

He is sitting on the second floor terrace of an abandoned motel .
He is sitting on the edge of a ledge. There is no one around. There
is a thin black chipped metal grating in front of him. His legs are
hanging off the sides and dangling in the air. The bottoms of his feet
are dripping little droplets of blood. It is obvious that he has been running
from something. He is wearing black dress slacks with no shoes or socks on.
There is a shiny gold line running down the sides of his pant legs. There is
a bloody bandage on his elbow. He is not wearing any top shirt. There are
thin scratches on his lower back and torso. A chunk of his hair seems to
have been ripped out of the side of his head. He is very skinny and his skin
tone is phosphorescent. He seems to almost be glowing. The sun is going down
now. The hotel is on the side of an abandoned back road. It is the kind of
hotel in the middle of nowhere that was never a popular destination for
anyone. It's the kind of place that makes no sense as to why it ever existed.
The owners just left it to rot. There are green weeds that are completely
engulfing the sides of the hotel. Off to the side is a small swimming pool
filled with black water and floating debris. On the ground below him is a
small pool of blood. He does not seem sad. He seems at peace. He seems happy

~~He seems happy to have escaped.~~
He seems happy to have escaped. There are three little yellow birds drinking
from the small pool of blood. He seems happy to be able to feed them. You
can feel that he loves these little birds. There is a blackness in the sky
over his head.

He is standing straight up in an old wooden barrel. The wooden barrel is floating down the center of a lake in the middle of a forest. He is wearing an old raggedy green hobo suit with a silk pink tie. There is a dead yellow flower sticking out of his front breast pocket. The lake is narrow and there are huge trees above his head that are forming a perfect arc shape. There are hard shafts of light making their way through the trees. The barrel is floating peacefully down the center of the river. He is gripping the top of the barrel with both hands as if he has figured out a way to steer it. There are bandages wrapped tightly around the tips of his fingers. On the edges of the water is a line of fat frogs. The frogs are staring at him. He is singing "has anyone seen my childhood." The frogs are staring at him as if they are in complete awe of him. The frogs look as if they have waited their entire lives for him to float by them in a barrel. His voice is like angels.

He is standing alone in the middle of a completely bombed out city. The city is in ruins; it is totally destroyed and there are no human beings left anywhere in sight. Far off in the distance are three dead cats hanging by their tails from a telephone line. It is very dark except for the bright neon glow of the overhead streetlights. The lights almost seem like bizarre theatrical stage lights. He is standing slightly hunched over. He is staring at his reflection in a shallow pool of oil that has collected on the street. The glow from the overhead streetlights is powerful. He is wearing a fluorescent green bikini. His body is perfect. He found the bikini on the side of the road. He is wearing black formal dress shoes that are three sizes too big for his feet. There are no laces in his shoes. There is a smiley face balloon attached to his wrist by a thin silver strand of rope. He is missing several of his front teeth. His hair is messy and dirty. It looks as if a bit of black mascara is running down the sides of his porcelain-skinned face. Resting behind him is a beat up orange suitcase with many bullet holes in it. He has a serious look on his face. It is the realization of a man who has forgotten what his own face looks like. It is the expression of a man who has not seen himself in many years.