

SPECK

Scorching hot summer breeze, he let go of the bag and it tumbled down the pebbles to the tub. He turned back towards the ladder while the bag squirmed with an eek as the first acid flowing inwards to the plexus vertebrae and thought cells soaking through the nylon material. Changing. And with depth control activated he stepped off the last rung and looked up as the shrilling cries of pleasure sounded from above. A single drop plummeting down fast faster, super enlarging in linear zoom-in fashion, until it filled the entire screen of his left eye leaving a big red stain on the quivering white ball and splattering on his cheek and nose. He licks the droplet with a swish of the tongue. Walking towards the village he observes with his dry right eye a lizard approaching with a tongue the length of itself swerving in speech. Switching visuals to the left eye... Mr. Browsewater reveals himself in a flash of yellow smoke tic toc-ing in a pace of 120 beats per minute. Mr. Browsewater has delivered the last batch of roses to Dr. Brakes and after departing with a kiss and a nibble he computed himself from the cream: We are all alone - blip They are not we - blip The sun shines louder - clip The ripple looks darker - clip It is cool - blip They and we is it – snip

CUT - Director shouts to cameraman as the tiny tornado in the horizon ruined his interpretation of the scene. A smoldering sizzling tub lowered with the stage crane. Red hot desert tumbleweed in aborigine costume , elephants charging, it's the jungle scene and Mr. Browsewater has clipped the jaws off the crocodile with his scissors , snip and oink he's stepping on a passing piglet crushing his body sending shards of bacon flying to Dr. Brakes's frying pan. She flips them over with a jerking of the pan and undoes her blouse; soon the kitchen is full with the stench of burning pig fat and pig hairs. The bones are pricking her back as she arches it slowly over the dinner table. Felix enters the womb and unlocks the mystery chastity belt to the past. Leprechauns and fairies welcome him too late for leaving too soon to quit he ventures further and finds the beginning and the end smell of charred flesh he departs with a sigh and heads towards the bar. The bartender is a one-eyed gnome; he cannot stand the midgets coming round pissing all over his customers. Gnome domes roams to home and Mr. Browsewater turns to a lizard and takes his place behind the rock. Felix in the bar is transfixed to the table with transitory turtles that in a clenching action grab his arms and cover him in a bag. To the whistle of their master they obediently carry their catch bagged and twitching in curious spasms. Their master picks up the bag up and leaves the bar after guzzling his double bourbon. Stepping out to the dusty red road the heat haze forms in the shape of a tub tower. He walks languidly in the scorching hot summer breeze.

For years now since she was granted her Ph.D., Dr. Brakes's breakfast contained starch in some form. An ever-spanning global knowledge has turned her to a connoisseur of breakfast starch and starch breakfasts in general. She nibbled on the edge of a tea biscuit crushing the tiny crumbs with her front teeth then chewing rigorously with her rear, and after feeling satisfied with the amount of saliva gauging the dampness ratio she swallowed. Farts and barfs and shit and grit. She fills crosswords with the blink of an eye. Caressing her breast getting up and going out to the patio. Rico the handsome Latin gardener eyes her lustfully wiping with his grimy dirty hand a drop of saliva that drooled on his chin. He rubs the edge of the axe he was using for pruning with the palm of his hand. They say that the body was barely recognizable and so they cleared his good name with a bit of baksheesh and ass lickin' but in order to get things going he'd have to leave his homeland and part with his wife and kids forever. He quickly became and there he was tingling with fast rushes of pleasure in the back of his neck. Dr. Brakes leaped from the patio into the swimming pool while undressing airborne. She dives between the rocks barely squeezing her lean fit figure through the narrow crack. It's dark and warmer there and she swallows more water bumping her head against the seaweed and molasses that covered the ancient ruin. A glimmer at a side glance of riches and she turns quickly facing the golden glowing chest. The warm light it sheds on her skin grows well in her radiance and merges with her glow. She swims slowly to the gems and the diamonds held in the jaws of their canine guardians, they are well trained and are known to be fatally dangerous to the intruders. They snarl-growl-groaring in buzzing seriousness. Dr. Brakes pisses and her urine is a yellow green cloud in the water. The silly mutts wag themselves towards the bubble of piss leaving the diamonds floating calmly straight to the gloved hands of Dr. Brakes. Rico enters the glass pipe with hesitation that rose with his penis. He slid all the way down to the bottom, and using his Donald Duck floats he paddled towards Dr. Brakes with the garden axe steady in his hand. Dr. Brakes was completely unaware of all this as she fondled her fig with the sharp edged diamond. With a crab and a stab and dick and duck not muck fuck Rico charged from behind speech bubbling the sacred articles. Lost for air he shoots upward diamond between his teeth and his legs turning to fins. Gasp - daylight - and sunshine played upon his face with the banana leaves. The axe was left in her buttocks. He climbed dripping out to the street and walked to the first bar he saw. A game of pool won him a double bourbon. He rested his elbows on the bar and closed his eyes.

Mr. Browserwater is closing in on the fallen angel he is acting very rudely and the angel is playing dead. Mr. Browserwater lifts the wings with his hands and rubs them on his nose; he then wipes his snotty nose with the fleshy feathers and steps on the angels' balls. The angel screams in pain as his testicles break from the pressure and turn to a couple of inkblots on the paper making the illustrator start a new page. This time it's Mr. Browserwater who is chased by the psyched out angel who flutters madly after him like some blind flutterby on acid. Mr. Browserwater dives into the first hole he sees and scurries across the desk dodging the stabs of the ball point pen that tries to stab at him and squash him under its black sticky wet end. He runs to the nearest desk lamp and quickly climbs up its long ringy trunk the furious angel following close behind and the flying staples from the staple gun nearly knock him off but he charges right up there to the blinding baking center. In the blazing core the heat heightens the vibration frequency of his molecules and he disappears from the angels sight with a fizzy sound. Felix gets up from his seat exhausted from his failed attempts to finish the story due to the tantrums of his characters and goes up to the door clanging his metal cup between the bars. Kling Klang We want to hang By the neck of success And delight and dangle In the moonlit night PC 4666 stuck his double barrel

38" gauge up Felix's nostrils " this is the last time!!!" He screams high pitched in Felix's ears " I warned you!!!" as he pulls the trigger and sets off a spray of white powder up each of Felix's hairy nostrils. Felix's eyes roll backwards instantly and he collapses flat on his back white runny mucus flying in a circular spray from his nose. His head hits the floor hard and bounces thrice before resting whacked out of his ears on the sticky tiles. He sees a luring tempting crack beckoning him to enter with every trembling inch of his body and he penetrates deeper. PC 4666 turns his back to Felix and heads to his desk by the door to the other corridor. A white whiff of chimes and he tastes the heat through the sweat on his upper lip. He finds blood dripdropping from his nose - wipes it with a hanky. Turns on the radio to hear country music in supermarkets " Well I'll be an onion ring on a squids anus " He exclaims as he's abducted by mutant squidmen and he soon is.

Covering the wet sprocket with plaster solution I can see the light growing dim as if that sealing act is concealing the sun. Outside it is noon, which makes it all so like a cartoon. 10 seconds ago Dr. Brakes departed with a wry smile and I see her wiggling self shut the gate and get into the car. Hanky panky radish love red and spicy all the time shared - Lets spill - I motion to Felix who remains seated eyelids fluttering and eyeballs way back mouth agape/ his fingers trembling fast mode with occasional jerking spasms of the left side of his mouth. I drip a few drops of childhood liqueur into each of his whites to which he starts to focus his eyes to my direction pupils dilated sweat and a tear on his bewildered face - I'm just sitting here while the rest of me is burning - Lets ooze, We're outa here - I inform him but seeing that he hasn't changed his position or expression decide to leave him and shut the door firmly behind me. Through the window looking back at Felix still staring, mouth agape, twitching, at the same spot where I had stood. Ever since the third war she hasn't been the same. The second earthquake war claimed her lover, her family and the third earthquake war and Final Fizz claimed her physical self. So I had to be careful in choosing my thoughts real time since I haven't seen her in a while. I oozed through the gap and spilled on the shiny floor of her kingdom. I was greeted by Mr. Browserwater's crater-filled moonlike gray face floating above me until it rested on my shoulder and whispered in my ear - Is it getting better? Don't forget to unmention the magic staff, that's why you're here, isn't it? HE HE He - Spittle hung from his grin at a side-glance and I shooed him away with a wave of my hand. I found Zoë sitting cross-legged on a Lilly pad blowing bubbles on the pond that popped with a speeded-up conversation sound as it floated on the surface of the shiny black liquid. I sat on a Lilly pad across from her and stared at her light-gray eyes. I caught the bubbles she blew from her mouth and the fragments of the speeded-up conversation pieces played in my head as they popped. It was a hybrid of a conversation we had as kids after the first war and a conversation she had with one of Mr. Browserwaters incarnations. I've got a firefly in my eyeevery time I have a revelation I see a fly.....sly.....cry ??? ...stay longer....No!!Why wont you go away..... I think about you a lot.....That cloud of flies it's a thought pattern, after you die your soul turns to a fly and all the other flies you meet in the cloud are all the souls you met in your life.

The black liquid in the pond started to boil slightly creating gaseous bubbles popping and spurting out with crackles of speeded up memories. Zoë really looked into my eyes for the first time since I had arrived as if awakened and reached for my hand - I hopped out and in motion

followed her through corridors draped with blood. Dr. Brakes blew and sniffed, blue and shifted into the cascades of 'lectric blue letting herself flow with the eddies of current caressing her body. Turning in one place adjusting to the touching of luminescent red dragonflies that buzzed insectsensuously on her. Then they nearly covered her entirely and cleaned her body from the sweat digging the pores and between the hairs for parasites. And she was glowing red pink and purple wings carried her lightly in the 'lectric blue hue. We moved faster as the narrowing corridor around us pulsed with our heartbeats, a red flow through the walls and small purplish veins weaving pulsating through them. Organic fibrous muscle. As the corridor narrowed to a center turquoise glow. We spurted out to the vast turquoise cathedral of green-blue light. In the center seated on a pedestal was Felix slumped in the armchair all around him in decreasing radius were silver scorpions crackling with electric tension. There was faint sound of tinny Latin music as a mirrorball descended from the top spraying the whole chamber with swerving pink spots. Felix himself sat motionless, dumb idiot expression on his face mouth agape we were too far to make out his eyes and the blinding blue-green spotlight that flooded him glared in our eyes ever more intensely as we moved spiraling between the silver scorpions to the core seeing its stupefied center from all directions slumped into the armchair. The tinny Latin sound grew louder the closer and closer we got and yet it seemed as though we didn't move at all, either that or the closer we approached in that endless spiral the smaller its center image got, shrinking in the pace of our advancement. I could feel Zoë's terror (or was it my own) as we moved in closer to the now very loud tinny Latin beat and end the spiral at the back of the heavy armchair, basked in turquoise light, which was no bigger than a kindergarten chair or a bucket of mud. As we stopped, all the silver scorpions (which appeared much much larger now) formed the shape of a circle that was closing in on us quick, crackling electric sound zapping between their claws their tail erect ready to attack us with a quick deadly slash of their silver sting which glistened pinkly in the occasional mirrorball light. With their movement towards us the Latin beat increased its speed to a mad fast hyperlatin groove. We immediately spun the armchair round to see Felix's polyester skin burned and melted around the sides gaping dark hole soft rim in the lower center of his face, two Ping-Pong eyes stitched to the skin loosely in a clumsy fashion , a lipstick painted nose and dark fuzz for hair. His shabby clothes sewn roughly to the tiny armchair, eyes blankly staring. Before I could react and snap myself out of the terrorized shock state I was in and when the silver scorpions just a foot away from us with the now deafening high-pitched blurry speeded up Latin hiss shrill cry crackle all tinny and frenzied, Zoë shoved her hand down that dark gaping hole in Felix's face.

Knock Knock - Who's there - The reaper - The reaper who? - will take your miserable existence above and below to the most harbringing, hairaising ,crotch tingling , far out adventures ever. So I hope you packed a towel coz it's gonna be a soggy plasma jissom blood and sputum filled affair and we ain't takin' no prisoners.....

Back from the shop with a couple of mini Bacardi plastic bottles, Mr. Brosewater grins and downs one of them in one gulp. He pinholes the cap and after heating the narrow side of the bottle with a lighter penetrates the soft plastic gently with the hollow body of a byro pen. He carefully picks up the burning cig on the ashtray and gently flicks a bit of ash on the perforated cap. He then takes the big yellow wax crumb he cleaned earlier and places it on the ash. Hands

steadily with eagerness he wraps his lips around the end of the byrostraw and heats the wax gradually with the lighter while inhaling steadily and slowly letting the sweet jet of siphoned smoke soak every single pore of his lungs watching the inside of the bottle cloud with white fumes he runs the flame quickly on all of the caps head until the bottle is empty with smoke. He places the bottle on the floor closes his eyes and lets his head slump back onto the headrest raising the elevating chair with the foot switch he slowly starts blowing out the smoke out of his nostrils tasting and smelling the sweet tendrils as he rushes. The wax whacks him right off jacks off his brain with buzzing spasms. Mr. Browsewater is totally wired as he levitates with the escalating dental chair to the thirteenth floor. The wax whacks him right off jacks off insane with blank stupor.

Knock knock - Mr. Browsewater !! - Who's there? - Dr. Brakes - Well don't let me stop you - says Mr. Browsewater as he tilts himself from the escalating dentist chair through the window and dives in making a pattern of himself in the dragonfly rug of luminescent red and purple wings winks at Dr. Brakes from the floor and motions her to come all over him. Dr. Brakes nonchalantly tiptoes effortlessly between the dragonflies and stands on his chest high heels stabbing at each of Mr. Browsewater's nipples digging them deep through his rib cage until with a fart Mr. Browsewater explodes and reappears in the kitchen with two cups of freshly brewed coffee and a hard-on. Dr. Brakes dismisses him with a glance and walks slowly to the cricket box turns it on and taps impatiently with her fingernails on the wooden coffee table until at last the first cricket chirps are audible and start sounding the synchophony. Dr. Brakes hummed along and the dragonflies hummed and fluttered their wings along to the rhythm, the sound getting louder and louder the closer and closer Mr. Browsewater approached her with the two cups of fresh coffee, grinning his eyes fixed on Dr. Brakes's face - fluttering of wings - buzzing of claws - humming of joy - chirping of cricketings - all increasing speed of rhythm beginning to sound like synchophony in crash mode Latin style - the closer and closer Mr. Browsewater got towards Dr. Brakes his arm stretched with the hot freshly brewed strong coffee - the louder , almost deafening synchophony , frenzied cricketings and flutterings of many bpm along with the high pitched almost screeeeeeeeching hum of Dr. Brakes increasing in everything with each step Mr. Browsewater took towards her holding the s t e a m l n g a r o m a t l c f r e s h l y b r e w e d d a r k coffee - 'Till the whole thing crashendoed when their hand-coffee met and all blacked out and Zoë and I found ourselves looking each out of Felix's eyes on the armchair . We got up and so did Felix's polyester body - we easily hopped over the silly silver scorpions and jogged towards the door - looking back as we reached it and seeing the small silly silver scorpions slashing shlasing stabbing shemselves stupid on the sofa - we got out of there just in time - Zoë unmentioned the magic stuff and I smiled back hand on doorknob Felix stood by the door to answer it when it opened with a slam nearly took Felix out with a bang - there was no one there-Felix somewhat hesitatingly peered out to both directions with a quick glance and nervous tick of the left side of his mouth when suddenly from above descended slowly a massive dragonfly of luminescent phosphor-red body and purple wings - it hovered exactly in front of Felix's face, eyeing him suspiciously wings fluttering with agitation - Knock knock (A rather nasal feminine voice with a New-York accent) - Felix is dumbfounded eyes wide pupiled in what the fuck , jaw dropped with a twitch and stayed that way hand dropped limply to his side - May I come in it enquired - and seeing Felix's twitch of the left side of the mouth as a yes the dragonfly just buzzed straight in pushing Felix out of the way with a nudge of a leg - following him were about 10 regular sized dragonflies leaving a trail of fading flouro-red light as they quickly flew in a

straight line in - We have come from the magic stuff - the ten small dragonflies sang merrily in unison - Ah.....!.....dunn....ah...dunno..... - SHAAAAT UP interfered the nasal feminine voice (with the New-York accent) and the massive dragonfly grabbed Felix's shirt with two legs pulling it violently - We know you know don't try playing the smart ass or we'll fuck you up pretty bad I just might tear off your head ...(it spat).....and Rico here.... (Motioning with it's head to one mean looking dragonfly)...will pull out your intestines and squeeze the shit out of yous l o w l y - Felix gulped and pissed himself shaking twitching he slumped back on to the armchair - Rico the Dragonfly flew closer to him with a fuckin' evil smile - Dum.....dum...dum...dum...dum.....Dumdum...dum...dum...dum..... - dummdummed the other dragonflies merrily in unison - Felix immediately reached for his pocket and quickly produced a trembling hand with a small black box made from shiny black liquid - The massive flouro-red dragonfly snatched it off him and they flew merrily in unison away - All except Rico the Dragonfly who sent a massive blow to the twitching left side of Felix's mouth sending his head flying to the side with a gushing circular spray of teeth spit and blood cruising slowly in the air - With a puff of flouro-red glow and purple flutter Rico the Dragonfly zapped out of there - Felix's bloody face was swelling up pretty dark and quick as his head rested on his shoulder after bouncing thrice lightly . Felix sees a luvng tempting crack of bright turquoise glow beckoning him to enter - till he sits slumped on an armchair surrounded in a decreasing radius by sleazy silver scorpions in a blinding turquoise glow - he sees no borders.

Dr.Brakes sips lightly the shiny black liquid in her dragonfly mug while Mr. Browserwater stares at her face his nose inches away from hers his erection nearly rubbing against her crotch - a fly lands on her shoulder and rests photographing all of it keeping track and documenting every single detail - Mr. Browserwater sips slow and long from his mug and shrivels.

Zoë and I found ourselves in a smoldering steaming tub of bubbling shiny black liquid with three flies buzzing randomly above our heads - we hopped out to the red dust many meters down below with an unusual lightness - we tried hitching a ride to town - all around us barren red ground heat haze small weeds and a few cactuses - in the distance a lizard caught a beautiful dragonfly with a quick snap of it's tongue and with a funny sort of lizardy grin faced us whilst chewing it's prize slowly - we started walking towards town with the red dust clouding around us and the heat unbearably beating upon our heads in the scorching hot summer breeze - a car passed in trailing dust and slowed down while the driver eyed us insect eyes and hairy jaws antlers prodding our way and sped off leaving us in a red cloud of dirt a lizard appeared as the dust settled and with a funny sort of lizardy grin faced us while chewing slowly and calm - we started walking towards town in the almost unbearable scorching hot summer breeze a car passed us with a long trail of red dust close behind and slowed down the driver eyed us suspiciously insect eyed and hairy jawed antlers probing our way and sped up leaving us in a cloud of red dirt - as the dust settled a lizard caught a beautiful flouro-red dragonfly with a quick snap of the tongue in the distance and faced us with a lizardy grin chewing it's prize slowly tip of purple translucent wing jittering hanging out of it's mouth - we started walking towards town in the blazing high noon sun all scorching , the air was so still you could predict the landing point of a drop dropped from a tubtower a car passed us and slowed down while the driver insect eyed hairy jawed and antlers sparking glared at us meanly then sped up leaving us in a choking fit of

red dust clouded mind - when the dust settled we started walking to town and saw a lizard catch a beautiful dragonfly with a snap of its tongue then turned to face us lizards grin all weird chewing its prize slowly - it was then I realized - a car passed us and slowed down - we were inevitably - driver insect eyed prodding - and undoubtedly - hairy jawed - caught in some sort - sped off cloud of red dust trailing - of time loop - I tried to make my way towards the lizard - all around us settling - while dragging Zoë who seemed indifferent to the whole thing - the lizard turned to face us and grinned whilst chewing slowly - we were close enough to it for me to hear the cracking and the grinding of the crushed bug between its jaws - a car grew closer through a heat-haze of red clouds of dust - I quickly grabbed the grinning lizard and squeezed its middle bit (Advice: sometimes when caught in a time loop one must forcibly change one of the reoccurrences to get the flow going again) - the lizard was shocked with surprise eyes bulging nostrils flaring mouth hanging open with tongue swerving and turning black as my grip tightened on its soft belly I could feel the rib cage cracking and the spine breaking in a snapping sound between my hands lizard eyes turning to various directions in panic bulging like two Ping-Pong balls - a car slowed down by us and the driver insect eyed and lizards grin prodding dobbing slobbering drool as grin turned to evil malicious snarl and sped off in a cloud of red dust - as the red dust slowly settled I looked at my hands and saw that they were tightly grasping Zoë neck and strangling her eyes popping out of their sockets in terror mouth open trying to breathe - I let go and she fell to her knees breathing heavily wheezing loudly - by now we were nearly at the outskirts of town - I kissed her and helped her walk along main road . The town seemed quite dead apart for a few young boys playing tag between the small houses and a couple of old women walking slowly arm in arm on the sidewalk, a car sped by us quickly and turned right at the only junction up ahead. A big banner across the street above us said: ->WELCOME TO NOWHERE POPULATION SMALL WE LOVE THEM ALL <- We walked past the shops :Chemist Bill Lee Private Exterminator: Dragonflies, Rational Thought , etc.etc.....Dr. Eva Brakes Chancetologist Ph.D. Time Travel Agency with a big sign in the window that read : The best time for time travelling is NOW The best rates are HERE But the office was closed..... We reached the junction, which was a roundabout that seemed to go both ways. In the center there was a kind of heavy bronze Diamond shaped structure balancing on its tip that was filled with shiny black liquid fluid with slow stirrings so that you couldn't look through it . We crossed the piazza to a fancy two story wooden house - fancy being coz the paint wasn't peeling off - a big flashing blue neon light sign hanging from the second floor balcony read GRAND HOTEL - we walked in A smiling receptionist looked up from behind the heavy wooden counter and said - Good day my lovelies how may I help you? - and froze his smile teeth clenched tightly so the tendons on his neck showed - I noticed his left antler was twitching sporadically in a nervous tick it actually seemed to have a life of its own - A double room please - said Zoë - checking his guest book which appeared totally empty he raised his smiling head - Ah you're in luck we have one available double en suite balcony facing west wormholes - We'll take it - Have you luggage ? - No - Follow me - the receptionist grabbed a key and walked around the desk I could see he was wearing the most distasteful clothes I've ever seen trousers all flouro-red with big purple diamonds and a mustard colored shirt - he had what appeared to be two stumps on his shoulder blades that were slightly protruding and wiggling beneath his shirt as he walked - we went up two flights of stairs to Room no. 23 there were another two doors in the hall one of which was bearing the DO NOT DISTURB sign on the doorknob - Right this way my lovelies - he opened the door and stood proud for a frozen moment left antler twitching - Breakfast tomorrow at 7:30 downstairs check-out at 12 noon - with a brief smile bearing his clenched teeth he disappeared down the stairs. I opened the balcony shutters and looked outside while filling my pipe slowly - The big Diamond in the center

must have been some inter-dimensional portal coz an old man with a Panama hat and cane just walked through the shiny black liquid with a Latin youth and did not come out the other side .

Ah propelled ma'self over the rail and crouched squatted on the furry rim turnin' ma'head slowly from side to side lookin' down at the dusty road below then raisin' ma' head to the white sun Ah sprang forward arms spreading slowly to the sound of the wind whooshing in recoil and the breeze cool on ma'face ah plunged and lunged ma' slittin' the warm air in two heat-hazed wobbly halves and with a turquoise light trailing behind sprinkling ah connected with the shiny black liquid in the center of the Diamond and it crawled wetting inch by inch in it's dry clear jelly like jellyfish coat of blackness brakeness and harness it's meatafa center but it's jellybeta libido limaperu And cool kop copper feel in some wine to just full fine jellybeta libido delima peru jellybeta libido delima peru Shroooooomsh ah rolled forward two spins while the strings on ma' spurs stretched and got caught in ma' armpits causing me to find ma'self chin to ma' knees legs folded in arms to ma' sides straight out pointin' east and west and locked in a position spinnin' slowly on the twentwining stwings frozen position awkward in black liquid covered in the stuff turquoise trail diminishing in circular radius light to form furry light ball around me - looked at herself in the mirror smile quivering sob on her face eyes gray and red with tears in the head she touched the furry glow lightly feeling it's warmth seep gently through her two fingers resting warmly and snugly between her collar bones . she withdraws from the mirror and gloats floating it's a flow t'ing . black shiny liquid in her hand open liquilid. She goes to her desk in the dusty brown office and opens the drawer with the silver scorpion key . she sets the shiny black liquid box inside gently and risply shuts it and locks it sliding silver scorpion skeleton ski down her throat swallowing. The warm turquoise necklace ball spreading heat between her breasts. The door opens with a motorlike creak evenly ticking like a raspy voiced drunken elephant trumpeting nasally "My Way" in a dodgy kareoke bar. Enter Zoë still sleepy-eyed and drowsy and stands as a shadow in the white glare from the outside that lights up the grim looking dark office exposing the dust clouds that thunderously thickly spiraled in the room with the sudden gust. Zoë looked at the figure that sat in the center of the desk stagelit with the sun's floodlight. Dr. Brakes was wearing her white latex corset with a red cross on each nipple she had a necklace with a glowing turquoise ball resting above her cleavage. - You Dr. Brakes chancetologist? - The one and the same, what can I do for you honey? - I'd like my chances examined please - have a seat - Zoë sat on the edge of the desk and the door shut with a click behind her the room was dark brown dusty and cool

Nothing's shocking. Serendipity and the high life that follows - up to your own conclusive understandings - if you got to get ahead then you embrace the progressive destruction of the others - thus a plus like the cross spite and loss lots of fuss - but if you must then it will twind and shine - like the absolute harmonic compatibility and the making of a new whole - like honey and olive oil toast eaten with the olive oil side closer to the taste buds and felt the sweetness and warm honey following close behind fading perfectly in through the olive oil, extra virgin and no clown , not a frown on his moonlike face grinning like a Cheshire cat drips olive oil on his chin glistening in the gutter light of neon white - Mr. Browsewater wipes his chin with grime and slime from the entrails of time squeezed to a pulp of foul odor in the - above his head swoons across manhole grits trailing stripy Browsewatery head with turquoise shadow like an ephermal turquoise eclipse of the bald patch - almost forgotten - he notices a something dropped near him from the whoooosh and catches it in his hand - face contorts in intense changing of

expressions from extreme fear to extreme joy - like the fast on/off of a light switch at the exact rate of a face per second - 60 faces in a minute - 30 of paralytic fear and horror - and 30 of total bliss - Meanwhile back at the Grand Hotel the twitching left antler was being competed against by a jittery right antler in a frenzied twitching symposium of electric shock origin - as the tired and somewhat fried brain of the receptionist tried in vain to come up with a line that will convince the detective that he didn't know where the two new guests on the second floor were - the detective it seems wasn't convinced of the genuineness of the freaked out bug and toasted it with a smelly fizz - cough and spittle from smoke of zap and Detective Crow climbed slowly up the stairs hand clutching tightly on the trigger of the electrocutor - kicked in a door with a No Disturb sign across the hall from Room No. 23 - a blinding orange glow followed by an eye shut and scorching turquoise fire blaring glowing through his eyelids - he immediately activated his electrocutor - but the curious radiance was acting as a cuterelectrocutor thus canceling out the electro and being just cute - the detective was flooded with a loving emotion and pirouetted into the room.

Divine and deluxe all devilish and dented in chaotic beauty - all Detective Crow could grasp and maintain was shared by the universal knowledge and nothing was his own everything was is zoneto anyoneto keep - From the sprinkley splatter formed blurry heads of the masses and before he could blink or breath Detective Crow was in the quagmoil tugged and hugged in the human soup - In the reflection in the wall-sized mirror the image seemed to be fermenting and darkening (like a burning photo) - the mirror with it's harrowing reflection grew and slowly enveloped the six walls with a darkened reflection stirring in ever-growing blackness.

Although they decided on deceit, the proper arrangements had to be made and the hollow mind of Jezebel Crow feared the fullness of thought and confusion therefore lazing in her hammock she moaned and held out the palms of her hands upward facing downward moving until her knuckles scraped the floorboards underneath. In that position she remained while unscrupulously and absentmindedly her tongue licked the wire that hummed with high current - Zapping alternating in high voltage inside its rubbery conduit - Her teeth causing cuts in the rubber and she could almost feel a bit of charge escaping into her skull. Detective crow released the latch and the hatch opened instantly allowing fresh air to enter the smelly cell. A black spot on the floor where the darkness hit was where Detective Crow to finally to escape the horrible neon light that surrounded him engulfed his mind even with his eyes closed - Slowly he entered the dark thick ray of blackness that the open hatch let in along with pleasant cool autumn night air - As soon as Detective Crow straightened up in the darkly shaded patch he was whooshed vacuumed down the spot which was now a hole - causing his balls fill his lungs, his heart spring to his brain, his hands fly up in the air over his head and his eyes maintained their altitude stretched by white strands to the back of the head - a blink later he was sucked whole in the hole - the wheels of the truck - all 18 of them, each the size of a baseball (for it was a small truck) couldn't break in time and run over the slumped body of Detective crow made complete mush out of him ground him to a sticky pulp - a small yet very fuckin' heavy truck - so leaving his mutilated body Detective Crow whirms and squirms screams of agony of lost physique and fleshy assets - AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH - WWWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA A sound trailing through the wires and releasing 60% of its energy in electrical form through the saliva on

Jezebel's teeth to her skull bone structure vibrating her whole being with the last cries of her former partner - as if awakened from hibernation by a stab in the groin.

she opens her eyes wide instantly lifts her arms to her chest and crosses them on her rapidly heaving breast - she wraps herself with the cat's cradle of live wire with the hammock of sparkling current until a web of electric veins covers her entirely like a cocoon hanging between the two silver poles - her teeth still tightly clenched filling her being with a powerful anguished buzz - Jezebel Crow cocooned in live mesh of current outputting the last cries emitting the remaining radiance of Detective Crow as he's hoovered out of existence by a dark spot on the floor of a fluorescent cell - mowed down by the rotating wheels of a tiny truck and the cocoon seems to glow lightly the Christmas tree lighted veins of current obscuring with light blue hue radiance the spaced out cradled Jezebel Crow - I saw it all from the dirty window of the house and thought that even the tainted glass hummed a bit from the vibrations on the porch - I wasn't going to go outside for fear of contamination so I turned away drew the curtains sat on the armchair and stared blankly - the armchair's arm rests feeling immensely soft and comfortable under my arms - my buttocks so sunk in the spongy matter that my knees were rising to level with my chest - and so I sat lounged for a while the noise pollution massaging my eardrums - I didn't hear the door open but noticed a movement and registered sight by responding with an involuntary twitch of the mouth to a figure that sat on an armchair at 2 o'clock from my straight gaze forward - I did not dare turn my eyes to it and held my prudent gaze alert forward - I noticed the figure was quite motionless after being comfortably seated - I tried to smell his presence but to no avail my nose was well clogged and I got used to breathing from my mouth long time now - and so we sat - me and the strange silent motionless guest slightly to my right until I forgot its existence by focusing out and sinking in with the noise pollution shaping my mind to the pressure points of the eardrum on the soft liquid inside - letting the soundvibes rub against my ear penetrate the canal slowly and smoothly fuck my ear Then she spoke: :: : I couldn't make out the words but the intention was of an urgent nature due to the sharpness and abruptness - I first thought it was the mysterious figure in the armchair and focused in letting the image in front of me fill my consciousness - I dared not turn my eyes towards it or even blink but that twitch on the left side of my mouth gave an acknowledging tick - while doing thus I realized I was slowly losing concentration on the pleasant vibrating sensation I was receiving through my ears and I wondered how is that that situation happened for I distinctly recall sinking pillow of bubbles like in a delicate loop of soft noise - why was I being nostalgic of that at all ? - Why was thinking of that purity in the past tense when it's always occurring? - Why are these notions of nostalgic nature nourishing and fermenting in time to a sour froth in my head at all - has my memory deceived me yet again by setting in me the illusion of regression of my previous happiness? - Has a change really occurred? - or maybe I can feed on the vague pure memory and relapse on to it - I give it a shot seeing there is nothing else to do - I'm tuning on to purity yet again and the colors fizzed when she spoke again: :: : I couldn't make out the words but the intention was of an urgent nature due to the sharpness and abruptness of the tone - it actually mixed nicely with the delicate loop and this time I didn't even need to focus out - the soft voice sounds just like another energy source in the perpetual flux of sound vibrations soothing the static and fattening it in a way - a deep thrust of sound fucking my ears with a special touch unique to the moment tingle brains in orgasmic pleasure - a movement and slight gust as the figure at 2 o'clock gets up from the armchair and out of my visual periphery calming me somewhat even more as the actual presence of it hovered in my bubble intrusively - lifting my self off the slumber I'm in is easier than I had expected - actually, I feel a rush of energy a flooding of power as the endorphins spring up ma' spine and pick ma' ass off

the seat straightening my legs - I walk towards her glancing at the faded figure sunk in the armchair - I walk around it quietly not wanting to pop it into life - I'm engrossed in her few words and pace into the vicinity of their origin - I cannot hear them anymore but I do hear a breathing sound coming from the same place - I focus on the image in front of me and see her sparkling in blue hue like a glitter nymph standing in the doorway - did she call me before? - I'm not sure but it's warm in her presence within the fluctuations of her radiance - I sense an alien tormented vibe in the borders of her aura and it soon wanes to the surroundings dispersing in spirals to different points in the room - one right on top of the sitting persons' head gyrating there gathering strength and I'm noticing that its center spurts out ionized tendrils to points on the persons head like constant miniscule lightning bolts - hmmm.....very peculiarhmmm..... I wonder - she holds a gorgonzola in her hand and gurgles - I'm facing her I'm facing a fuckin' groggy googly gorgonzola and before I was sat in the armchair - memory changes - what if it always stayed the same, if it never was, like it is for that person in the armchair staring blankly mouth agape gyrating blue mininova zapping his head

which was exactly what Detective Crow had planned for the overly-polite badly-dressed humanbug that fingertapped behind the reception desk - when he found himself in front of the Grand Hotel, all he knew was that only by locating the couple could he possibly leave town - for it was a dusty semi-deserted desert town boring to behold aside from a big peculiar diamond in its center - A gyrating gory gargoyle gorgonzola regurgitated and gags, gas masks genocide, all gooey and gray gruel all over his otherwise spotless shirt and leather kilt - distracted her completely and Dr. Brakes rose from her desk squeaking latex corset when that turquoise glow on her necklace began to heat up intensely and she had to take it off with a startling cry and lay the expanding bulbous glow on the desk as it shed its light around the whole room - Zoë and Dr. Brakes moved closer to the walls and away from the increasingly hot and turquoise glare that oozed throughout the room - the turquoise glow was spreading increasingly as it was decreasing opposite Room 23 where Detective Crow was blissed out high on life and cosmic love. The wax and wane of turquoise light is taking place while the small black shiny liquid box lets itself out of the drawer and hops gaily onto the ready open palm of Zoe's hand - Dr. Brakes surprised felt the silver scorpion key sting and slash its way through the small pocket vigorously and deeply shredding the white latex corset and causing tiny droplets of blood to appear and dripdrop stain

So I'm standing there with Jezebel Crow when suddenly a fly buzzes between us snapping its eyes in my direction. Soon three other flies buzz through to form a diamond shape between me and Jezebel Crow. Their buzzing sound gets louder once they're in the diamond formation - hum and snapping sounds like static interference in a radio broadcast. The space between the flies gathering misty fogginess resembling smoke swirling in a dead-air sleazy pool hall - I tentatively poke the center of the diamond with my finger only to increase the buzzing and the camera clicks per second as the flies seem nervous snapping their eyes clicking their shutters buzzing in increasing pitch - Jezebel does the same from her side and although we're poking in the same spot in the diamond formation fluid with black fog our fingers do not touch and around us is a smoky pool hall dead-air and hot - it's my shot - I lower my chin to the cue and release a cracking plop in center pocket - Jezebel stands behind the corner pocket the chink of her groin pressed against the corner - I aim to get the 8 ball in there but as I release the cue ball bounces right

over it and rolls in - foul.... - She says -.... You lose

Centuries and visions of time upon space all conjured in a fraction of life all quenged and poddled squeezed in a dry and clear slice of existence magnified over lots of puddlenses to an enormous projection fisheyed over the six walls of the sizeless room - encapsulating infinite space - changing position in the inner focal point is a semi-amorphous gyrating figure of Detective Crow dumbfounded in glee as his rotating angle gives him a multidimensional sound perception - ambiosonic fucking of his neural core - steady quanta of vibration tickling his spax - tingling it to moisture - he sees no borders - slabs of cold hard gorgonzola and a monochromatic silver-blue light and grayish old cold mold rolled in a film box to be developed on photographic paper - projected thru lenses with light of coils - splattered on arranged silvery grains - light energy captured by affected grains and becomes black gradually - darkening and dripping - two dimensional sheets stirring in shiny black liquid (again) - again - again? - A gain? - perpetual gyration rhythmic in a sporadic sort of way - erratic light tentacles dance on his head as he still sits still till he'll feel ill - oh what a thrill !! - Gorgonzola grains - great gray gorgonzola grains - granule slabs of the stuff

Drowning in mists all is too foggy and blurry - somewhere a small white q-ball glowing suspended in mid cloud - approaching it slithering through feelers of smoke - the small glowing white q-ball reveals a crack, a black jagged line that opens and closes in acute timing - speech bubbles form and Zoë tries to read them squinting straining " It Ain't Good Till You Play With It " it reads and as quick as a bat dissolves into thingness - Zoë, two feet solid on the dirt track in NowHere the melting heat breathes in red dust that gushes up behind the tires of a pick-up truck swooshed past her - her gaze follows it to a halt where a small crowd of people stand looking up - careening her gaze to the same spot she sees skies with a somewhat blurry white spot suspended in the clear blue - she starts walking towards it clutching the black bliquid blox in her hand tighter and tighter and tighter - the closer and closer and closer she gets to the group of people (?) - No, it seems like a gathering of dragonflies standing on their hind legs supporting their erection by flapping their quad-wings rapidly and Zoë sees they stand out from the red dust blue sky white houses by being colorless - that is black and white and shades of gray like a collage - cut-out from an old magazine pasted on a wild west setting sun setting - her hand grips the shiny black liquidbox so tight that the veins on her arm bulge and pulse rhythmically with her paces when with a sPLash it gushes and runs between her fingers - streams of black liquid flowing disobeying gravity and gravitating sssucked to the amorphous white blot in the blue - a sparkle of thought in Zoë à AAAHH let go of it à but remembering the turquoise fluff-ball inside she tightens her grip even more and the pain crawls from her raised fist to her arm shoulder breasts and her whole body tensed muscled and cramped - a string of fluid stretching from within her fist between her fingers and the distant white fluff gob when yank and PoiNg she's bungied straight towards it, leaving the ground hovering over astonished colorless dragonflies - for a fleeting moment she feels beauty as the altitude allows her a birds-eye view of NowHere - it's all too quick and then a white mist surrounds her and the bungy rope like a umbilical cord of shiny black liquid swirls around her - she floats in it when from between her legs an oozing red dyes the mist mixing with white causing pink and with the black a shiny brown- her clenched fist pops open releasing the turquoise that flows swirling green and reacts

with all the colors at once - she notices a serpent of orange and a wave of blue and a leaf of green all from the inertia sprung from her palm immersed in color saturated in iridescence she sees no borders.

The old port harbored a bleak realm of exiles and refugees - the men all moustached and dark-eyed puffing on fragrant cigarettes - their stoic posture contrasted by two deep low bass chords and static noise distant explosion sounds pounding the air occasionally - a TV showing old Indian movie where a turban-head grabs a wiggling dancer to the sound of static - the other TV above the ticket office shows in b&w Felix sitting in the armchair droopy-eyed blankly gazing being punched repeatedly in the jaw sending circular spray of red sputum all to the machine noise of deep bass static booms - Detective Crow sat in the plastic chair looking for his contact - the women chatting in foreign tongue stuffing white mushy food into their children's mouth forcibly - the heat was condensed between the veil covering their head and their scalp and yet they were not sweating a drop - Detective Crow on the other hand was constantly wiping his wet brow with a hanky groaning - The grainy screen showed turban-head singing mutely with the wiggling dancer's hands dancing down his body touching his knee tapping - turning around quickly Detective Crow sees a young girl chocolate dirt smeared on her cheek and blood trickling down her neck smiling toothlessly at him grabbing his hand and tugging lightly - He sends a wary glance to the people surrounding him and sees that nobody notices all this and even the men looking his way seem to stare right through him - Gentle tug of dirty sticky feel on his hand he gets up and follows the girl round the back of the shop through a hole in the fence - Last glance reveals a close-up of Felix's jaw smashed sending spray of bloody spit behind a veil of white noise on a b&w screen with bad tracking - turns his head back just in time to a rotting beheaded cat cadaver on the dirty trail walks over it following the little girl hand in hand - They reach the weed concrete waterfront when the girl lets go and runs off zapping away , and is gone , waves ebbing on to the moldy concrete wall in soft crackles creaking from beneath he looks over sees a small wooden dingy rocking gently - TV screen in old port showing wiggling dancer whipping turban-head on his bare ass with rage n' fury knotted whip sending him crying thru his Raybans - A girly giggle cl;cks him back wiping his brow looking at the creaking dingy. He climbs in the dingy - A mere touch to the rope an it rots away in his hand crumbles to wet dust - Detective Crow sits in the dingy grabs the blue wooden oar and shoves himself to sea - The dingy rocks gently creaking as he maneuvers swiftly between the barnacled rusty stilt 'neath the dock - Brushing away cobwebs of pink clinging to his hat and ears - He's futile and soon is pinkobwebbed yet managing to keep his rowing motion he drifts further out into the black abyss beyond - giggles faint and static sounds gone all that he hears is the creaking dingy and two deep bass chords in a drone that trances him out keeps him rowing pinkobwebbed - The splashing of the tide rippling on the sides of the dingy sows seeds of reminiscence in his brain taking him back to the beginning of his sordid tale:

" I remember the sloshing lager in my pint glass as my hand trembled in shock (or was it the drugs?) - I was hanging out in a dusty bar shooting pool with a midget called Rico who just pocketed two balls in one shot with hardly reaching the table - It was an old squalid dusty bottled bar with a couple of local boozers sitting smoking elbows cemented to the wooden counter - the bartender was a one-eyed gnome and they say that was the reason he was a bit

generous on the shots - I lucked out and pocketed my last ball in center pocket and was aiming for the 8 ball in corner pocket - Rico hexed the pocket by marking an X behind the hole - I sneered and took my shot - The q-ball rolled and hopped over the 8 ball like some fuckin' ballerina pirouetted into the corner pocket - plop - Foul..... - said Rico in his staccato midgety voice -you lose - as we agreed I bought him a double bourbon - He swigged it in one gulp and dragged a heavy looking sack from under one of the tables - The sack twitched and kicked as Rico carried it over his shoulder and left the bar - A sturdy little chap - I took my place by the bar and was about to motion the bartender for another when a pair of hairy gnome hands slammed a sloshing pint of lager and a crumpled envelope in front of my nose caused me to retract and as a result scratched my chin against the rough surface of the wooden counter - I focused blurry vision on to the swaying beer in the glass then to the crumpled brown envelope then to the barman's red-black bad eye then to his good eye which moved with his head motioning towards the far wall - I swung round picking up the pint as I did causing me to nearly lose my balance and fall off the stool - a balding crater-filled moonlike face grinned at me baring lots of teeth - I grinned back, saluted with my drink and took a big swig turning back to rest my elbows on the counter - After a couple of swigs and slurrrrs of gibberish to the barman who was rude enough to ignore me I remembered the envelope, straightened it, opened it and turned it upside down - A chain the size of a necklace dropped, I felt it - It had the consistency of rubber-jelly and was of different colors when in the light - I realized it was a Chain of Events where by feeling the different ring links like a rosary I could change the sequence of events by finding the color sequence right for the moment - I shook the envelope gently and a small silver scorpion dropped - It was a feral one and so I touched it with caution - Pressing its belly lightly between my fingers an electric current flashzapped between its claws leaving an after image stain on my vision everywhere I looked - Shook the envelope upside down again and a hand with a sticky red wrist dropped - The hand was holding a note - I snatched the handed note - It was handwritten - Scrawly loopy and dripping reading : THERE IS NO POINT TO THIS WHOLE STORY WHAT SO EVER - Ah clenched ma' fist tight and ma' eyes harrowing and ma' brow a ' wrinklin' and ma' jaws a' tightening ma' ears a' pricking ma' tongue a' lickin' Ah swooned ma' head to the side a' clickin' the loose feathers of ma' tash a'ticklin' ma' lips in the breeze - ma' eyesight delayed for a second before my eyeballs sprang back to their sockets and I sighted the empty void in the shape of Mr. Browsewater where he was sat at the far side of the bar - And into that empty nullnesst I was sucked magnetized and physically hoovered out of existence in that desert roadhouse of pinkobwebbed bottles without even finishing my drink - Plucked from the play - and so I began looking for the agent - The middleman - The priest of progress - The immediate medium - And so I was scooped up in a whitewashed peeling crumbling port on a brown plastic chair looking for the contact and now I'm about to be rowing into the waves all pinkobwebbed and bobdobzdead "


A vagrant annoyingly squawking seagull shat on his hat and pissed on his nose - He let it pass but changed his mind and smacked it with a blue oar busting its moist seagull brain splashing thrice on the side of the dingy splashing with the ripples - White noise from white foam on white purple peeling plank, followed by two-two-three bass drones.

Croaking away stayed away from the job and got two times the amount of refuse - Unwillingly he stepped off the last rung of the ladder leaving his bewristed hand clutching the note lassoed

tightly in fine leather rope - He fell on his back and cried in anguish shaking and spurting blood splatters his face and clothes with dark red glitter - He lifts his head face contorted to see a droplet increasingly zooming-in linear fashion becoming a large wet sPlosh on the quivering white ball and splattering on his cheek and nose - He licks the droplet with a swish of the tongue - Shrilling cries of pleasure from above as the hand and note left as a hanging note fading away to silence - Fine shiny black leather umbilical bungy cord sprung up tugging the dripping hand into the heart shaped tub and plunged it into the inky fluid - A cry, a sound so pure it sounded like a whistle regurgitated from the depth of Detective Crow's belly as he sat on the red dust ground clutching his mutilated limb, shaking from a feeling of pain that morphed into anxious anticipation and excitement. Dr. Brakes slashed a sliver in the door and salaciously stretched her silvery slickness thru the slice of no-door onto the dusty red road grainy dust particles reddening her chrome silver claws as the scorching hot summer breeze triggered a sex syrup scrumptiously sweating silver sauce from her slender scorpion self - She swerved her body, tail and sting erect and sharply glistening to the spluttery sputter squealing from the distant tub tower - The effervescent screech gradually resounded all around the dusty avenue suddenly changing to hysterical bawling and guttural yelping a' yammerin' and a' stammerin' - Dr. Brakes cackled as a crackle zapped between her silvery claws.

Gathering sucking back to center zooming-in condensed in one focal point increasing in energy - The sexy Dr. Brakes now a slick silver scorpion striding in smooth sinuous gait to the outskirts of NowHere with a thin cloud of red dust rising from each step - Detective Crow bawling with excitement and growing breathfucking anxiety hobbles dragging his boots in the red ground dripping red fluid - A white blurry stain in the clear blue advances strands of swirling black and red and turquoise in its path trailing - A lizard erratic in its movements each leg peddling quickly forward in a circular motion proceeding to the spot. Out in the vast red dry desert in a scorching hot summer breeze not far from NowHere in the vicinity of a tub tower, a few cacti and red sandrocks is The Spot - The Spot can be identified by its disparity of clarity compared with the environment around it - Its heat-hazed blurry definition clustering with characters in conical time - each character is accompanied by a 96 eyed fly buzzing clicking shutters bzzzzzzzchiclick! Chiclick! - They're closing in with blackness gathering stars and a Cheshire cat smile rises in orange from the distant cliffs - The Spot keeps its light, fuzzes out in its periphery - Cluster shuffling condensed connections flies clickchickin lick chicken and dart in a straight line upwards to get an aerial view - The ascending clicking of the flies is countersounding with the descending hum flutterings of the quad-winged dragonflies as they join the cluster from all corners of the reddening desert - The closer the characters get to the center of the blurry bubble the more penetrating the ambient drones of hum flutter clicking are to the neural core - Soon the whirled world around disposes of the delusion of dichotomy - Denies the dubious duality indoctrinated from ancient times - And the once blurry spot retains clarity and harbors the ports of knowledge in the multidimensional sea of time and space It's all silent Detective Crow's pocket starts glowing in rainbow colors - He reaches in with his good hand takes out the iridescent Chain of Events - The morphing light-splattering chain springs to the center of the cluster light rays playing all about - The bubble absorbing and is independent of any time and place - It overrides the need for the laws of cause and effect - Quenged and poddled in it the character cluster rides with it to different points on the matrix spilling from event to event like black slippery shiny liquid thru wormholes weaving in the fabric of time and space - You get a glimpse of that eternal flow - A peek into the dimension and so instinctively you freeze all thoughts and action and stare

caught in the string of quintessential conscienceness that lures you so you turn your head to it and focus on nothing - Fully sucked into the bubble that's your connection to the matrix the same dimension from where your dreams hitch a ride to reality and where magic is the steering wheel - You think of nothing and of everything - It is a familiar feeling you experience it's as intimate as you can be with yourself and is therefore more sacred than anything else



A blurry motion in front of your eyes slashes the umbilical cord to the infinite causes you to focus back on to the mountain advancing towards you at superspeed Your ears hear the shrilling cries and hysterical laughter all around Your legs feel the hot black liquid from the cup on your fold-out tray as it spills all over your trousers You smell the stench of burned plastic fused with vomit and excrement You taste blood in your mouth metallic and warm and feel your heart racing and ears popping from pressure madness Four flies form a diamond shape in front of you clicking on impact . . .

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by Joel Cahen 2000