newness, I feel your body in its birth, your rage affirms us, we need nothing from each other but the exceptional presence that is already here, expanding and contracting, and as soon as the sun dips below the horizon, and releases us from the insurmountable pressure of the daily strikes and hankerings, we rise from this miniscule spot on Earth and descend toward the geometry of cities and their brash ravages, to drink together, to clank our glasses, to clean the mirrors while observing with softened eyes all the shapes and outlines of our lives dissipating and rising again, oh these enclosed spaces guarding then exposing us, and by morning, the new morning, the first sound to touch our immediacy is our voices filling the room, hoarse but rapturous, this is all, all, all at once, everything, inside the circle, and the river beyond the circle, we recover each other's gaze, our voices plait over each other again, again, we are new, the words plait over each other like pale flowers in pale hands, like thin blue threads whistling, we had left something true and enduring in that spot we had abandoned last night, it is not only memory but a fulfillment of time, and for the moment it is our best remnant, and for the moment, we are new, again, we are new, and you give me your word like a flower that will only wilt if it is forgotten, but anyway, and anyway, it is finally time for a little gift, you give it to yourself as I give it to myself, a little gift of a short repose, a cigarette or coffee break, we will remain in the vastness of the ocean, which is clear one day and brooding the next, but you, but we, yes, you are in the crown of daylight, though you cannot rise this morning, though it is the first of May, though it is the beginning of a new era of lightness, of privacy and destination, it is over, the bad dream has been snatched away by your waking consciousness, rise and inscribe the meaning of the dream on your body so that your eyes will remain witnesses, this is the aftermath, this is the strange silence after the rape and the rapture, this silence swallows infinity and places you like an opaque stone in the center of the garden, yes, like so, sweetly, now, you are losing the accounts, they flutter stringed together in the wind, they will perhaps come to find you again traveling the depths of a defenseless dream, unless, she says, you can bring your dream out into the light, can you do that, and make of it a meaning for which you will need nothing but your body to remember, is this possible, by all the inscriptions of the ages, all the voices and even the voices that left no trace save for a mute line that reaches into the past of all people and all beasts, and all, it hurts to want to know, it is the first of May, but it hurts to want to know, and the weather greets you as you open the window,

even the haphazard sounds of people inching, buckling, ebbing and flowing is outdistanced by the simple thought that you are free, the nightmare of people and cities, of animals and jet black stretches of forests atop the curving pasture of our land, of fire, cruelty and desire, of insatiable pleasure in the first instinct for love, in the subsequent instinct for death, the dreary climb of alienation preceded the fall, the fall into the dream, the fall into the kiss, the fall of the towers, as life that contracts and expands with tide, with the sea, moon, stars, with frozen lakes and dirty riverbanks, your dirty hands are warm, and your dirty hands are cold, you tried to free yourself from yourself, and this is the reward, supplant all the heaviness of your body with the light, dare us, now softly wrapping the round of the eye, the light comes to wrap you in an intangible stillness that is pure consequence, a hint of the scent of autumn leaves crackling in the fire and rising as ash awakens you in the round of the field, it is the first of October, now, it is the first of any month you have lived and forgotten, you are an opaque stone of a story that cannot be resolved, this stillness is the reverberation of all the events congealed into the opaque stone that cannot be resolved, and you love and loathe life with equal due, there is no remnant of last night's fire, there are blackbirds on telephone wires, where are you exactly, love, friend, we are holding hands as my voice reaches out to the touching, I watch you shiver, blackbird on the wire, and you lean into me, we are together again, we are together as two who never leave each other, who are soldered so to permeate the other, these are the stories we listen to, these are the stories we weave and exchange, in front of us now is the we in the becoming, you, your name is precious, I pour over your story as a last recourse of giving, I give myself to your story to engender and protect it, you grew yourself inside that story so that it lived its two-way motion, the fiercest and the gentlest as in a highway to being, this sympathy completes me, if they can hold on, if you and I can solder on to permeate the selves, and you, and I, the pearl of the story, it's right there in the pair of pearls that binds us, the pearl is the kiss of our story, we never leave each other, here is the story, an eyelash falls into the mud, we shiver in the twilight, we are shivering in twilight, and the needle's thread is in motion over the plaiting of this time, a pair in the wind, a pair, the two who do not need the other to justify anything, not this closing, not his ending, not this where the words rise like ether rising, we remain bodies, you fall asleep on your breath, she takes it, and he holds it the whole night through, *(Dear Fumiko, All of this time has been a time of mourning. I will leave this letter on the shoulder of the road. I will pull off to leave this news of mourning in a roadside trough, which has been slowly filled by a dulcet rain. I'll wait and see if birds come to drink the water. Then, as the storm passes, I'll look up at the horizon – revealed anew after the mist – its ever-perfect line, immobile in this freshness, like a newly emptied space of thought filled out only by a delicate tugging, which is unknown of its direction, undefined and resisting definition. It is just the hint of the future in the present that seeds what follows upholding its own emptiness as a plurality of points converging and diverging simultaneously. And it will seem as if I am waiting for you feeling you know the meaning of the mourning as well as I.),*



About the Author

Julia Pello (b. 1981) is a poet, video artist and filmmaker currently based in France. Her recent visual and literary work is concerned with mourning as a process of catharsis and consecration through confrontation with memory. *A Needle Through Night* delves into flows of thought – like a needle moving along crests and troughs of individuated experience amassed, above all, by feeling – without consciously attempting to build a narrative with a traditional structure and definable characters. Language is allowed to stage itself as a playful artifice (to contradict, to indict, exalt, etc.) in the interstices between the crests and troughs. The act of writing becomes spontaneous and both imagery and voice become malleable. Without strictly defined characters, pronouns are interchangeable and personal subjectivities become impersonal experiences capable of being assigned to any given individual consciousness. The needle seeks only the sublime point-moment where emotion supersedes definitions of words and syntax and becomes an evocation of the pursuit of sublime joy and redemption.