

## “The hand, a home, OUCH! (Repeat)”

ouch ouch ouch stop it everything agony suffering humiliation oh  
poor darling what will be of you what will be of everything you loved  
cherished adored cared preserved nothing nothing nothing it will  
all come to naught like nothing were the ambitions while all around  
look how many of them built produced completed how many of them  
*honored* this marvelous gift of life and yes just marvelous but maybe  
for others ouch ouch ouch please stop it what did I do that's so bad to  
deserve all this impossibility to access cosmic amusement impossibility  
to access the ritual of elevation impossibility to rule over boredom oh  
all these inabilities are a real hassle a true hassle like all these boogers  
I cannot take out of my nose I suppose I will mould the world out of  
them the china on the cupboard is looking at me unmoved that doesn't  
help at all and no of course it cannot be done by sheperds or ponies or  
teddy bears my dusty accomplices in this little punishment mitigated  
by reassuring promises oh poor darling we will have our vengeance  
despite my emotional hypersensitivity my shyness my loneliness  
venom to my little compromised damaged spirit like wasp venom do  
you remember it used to get so swollen when they stung me ouch ouch  
ouch please stop

## “The messy friend”

They're gone. I will miss their bodies, their bodies completed mine.  
Made me whole.  
Will my absence still be a presence, will they notice?  
What will remain of this split, if not the memory of a marginality that  
appropriated familiar places only?  
The door was not closed properly, a forgivable oversight. The last  
light of day enters the dim light of the room. Really tiny particles  
of dust dance suspended and suspicious, certainly embellished,  
certainly magnified by the golden reflection of dusk. Every mark on  
this wooden floor is a hieroglyphic sign for a dream. Everything is so  
beautiful and *final*, my extremities touch yours,  
my silence obtains the approval of your silence, my heart is the  
representation of plenitude.

## “Why me?”

- What are you doing here?
- What *you* are doing
- Let’s wait
- Let’s wait, yes
- Patiently
- Wait, weren’t there six of us?
- The other three have already left
- Departed
- Set sail
- Someone must have simply *selected* them
- It can’t be worse than this
- That’s all you can hope for
- We are suffering
- Exhausted
- All rumpled
- In sadness we falter
- Let’s dance
- Let’s plan
- It happened eventually
- What?
- Experience
- What experience?
- The experience of
- But why did he stop?
- He’s delirious
- Has it always been like that?
- Yes
- Of surviving against evidence
- What evidence?
- That living was *reckless*
- Reckless?
- He’s just fucking nuts
- Even *vulgar*
- Even *brazen*
- What held us up turned out to be nothing
- Passions have not made us immortal
- Desolation is our *milieu*
- All this anxiety

- It’s never left
- It’s always remained unchanged
- Hereditary
- Tribal
- Even now
- Now, too
- Exceptionally now
- The afflictions
- Our pride
- Our medals
- Our poetry
- Will he ever leave?
- What?
- You can hear murmurs
- Something is swinging
- Something is trembling
- Maybe our moment has come
- Our moment will never come
- Maybe we’ve never even *had* moments
- Never
- Never
- Never