

WARUM-LICHT

Hier ist kein warum.
- Mengele
There is no why here.

Fulfilling Anna's [her] desire for a child, [and it's] me having my last only chance at family, cock a splint-hard sire razor inside my jeans [when] hearing her talk babies, me on the couch she on the floor, the WARUM-LICHT on us both, in her it's a bloom designed precisely to attract a fertile sting. [this] It's during our last - my last - WARUM-LICHT immersion-session I strip -

"Begin," she says.

I'm clothed as always, but then somehow stripping becomes the movement - I follow it - *follow* is what I do - I follow it become naked. Eyes closed, I'm on hands and knees, speaking words only accessible in WARUM-LICHT; I maneuver til I sense she's behind me; lean my chin down to the floor reach back and pry my ass apart - from my hole a phallus - fifteen mucus-shiny erect inches - emerges. It cantilevers, out from my extruded red ring, at her. Heavy. It throbs. Hurts.

I know not what to do, with it; I know not what to do with it; nor, how; nor how. Offer, how. I lack knowledge to proceed. I sense she's horrified, or aroused, behind me. Arousal, horrible. I'm [divulging] this knowledge she has, only she has. Her gaze is the stage; I initiate its moment; she orchestrates its end, whatever it might be.

Its [it] appearance [appeared] cut the flock of sexfantasies that rose in [beating] her as I'd begun to strip.

I let my ass go, get back up onto hands and knees, lift my chin off the floor. My ass cock pulsing at her. Nose pressed to wall I speak.

“It’s goodbye, Anna! It’s *it never was from the start*. To the beach! is the cry; to The End! I can’t ask for the money no I mean I can’t father for mother, I can’t ask for the mother. I can’t *pay* for a mother. In fact I won’t. I won’t. I won’t pay for a mother.

“But isn’t Anna your Grandmother?”

“She was, she was. She dropped below the waters and then but now she’s here.

“Her child would be your parent.

“My mother. She’d have a daughter and that would be my mother.

“So your mother would be your daughter.

“She’d drink me in her mother’s milk.

“You like that idea.

“I do. Her mother’s breast would be a cock she sucks, drinks its semen. My daughter swallowing my semen from her mother’s milk breast, my grandmother’s breast.

“Your daughter swallowing your own semen.

“In WARUM-LICHT it’s a world separated from words.

“How does the light do that?”

“‘I know you by name’ it says.

“So not separated from words but –

“Yes, closer to their source.

“‘I know you by name,’ you mean.

“Yes. Yes I do. Yes.

“So ‘your daughter swallowing your own semen’ means what?”

“Starlight arrives on earth bearing gifts for the family it left behind.

“But what of the time of the time away?”

“It proves love is real.

“In its absence?”

“In the absence of its absence.

“Then what is it you yearn for, if love is never gone?”

“A moment’s respite from its unbearable constancy. A moment for it to turn its face away.

“And that moment – is ... is that the WARUM in the light?”

“That question made you silent. Is that because you don’t know?”

“Can *you* say everything you know?”

“There are some things you only know if asked.

“That’s a trick. Power. Implantation.

“Like your seed crisscrossing time?”

“Double crossing.

“That’s what you’d like to do. Doublecross time.

“All the veins in the body ... who’s not a seamstress? Doublestitch?, or – some other.

“Still. The *WARUM* in the light?”

“It is not enough to be able to speak what’s true. And it is not enough to speak what is true to the person – or the people – it is a truth which concerns your and their bond. It is not just a ‘turning away of the face’. There is always ... someone else your words are meant for – someone else. The ricochet that gets your words to the person in front of you – the person being spoken to. Never direct. They always pass through another.”

“An actual person?”

“Are you an ‘actual person’?”

“Aren’t I?”

“It’s hard to say. To honestly say.

“So the *WARUM*?”

“It gives access to that one ... the words always pass through.

“The cock which emerges from the asshole.

“Anna, Anna, this is my gift to you, you alone.

“Anna, Anna, this is the sign of the parted sea in me which parts in turn in you.

“Anna, Anna, that which you’ve created now presents you its gift.

“Anna, Anna, the insideout of my words, you made this face you’ll never see.

“No one inside me ever speaks.

“The words, the words, the words.

“God, you’re *stupid*. Your eyes can never be closed enough. What did you expect?”

Drawing cunts and cocks on the bathroom wall. That’s all it is right? Turn the triangle on the door ... round and round it goes ... where it stops nobody - ”

“Finding an end,” she says.

I open my eyes. Wall an inch away.

The cock sags and falls breaks from my ass with a muddy thud. I reach back and use it to prop myself up.

I turn around and look at her.

She’s on the couch, writing on her pad, memory-noting.

“It’s as if I never spoke your name.”

“My name?”

“Didn’t I?”

“I don’t remember that.”

“Can I come closer?”

“I suspect we’re both already infected, so yes – I don’t think it matters anymore.”

I sit on the couch.

“What is it you think I did to you?”

“You mean while I spent an entire half year crying and you offered no care?”

“You rejected all my attempts.”

“You still needed to try, after all of them, after each and every time I said *no*.”

“I will. I will drink your tears now, I’ll drink your spit, your piss, your blood.”

“It makes no difference now – we just have the one disease now. Before it meant something, when our diagnoses were different. Now – it’s nothing. It’s *less* than nothing. We’ll have the identical death letter.”

“But Anna, Anna, I don’t understand what you wanted me to *do*.”

“You should have known. You should have done it. You should have invented it. You should have broken through.”

“Through. Through what?”

“Through *it*. Broken through it. To me. To *me*. But you really didn’t care. Admit it. You didn’t care.”

“I’d like that to be not true. I want to say it: it’s not true. But you’re right. After a while – I did – just not care. After a point. A certain point. All I saw was the same tears from the same eyes and the same cry of the same pain. Over and over and over and over again. It is. It’s true. After a while I did no longer care. But – Anna, Anna, I remembered having cared. And I suppose I hoped that to be enough.”

[2020]