

*Pressing through the holes perforating the tail bone, muscle-tendrils grabbing onto the crests of your muffin tops, pulling diagonally through the Kegeling eyes, up inside your ball sockets, the light hits the flat irises under huge glazed bubbles of ice, pinholes in the centre of seething red discs, licking sharpened teeth with a sliver of pink-whip tongue, a jawless grin, forcing strong ale down the drunkards neck, colours around every cottage, mist encircling the hamlet, like the bloom on the plums in my mum's fruit bowl, softens the green of the beech and the brambles, purple bursting blackberry birdshit, meat tenderiser, injection delivery, the demon munching, the vents, the veil, my first kiss, the men shaking their dicks out in the Tiergarten, mistletoe, sand and sawdust soaking up blood, tarmac, mistletoe, the Mammon worshipper, pumping; the nerves themselves are on fire, pimples, mistletoe, those ruby-red traffic-light twin orbs, lit from the side by the distant flames of hell and refracting off the inside of the blown-glass corneas, and, bouncing across the inside of your body - as cold as the cobblestones - the inside of your flesh, the contours only visible through your searching fingers, mumbles, endless, great, endless, on the scale of one to ten, sometimes, I feel, very sad.*