

MKS Volcofsky

OmShanty Town

In yr Om Shantytown sitting in the crosshairs of your once upon a time no bath no bread, a rotten Om Shantytown beneath like they all were a Urban sling brdge, barrel fires burning

And for my last trick I'd like to pull a Holocaust out of my shoe, gentlemen, ladies ... Because now we know the key to our, all our successes ... Secrecy will defeat us ultimately, gentlemen, ladies, that has been the long lesson Lo these many dated days ... The dinner party laughed while the cat of the house choked on its own blood, Pollocking on the refinished hardwood firstgrowth floor, beneath the beautiful table, which was an object of admiration itself as well as the food, the people, the clothes upon the people and the shoes upon the people staggered and hung upon the rungs of the exceptional modern but wood chairs, leather heels almost to a foot, seven thousand dollars worth of footwear easily about that well-made and expressive of man's possible hands functional but absolutely art table, all upheld and effortlessly and without trace supported by the refinished firstgrowth hardwood floor ... You stupid cunt you think I give a fuck about yr fathers decrepiti theater ... Full and total televised worldwebbed disclosure will assure our task being seen to its completion ... Their deaths will be broadcast to their empty ransacked rooms ... A suicide pact, whattaya say ... C'mon ... Why the fuck not ... I'm smelling here what I've for so long done without ... I, Volkofsky, looking down upon a western avenue of an eastern city, towards a river ... Where the courthouse steps are littered with the broken shoes of whores shemen and children, wingtips ...

I can imagine you imagine ... What room what light what window others in the house as I write ... There is no one nothing nowhere ... What I've for so long done without ... What I say you see ... I hold your ears and rotate your head like a tourist with a cointelescope ... What I've for so long done without ... The viewhole is an eyepiece onto a screen and I broadcast straight into the mainline ... This is your secret Dog talking ... This your Ho Ho Ho analgesic ... I, Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief, looking down upon a western avenue of an eastern city, a rotten Om Shantytown its barrel fires burning, looking towards a river at the start of a winter night ... Courthouse steps blue in the snowlight littered with the shoes of whores shemen children, wingtips ... Seventousand dollars worth of footwear around that table easy ... Bodies moving sideways up and down those steps ... The law is closed for the evening, thank you ... Body shadows tumbling down those steps like mannikins shoved off a roadside embankment ... I, Volkofsky, I watch you understand ... The river grows slateblue and lights turn on across the other side ... You can hear them ... This distance, this visible distance ... Hunger floods the streets pours into my body ... I am overwhelmed ... You know the routine ... Shards of fire on the crests of the river ... Lights coming on on the other side ... Distance enters the body ... The hunger ... The street enters the body ... I press my thighs against the window sill like the guardrail of a slingbrdge ... I am overwhelmed ... I open the window and, you see, the thing is I watch myself do this and I can't stop you understand ... You know the routine ... The distance, this visible distance the lights across the river the light changing the bodies up and down the courthouse steps the movement of the street the distance and the hunger and the street entering my body I open the window and begin to yell ... I watch myself do this you understand ... I hear myself and watch myself and even hear and see myself watch myself listening ... But I do I begin to yell ... Its very simple actually ... Always the same ... *"The bond. The bond. This is the bond."* I shout it but never with an exclamation mark ... Nothing so profound neither but this is

the first way I deal with the fall of evening ... Makes too much sense actually ... The bond ... Embarrassingly sentimental and trite ... Wish I shouted something else ... I think about it too I do ... Something without meaning without sense with the heavy flat falling weight of the distance itself, the distance inside, you understand ... The bond. This is the bond. The distance inside is the bond ... I think about shooting instead of shouting ... I think about descending to the street and devouring the hunger itself, like the Others ... Devouring an Other ... Cunt ... Cock ... Animal ... Go down and tear the pages out of somebody's book ... Button them back up before I leave ... Torn and empty between their covers ... I, Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief ... I watch the sun set and the sun rise looking down upon a western avenue of an eastern city, towards a river ... Dome of the courthouse crowned with seagulls and great melting cascades of limewhite liquid excrement ... Sunlight orange then green then blue sunk deep in its marble pores ... Purple shadows sweep across its architecture ... The sky rotates around its birdstained lid ... This the pivot point ... This the hub of the whole wheel, son ... I, Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief, retain anguished proximity to this relic ... Gazing out across the river and hearing the lights on the other side ... Hearing them come on ... Hearing them go out ... You understand ... I mean its not like I never go out and down to the street I do I'm a thief like I said ... I know how to talk ... Don't you think for a minute I don't ... Do you know how many interviews I've done with those who were given The Freedom? ... Believe me, a sadder tale was never told ... Sit 'n shiver for that one sure ... Sleeve after sleeve of tears, then the pillow cases out to dry the next morning ... But we will get to all that ... This not a tale well told ... And I am directing this to the middle of the river ... You know the routine ... Once you've crossed the river you've left the Other Side ... What we want to do, gentlemen, ladies, is remain in the gerund for as inhumanly long as possible ... Mezuzah Thief talking here kid shut up ... Stay in the I En Gee nu? This is my last trick like I said gentlemen, ladies ... For what is erased can never be forgotten ... Anyone who thinks otherwise You will remember this ...

SENTIENT: LATIN *SENTIENS*, PRESENT PARTICIPLE OF *SENTIRE*, TO PERCEIVE BY THE SENSES, FEEL STOP *see* SENSE STOP

SENSE: FRENCH *SENS* STOP DERIVED FROM LATIN *SENSUS* STOP DERIVED FROM *SENTIRE*, TO FEEL, PERCEIVE STOP *see* SEND STOP

SEND: MIDDLE ENGLISH *SENDEN* STOP DERIVED FROM OLD ENGLISH *SENDAN* STOP AKIN TO GERMAN *SENDEN* STOP GOTHIC *SANDJAN*, CAUSATIVE FORMATION, "TO CAUSE TO GO" STOP DERIVED FROM INDO-EUROPEAN BASE *SENT-*, TO GO, FIND OUT, DISCOVER STOP FROM WHICH IS DERIVED LATIN *SENTIRE*, TO FEEL, SENSE STOP & OLD IRISH *SET*, WAY STOP

What is active?

To come: Volkofsky's physiology of domesticity, where its parts are enervated, and which corresponding objects speak a hard language of the soft body. Homeostasis equaling

linguistic equilibrium. Not to jump again right away to the etymological tip but mother and matter completely incestuous indicating what occurs when one truly enters a home.

Secrete Diary029 Rm206 Fl3

My greatest joy knowing the freezer defrosts whilst I walk streets My greatest joy knowing the siv of my closthes opens like a million camera shutters exhaling water and invisible mists drying on the old cunts broken rak Why is everything she owns broken or dying of missed screws or stuck together with sad dirty tape Why does the hair she left in the drains and caught between the floorboards stink with a sourness usually found in the crevices of the unwashed body Badly Back down here Room two oh six floor three Back down on the hard medicinal mattress With a compass and a piece of thread I could sew you the direction of the organ of domesticity Listen here listen It is a fugue a fugue and an interstellar broadcast it is I, Volkofsky the Mezuzah Thief I's lungs stuffed thick with air It is my greatest joy knowing the books lean and remain upright on the shelves whilst I am admitted It is my greates joy knowing the bottoms of my shoes wait and touch the floor like snapshots, beatific with service and all the collected lengths we have moved above together These are the true storytellers Objects with no voice but the eye's whisper upon them The eyes upon them penetrates into the deep secrete sound of their whisper The air sentences them The percussion About being beaten Now my theory of domesticity IS domesticity And I drown in the broaddaylit air My lungs fill with corners With sills and with thresholds With switches and unwelcome pipes With scum and with Fur from nowhere But this is not domesticity This is its camouflage I awaited this A four inch IntraMuscular Syringe through the chest wall into the meat of the pounding heart When I arrived I heard them speaking about me, me, Volkofsky, saying I recognize him from the last time, saying He's the one who leans out his window and pantomimes screaming Saying living down in Recycling Ward 5 has ruined his lungs, Saying He's illergic to even trying to breathe A four inch IntraMuscular Syringe sucked full of Synthetic Adrenaline into the meat of my heart I awaited this Looking down upon the city as the light changed I, Volkofsky In Hospital To be anatomically correct Acutely asthmatic This is the countdown This was the clue to where the Domesticity Virus originated and incubates This I say was the clue to the nature of walls Breathing Or more accurately not breathing Or precisely accurately Can't breathing Small shoes, tiny gloves Fingernails the size of matchheads But I digress Regress to be precisely accurate Here I am, In Hospital to be anatomically correct learning how to breathe Remembering how to breathe I am a man who dreamed he was a fish in a dream I could consider this a gift, really Although I haven't ever before Very poetic and full of dramatic possibilities, the opportunity, like in that dirty yellow book that Hans guy took to Take Stock Of His Life, validate his invalidation, slide his expired telecard into the slit of some rigged box and get some stolen visuals This, gentlemen, ladies, is not that dirty yellow book Take that as you like Quality Qualify Quantify Quarry Query Quinsy Quoiny Quo modo? Quench Quench Quench Quench me down to the Quay, Quay Quothy and he too I'll not lie here and do so I mean, to be precisely accurate I'll not lie here and lie I can misspell deliberately I can pin a flying fly to a wall with a toss of a long,

*sharpened splinter from my rotten floorboards What I'm saying is Here, in my
 Secrete Diary029 I imagine I can enter your mind and play pepper with your words
 Run you ragged round your own invisible diamond Get yr own tongue to wag and
 yr own tail to beat Get you down remembering the smelling of the grass and the
 ground and the sun on the backs of your ears Fingernails the size of matchheads
 What I'm saying is there is a reason this is not on tape This is not some of that
 uptown spoken word excrescence This is much more bitter than that This is
 written by a man so bitter and he knows it Looks out and down upon the western
 avenue of an eastern city he does that is true all that is all true And now, to be
 anatomically correct he is In Hospital, suffering from an acute attack of Asthma
 instigated by the toxicity of the air he resides in, he residing in the "Recycling Ward
 5" of this particular city Particularacity that is the objective See you can learn if you
 just let yourself Residing in the "Recycling Ward 5" of this particular city has
 devastating inhalatory consequences One of them being you can't breathe It is
 true There is a hereditary causality within this environmental response Now does
 that mean Its in my genes or that the obfuscation and recrudescant condemning of
 the environment, the toxing of it is what is in my our genes What a sentence means
 is crucial if you want to insert the needle into the proper location Exactly what I
 mean about being anatomically correct I would say I am programmed to destroy
 the environment and the environment is programmed to destroy me and that I am
 programmed to protect and serve the environment and that the environment is
 programmed to protect and serve me and that I am programmed to do the same
 mutually cancelling actions to my self and that the environment is also programmed
 to do the same Which is how I found a cheap apartment in the Fifth Recycling
 Ward of this particular city And so they will tell you Tell me to be precisely
 anatomically correct That I have been waylaid by a storm of asthmatic
 proportions True and not true And that a rescue team has been sent out to
 retrieve me, humped and heaving lung-music into the outter reaches of space where
 I have for some hours been marrooned, exhaling fugues rivalling Bach's to the
 passing glint of satellite traffic and along the imperceptible but intolerably erotic
 curve of space True and not true And that I have been here before True and not
 true They will tell you Me to be anatomically accurate As I have already noted
 they have That I am the one who pantomimes sceaming, implying I make no noise
 True and not true All true and not true I am making a big mistake I am
 chronicling that which should be forgotten And finally they will dispute with me
 With me, see, not even needing to pass through you this time After they have
 retrieved me from the far reaches of absolute zerodegree interplanetary interstellar
 intergalactic space And after they have pushed an empty pen tube through my
 throat and sucked out all the bloody fugue and stuck a four inch IntraMuscular
 Syringe through my chest wall into my swollen heart and flooded it with Synthetic
 Adrenaline -like an electric appliance in the bathtub, friends- that is, after they have
 silenced the lung-music and I lay there, gurgling blood like I had fingers the size of
 matchsticks while the lights come on all around me and the voices of humans grow
 out the earth in my head and my eyes recognize eyes I have never before seen and
 my body senses hands cool and with no intention to search deeper than my skin
 they will dispute with me They will tell me it is otherwise They will not even look
 at the shape of the body of medicine They will not raise their eyes to it They can*

shove their five fingers into any hole they choose to make but they will not raise their eyes to look upon the body of medicine Why They will dispute with me What it is this virus that I really got For now I will call it Domesticity And for now I will say it originates and incubates and thrives in the lungs And I will further say it is air borne, but only upon air filled with words Anyone who thinks otherwise You will remember this

“I see you’ve been in the hospital.”

“I see that too I almost forgot just got out too.”

“What for?”

I reach in my right front pocket for my blade,
“The Tox,”

I say as I cut the plastic wristband off my arm,
“same old.”

I fold it up and put the blade away. She points to the dent at the base of her throat.

“Yup,”

I say,
“that’s right.”

“Sealed up good ,”

she says, staring at the neck-navel I got again right next the other letting me look at her, letting me look at her long and good. She strolls into this Row 5 Cough Bar all bones and red velvet, shoulders pulled back and head balanced so’s not to fall off eyes straining to stare away the fear feigning the haught faking the I copping out on her soon as she’s seen. Powder pale skinny and taller than me and I like that fuck-red lips like she’s been sucking on something that dyes deep rich red berry down in the tent on the North African sands her gums her tongue the inbetweens of her teeth all deep fuck-red her eyes full of fear and hunger and kohl-reamed like archer’s targets fireproof and incendiary black iris and the white white eggs of her eyes permanent punched-eyes red-rimmed in the black kohl scared demanding programmed automatic. Skin bones tall in red velvet on carved-out heels leaving dirty parentheses on the floor behind her balancing her head eyes set deep in black rings not a seat in the house and she marks me, she pisses all over me almost as fast as me I’ve done her and looks away just as fast and without looking again strolls to my table its one empty chair and stops still without looking and placing two fingernails painted the color of the crayon they used to call flesh on the table top she tilts her head up and looking down drops words from her fuck-red mouth like water drops from a turned off faucet

“Would you like to share?”

I open my hands.

We’ve already finished the food by the time the hospital bracelet comes up and that’s the first words since she sat down, sat and ate absolute and we watched one the other eat, eating and we are now drinking coffee my right ankle on my left knee her elbows on the table edges, her knees one on top the other. She’s unbuttoned her red-velvet coating to reveal a black low-cut strap dress and the powder pale stops just below where she would have the scar I just got again. Its early morning, remember. Recycling Ward 5 coffee shop in the morning and I, Volkofsky The Mezuzah Thief have just been kicked out the hospital for the Tox. She’s got a fine, long very bony nose and high cheek

bones all long bones all over like I said and she's taller than me like I said which I like. There are freckles between her breasts and I can guess her age from the skin between her tits she's in her early thirties I would say, the beginnings of stretch-lines start their paragraphs just where the dress begins. She's had sprouted bread and organic fruit for her meal. She cut the grapes in half with a knife to remove the seeds before eating them. She drinks her coffee black twisting an orange rind into her cup. She does not use sugar. The odor of tobacco and alcohol emanates from her but she is not drunk and shows no sign of tar-staining and does not smoke after her meal. A small diamond within a silver cup is pierced through each of her earlobes, showing from beneath her dyed-black hair. There is a faint illumined gold outline of hair on her ears and breasts and arms, and turquoise veins show beneath her faded-newspaper yellow skin where there is no powder, like I said on her arms and upper chest. Her eyebrows are thick deliberately shaped cuneiforms, black-dyed like her hair. She has lost the look of effort in her eyes, the effort of keeping her head balanced, the effort of not showing. And the haught has dropped away as well, the fuck-red smear of her mouth narrowed and softened and hard to notice, her eyes not surrounded by the kohl anymore but pouring over onto it, soft now too, the kohl too hard to notice now. She twists in her seat to look behind her towards the entrance.

"Maybe some indian summer today,"

she says twisting back around. Outside is white. I answer only with my face, eyebrows, lips moving.

"I'm gonna pee,"

she says and leaves her red-velvet coating on the back of her chair.

She has begun to write on me. Those words she has begun to write all over me. She has begun to write on me, she undid my belt and with a fine sharp pen tip has begun to write on my slightly swollen with coffee bladder, she has begun to trace the words on my belly. She unbuttoned my pants and my fly has dropped just a little of its own accord and she has just, just started to write on me, tracing those words through my belly's hair. I stare at her half-drunk coffee and the seeds on her plate. She's begun to write on me and so the words begin to leave my head. I stare at the red-velvet coating on the back of her chair. I see her return from peeing and walk past our table to the register up by the entrance and pressed on by the white from outside I see her reach into a pocket that is on the dress on the left side of her hips and give money and she comes back, making an S shape as she sits into her chair. I see the stubble of her armpits the wrinkles formed there the hanging skin of her upper arms and up my assessment of her age but still feeling her writing on my belly, my pants opened and button unbuttoned feeling the light sharp tracing of words as she writes on me there.

"I got it,"

she says,

"it was twelve."

I reach into my left front pocket for my money and say,

"Alright."

She lifts her coffee with her right hand and drinks, puts it down, places one knee atop the other.

"I've a daughter who's twelve,"

she says.

She's writing all over me. She's writing, she's deliberately writing on me.

“That’s great,”

I say, counting singles. Not looking at her.

“Does that interest you?”

I hear her say. I look up. The writing is hard now, and on my chest. Almost like the Tox. She has her coffee in her both hands and her fingernails, the color of the crayon used to be called flesh are raised off the cup, hovering. I am the one they say pantomimes the screaming they say, I heard them say this in the Hospital. She is looking at me, pale powdered all red and black looking at me and waiting.

“Does that interest me?”

I say.

“Let me tell you something,”

I say.

I stand up, pointing a hand full of singles at her.

“I’m splitting the check with you and that’s all the money out my pocket you’re gonna see do you understand?”

The writing is going through me now, its going deep way into my chest cavity and now she has begun to write on the shaft of my growing prick too, a piercing sharp writing on the skin of my hardening penis and tightening balls.

“I’ll pay,”

she says.

“I’m paying my half,”

I say. The writing is hurting now. She might as well be writing on me with my own blade.

“I mean I’ll pay,”

she says.

The writing stops. I am sitting. Not looking at her. The white outside begins to trickle into my head like my head were the waist of an hourglass. Everything absolute white and I hearing the voices in the coffeeshop. Murmur. She reaches into her red-velvet coating and pulls out a pen, writes on the paper napkin on the table before her with her right hand. Tiny tiny writing. She rips it off the body of the napkin and places it in the pocket on my breast. I, Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief, sit and see her leave.

Where are the Others, Customers, Waitresses, Cook, where the sound of the plates the register and the signal sound the rusty implanted hinge of the entrance door? This, they are there they are there, all round the page. All round the page. It pierced the minds first pierced by words first the ground was page, not that that unseen was the earth was flat but that that unseen were the four corners of the page that that is the world, the four corners of the world. One by one they make their way down from the trees. In the morning the beach is covered with baboons. In response to the crowded conditions of the factory farm, chickens naturally go berserk and peck each other to death. To prevent profit loss, farmers cut off part of their beaks. Of course, the chickens still go berserk, and then some are no longer able to drink. With this ring of laughter I thee wed. You can smell them, Cook Waitress Customers there round the page. Can hear the money hiss and ring I thee wed. Can hear the rusted implanted hinge signal swing door sound treble like some insect in rhythm, can hear the early morning traffic through the early winter glass through the early winter white light of this a Cough Bar in Recycling Ward 5 on the western end of an

eastern city, you know where the fuck you are dont you? Dont you? Listen here son and shut up kid Mezuzah Thief's word here now your hour will pass this way hours and hours from now believe you me Do you know where you are? First things first kid come back and see me some time ... One signal light for these our four corners. Learn to read this kid, learn to read this light it changes even while you gaze find out what about it always stay the same ... See me some time ... That is the Others are there not on these our four corners and that my friends is how this story see it has to be ... you know the routines ... Scratch yr calf ... Some schwa inna bar waitin fr me t arrive ease his panicking cells ... Twelvestepped mick prodigal daughter of practicing drunks slinging eggs with a scarecrows grin stitched across her throat ... Flatchested dutchgirl scared of the unwashed hand slips into her pussy every time she quietly ... secretly ... blue-eyedly ... angrily ... jerks herself off and it is always daytime and I am always watching ... And you you what still got yr stuffed animal sleep with you ever night ... Shit and piss and vomit and farts and sperm the currency of yr city within this city ... An eastern city in the early white light of winter ... And the other practicing the Soft Touch screaming misspellings of his mothers pet names ... playing Word Search on these our crowded four corners ... You ask me where they are, the Others ... Well very clearly very honestly I say to you Fuck them ... Fuck them all ... Remainder them down to the Om Shantytown where they do where they have where they always will always belong ... Mezuzah Thief talking here kid shut the fuck up or you die ... What we have here is a hostage situation gentlemen, ladies ... As I said this is my last trick ... The signal light swings above us letting go its steadfast unflickering illumination ... Got another message for you kid ... And my trusted monkeys down now from the trees a quenchless match to each these our four corners hold ... You dont understand ... Check the rear view mirror and the road collapses before you ... Yr tires shred and now yr riding on naked pounding metal ... Those are your teeth you hear sister ... You not steering no more dig ... That there's an ape inna monkey suit with a match held to a corner of the world ... HOLOCAUST my friends ... my fans ... burnt offering run down the etymological highway 61 ... Panther Burn Mississippi where I'm from ... hold the match there ... Portal North Dakota where I'm from ... hold the match there ... we will find others ... Border-line personality Dis-order ... bunch of fucking jews ... All of you ... Mezuzah Thief here kids ... Thats your stories there about to take fire ... Realize now there is less even less time to lose ... I've got this date with a twelve year old and her mom ... And worse things could happen to a man you know the routines ...

I, Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief. I plea to you between jamps. I tell you a little story, not about you, about showing your tits just to dish coffee and hiding your knees beneath the hem of your skirt, and the garter belt under your apron, your sad harassed ass like a hijacker's face under a stocking ... Not this story, not yet. I am between jamps. Here this story comes up.

My orders led me to a roof's edge over a school park in the falling evening light and I light cigarettes holding the match up to the darkening sky, the tiny flame blending into the fires on the chimneys across the river. I match them, let the fire burn down to the nail and then squeeze it out.

Assassins are philosophers because of the wait. The wait is the bar pries open the lid to get just a peak in the box. I am between jambs, wait person. I touch my scar to yours for a moment. In secret I imagine we bound.

My man strolled through the chainlink fence threshold, never noticing its mezuzah. I was removing him for the good of the children he greeded upon.

I raised and gaze through my site, crosshairs fouring him like a democratic dream pie. Deep purple-and-blue-grey dusk. He lowers himself onto his nightly bench. I begin to trigger. The back of his head is crossed perfect in my site. I'm almost there. And he turns, barely showing me his profile. What I mean is, it was my head, the back of my own head I was aiming at.

A friend once needed to jump off a bridge to avoid a drunk in a car. She said she leaped into the bushes on the side of the road only to discover they were the tops of trees. She broke her hips, her legs, her lower back. She lives in Recycling Ward Three, full of screws and stainless steel. Her X-rays shoot like hardware magazine advertisements.

I am Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief, and I am between jambs.

SUBJECT : MIDDLE ENGLISH *SUJET* STOP DERIVED FROM OLD FRENCH STOP DERIVED FROM LATIN *SUBJECTUS* STOP PRESENT PARTICIPLE OF *SUBJICERE* *to place under, put under, subject* STOP DERIVED FROM *SUB-*, *under* + *JACERE, to throw* STOP see **JET**

JET : VERB TRANSITIVE VERB INTRANSITIVE MIDDLE FRENCH *JETER to throw* STOP DERIVED FROM OLD FRENCH STOP DERIVED FROM VULGAR LATIN *JECTARE* STOP FOR LATIN *JACTARE* STOP FREQUENTATIVE OF *JACERE to throw* STOP DERIVED FROM INDO-EUROPEAN BASE *YE-*, *to throw, do* STOP DERIVED FROM GREEK *HIENAI to set in motion, throw, send*

JET : NOUN MIDDLE ENGLISH STOP DERIVED FROM OLD FRENCH *GET, GIET a throw, spurt* STOP DERIVED FROM LATIN *JACTUS a throw, cast*

One word suffices an it not e`en a word adall it does though for I been here many a Monday a the mornmmning. It is my Pass Word, kid, see. It here is mine way inna there. Dig. The Door Man, he's backwatcher the month's numbered days run through his corral of sight like football players into a waiting truck's end. And just a point here kid. God's face has no front. This Door Man here he sees the headbacks he's all dressed in red and he's a hat too and he's rain-sky grey eyes and a mouth that is a paragraph's indent. It is to he I and my Pass Word, not e`en a word adall many a many a Monday morn make our mutter our stutter our slye, make our sound and are latched. It still is this morning see kid. I've a torn napkin in my chest pocket and a date with a twelve year old and her Mom, worse things can happen an all that again but a man's got responsibilities, kid, and a weekly routine is a healthy foundation for the skeleton and its shoes. Neil Duriam married this job and me, he and his connection. His are other pages, other wards. Forever grateful in all that one Monday a week, thats all it takes and I am rented and fed. One Monday Mornmmning to be anatomically accurate. This I show it goes, kid. Lucky me I heal so good in fast.

“Morning.”
 “Monday.”
 “The Chief she is gone?”
 “And the Chief, he is in.”
 “Buhrr.”
 “Right this way, sir.”
 “It maybe be some warm, today, looks.”
 “Yes sir, sir. This morning seems.”
 “You know the floor, sir.”
 “Thank you.”
 “Good morning, sir.”

I have watched the Chief of Detectives leave the building in her waistlength brown rough overcoating, the blackmouths of her pumps yelling up her white stockt calves and under her red felt skirt ... Her hair and her overcoating an identical shade of tree bark ... With her face's balloon tied at her chin, she entering the limousine I can see she has on dark panties beneath her white tights ... The bricks of her building graph my back through my wool as I watch, many a many a Monday Mornnnning ... Her vision traces my outline without touching me, and in this way she is sure I am there ... And in this way I am sure ... Partners, dig ... All one and all partners kid ... Don't you e'en think for a moment we not ... A week's sweet envelope behind the plywood of the Rain Bar each an ever Monday Even ... My theory of domesticity IS domesticity see ... I paint a beard on my mirror, for my return ... Neil says his name is the best verb he know and he know ... The Chief of Detectives kid, tickled my nose with her fur a very bright summer night just this summer past ... She had a chain of large silver spheres hanging round her neck and I could see my face multiplied blotted and curved in each one as I listen ... I could e'en see the door behind me, the river and the lights across the river and the bodies coming in and out the Rain Bar door ... The Chief of Detectives she's got legs, kid ... And she's gottim crossed ... She's wearing a skirt no stocks and squareheeled pumps a deep black blue that hang and sway like block and tackle in a factory sky ... The first number of her age has got to be a five but it shows nowhere but her scalp letting the light out ... There's been a attempted homicide left a Hansel & Gretel in one of the Rain Bar's stalls ... A watery trail pointing a finger a the river the Rain Bar's way ... Swwhy she haps to be down here at all, see ... Row Five choke a mule in a iron lung ... Anyway what do I like ... No nothing no I don't no thank you no ... Nothing? ... No nothing never thanks just the water thats fine ... I'm here for the company solely ... Her eyes the color of pineneedles with flecks of rust in them and they pause, look at me, unsuturing me, unthreading my closed places ... My lungs tighten and the clitoris tucked under my heartmeat quivers ... Kid I think these bouts of the Tox started in that split second I do ... My body ... Thought different since ... It ... The blondgrey templehair near her eyes pulses steadily ... Her red suitjacket over nothing at all she is these strong shoulders deep cleavage a length of neck square teeth bleached mustachehair stones the same color as her pinegreen eyes tacked to her ears, silver spheres in which I can see everything behind me and my own face multiplied blotted and curved hung from this long white very smooth neck ... She makes the stool she is on seem perched itself ... Kid I am very very close to her I can smell the Jameson on her mouth ... Her crossedknees seem to be almost touching my chest ... Kneel she says ... Neil tells me you're looking for some employment and tells me you are very well cut for the job I've to proffer

... Make your ends meet etceteras upon etceteras your windows deep your doors wide your shoes tongues wag suffuse you ... You think I give you this and not take away? Motherfucker Mamasboy Kill the Cunt She killed Who? Who did she kill? She is the Chief of Detectives you unnerstand ... She'll exhume a corpse and bury the right one with the undug dirt ... The Mezuzah Thief's nightlight set her hair ablaze you understand ... Fire in the hole, son ... Oh you could never work here never you ... Driving pushpins through her fingernails ... Anyway that was round Midsummer and here it is early winter sbeen almost half a year ever Monday Mornmmning here, watching her slide into her limousine throating my Pass Word into the quotation mark ears of the Red Door Man ... I cannot see the face of the Driver ... Her Driver ... And try like I might I do not recall her vehicle anywhere near the Rain Bar that even ... I Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief ever Monday Morn ... Seeing her dark panties beneath her white tights as I lean against her building and she slips backwards into the leglong hut of her ride ... We shell each the other with our eyes ... A pact, kid, dig ... Mine means, being here, you unnerstand nu?

"You know the floor, sir."

"Thank you."

"Good morning, sir."

I am the clapper in a bell jerked straight up through the roof of the sky I know the floor I learned it

"Morning kid didn't hear the bell. Come in drop your coat you know the routine. Your water's on the counter. I'm telling you the best thing about being Chief of Police is these taking Monday mornings. Hear my wife close that door and I look out the window and the sky grows HUGE. I can see it. Its like a mitosis. All at once. Like this flower that's blooming stops the moment my eyes set on it. Beautiful."

"Well this is the view for that."

"Yeah well I asked them if we could add a floor and they told me it would be easier to lower the world. Physics. Bunch a crap."

"There oughta be a law."

"Then I'd be out a job no doubt."

"Make two of us that would."

"Yes kid two of us that would assuredly make."

"O I'm just a sheep in wool clo—thing."

"Kid where do you get these songs?"

"I told you Chief I walk around, I make mistakes, and that's what I remember."

"Can you tell they did the windows yesterday?"

"O yes Sunday washers are always the best Chief its like they ain't even here."

"I love these windows."

"Windows with curves in them are intolerably attractive aren't they Chief."

"Kid sometimes its like living in a breath held in forever."

"Well Chief that's fine you know I think so. Can we open the Northwest Curtains now?"

"Already? What is it? You're in a hurry aren't you. That doesn't work son. You know kid that doesn't work."

“The Tox took me out last week Chief an I guess my clock got its hands moved. Parden my impashins. But I would like to open the Northwest now. And you can stop walking around now Chief. You can lay down now.”

“Kid you still smell like the hospital.”

“That’s fine.”

“Have some water kid.”

“I see my water Chief I’ll have it when I’m ready now lay down. Please.”

“Is the heat on? I’m cold, kid. Can you check the heat?”

“Chief? What are you doing? You’re standing up, you’re dressed, and you are still looking out the windows. It may be cold in here. That is not your problem. Now turn in to the room. **TURN IN.** Good. Off the tie. Now. Remove your jacket. Good. Now your shoes. Give me. Look at these heels. No wear. No wear at all. You moron. Now. Holster. Drop it. Stop smiling. Shirt. Pants. Give me. Eighteen cents and a fifty. I don’t think so. Socks. Underwear. Look at you. Now come here. Come. Take my shirt off. Cock’s distance please. See this gash? I think its your wife started this. See how good I heal? Untie my boots. Kneel. Pull em off. Good. Chief you’re dripping already. How nice. Up. Undo my pants. Slide them down. Lift my left foot. Slide my pantsleg off. Now the other. Now. Pull my underwear down. Off each foot. That’s good Chief. Up again. Look how hard you are. O I’m just a sheep in wool clo—thing. Buhrr. Buhrr. Buhrr. I like it when you stare in my eyes Chief. Told you we were ready to open up the Northwest. Now. Bend over and pick up your clothes. Stop. Show me your asshole. My word Chief you are just dripping. Very good. Okay, upright yourself and dress me.”

“O I’m juss —”

“Chief shut up. You don’t sing. Just tie the tie. Cock’s distance, please. That? That’s a note from your mother telling me I can be here. I check pockets here Chief, not you. Now, holster me. Next Monday you wear the left-handed you unnerstand? Yr out of sink today, Chief. And I think your chest is greyer. Alright. One kiss. Now. Back up to your wall of windows, sir, and lay face down on that hard cock of yours. Now. Bend your knees and place your bent knees where the windowglass meets the floor. Bend your elbows. Rest on your forearms. Raise your ass up. And try to keep your cock on the carpet please. The city looks fine behind you, Chief. Like not a crime in a crack of any of it holes. I can see my Ward and the Dome. **IT’S SHINING.** It looks clean from up here Chief. From up here, Chief, my life looks **SPLENDID.** Open your ass to the city, Chief. Spread your rectum wide. O I’m just a sheep in wool clo—thing, And I’ve got no tale to hide, But when the sheepdogs start crow—ing, Methought was the Chief that cried, O we hit em an bust em, Mangle an crusht em, An with our knees unman em, We de-vee-ate septum, Crack th jaw with a speclum, Singing we wrecktum, We wrecktum, We wre—cktum. Chief, I must say, I don’t know who looks better. Me in your clothes or you with your dripping ass to the world and a fifty dollar bill tied over your eyes. Sa beautiful sight, sir, and a beautiful morning. Gftgh. All of it, sir, it all fit so well. The bill is good?”

“Yes son I can’t see.”

“Very good Chief. Now I am going to slowly -slowly- wrap my right hand around your cock, sir. And you know what I require you to do then. Yes Chief? Your cock is very warm, sir. Hot as the sun on my face. Try not to move, sir. I will keep the pressure steady. Just keep your asshole pressed up against the glass. Now. Tell me.”

“I. Hear. I hear the elevator kicking into gear. I. I hear the hum as it moves. Is it. Is it up or down ... Wait. Wait I can. It is down it is dropping I can tell I can hear that. The

pitch. The pitch of the hum is a slight tone lower than when it goes up. I. I can hear ... Air. I can hear the air moving in the vents and out into the room here. I can hear how deep it starts just by the way it arrives here. It is falling. Falling into the room like a cascade of pure river water, like a beautiful whitewaterfall. It is filling the whole room. I can hear it rush to the sides, to the curve of the walls and careem off them, I can hear the air tumble across the carpeting, and up the two steps up to here, on this raised platform here. I can hear the air move over us. I can hear it kid I can hear it. It flows over us it is flowing over us I can hear it cover me, all over my body it is wrapping around me like a fur kid around and around, I can hear it pour through your hand between your hand and my cock kid I can hear it move ... I can hear it kid I can hear it spin around my asshole and I hear it pouring into my ass, all the air is pouring into my asshole kid pouring in, mmmnhh.”

“You’re swelling Chief, you’re getting HUGE.”

“I can hear. I CAN HEAR! I can hear it! All the air rushing in to the room pouring straight into my asshole! O kid! It!”

“HUGE Chief. You’re getting HUGE. More Chief. I’ve gotcha. Tell more. I won’t let go.”

“KID I CAN HEAR. I can hear through the window. I can hear. There are rings. Rings all through the air. RINGS. It! It is the echoes. Strrr. Recktion. Ah. It is echoes. Construction. They are making. There. O! O kid! Construction. It! I hear. I. Hear. Construction. I hear gavels. Gavels. GAVELLSSSS! Ringing. I hear the gavels ringing off. I. O! I hear them making buildings. Construction. The gavels are pounding iron. IRON! O kid! The ringing! The gavels pounding iron. They are making the city! Mine! Pounding! The city! I hear! I hear! I HEAR! RINGS!”

“HUGE!”

“I hear the air pounding my. Asshole. Pow. Nding the gavels pound. Ing my asshole I hear I. Hear kid I hear the. Air is in me kid ITS IN ME all the air all. All the air it is in me kid pounding. Iron. I’m. Huge I’m. HUGE my city making my city my CITY! IN ME! IN ME IN ME IN ME ALL MEEEEEE!”

“NOW CHIEF NOW PULL!”

“NNNGGHHUHHHNNNNHHLLLLMMMMTTZZZZSSHHHAAAAHHHHHH
HFFFFFFSSSSSMMMMMsssssssuuwwwwwwbbbbbbbbbbbbrrrrrrrrrr — Ffh. Ffh.
Tso.”

“O I’m just a sheep in wool clo—thing, I write the shepherd’s songs, mornings we hear em start moan—ning, evening we sing along, O we tug im and pull em, slap face an cartoon im, break em in one whole piece, then we replace em, sit on his face im, an call em the Chief of Po—leece. Look at yr window, Chief. Quite a job today, sir. Of all the men who ejaculate out their rectums you are the most copious producer of asscome this vault of the River sir, without doubt.”

“Thanks kid. How about your water?”

“I’m passing on the water today sir, if you don’t mind.”

“Its alright but kid you fucked up some son, today.”

“How’s that, sir. I don’t recall a miss.”

“You never checked the clip, you never even unholstered my weapon. You made me work a little extra hard by that, kid. And your mouth tastes different too. Don’t expect as quite a fat envelope next. Just so’s you’ll remember.”

“I don’t know. Guess it was the hospital business again. Although I thought my singing was actually better. May be this gash helped. I don’t know. But you did gush, Chief, so —”

“That’s not the point kid. Let’s leave it there. Alright. My tie. Thanks. There’s the copter now. I’m off. See you next week son. Maybe drink a little water then, eh?”

“Sure Chief. See you next week.”

Sukkah born ever minute someplace I can duck in and hide, eat a little, drink some water, linger, see the sky ... Mezuzah Thief here kid ... Talking

I am the clapper in a bell dropped out a window of the sky I know the floor I listen

DESIRE : CONTRACTUAL FORMATIVE STOP DERIVED FROM *DE-*, from + *SIRE*, title of respect used in addressing a king; father or forefather; male parent of an animal, esp. a four-legged mammal; to beget STOP

DESIRE : CONTRACTUAL FORMATIVE STOP DERIVED FROM *DE-*, reverse the action of (*SEE UN-*) + *SIRE*, AS ABOVE

¹Wait³ person.

~~He handing me this rolled up yellowed movie poster worn ripped effaced ebodied two figures upon it male female a clutch under a explosion of waterdamage and wear — Title actors producers director composer filmstock rating year unreadable see — He handing this rolled up film poster and tell me these are my orders — Later now the hotel room this poster above the bed on the waterwrecked wall we clutch I can hear the ocean outside the window I can see — I just have to stop, see — Those are my orders? — And for the first time I I have never seen the figures on the poster clear nor read the copy never no never not at all — These are my orders? — We clutch I don't I haven't never I do not recognize her face this is waking up I I no this is not that but this is not like the other neither — The water the ocean boardwalk gritsand under my callouses weatherd rough airswollen grey planks, feeling splinters enter without pain, heard on the inner inside — Counting paper money noise feet upon the desiccated wood — Making it to the concession, beaten — A room full of tan wide people with gold chains Star of Davids round their necks — The poster remains on that hotel wall, blue plaster wall crumbling white ocean smell sea sound — She steps backwards into the crowd, gesturing towards a glass enclosed display jewelry and refrigerated drinks — She vanishes — These are my orders? — And I never noticed before? —~~

Secrete diary 214 rm 6 fl 3

Sibilence vigilance infant girl deceased stuffer in this bodybag she growd into this woman You dont fucking touch me see Ever time she signed it Love it was a order a command not a offer see It meant Love me not Love , me But Love me You Love Me Welladjusted see Small circle of light ovahhead “It ain’t much but it mine, massa” Aye, Volkofsky, the Mezuzahs stole The mezuzahs a thief is right, sir Between this is that This And That Was Doorway a tha body Doorway of the body Enter here all who ye abandon This way, please Buried to the hilt Say that too String a pearls turned three times round her rasht neck Are they real? Why dont you go fuck yourself Thin gold chain hanging under that Her home state in mother of pearl And mother of pearl disks arranged as earrings Take the gag off her mouth now, son See the pinker place from whence it came Lookit her green eyes they roll They roll With this ring of laughter I thee wed No girl thursday that fo’ shit shur Man she must be forty if a day Her tits still firm Lookit her cunt too Beautiful Lips elegant and perfectly regular, no scarification, no raggedness Nothing torn Wet and the fluid clear, yum Clit not overlarge Visible Urging but feminine Not like soma them others, Man Like a goddam dick sniffin out the wrong doorway But they do good t’suck on Sir Yes That is a truism Fine Actually I kinda like them others, sir But let us continue here In fact I like it best when a cunt learn t’shoot, man, sir, that is my no defence I hear you, kid, but let us continue Yes Gag off and the rubbed place red And she’s got fine skin Smooth, not sunned Creamy Caucasian Northwestern European extract, no doubt American tongue however Unmistakable A hieroglyph of violence itself Fantastic Very thin gold chain tied round her waist The space between it and her navel tickles my sphincter’s eyeballs Spread ass cheeks Labia pulled open Pull Look at her, son Thick hemp round her wrists Subdued She is subdued See She is good Barely grimaces when taking it in the ass Look She’s taking both Their cocks are a membrane apart She

dont know whether to give birth or shit Lookit her teeth Growl baby Growl Hit 'er Hitter Puncher She is gorgeous She is gorgeeeeUs Love "Me" Love "Me" They found a cachè of weapons They found a collection of pornographic material They found explosive manuals They found microscopic evidence of life on Mars They found a letter from his supervisor of sixteen years back They found a jar of his own nailclippings in the pantry They found a paintbrush made from a cats whiskers They found a fortune cookie fortune in the Mezuzah on his doorjamb It was all crost off All remained was "40 52 19 03 18 27 06" And under the Mezuzah etched into the wood was "Hyke" Lookit her She just takes it and takes it and takes it Takes and takes and takes Streaks of semen running through her pearls Rivulets of sperm glistening over her breasts Over her ass meat Over her chin Over her eyelids Tangles of sperm in her hair Running out her ears She's got sperm instead of blood Lookit Slice her She bleed sperm Her heart pumps and manufactures sperm She courses semen She bleeds pukes shits eats come Come her life and death Her casket womb Her's lacrimal glands could stuff ten million uteri with fresh corpses Ejaculate her language, and she body punctuate the end of the sentencing What body That question mark Over there Who Oh yes I recognize her Comprendè She is a vision of eternity this gal Love, Me Dont fucking tell me what to do Sibilence vigilence infant girl deceased dumped into this woman growld into this sexy sack a come Imagine a head of cauliflower cooked with beets Thas what Chiefs rectum look like, Sir Most large piles a the whole city Mostest largest of the city's holes Now I bequeath to thee Infant girl deceased I bequeath thee the Dome of the City I bequeath the View from my Window Little girl done I offer thee, in profoundist gelded whisper the Early Winter Salmon Sunset I bequeath to thee hours made to disappear I bqueath thee The thee as I know thee I Erase thee To thee From thee As thee Arrr Ttah To thee I bestoway the Courthouse Whores Shemen + Children, wingtips There is a song, infant girl deceased Each breath of wind, as it ascends the courthouse steps, to step to step to step, there is a song in the rising, in the falling up and for, there is a hummed and adorèd sibilent melody Each breath of wind Sings the song of the step it rises And it is the song of ascension Vigilence It is a ricepaddy as far as the eye can see, a ricepaddy Submerged land covered with submerged surfacing mouths Human mouths They all murmur As far as the eye can Ricepaddywater percolating human mouths This is the sound of the wind moving up the courthouse steps Infant girl de ceast To thee I be queatht Infant girl de ceast To thee I be queatht Infant girl de ceast To thee I be queatht Whores shemen and children, wingtips I did not come here, you unnerstand

***SUICIDE HITS TROLLEY
IN LEAP FROM "—"***

***Motorman Narrowly Escapes as
Body Falls 75 Feet and Crashes
Through Roof of "—"th St. Car***

In the sight of scores of strollers on
 “——” Drive an unidentified man
 leaped seventy-five feet to death
 yesterday afternoon from the viaduct
 at “——”th Street, crashing through the
 roof of a trolley car
 and narrowly missing the motorman.
 The man died before reaching
 Saw the man scramble over the
 four foot railing
 The body tore through the trolley
 roof Roof About two feet behind
 Motorman Ernest Riskle of 1,835
 “——” Road,

The man wore clothes of excellent
 manufacture but had no papers in
 his pockets that might lead to
 identification. The police found
 only 55 cents and a pair of keys.
 The man was about 5 feet 5 inches
 tall and weighed about 150 pounds.
 He wore tortoise shell glasses. He
 was dressed in a black tropical suit,
 white silk underwear, brown woolen
 socks and black shoes. He wore a red
 tie on a white shirt. He had brown
 hair and light complexion.

Freefeet in boots I step down from Highlight to the Bottommost ward, skin a the river hug
 on my right, situate I myself again. Over cross the River see its midday around, what marks
 the Highlight ward is the silent helmet of Quiet. And moving down, set you down put you
 down lay you down heavy hungry hour’d and cow’d in yr own shantytown in yr Om
 shantytown caught beneath the crosshair a yr once upon a time – moving down t’the lower
 wards, the volume pick up like approach from the dunes the high hourglass mound to the
 call of the sea – We entering a certain type of living again, kid: I, Volkofsky the Mezuzah
 Thief – Ascension is relative – right this way please. Hug the river – The river on my right
 wrist – . We retracing our steps here, sir and Lo, none is as it was.

'Wait₃ person.

I am on a train. Standing, swaying like a sea anemone in an undersea wind, bolted by roots to this track *POINT DOWN* the train cars are full of people, a long extended corridor of heads and standing bodies, silhouetted by a light that is not so much bright as incessant ... when I close my eyes a king's crown white on darkness fills my closed eye seeing, film negative of the passengers, that is, the people onboard with me *POINT DOWN* the word *subtends* wanders around the perimeters of the train cabin, with all the blind committed unhurried hunger of a cockroach in an absolutely empty sixteen mile square shoebox ... *subtends* ... it has something to do with the cat on board, who everyone says is an essential factor in this excruciating and brutally difficult equation ... that she is the signal between signs, how mathematical notation can cohere into an understandable language which reciting aloud merely hints at ... this cat onboard *POINT DOWN* crossing *subtends'* unhurried path always the brunt of the passengers' sadism, we see her as sop cloth, as collected pusboil, as drainstop whose tail we can yank on believing her annihilation subtends our collective and unabrogated eternal freedom, that this cat's Being blocks a place in the fabric of spacetime and that her obliteration would not instantly be filled by spacetime but would remain in its emptiness an egress, a way out, the magic of the Reed Sea in its eternal and towering hesitation *POINT DOWN*
"GET HER GET HER GETTER!!!"

I have her back legs, one fur-sheathed bone in each hand, and Lilly has her front legs, and we are pulling in opposite directions, hard ... the cat is on her back and screaming, eyes wide and bottomless with terror, feeling her four shoulders about to be dislocated from the center of her body ... Zipora comes and staples her ears to the carfloor boards, again and again she tears them free, notches of skin and fur missing from her ears, tacked to the cold wood ... Lilly and I lean over the cat, squatting, staring into one another's clear and hungry eyes, and pressing our tongues together with the strength of our thumbs snap the cat's legs in twos, a shallow and muffled cracking ... the cat becomes absolutely still and silent, and although Lilly is right above her face the cat looks down and up at me ... I stare her in the eyes ... all her endorphins have flooded her system, and calm overflows the rims of her eyes ... she watches me, speculating on me, as if an example of something heard of, never before seen ... there is no fear in her gaze ... she sees into and reignites the blaze of my frenzy ... this is what always happens ... from her eyes there emanates something that seems can not be killed ... this gaze which feeds my rage ... her upper lip moves once, and that, as always, is my cue ... her voice grown deep pours out of my throat as I tear her white belly apart with my fingers, redblack entrails scooped and swung into my mouth ... Lilly and Zipora step on the cat's head, furious ... *POINT DOWN* the other passengers, that is, people, realize before it is over that we have failed again, have found no way out through the body of this cat ... *subtends* crawls along the edges of the floor, unhurried, eternal, determined only to movement, not destination ... the crowd shows us its backs ... The train continues to sway and lurch, its peristaltic motion rooted to the track rooted to the ground rooted to the clotted earth ... Lilly and Zipora come and wipe gently the feces and blood from my teeth and lips ... country girls with insight into the nature of things ... The passengers, that is, the people, on this train despise us, despise the necessity which makes them need us ... Lilly cleans each one of my fingers, slowly, as Zipora shoulders her way through the people to get the bucket ... I wash each of their feet, taking my time, removing

brain from between their toes, cleaning the small cuts made by the skull ... We have no antiseptic but have found the cat's tongue an excellent swab, accelerating the healing process ... The bells of a railroad crossing begin to chime, and I go to one of the slat-windows to peer ... Mothers covering the eyes of their children, black shmattas bent in heavyheaded prayers of protection ... The eternal spring upon earth, vacant fields and bare limbed trees, thawing black soil and the white low sky ... The smell of a cold, cold rain ... The arm of the crossing gate swaying the bell chiming the redlight flashing out of synch with the bell ... It is told to the children not to look upon this train ... There is a secret within a nightmare wrapped up with a red bow and a little card ... And if you look your name will be at the top of the card ... And you can't ever erase it, and can't ever give it away ... And these children grow into adults and stop believing that and instead hang their heads in heavy terrified prayer ... Of course they don't believe such a thing ... children's tale ... But not one of these adults with dropped eyes by the dying sway of the crossing gate's arm knows from where or to where these shut and unlettered traincars come or go ... They peer at them from a distance, across the eternally thawing empty fields, with indignation and moated terror that such a thing should be part of their landscape, forever ... Seed of their gratitude ... Secretly raising their eyes while cupping their son's or daughter's face in their palm, feeling the child's heat against their hands ... And recognizing the glint of a human eyeball from between the slats of some of the cars ... You cannot think into such a train, for the greater effort is required to maintain the stability of the legs ... That is, the living of life with children and the eternally thawing earth ... Feeling the blinking of eyelashes against their cupped fingers, and intentionally accidentally creating a slat between their fingers for the child to peer through, as their mothers did, and theirs before them ... Knowing that at night when the shut and unlettered trains cross the landscape the child will hear the rhythm of the tracking wheels matches the beating of its heart in its ears ... When their pulse quickens so does the train ... The moment of the entrance into history ... This cluster *POINT DOWN* of mothers and children rotates slowly and grows pinpoint fades away ... Lilly and Zipora are putting their socks on with great effort and pain ... I am queasy, with a cold sliver of nausea right beneath my solar plexus, like I've drunk a glass of my own blood ... I turn from the slat, the vista of passengers, that is, people, long and crowded and endless in both directions ... They seem to already have forgotten that we have failed again ... Hundreds of cold shoulders heaving in the humping sway ... The Urine Bar has a spot open and I move over to it, ready to relieve the pressure against my belly ... Shut things should not be spoken of ... Why I am telling you these I can I do not know ... It is very cold in this trains ... We have been padlocked and in transit for many, many days and do not have destination ... Bereft of fluid but our bodies' nature the cold freezes our relieved waste and we then with our tongues make use, and have created this Urine Bar for just such a thing ... Lacking true alimentary ingredients it is basically water anyway ... Imagine a bracelet on a beautiful young woman's wrist ... In a proposition of marriage which would be consummated with the click-to of the clasp the groom and the bride eagerly await that sound ... A small, simple sound, an easy task completed and tucked to the side, so that the other things, living and working and family raising and enjoyment of having been born and being upon the face of the earth can start, can begin ... All with this easy closing of the clasp of the bracelet, all this would start, their living would change and start ... Now imagine the distance between the ends of the bracelet ... Imagine the smallness of this distance, maybe a little-finger's width, and what is compressed into this tiny and momentary separation, all that they expect to follow, their entire life and the lives of their children and children's

children ... The absurdity of this ratio ... The infinite ability of human beings to make emptiness emptier ... By filling it with ... Excavating from it ... All that not-yet-is ... Now imagine that there is a broken part in the machine, the machine making time move ... And the couple are stuck, in this eternal hesitation of awaiting the click-to of the bracelet, the start of their betrothed and dreamed-to world together ... Imagine what the space would start to mean, how start to change ... Hope feeds violence ... The minute space of the effortless clasp become the distance of lost life itself ... All energy placed into this quiet interval undergoes fission and a radioactive steam issues from the tiny gap ... A withering occurs, and all anger, beginning at the molecular, cellular level, and continuing on up to the physical emotional lingual roars in a torrent at and against this tiny, quiet interval of space ... The bracelet itself is forgotten ... The tiny gap is ingested, eaten with every meal inhaled with every breath shat with every shitting exhaled with each sigh ... For the machine making time move has stalled but not, somehow, the machine moving bodies themselves ... And this is true exile ... Now imagine this gap, this quiet and tiny unconsummated interval, the space between an unclasped bracelet's ends on a bride-to-be's wrist, having been ingested and inhaled by this furious and unanswered couple has, as is inevitable, for what food you eat what air you breathe I eat I breathe this is simply how things are, has, its entrance become impenetrable and void, been unknowingly inhaled ingested intook by the rest of the human world ... And not the world of animals ... They ... The humans ... Will find out ... And what the couple discovered they will blame them for having created ... And the longing across the years ... The yearning preceding sleep's warm flooding washing away ... The gaze out across a body of water ... A body of flesh ... This clutching at the lungs and this the body's feeling the horizon's own craving for nearness ... This which had had no name no origin no beginning no place suddenly takes on the name of this couple ... Not their names but the name given to them, as a destructive malevolent disunion ... Thieves ... Charlatans ... Magicians and witches and whores ... Sources of hunger and sobs ... Anger ... Nods ... Origin of loss ... The criminals who broke the time machine ... Igniters of the fuse creating the schizogenesis of the world ... Too much so soon, very little left ... The heavy plate of night ... Like they say the bracelet is completely forgot ... This couple long dead humans tear one another's flesh like dogs ... They inhabit the gap, this tiny capsule without qualities, swallow it over and over, fast as they can shit it out ... This is home, you understand ... This fragment of space signifying an unachieved marriage, they call this History ... Now look outside, hear? ... We approach another crossing ... We count the days on this train and so we know they are countless ... And for these countless days have never seen a grown man haunting the crossing gate where the women hide their children's eyes ... Look ... Now, look ... See ... Women and children always on our starboard side ... If it was any different I'd swear we'd turned round ... We have a car, about fifteen up ahead from here, strictly devoted to wagers on whether or not the men are waiting on our port side ... Some imagine arms extended in rays of homecoming ... From work, a short trip, a visit to a doctor ... Others imagine solemn and famished figures whose unhatted hair stirs from the wake of air sucked behind the last car's passing, the only part of them that moves ... Eyes deadened and buried ... Expressionless faces expressing erased souls ... We do not know ... We are unable to catch a glimpse of our port side ... We know the legends the mothers tell their children ... We once were children too ... You would think we would know what waits on the other side ... And this is why we wager ... That gap, the space between unclasped ends of the bracelet ... That is the width of this train ... We track along that poorly stitched suture ... Listen to me ... Talking to you as if you just came onboard ... We hear our own

voices tell the stories in our lungs and we know we still survive ... We know ... And it is good to have survived, isn't it? ... If only to mimic electricity by living and not knowing how ... I'm going back ... He shuts up and leaves the Bar, I finish my fluid ... Lilly and Zipora are on their feet again, hungry black holes in the centers of their eyes ... *POINT DOWN*... Shreve Sadrock sidles up to me at the Urine Bar, hundred and eighty thousand dollar camera hanging from an old set of Tfillin rigged into a shoulder strap ... He's still trying to grow a beard ... Even for this trainride he's prematurely grey and inflated with smells and signs ... Mucous pours out of his nose and he cannot look at a written word without saying it instantly aloud ... He is a good man, and he is on the wrong train ... Since the battery for his HYPER-HAD died he has no defense against the world of sight ... He squints in defiance ... He pulls my only book out from my belt and opens it, instantly reading aloud ... "Cachexia ... chachinnate ... cachou ... cachucha ... cacique ... cackhanded ... cackle ..." "What you got, Shreve, and shut the fuck up ..." I retrieve my book ... "Nice shirt Volkofsky, silk?" ... "Yes." ... "Come on I was just kidding I'm only kidding, putz ... It's not silk, really ... ?" ... "Yes. ... You want what, Shreve ..." ... "I want to fuck Lilly ..." ... "I know but what do you have this time Shreve *Shreve* you *need* to *have* something to *trade* Shreve *Shreve* you know? You know? You have *what*? What do you have?" ... He opens the Tfillin box used upon the forehead, the one with four chambers in it ... It is hanging on its leather cord between his camera and his swollen belly ... There are two or three red plastic chips in it, a color almost never seen here if it is not blood ... My heart beats fast, two beats exactly ... I make sure he does not hear me exhale ... This preemie and his vestigial sentimentality and his rotting boxes ... Remember what ... Useless items ... They mean nothing to me ... I show him this with my face ... "These are from my last shoot ... months ago ... they snap out the cassettes to prevent accidental over-recording, or erasing ... you know ... protect the recording ... These were the last who remember getting on this fucking train ... they must be worth something ... C'mon Volkofsky ... I thought you liked me, man ..." ... "I do Shreve, I do. But these are worth nothing to me. Nothing. Don't you have any teeth left in those boxes? Anything?" ... "I already gave them to you. *You know that*. Please. This is what I have." ... "And you know what I have and I see no parity here, Shreve. And that's really all." ... I turn away and leave him with his fluid . . . *POINT DOWN* Lilly is relieved ... She can't stand his baby-milk odor ... *subtends* catches the corner of my eye ... Still hugging the edges of the car ... Two distinct urges rise in me, each seeming larger than my own body ... To press my eye against the slat-window and have the frozen air form a casing of ice upon my eyeball ... This too subsides the hunger ... Or to sleep ... This does not, for one dreams hunger dreams ... Lilly and Zipora are already curled up on the trembling floor, having cleared a space in the crowd, and I follow my body there ... We lie ... Each of our heads upon an empty belly, in a curved and imploded triangle of exhaustion and collective sorrow ... *subtends* crawls across my eyelashes, I am an event in its landscape ... The cat comes, and finds its place in the niche of the center of our union, curls up and sleeps ... The chime of a railroad crossing approaches and fades, outside on earth night is falling again ... I am on a train ... and the train rocks me to sleep.

'Wait person.

Barrel fires. They interrupted this bridge many many years ago, here, on the Western end of this Eastern city – The Dome and the Courthouse, from a particular vantage, seems to swallow the span whole – Where it should re-emerge after passing behind it vanishes – It does not arrive – You could wait longer than you live and it will not arrive – And many have so done – And who among them – . And on on the river's other side the two foundation towers with open breasts and extended arms have through the rising flood of years green and black and burnt –

I Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief, fogblowing the window at the Row Five Cough Bar and I make letters in the steam that lose their edge – Vanish, see. 'Sth edge at the letter makes it read. And it's noon. Just like the word, see. Same on both sides, see. A mirror'd No-ing. A good time for all, see. Watch the clock through the letters as they fade. Five hours since I been here last and that one here still – Scarecrows grin stitched across her throat slinging lunch now to the swollen scapulums and bloated sternums at the Ward factory workers – synthcense odor wafting off their thick necks at the counter, what smell they blow in to mute the stench at the recycle – cardamom and pine, citrus – I outside staring in, and one table stares back out at me – Boy and his factory dad. The boy sits, facing out to the window to the street to the river, past me, and him he's a pen in his left hand and a piece of paper on the formica tabletop, a closed fist around the pen and laced, clutched, in the paper's middle. He is refusing. A bowl of food is on the table as well, to the side. He stares, out to the river. He is nine, maybe eight maybe ten – in industrial blues with a dull maroon sweater on underneath the coating. Dad is kneeling to his left, on a knee – Industry blue with no sweater on beneath – he's his left elbow on the table and his right hand in a pointing, at the boy's temple. I reading through the glass. I hear the dad voice in my head with my voice, pouring out my own voice from his mouth.

"Finish. You will finish."

Refuse. He refuse.

"You will not leave until you finish. You know that."

The dad voice in my voice. The son voice in my voice. The son does not speak. In my voice.

Refuse. He refuse.

I see dad teeth through the glass now. And the son head tapped on its crown once, twice, his young boy's hair flying up and down, like a puffing. My voice yells now out the dad mouth, seeing the teeth.

"Finish! You will finish your story or you will not leave! Do you understand? DO YOU UNDERSTAND? You will not leave here until you finish your story!"

My voice through the closed mouth of the son, through the staring.

Refuse. He refuse.

Raincommander Burnbraid over. Come in sir. Braiding the fuse.

"You will finish your story. Do you understand? You will finish."

Raincommander Burnbraid trapped in a collapsed mine of his own making ... drinking deep draughts from the firecup, hanging on for dear life riding bareback in the heartsaddle ... thinking *Summer winter spring fall I lost much time I'm here to haul it out*. The mine it collapsed 'Mander. The soundscuttle and the Chute's been clogged. The footdrill, the

threader, the winder, the astronomer, the strummer, the halfsweep and the rake not in working conditions, or at least not in a condition to work. *Braiding the fuse*. A melding a the blacklung an de whitelung. Crushed beneath the daily press.

Refuse. He refuse.

I Volkofsky, the Mezuzah Thief. I've an appointment. I do not forget.

MAST: MIDDLE ENGLISH *MASTE* STOP DERIVED FROM OLD ENGLISH *MÆST* STOP AKIN TO GERMAN *MAST* STOP DERIVED FROM INDOEUROPEAN BASE **MAD-*, MOIST, DRIPPING (WITH FAT, SAP) STOP FROM WHICH IS DERIVED MEAT STOP GREEK *MASTOS*, A BREAST STOP *beechnuts, acorns, chestnuts, etc., esp. as food for hogs*

[1994]