

## STILLBORN FREE

### CHAPTER 15

(DRAFT 4)

Sara Sarajevo returns to Toronto -- Dee Mac and friends get chastity piercings -- Jamey Cave and the Neo-Cathars -- Slaughterhouse Sandbox -- encountering Kay Panzram at the gun show -- her bad history -- stalking Panz -- their confrontation and her death -- chaos at the Culture Palace -- Sara bonding with July I -- Blind William K reunited with Scary Jak at the Toronto Crane Collapse -- her musical silence

"I fear that sometimes my sorrow

does violence to the facts."

(Leonard Cohen)

Sara Sarajevo, delicate proto-martyr, meditated every morning shafted by stained sunrise on a schedule which deprived her of her essential impulses, like liberty -- and to her, her urges were their truest in absentia, or when lit to implode -- being a (sideways) student of Buddhist (or Lacanian) wisdom. And she had boarded the train returning to Toronto, a city as repulsive and desolate as any imagined, limiting like torsion against her ribs, her anxiety contained in its sterility -- a sanitary aesthetic necessary to her return.

There to meet with and court a minstrel, performing then for saccharine crowds from her polished barstool...fingernails like tuned glass echoing over her audience of pale-eyed submissives -- and behind her, an antebellum brunette fiddling as a loner to the barking dark for the gassed and the other emaciated dead in their ashen pilings, singing against the nostalgia inside iron machines, no, only the ontological dread which occupied urban centers like laboring apparitions, that angst ignored by historians. Admired for a pirouetting voice and despairing compositions, Sara had traveled to interrogate her...then a few more at the Culture Palace...

Into that station with the necromaniacal aesthetic: you know, the Biomechanical walls, pulsing and scarily erotic, like materialized nightmare therapy required to expel parasitic personal turmoil via castrated men and

monsters like the narrative of a vanquished equatorial race. Plasma landscapes which she watched ooze, which throbbed at her, secreted their cuntling toxins. Still superior to the Apollonian paradise reclaimed by the earth -- livid roots in each window, no space to sleep and spookey moonlit expressions, unwalkable stony ground responsible for so many shattered shinbones and noticed an old man meditating on death from a rusted prayer box, overheard his woodwind voicings to an indifferent deity openly contemptuous of his existence, a poor man who begged for mercy, destined to receive none like any other sewage prophet preaching sterilization.

And outside of Giger Station, corsetshaped chastity piercings were discussed. Dee Mac and crew sat on concrete embankments outside the piercing place as she shepherded their conversation:

--Feeling anxious about it, not gonna lie, Babel Roth admitted.

--What -- why? Why anxious? Why acquiesce to what is -- in its very essence -- a wicked cismale chupacabra designed to take us down and rob us of our power? Dee asked.

--You're kidding, yeah? Also, why do you talk like that?

--Nah, Dee said, ignoring her question. --I say to Anxiety that I intend to scoop out the eyes of its babies because I am Ceithearn for whom suffering is sensual and nourishing. Nothing does me damage.

--The things you say sometimes...I honestly don't know why I hang out with you.

--It's not ridiculous or absurd. It's not. And it doesn't undo your panic, in case you felt that had been implied --

--I had --

--Always valid and, united, we have the combined fury to override any problem and anything pressed into us by patriarchy or by...insipid biology. Crawling genetic lines and other such nastiness.

--Not anxiety, no. No need for unnecessary anticipation.

--So just the pain, then?

--Yes, obviously the goddamn pain. It looks pretty fucking unreasonable in that regard, doncha think? Your request. Strange sorta masochism you consider necessary for sisterly communion.

--Sisterly communion, Dee repeated laughing.

--Yeah, me too, July I interrupted. --I'm pretty much entirely about the pain. And the, like, imagery flashing around my head. The anxiety about my mangled snatch, then like bits of some cyclopean flesh cage lanced and sealed rotblack by carbon wire...and just what is the likelihood of serious mutilation? Shorn labia? Or infection?

--Absolutely astonishes me that nobody thus far has mentioned any of the horrible mutilating infections we might contract from this absolute Iraq Invasion of an idea, Amanda interrupted after one of her usual long silences.

--Exactly, July interrupted again. --The dangers obsessively circle and now I have to recuse myself from this lunatic bullshit. (they all began to agree unaware of why they had agreed to the idea before) --The damage likely wrought by this frivolous body mod is not worth the price, nor pain, and rejection or infection...I can stay celibate without that thing festering on my body.

--Well, they do numb the area, you know. Sterilize it. We are walking into the office of a professional, not into some fucking Tarantino narrative.

--For the entirety of our procedure and recovery? Numbed? Babel asked Dee.

--I assume for the full time. Why God invented painkillers. Exactly this goddamn reason. A mighty fucking miracle. Our narcotic concoctions. Pharmacies should be studied by scholars as works of divine inspiration. Theochemistry. And may our Lord bless every CEO.

--God wasn't ever so considerate and nature wasn't ever so empathetic, said Neerav.

Dee countered: --We find the most ample proof of this when he designed us to degenerate so easily. Lustful fucking beasts, what we are. Which is why we can never be chaste. Never chaste.

--And what about infection? asked anxious Amanda.

--Infection of what sort? asked Dee.

--Inflamed skin and pus and tearing -- and what if you bleed out?

--I don't think that is even possible. Silly stupid bitch. As ignorant of your own health as any blonde. Do some actual substantive reading. Not just anti-vaxxx shit and Infowhores. Adhere to rudimentary hygiene and you should be fine.

Neerav recrossed her legs. --Query.

--Yeah?

--My issue with it -- my one real issue you see -- is fucking. Fond of it...being vigorously used as a whore, rather, unto wreckage and ruin, I mean to say.

--You still have use of your asshole? We won't be giving it its teeth anytime soon? Though mine can cut like the Jaws of Life. But fucking is filth anyhow. Terrible thing. Mustn't we ask ourselves regularly whether we are truly above that, whether we oughta better than our biology. Better than this primordial idiocy. And better than what's expected of us regarding cunt. And our rotting skins to do with whatever we fucking please. We do not exist solely to spread fucking flesh. Stupid savage twats believing in all that. Nah. Best just prevent sex...by ensuring none among us are ever penetrated nor impregnated. Doing our best --fulfilling violently our ascetic charge -- to withdraw our implied chemical commitment away from the species. Done with fucking. Think on it: we, the first implanted generation to have these implanted. A generation of martyrs. And the next generation, for those bred few, will implanted in utero. A virgin tradition to carry our extinction promise to term. Our rejection of uterine servitude. Liberating ourselves from imposition, etc.

--Prolix, prolux...said July to Dee.

--Fuck off. And babies are pretty goddamn repulsive as well.

--An entirely new conversation, the ugliness of babies. And I am too sober to have it.

--Truth.

--Castrating all men seems the saner solution.

--I used to think so.

--Yeah?

--So we should go inside now yeah? Babel asked.

Newly adrenalized, they went inside a studio as austere as an hesychastic cell decorated by the smoke of blackskin candles under portraits of anti-saints and faded canvas tattoos, ultramarine memories of success from nicer posthumous times, prints of Inquisition tortures, all soundtracked by doom metal and distant scourged screaming -- a temple to the monastic order of the gaping fissure, a parody faith like the Discordians or Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth -- and Dee explained to the hangman what they wanted.

He escorted her behind a chainmail curtain where she stripped away her pants and panties, reclined and relaxed, parted her thighs, hair shaved off her labia for the numbing injection. He wove wire through tissue like calligraphy, his hands, as skilled as the mortician stitching your loved ones together into a presentable, nay, ornate shape to the eerie vinyl static from an ended record, stitched her snatch up like a corset laced in the middle by piano wire. No cock would enter whole. Her friends followed her (though Amanda stood away, watched everything). They drank together after, enthused over their courage -- seated near a lone minstrel in a booth -- one displayed hers and demanded comparison, so pubes and piercings were shown and critiqued as a prelude to more drinking.

Another Firkin: they danced to Bongzilla, fluted corrosive tequila which scorched the earth black along the digestive tract, cheered united in slow slutty step, fell laughing. Other patrons sat away, annoyed by their noise, some discussed wanting to stitch shut their fucking faces and laughed peasant laughter that annoyed Dee Mac sober. To celebrate elsewhere, they decided down the sidewalk to stray into a dyke bar. They were all fuckable enough to have their drinks bought. But they heard a dirge and watched a procession of the well-dressed, taken by their march like Landsers to the cemetery. Surrounded during a sermon on G-d's peculiar rewards to the Just by some black and ravenous men among the bereaved, gremlins with dour faces, who said they felt fucking violated by her ignorant interruption of their painful and painfully-necessary display of agonized loss. Dragged away by her hair to be thrown into the road, she struggled: struck one with her brass knuckles, but was herself struck down by an aluminum baton. Her piercing hooked to her jeans. She felt the tear and they all saw the stain spread. Her friends mocked her for that.

Dee turned, cunt clutched, leaked a trail behind her while wandering with bloodied legs, breathed long and listened to songbirds licked by the light. She fell back, rested there, heard it drip once, like a mockery of the first menstruation, a performance signalling its final gush of divine punishment or indifferent mess, a stupid ape giving her last stupid commentary, awareness of herself being self-aware, simply something she would shed when drained celebrating the eviction of another soul...

Compare her to Jamey Cave.

Now catatonic and a moment's news story: she had lived as one of the new katharoi based in Toronto's outskirts, just the latest in a mutant lineage which linked les bons hommes with revolutionary types like The Bonnot Gang, Ted Kaczynski, Zev Kaplan, etc, intent on liberating the spirit from terrestrial bondage and from the state, tossed to the aethereal, its divinity diminished once it had shat out this mess. Withdrawn to their compound for labor and meditation, and often castration, to sanitize themselves of the temptation to ever return to the degenerate outer world, with stockpiled arms, solar-powered agriculture, and a cache of Zyklon-B for their final rejection of both their physical limits and those of the state. Jamey had joined them feeling rebellious and optimistic. She had admired their austerity, their rage, their militant attitudes, their history of armed standoffs, and assumed they shared her specific rages, ignorant of both their ascetic doctrines and their antinatalism.

After joining she mellowed. Her mystical histrionics were stifled. Soon she ceased raging against rain or the degradations of eating and instead she yearned for the bullshit and banalities we all pretend to love, a new rebellion for a new routine. Hence, her need for a baby -- against which THE PIOUS AND HONORABLE PATRIQUE BLEAKER so often dramatically sermonized:

--Refuse to remain enslaved, my brothers and sisters, to the racialized matter of the kikes and their blind degenerate bastard-god Yahweh. Refuse. Refuse to live in constant bitchhood to your more feral impulses, where all of you are laymen blinded by the orgiastic lights bursting through your sternums, the shackles which are binding you even now to your horror origins. Those mongrels. They're responsible. They're the Devorantem's children you know. They're the archons spreading the word of a loving god through their parasitic racial diaspora. (And yes I include the Christians and Muslims as among the kikes.) Pure souls like ours caught, made captive, both here, earthbound, and in the galaxies abroad. Arguably -- arguably, the worst slavery in history. Both human or otherwise. But both we and the kikes are among the first monstrous races which need to die. We all know all about the evil husks and the cancercloud gases we breathe everyday through our rusty masks as seen in the prophecy, our blood all spilled down our shared drain -- tumbling down in sludged misery. You know our spirits will then gnaw on festering things. Come and see: show them the anonymous faces, Harold, the faces in the mass black cellars. You know, freaks who like to whine about life and like to shit themselves, all of whom -- ALL -- should be driven like cattle to the gas and ashes. Breathe in our barren planet -- deeply, children...drown them all -- ALL -- in wells with their mothers. Nothing valuable behind in the bodies. All types of kike alike know their lives are all the deluded ramblings of an autistic imbecile committed instead of

cared for in death and that we are the punished people in the basement, those pure souls perpetually threatened by the plagues of terrifying unnatural colors, as often replicated in those weaponized idols. But we resist. We resist daily. Why we have severed our scrotums and then cauterized our wounds with hot steel. Why Chasteté has been sigilized onto our skins. And all the far-off whores in far-off lands spreading their legs in heartshaped beds, bearing their new fanged marvels -- well, they all should be drowned as payment for all paining legions they breed and the horrors leaking from each newborn. So, I argue, humbly, that we need to silence the sacred life thesis amongst ourselves. We must replace aborted liberal ideas with our iron sterility and with a strong new slogan: "Destroy another fetus now -- we don't like children, anyhow!" For ours, my brothers and sisters, is a sacred fury -- to be launched against those withered damned hiding in our ranks, those so willing to betray us and our order for some genesis sinning. Allowing for any theological weakness contaminates us body and soul and we must protect our family from all such rot, from this liberal plague being spread. So I say -- remain dedicated to austerity and to your stern principles, even as you march out to catch and decapitate yourselves some rodents.

Watched and pursued by the paint-eyed psychics, she thought -- soon to be denounced for some silly past sin, apprehended in golden hour stillness, herded and separated, strapped to the stirrups for public inspection, and they'd shave away the labia, fuse her shut so her baby would kill her. Or punished privately by Bleaker himself, a hostile sage who spoke to judge how his followers act in the preservation of a glass ego -- frightening if ever fractured: he promised his curved blade along your spine to bisect both your uterus and whatever waste was nourished by it, every trace erased downriver. These were enraged men, bad bearded ascetics, easily startled and always armed and eager to remove sections of your face -- forks were for eyes, the motto went -- and they also smoked a lot of bad shit, gorged on the lifeblood of the lord, as they called it. Spill it all. That was their echoing mantra. They'd ignite the wombs or smother them maybe in black oil, anything to pinch the new breath dead. They loved the abort -- the preferred pasttime, this repulsive primordial vampirism...some new species of unprofitable monster...

That said, she likely fucked a sentry or fucked them all to impregnate herself, then fled anywhere, hoping to find some sympathetic travellers and instead found Slaughterhouse Sandbox, the outlaw country outfit fronted by Jayred Edward Smithswood, whiteboy preacher who sung like a choir angel to an entranced audience reintroduced to both sinful visions and his message of aggressive redemption and the salvation of putrid souls, being born into the putrescence as we all are, we who cry out from filth for The Father.

Yes, Smithswood performed in pubs for the sinister and inbred, for sullen criminals with sodomite histories, imposing men in coveralls and welding masks, pits where their eyes once were and to their black teeth and bad smiles, for all the maidens with damaged esteem dressed in scarlet robes when not exposing their wares, to the writer of terrible lurid prose and the armored gendarmes in their toxic facemasks, to the child considering knifing their father for the silently tolerated touching and the widow nursing from her glass pipe, the cripple with shotout knees and blinded by phosphorous in the last Civil War, all the monsters among them knelt in the horseshit praying all throughout Southwestern Ontario. A medicinal velvet membrane held between them when he played his ecstatic music.

The band first met Jamey Cave in their Mobile Chapel parked adjacent to Giger Station, a caravan filled with moist scythes, shared a bong over the Bible, stroked it for the relevant verses regarding the oils sacred to the Hebrews, and she waddled to them with a blotting pelvis to be swaddled by their concern and rested by an industrial fire. They prayed over her and asked for guidance, received the usual silence, and allowed her rest on an unused army cot. But bad dreams about the Screaming Surgeon (with the rusted shearing hands, tasked with cutting out her baby and tossing it like a newborn chick into the chipper) woke her, so she wandered hostile iron corridors, shuddered under vacant pearshadowed crevices -- and prayed for the bright white shared soul inside her.

Smithswood offered her a ketamine bump off his Dark Night of the Soul dinner tray and she resented the impermanence of the gnostic k-hole as the ceiling-hung crucified writhed for her. She hovered over herself and saw the serene uncomplicated monster, flesh shed like a funeral suit, all for this newfound audience stilted on the sorrowing of unseen others with bubbling stains across their uteran walls, pregnancy like an archaic blood transfusion from a cluster of tainted donors. But reborn a fetal Lazarus after having been harmed like Job -- like mother Mary the vulnerable, about whom she talked at length, almost abandoned by Joseph and shafted by fate into sacrificing her son to forgive and erase all sin. Indeed, even the pastor considered her a providential sign -- Or so he said to his bandmates after they stepped into the frost, unsettled further by the dementia they saw approaching in this man who read the eschaton in each streetsign and gang tag. All agreed to allow her to tour, embraced her as their once-lost sister who then rested on their roof to stroke the sky and the sinister blackness behind creation. Better to be a siren for Slaughterhouse Sandbox than a new marker on the map of abysmal mothers...

Their next scheduled show was the First Annual "Arm the North" Rally, hosted by the so-called Prestige Faction of the Conservative Party of Canada on the platform of Buy More Guns! -- to play for Americanized Tories, local firearms artisans, lobbyists for self-defense legislation and general death enthusiasts. Not their usual crowd. Cave saw how spooky single women admired the tanks and the flea-market tables lined with global surplus -- Playground for the depraved and motivated: there, vending machines dispensed any number of custom guns, tits and manic decadence in every advertisement, under which child laborers polished and loaded large-caliber shells into the newest in efficient long-range projectile systems being efficiently sold.

--A perfect fucking day save for the dissonant steel guitar and palsied drumming, Kay Panzram screamed at them to disrupt the show.

--You saying something?

--I am indeed.

--Speak your fucking mind then.

--I think your music is pretty subpar.

--Not as subpar as your humor or your attempt to be edgy.

--Yeah?

--Yeah. Fuck off back to your coaster incest that, surprise, everyone in your town both knows about and mocks on Sundays instead of praying for your salvation. You fucking illiterate cunt.

They started another song. To negate her voice under theirs. That toe-head on weak percussion. One day a pleading doll purchased for hours of exhausting terror: Kay would have her on a riverbank, stray bone shards left for the crocodiles, as her ancestor would have done -- and O how she hoped to hang for it as he had. Purged of the world. God approved of her impulses. She cited *The Wisdom of Condemned Men* as proof: '...in the devouring darkness, all actions are resolved by death, when all return to our infernal source...with virgins: we impurify them by terror and torn skin and the warmth of the lash, or a drunk's fist flattened into her back, welted flesh from from syphilitic faces of parents and whores...'

Kay reclined on a traincar returning to Giger Station, watched their worlds pass, entire lives she knew nothing of but upon which she wished extinction nonetheless, be it by virus or global warming, asteroid or human stupidity...an immolated landscape was an immolated landscape...she'd sometimes visualize, stylized as an underground comic, her mother's botched abortion attempts: her excessive whorish drinking with Amazons and Vulture Women, use use and overuse of heroin and crank with generic scumbag bikers, brawls with underground revolutionaries in revolutionary taverns, that sorta thing.

She stood to go think in the shitter: she wanted to do some violence to an easy target, for a fast fix, though she also knew that they were less enjoyable, less exciting, and scourging the vulnerable only resulted in stronger boredom. But no death satisfied anymore. They were no longer heinous enough. The grisly had ceased to stimulate -- how the blood poured out his ears onto the anthill, and they burrowed into his brain, colonized the skull...even brutality like that was boring. Used all the killing combinations of bone and steel from all the slasher films, and into their corpses Kay carved the monumental teeth sculptures where she recorded her hobby (& she kept all her oversharpened blades in the same decomp.) Along the aisle she looked over her fellow travellers, attention taken by abrasive voices out a distant corner -- a squirrelfaced protogenitor (a model, supposedly), in a transparent catsuit, breeder gut and udders exposed for everyone, spewing about what she expects of her maternal self and for her seed, etc etc, so yes, she was the target...while living should dissuade the regenerating animal, though dunces like her would always act contrary to experience or sense and allow the hex to spread. Kay followed her off the train. Intercepted by the boyfriend in some neon cybergoth uniform, the couple ate together at a diner before home to bone. Neither noticed her behind them. She learned their address, their routine, studied them to mature her disgust, sharpen her reasoning around why she needed to die. She postponed her adventure a few nights until the sow strolled alone.

The cityscape lighting like star stained teeth and toxic runoff worsened the ambiance, as phantasmic as the prelude to a mechanized ragnarok, when the expression of every passerby had flashed its traumas as their directions were crossed. A procession of absurdists and idiots -- men remade strange -- launched off the same cement embankment to die sternums punctured by rebar. And that bitch too. Kay tasted salted brine like the vaginal tidal wave destined to take men off the earth. She stalked her hooded, shadowed, almost homesafe when she accosted her target and punctured her uterus with a hypodermic, injected her new patented acid to dissolve her womb infected with fetus inside before corroding her remaining organs and killing her in the worst possible

terror and pain, all of which gave relief -- held by adoring darkness, and the music made behind her. Like concurrent nocturnes laid over death industrial.

Infanticides like Amelia Dyer, their expressive archival eyes, were sometimes interchangeable with her memories. The same ghosts seemed to occupy them all. Heard her downstairs, strained to listen deeper: she sobbed and paced in a diatribe to herself. Fury till she'd rupture: up the stairs to Kay's room, she waited and watched her dream from the archway. The bedroom, barrenblack and windowless, hid her progeny from her. She closed in to remember her face but what she saw was not her child, just some reflective parody of herself and her poor choices and an undoing of the maternal link which between them had never been established. The fucking fetal pigdemon. How she slept -- her strange twisted torso -- repulsed her enough to she pressed a pillow down on her. but Kay struggled under her mother until she collapseed into herself, having discarded the ambition too early to finish her homicidal gesture...so she sat and sobbed some more. And that pathetic crying figure with curled legs and bloodied undershirt was her Mum.

She shared her mother's regret that she was ever born. Only remembered her parents in spasms, as stygian fragments mosaic'd with her nightmares and vengeance fantasy: such as his grimed spine hovering above her in chiaroscuro, his eyes colored like chlorine staring from below, her mother emaciate & naked & rimmed in darkness leaning her head against a door exposing the cigarette burns on her belly above her bush & gibbering to herself, bad dreams of their busted bodies' mangling their form -- new gazes erupted from their backs, their torsos inverse skeletons with flesh shrouding an exterior ribcage, her eyes snatched from her skull to breed and surveil all the clandestine depravities in the deadtime night.

Her father had jaw cancer and wore surplus clothing in lieu of military service. Her Mum resembled a starving Haitian loa, some discarded white nigger, nearly always naked. Recalled scowls and screams and half-remembered bullshit, silent upon seeing her and rotating their sights slowly in her direction: their muted eyes and inarticulate rage prophetic of her inescapable future and the violence to be loosed on her after prolapsed tension. Pursued through the house, caught, beaten till bruise and blood were too similar to discern, segregated for the night in her room and medicinal dark, to nurse elaborate thoughts of payback. Her pain was educational, though: she learned how people operated and how to resent her parents for having bore her at all.

When her Mum drank and fingered herself in front of her, she ranted:

--You know, you made everything in my life so much fucking worse. Because I fucking kept you. All because I listened to others when I should've flushed you the fuck out. That's my own fucking fault. Ignoring them and cutting you out. That was my initial intent. And instead I birthed...you. Let you spill right out. Made all life so much fucking worse for anyone involved. So given the option again I'd do it. You bet yer goddamn ass. I even tried a few times. The broken glass scarred up my belly pretty fucking bad. But you stayed in. I'm still thinking that maybe my womb was fucking cursed by you with inutero voodoo. Womb and my cunt. Should shut it up with a razor wire before you were expelled. Let you die inside me. A hideous fucking miracle of sorts. Divinely grafted onto us. And you bawled like a baby in your razor bed. So, frankly, I hope you know why we hurt you. (And then she came.)

She often mentioned how her Mum claimed hallucinations of shattering light, luminous voices shouting slurs at her from dark patches of space & the flap to her ass open, ashamed to be among all these Germans and their anvil helmets shouting cracker talk at her, gutterwords from the warmth of their sewer desperation. Her Mum decided they had all wanted to drown. She hiked up her skirts to piss in all their eyes like a new biblical flood. She had also pissed on the closest police constable, he who would then arrest her. Shuttled to an orphanage where she soon conducted the playground like an orchestra of animals depressingly oversexed. Sexual pleasure, and the reproductive impulse in particular, were dangerous. The unnecessary results of a bullshit biological imperative to which these eunuchs -- her first sacrificial foundlings -- were a direct and immediate threat. They cultivated these threats to adore and worship, out of some psychotic need to self-annihilate, consciousness is too-too much to tolerate...memories around like rubble -- men in her room, different years and degrees of bronze skin, a few stared at her, anxious terrifying smiles, some sat at her side like attentive grandparents, clasping her hands and saying soft prayers, others were rougher, viperish in their intentions -- their fingers in her openings, stripped nude, just wantin ta play with you little angel, seizing her, gangrened cocks almost on her tongue, a shitscented droplet of sputum, the lightbulb swung in those days a fractal arc which slashed their faces unrecognizable like laughing masks. But none bought her. None did more than test her doll out. That cunt tried her best to kill her a few times more. Each attempt ended with the same sense of her failure. Always saw her same infanticidal eyes. Narrow and a shade maroon. And when she stabbed her in her side later, she saw only brute disrespect in Kay's eyes. That was the night she died. Nobody mourns a whore. A whore and a coward. Too cowardly for suicide, she apparently preferred to live amongst the evidence of lives she'd helped to ruin, a mountained wealth of such shit enduring anew each day.

Sometimes her Mum just couldn't tolerate her and was simply trying to remove an impediment in her life. Yeah, Kay hated that rottencunt. Now and as a kid. Perhaps even in infancy. She had often thought of her corpse, had often sought to see its rot nude in the corner of her room to be gazed at between bong hits. Her Mum's redraging eyes: thrashed till torn, then a long berating lecture even less tolerable than the beating. Her blood's taste said her spirit was coppermade: a reassembled shield once distributed amongst slaves during potlatch, a sign of divine favor, like Panzram, soldier of the Devorantem.

An adolescent once: she had rested in the sprawlwork of drifters and the destitute, a celtic knot over the floor, in a library engineered to collapse, its aesthetic one of disease, bruised-toned boils and bloodpaint, vomit and excretia, with an ambiance of slow tormented death. She searched arbitrary stacks until she'd found an Encyclopedia of Serial Killers, perused crosslegged in a corner, Toole and Sells and Chikatilo, their scowls and imagined spastic lusts...but when she encountered the entry about Carl Panzram -- an epiphanic moment: the girl soon thought of herself a descendant or reincarnation of both Carl Panzram and Porter Rockwell, both servants of a virile god, given further opportunities, through her, to thrive for just cruelty. Used bullets and stones to bust skulls for the Lord, or simply as an act against humanity, that dead colored child to sodomize, yay -- a holy act. The Death Angels of history tortured who they want, fucked them while they died hanging from their hooks, screamed like baking babies. she would become Panzram's avatar. Her persona would be subsumed and dissolved by his. She emulated him to surpass his legacy, she thought -- dutybound to do so until dead. Everyone's Untermenschen to the Misanthrope, she later wrote...

She drove nights around the reserves for someone -- anyone -- associated with Aboriginal Lives Matter...she had to clear her home of as many as she could: ungrateful upstarts and fascistic agitators she needed to terrorize until their insolent collective will was crippled...having already claimed to have drowned a few of their babies in lieu of the ovens or the white brick chambers in which she would put us all. But right now she was out to deprive savages of their new cannibal warlord she thought so likely to initiate race war with their politely-passive Quebecois neighbors -- soon to be seen sequestered in their basement bunkers, and amidst the soft sobs and shit trousers, the penultimate warhead would be launched, to level them further downward into debasement (haha) -- nested with those nasty red animals.

And stooped outside her homestead in Sturgeon Fall 23 was a woman with brat on lap, both of them dressed as Zapatistas for the occasion, the younger attentive to their Socratic elder's talk of the necessity to revolution, to her stories of armed Situationists taking Paris or the dark days in Warsaw -- it was a molotov cocktail kind of uprising, this revolution nearly relieved of any vanguard, bricks were tossed and smoke blossomed, and they shared fond tones for the sharpshooter shooting down all the right demons, bullets in the right backs, to bloody an already bloodied struggle, this: the historic suffering of the substandard...always...and Kay slowed, downed her window and aimed badly, so she halted her driving and stepped towards that scalping porchside matron, having drawn an antique Tokarev pistol she would mishandle and drop as she stumbled. The gun spun. Scalper skinned her shin to bare bone struggling to snatch it back first. Kay's three shots struck near her spine and the last one spilled shards of skull onto her sidewalk and sank into the snow several days before discovery under her blackpainted threats that more scalps would be harvested by white men.

Then Kay fled. Far from that maternal devastation. Far from those women abandoned to their grief. Far from the skull fragments sharpened to slice skin. Far from the fingers tasked to wipe away the gore. Far from wet black cheeks. Far from stupid wailing grandmothers and their Baptist histrionics. Far from any sense of responsibility or caring. Far from the bastard tyke's molding little marker on the far end of the lot where they would bury Lily Lalawethika (called Lila by loved ones). Far from the inert and despondent and those who sobbed in monastic isolation. Far from forced mentions of her death by enraged pundits who despised their subject. Far from the urge to gut every white passer-by to relieve the intuited eternity to their misery seen as an unending chain of the aged dedicated to treading the same debris in the same fuming water. Far from the extinct towns and cemetery dread which threatened overhead...she wore the outfit of a Soviet sharpshooter as she approached Panz's compound. From under a sandtoned tarp in a trench lined by iron pungee sticks bristling bloody far from his compound walls, she tracked his footfalls. She slew any target attachment to him with her sniper fantasies -- shoot the children to cripple the parents -- the merry face of the lounge pianist -- the uterus of a lonely antebellum girl -- the degenerating spine of the Anglican vicar one bullet there down forever -- her small son holding her hand by the wrist the sweet blood spray felled small -- and now him. Hid herself in dust till the ideal dark under desert starlight where dustbowl beasts brayed, her fate and its impending horrors fully felt, the continuity of her existence and her collaborations with others, their sorrows and her own, anguished together by one another and cleaved by death, by relieving death. She sighted by night vision, approached and climbed onto his property maneuvered, sashayed among his armor wary of security and its snares to note each model -- whether Soviet or German -- all their drivers dead now -- and neared his quarters at a geologic pace lest she disturb him -- (O what tension and suspense, what fucking danger and adrenaline, maybe may be caught any

time, and if caught -- dead! -- I intend to shoot him in the head -- brains spraying across his cot and R. Crumb jazz collectibles -- perhaps take photos after that to include amongst my archived erotica!)

She playacted the alchemist in her head: Panz naked onstage as she circled and lectured him on his personality, it embodied all she despised, an antithesis to egoism, an ethics sorta inspired by Schmitt, his rather stark emphasis on friend and enemy. This man and his Nazi camp. Walls of perforated brick and propaganda posters of the man in war, or involved in agriculture, in hideous diplomacy, admired and respected by all the worrying slaves so proud of their dragging shackles. But as floodlights gutted the night in his compound, Kay assumed she had failed and hid herself among the tanks. But Panz only ventured out to piss.

In such contemplative desert, or bound by such constricted time, nobody anywhere could be content, Kay thought, nostalgic for her prior ignorance. Uniform movements in that mass of planets, over the insignificant class skirmishes elsewhere in the cities, or the erratic shifts in the weather -- away from which Panz had isolated himself with his music: the cyclonic Monk's lunatic keys...schizophrenic chords and rusty upright bassmen droning the old drone, the old damaged notes...limited in the way we can hear, a stranglehold on what notes we could love, harmed by the harpsichord or nastied near the ninth, whatever does most damage. Those sorts of insane notes. And he loved them. Kay had scoped all nearby territory, sat adrenalized at the prospect of impending predatory violence. Through her extended sights was stratified ground like a set of matroshka dolls or an archaic set of defenses rigged around the iron walls of his compound, the sky it lit behind like some Eden hung over our sprawling zero, an oasis which certainly inspired sober reflection.

She saw Blind William K arrive by automated tank, and the two talked as K rigged a 35mm camera for their interview, filmed for an hour before Kay decided to intervene. She'd burn all the theaters, incinerate all classic films, execute each beloved auteur, but film was never relevant to her, she considered it a con -- a spook used to manipulate stupid cunts sold on their dreams...disgusting celebrations of ourselves, unreflective of the actual animal. So crucify cast and crew. Salt the earth over demolished film lots. No more gorgeous cinema: no walls of light and no pageantry, and exterminate every Hollywood kike hung off synagogues by razorwire nooses. Burning down Gog and Masynagog and my cinema.

Kay scaled his wall, filmed doing so like an arachnid after fleshcoated corpses. Their eyecolor shifted with the light. She gyrated like Manson for her confused audience. K interviewed her but quartered no response save that of unnerving marionette movement. Panz retrieved his closest pistol (a marred Civil War Colt) to threaten her from his home and off his property. Aroused by his rage, she retreated to her overlook, resumed observing them film in Scorsese colors. She had waited till night, till all his security lights were off, to approach and infiltrate, visible on his security circuit, once lamented as another sign of end times by Panz's paranoia. She chose to steal his T-14 Armata, with which she batterrammed the main entrance, breached, and rolled onward into ecstatic black, as though she alone could trigger nuclear annihilation. Panz pursued her, shelled her rear -- rather the tank be scuttled than used by that twat -- and clouded the dust with technicolor dragonsmoke shot as bad Stalinist realism about an Ostfront confrontation. And she crossed a minefield intent on shared destruction, so he followed her through, his bursts like fireworks against the nothing. She sidestruck a mine and fractured her left tread but bailed out before she combusted. Panz approached, hoped her roasted by that gnostic fire, her soul cleansed or erased by some beneficent authority unaware of true human evil, devised in ignorance by those who still believed in redemption. But she ran, so he rode her down -- Kay evaded, to draw him over another mine, but his treads impacted her to bloodied dust.

Panz the victorious then turned from her, sovereign over the puddled guts of a stalker. He kept a polaroid of her to have the incident judged as though it were caustic exploitation cinema or some moment of the avant-garde. Herzog's helicopter optics above wry degradation. Another critique for Sara to criticize as she chainsmoked spread over her bed, her ceiling as static to her as a Sprawl skyport. That hollow by her eye, those strands of hair across her cheek...

Overhead, a mosaic: (once elated by) Isak Borg at his desk undercutting Travis Bickle in his cab against Alexander and son geomancing at their tree (but now bored) by Palladist grimaces distorted in lamplight and anguished (anguished) over the mere thought of killing by candlelit shotguns tarnished and aimed at the mad preacher purposed outside their window of a house later sacrificed by bonfire, and even screaming matriarchs clawing on barn doors bolted from the outside under some abused Bach -- real shells used against the fire, drowned under The Wrath of God, a river rode upon by naked pagans escaping bitter Christians -- had their brittle cinemagic stripped by repetition. No new reading here. No revolutionary thoughts. Secluded far from an update or an advancement. Deprived of even the oldest glosses or critical appendices countering the likelihood of cinematic seduction, the uncritical acceptance of any artwork...

And then anxious premonitions about Das antikritische Kunstkollektiv: hostile prankwork like hateful gendarmes (masked monsters in the early golden hour who would shriek and shred her reading and incinerate her filmprints and shit in her blanket and shank her cat with an icepick again and again till dead -- and she'd scream a showering scream). Whitehouse and famine to dull her intellect. Pixelated techno orifices, spastic music, pale masturbating children, all those helpless locked in seizing cunts to the hollowed sounds of Contemplative Arousal on their medieval floors messed by a coughing floorbound abrasion shouting out dark shit onto brokenfaced Brock Landers...and, posed penises nutting on nobility, off their tongues, and fashion monsters in flesh suspenders hung from a laughing ceiling -- a collection of Cronenberg wannabes, she once wrote -- and -- a drunk might stand over her naked body, emaciated and shackled, sprinkle her with troubled colors, the work of a drunk, and all recorded in transgressive fade-out by a Bruegel forger...

Sara adjusted. Adjusted to the nights there, their irritating orgies of masked assholes snatched outta Eyes Wide Shut, like a TAZ conducted by those most dedicated to the dying pretension in their art, which would then culminate in the all-night staging of Forlorned Scorn for the Unborn: The Jamey Cave Story (a theatrical recreation relocated to Aghori India, with minimal sets and naked actors) -- and in gutter thoughts of her grandfather's smiling disappointment, how they'd tilted his head to show her his accepting eyes like a desert angel's and gapped ventriloquist teeth, anecdotes of how he was gone on other gassing days, our twilights under lampposts decorated by pendulous dead where he left mother sobbing as Self-Charged Historian of her bad past.

She squirmed in bed, her control eclipsed by an anxious bladder -- when that sudden blackout swallowed their stupid screams -- hands along walls to the toilets and urinals where she would stumble over a stoned Garbage Whore (that whorish 'artist' regenerating herself in special shit and extravagant trash) so head and neck were bent V-ward on a bloody split between the eyes where crisp psychedelic dementia pooled around her, for every returned night terror. As though in contorted meditation, Sara breathed bubbled blood off cold stone floor through sharp windchime hair before righting herself, made aware of a wound like cracked concrete. Her course a sequence of winding blood droplets, a limestone staff patterned by her footsteps along a wider pentatonic scale broken to the childhood shrieks she remembered waltzing to an esoteric time signature under tossed toilet paper bombs from the cocksucker Khomeini days. Shoulder streaked and rubied like bear trap damage while she

palmed along as some sightless memorial to similar wounds along similar walls, a nice sigil of passing history's devastation treads Sara would never see....

Attending to that gash...just as July I left a session of cannabis and prayer, having been asked to deliver the Eucharist, a Catholic girl herself, having opted out when their heads hit and noses were opened and they cursed as the cunting fucking walls about their pain through that blindness, both stumbled a bit, collapsed against each other, and located the latrine: greentinted lights over a foul little mirror in which to examine the shitspeckled damage...their big bleak eyes were both black...unfortunate faces with transparent pinkish blood swelling around their lips...both now in the battered woman armor, she thought, after surveying that scourge. Sara sat waried of those distorted shadowed faces with the falsetto instructions the meaning of which were uncertain (and likely terrifying), but July insisted, hand around her wrist to escort her through the halls to photograph their wounds against matte black backdrops, to study the redness pressed into their ribs, behind their spines, microcuts under the teeth, etc, all on film for posterity. In exile with that photographed moment the moment she felt her face. No cathartic D'Agata ecstasy on for her that night...

--I really don't like what I did to my face. Sorta important to my career. Don't you hate the unwanted pains in your biography. Defining moments. Right, July said, unprompted.

--I didn't notice.

--No?

--Too black to really see anything, Sara reassured her. --At least you have an anecdote. Get yourself some laughs.

--Visible in daylight, yeah, they'll ask about the accident.

--Likely.

--Anxious about that.

--No need to know why. If it's too invasive. You look lovely -- nay, goddamn beautiful nonetheless.

--I don't. Placing value on my misfortunate relative to their own irrelevant bullshit. Needles at me. You ever regret your influence?

--Constantly.

--Yeah. Me as well. Me as well. The comments and the admiration and those...repulsively insulated fanbases you seem to always acquire. Fucking hate those --

--Right --

--I regret that a presence was ever erected. The internet equals eternity, I'm told.

--Strange scattered version of it.

--You remember ever reviewing any of my work?

--Not really. I write a plethora of capsule reviews. What work did I review?

--All the early garbage. Evolution Tree. Slanted Paradise Eyes. Bunghole Sun. I think I recall you writing that 'they lacked grace or nuance at every opportunity.' 'The audio equivalent of napalm to the tits'? I needed that?

--Hey, I'm...

--I needed that.

--You did?

--Most important reviews of my career. I needed them to grasp my direction for once with total goddamn clarity. Assisted in my -- rather necessary -- cultural shift.

--To where?

--Dream pop, I guess. With sortof an eerie Southwestern Gothic tension. I learned a lot and they seemed to think more highly of La basura siniestra.

--Should I apologize for my harshness? Sara asked.

Perhaps her harshness responded to caustic recollections -- of Maxwell's postcoital tears, silent and still in the showerstream, she had facial polaroids, scratched white with roofing nails. Perhaps in another timeline, her friends found her dead. Shrieks of relatives echoing off mourning chamber ceramic. But she left before he killed her. Shared unfiltered cigarettes with Amala in the oversized silver bracelets, discussed Genocide Organ, the harsher industrials, she swayed as they played, a private suicide, hers a postmortem divinity scented like shit and almonds. Amala had criticized how Sara had once thought her criticism could change the world, for having tried to strike her own rhizome, her quotes pasted on placards in the streets, bending the minds of cross-legged students holding glowing hardcover copies of her first significant work, *Saler la terre*, which reviewed such cinematic classics such as *The Glove Woman* (a paranoid psychedelic black comedy, and Beckett's directorial

debut), Rusted Zen Music (experimental erotica set in the Toronto Music Garden), Crumb Dies (a documentary on the spectacular suicide of Robert Crumb), Thanatos Cluster (an Ingmar Bergman directed sci-fi action thriller), etc, in other words a masterpiece, which Amala had also shit upon, but Sara collected enemy attacks as a measurement of success -- even if only ever rat-kings on the bodies of her retired ideals.

--Only if I fail to benefit from it, July answered.

--Did you see that display in the darkroom down the hall?

--The vagina sculptures?

--Yeah, that. What was that? Its intention, I mean. Other than a weak homage to infantile binary understandings of medievalism, the other vis a vis Persian women, and sexuality in general. An artist not yet mature enough to credibly depict any of that.

--Masculine use of meat.

--The grotesque meat object is a banality now. Somebody too stoned to have any good ideas. Someone who listens obsessively to Swans and tries desperately to purge themselves of all their bad experiences within the comfortable banality of their own -- highly-limiting -- obsessions.

--Anyone aware of him knows that. 'Sgt. Vi Cera" she calls herself. But I made a friend today in her. She ate my pussy and whispered to me about our planet being reduced to rubble and dead dust and nothing, which was pretty magical.

--I bet. Sounds noxiously intimate. Yeah, but my sense of sympathy is so stunted I doubt I could have those anymore. Feels nearer a degrading joke than anything necessary to retain our relative sense of sanity. Most natural painkiller, no. Years and nothing but that...evasive sarcasm to fortify my distance from any of...that...

--That must've been uncomfortable to reveal.

--There are states other than discomfort?

--Not for souls of substance.

--Are we counted among these substantial souls?

--Only in absentia.

--They're obsessed with mine.

--They are. Talkative lot. I suppose we all need time was from the sycophantic cunt armies pincering us in to dance for their self-esteem.

--That'd be them.

--I like living alone. God is the only one watching me sin.

--Maybe. Hope not. But I do hope to be devoured by his powerful fucking jaws. Jaws which make sin irrelevant.

Sara swallowed some Ativan after their chat and sat to pass into an anxiety sleep by a documentary on the resistance of Berdichev Jews in 1941 (with emphasis on the legacy of Zev Kaplan, anarchist saboteur and dignified dead man) -- thinking to herself that perhaps the hotel would fall, that she had hoped to die that night crushed under rebar and concrete and failed engineering, a rubyrose remainder left thoughtless, nothing they could recreate or affix to some psychotic kaphoreth -- like the farewell lamentations of doomed office workers with dirtgrey faces -- mangled metal men lit by amber lamps when the crane collapsed on them uptown.

Blind William K waited for the curiosity of others and for the carnage, wanting to snoop around the site like some imbecilic (dick) detective among emergency crews and police tape, the living picking the busted dead up from the dust, for his study of their automatic panic, brittle broken skulls, tossed-about eyes, frail walls from screamer civilians, serrated ruin concrete and bronzed dust from teasing sunlight like the lapsed promise of a serene day. And the tremors like doom music when their carnelian earthmovers shifted our dead, blessed by our plague doctors, hopeless lungers who sucked on their respirators instead of the air tainted for kilometers...

Now cut to Scary Jak Kaplan: dust had fucked her vision. She wiped her visor with a rag handed out by Blind William K, also unrecognizable, dustcoated like a stray wanderer near the scene of a car bombing. And they parted to tote more heavy dead, displayed for identification by loved ones and the wounded. Noxious chemical insights that day -- that smiling heroin chic shadowmask carved from rice paper or the texture of words strung and sewn like an enfleshed album, topped by a whiteface corsetdoll atop a pebble pyramid. Like the Hollywood version of a corpse of her era, K scrubbed off the dust and she recognized him then, mangled a little like he was, a little thrown by being himself...felt like the silences in music afterwards.

Almost idyllic the devastation and their share of the emptiness encased in cataclysm dust, a sight like sound, like running chimes on the wind acrid and repetitive like a P. Glass score with sludged undertones. The crushed in their cars died crawling. On their radios a softened strain of jazz to haunt all nearby dancing. Some shallow suicide moaned off the horizon and fell as all stupid men do, launched off ledges as the pair strolled over the burning and rust, her bunny suit and sweat face, peered through her protective plastic to say: --Hey, you little sexy bitch, over the music and sorrow which accompanied, which he wished extended over known space, to suffocate lesser sounds.

She worked transfer and rescue for Kinn and Woze, one of the leading voices of the industry, alongside the cops and fire, and unrecognizable to him. On their buzzbox, hyperbolic chants from coworkers and the toll of that archaic bell. Razorblade confetti fell from it over this parade of the dead, before trespassers stepped out with their plan to claw the meat off strungup carcasses, children dressed as death lead other smaller kids into flaming fields for their last breaths before the smoke, their ground molten bone and voices like tectonic movement, notes like meat hooks. None of which would spoil their moment, Jak thought when she approached K under the smoke and dust, combusted humming in her ears, the slag across her eyes rinsed and sponged. Lead him to a pit of rusted augers and away from the dangers. Passive arching light fired up the dust unnerving neons while she removed her respirator to say hello. She wanted to write her number on his arm, hug him, resume her duties -- to vanished acts and ashen walls. Then a second smaller fall stood counterpoint to their reunion, as would those stuffed dead men who scooped their dustdrowned comrades from the sucking swirl.

Their encounter was surely accidental -- so they shared morbid humor and disrespected the dead by their commentary. Still, he thought, a residual tragedy far removed from the indigo sunset moon they admired, this excavators' unwinding robo-horrorshow soon dismissed as a suffering sort of distracting abstraction ending up as a pretentious notetaking exercise for him. He hunched when he wrote -- exactly how she had pictured all such unfortunate pseudo-poets. His image she would set beside all the sunken faces she saw that day, all the cripples and the liminals and those puppies with the punctured lungs...mindful each moment of the vacant murder-houses that neighbored the site above which that crane had ominously rotated...over an adjacent bar with black stools and blacker lighting. There she had greeted the singular larval crowd between numbers, guided it towards enjoyment of her sound, to their heckling and ridicule of the tense parables in her songs. Waited alone two hours after slouched in her seat. Then through shadowed alleyways with her guitarcase like a warrior-bard to collapse onto her black mattress beside her broken air conditioner to be smothered by ridiculous

tuxedo cats. Sleep, like languid amber erotica -- always knotted to K, to soft hands on her -- in some hobo hotel downtown Montreal. Likely leading to days in the blacketched raingutters of Abandonment Hell. Where she went after every dream. The Death Squad(!) then phoned and woke her: --Get down here as fast as you can fucking move please. A difficult day that day.

--Jesus fuck, she said, having almost slipped on a bloodspill.

--Oh shit you alright? K asked.

--Uh, nope, I think I twisted my fucking ankle, she laughed.

--Did you try not doing that?

--Did you try not being a smartass and minding your own goddamn business.

--That was aggressive.

--Sorry. I'm in pain. And you know what they say --

--I do?

--That a one-legged Jew is twice as useless.

K laughed.

--Ehh? she asked.

--I get it. Funny. It was witty but maybe not exactly original since I could also make that joke. I might've even thought it first under different circumstances.

--What the fuck, guy -- cultural allusions aren't ever meant to be original or clever...

--Right, true. Sorry. Stupid thought. So, dug out any good bodies?

--Here? Today?

--Yeah.

--Not yet. Not here. I have a few from a while ago we could talk about.

--Tell me, K said, eager to hear.

--I cleaned up the suicide at the Evelyn McHale Towers. Did you read about that one or see it on the news?

--Not that I remember.

--Well, shit, prepare yourself. Guy calls his buddy from his balcony and tells him how he's gonna kill himself and then he jumps. But because of how the building curved, his tailbone hit another balcony below his and his spine was ripped out of his body. He then kinda spilled and sprayed onto the street. There were pieces of him on each floor. And we eventually found his full spinal column intact...

--That seems like a pretty inappropriate anecdote, given our context.

--Hahaha yeah...

They laughed together. Stood silent together.

--Can I ask you something? Scary Jak asked.

--What?

--Why did we stop talking?

--Yeah. About that. I'm really sorry about that. I just...had to get far away from everything. Everyone and everything. I kinda...needed to be by myself, to be able to nurse my pet delusions in peace, you know?

--I think so, yeah.

--I kept thinking about all the ascetics. And how I had continually failed to suppress myself. And failed at overcoming myself too. And right now I think I am really very much too anxious to answer your question with accuracy or honesty. I worry.

--About what?

--That my mind would compel me to pick the most convenient answer to avoid the answers which makes me most anxious.

--Which is?

--I really don't know.

--I think I'd call that an inappropriate anecdote.

He laughed. --Maybe, yeah.

--I really want your number and I don't know how to ask for it. Because I want us to start texting again.

--Okay.

--Can I have your number?

--Okay.



K concluded their conclusion by mentioning how he felt irreparable damage done to him by his awareness of sterile time. After she sank in rainpuddles escorting home the old woman with a fissured kneecap, caustic voicings about rebuilding the neighborhood, crackled baby babbling like those alive in buildings long destroyed, the dusts of that day rained away. He labelled that loss 'sterile time'. The degrees of permanent harm which would level all we pretend to know of ourselves, the varnish removed, dying the last option. Waited for that to interrupt whatever new distraction, but otherwise -- sterility, possibly permanent, an interesting moment he wished ended. New highs welded to old sorrows. Open stall nudity like the recitation of bad beat poetry or incomprehensible acid notes from past trips together, a stoned Basho mechanism he showed nobody, his stumblewords and unstable unstructured formatting. Followed the high lines to decipher later with her as guide -- the old stylus in the skull to neuter those growing thoughts rewritten after...edited with cold aluminum words... which were often nonsense.

She would recall once-dead cherished memories: the kissing and cruel sex, her generally discordant teenage gatherings, tossed cakes and tossed salads and freerange facefucking, and of course, how she had hugged him under the skyrim. They had read about dangerous places -- Angola after its civil war, Burundi's sequel-genocide, those gutterfucked and ill in the Western Congo, beheaded outside Mexico City, or about the good old Saddam days. How he raged at those admired American presidents. General Washington leading the revolt to humiliate a king, the Apache savages slaughtered by their Manifest Destiny ideology, the dying and bloodied Confederates at Gettysburg. But Nixon was despised most for his role in launching the cuntinuing Drug War. Beyond that, the purple napalm and agent orange and the rest of the latrine rainbow. K promised he would one day visit his body. To be buried by other benevolent demagogues: Joseph M., Landon Prestige, Pope Siricius II...all sputum beasts birthed of the same blood flame, bureaucrats firing the same nukes and conjuring the same opaque portraits of themselves for political virtue. Despite that, he advocated enlightened despotism. They had discussed the anarchism which conflicted with her admiration for Israel and the IDF. And they discussed her Zaida, her priestly link to Moses, times she treasured during despairing days. Days on the coast when spartan light slanted through the only synagogue, onto old men discussing Torah and G-d's apparent absence in the 1940s, faces symmetrical in their discontent, those eyes on nakedness and sombre rituals, endured without him though he was a constant in her thoughts hitchhiking to the Maritimes (prior to their evacuation). Tedium bested by thoughts of him -- massaging her asshole, vibrator set to wild, time for her to be broken in. Condemned to be distant her paragon, her potential for better things. A worthless whore. Her past had told her so and no number of nice days would alleviate that. Smoked and killed so much in her games, his voice and

insights nearly tarnished into incomprehension or mild devastation of times lost. Current 93 cried cursed be thy eyes and she wished never to imagine fucking without her.

--You're endearing in that suit, K told her on the northbound platform inside Giger Station...his compliment stifled by the train.

Jak heard wavering voices after he bruised her to bone, pressed down like a black iron drum beaten by the boys Riefenstahl had filmed. Her performance in White Hell of Pitz Palu (seen with K) had inspired her own imaginings of their mountaintop withdrawal. But instead she followed their martial steps to the same sorry end as many of her kin...if only her dissolution from his memory had been so performative.

They parted over erratic earth and a dead orchestra beneath that. Imagine the soundtrack of people passing bodies as a chain & getting blood spewed in their faces, their razored lungs from the dust eating them like parasites. Identical newsmedia tragic overhead angles of the devastation to steal the myth of the man falling from the crane in an aquatic pose, and greater tremors after that which crushed the rescue workers -- she noted Mr. Stitches' uncanny dance to "an opening oboe playing like a dream; slow, sad, but with hope at the end of each phrase, like the inflection in a speaker's voice recalling their past but hoping they can recover. Baritone sax looming hauntingly beneath. Eerie chord progressions keeping an ominous tone. Long pauses (placed throughout the piece) with the oboe leading the other woodwinds back in (about 2-4 bars ahead), like a thought continued by the speaker (the oboe). After each pause the music becomes more intense. The tempo speeds up. The tone shifted slightly. End with just the oboe. Like it's reaching out. Trying to find anything within itself. Back to the tone of the beginning. It's reaching out and crying, but nothing had changed.."