

**ornamental parapet
dressed as a fascist**

She closes her eyes as the bus rocks down the country lane rising and falling between peeling hillocks carpeted in stereotype of spring green seen softly at a distance, the whole area without anything growing up taller than the grass, a woman laughing without context, and the distinction in the settled interior space she's sat in the sustained pleasantries of a public life made communal by numerous remarks slipping into pooled average [we're on a trip and it will end etc.] exposed and all the more possible since it must be temporary at the necessary terminus, the final premised emptiness of the whole bus as the driver departs to go on with their life contained in it and in segments, legs, repetition. From the woman sat across the aisle: The half of a smile and eagerness bandaging her face contained as well in the speaking voice (someone beside her):

"He screams I'm in love and starts to tear into his chest the way an anguished curtain flutters at the breeze but dripping with fever"

The man sitting beside her is folding his newspaper. He reaches to scratch the eyebrow and hairline as the bus crests a hill and his organs' subtle arrangement as they hang in the fuselage beside the loose affirmation made by his forearm and hand pressed into his shirt as though it were to settle something already there. The newspaper is tucked under his arm while he is reaching up to his forehead. The smell of the finished sandwich and mustard coming off the napkin he's left across his thigh even in the cool air of the bus where the distance between them only varies by a few finger lengths

as they crest another brief hill, the raise in elevation accentuated by the bus' poor construction and speed.

The luggage set along the racks over her head all moves together, one piece against another in unsteady clattering which blends so that no one's part can be responsible for any small sound, everything shifting together, constantly mobile without any inclination to falling to the floor, the whole structure having been stable for hours now, the geological time she had slept.

The shade from an overhanging roof falls through one window then the next and so on advancing as they slow to a stop until they stop beside that isolated porch. Two idle black cars each driver at attention now and holding a newspaper folded twice under their arm with minor difference. After hesitating one leans through the window of a car to hide it on the seat.

The dilated plates stuck over his eyes, the tinted glasses filling the whole socket so that when the coachman or driver says her name as bowfort or miss beau-fort and facing her plane of the lenses is oriented towards a few inches on her left. He is upright self-serious and she says his hat too large for him she laughs helplessly polite in her own throat under the wide bare breadth of the sun and passes him her suitcase and takes up the small one which she puts beside her on the seat in the back of his car. Sitting there quietly as he lifts her suitcase into the trunk and idly runs her bare fingers along the crushed velveteen on the seats. She looks up in time to see him straightening his shirt before climbing in behind the wheel and they set off without further word, though she says quietly the whole experience broadly the same as being pulled along by a horse.

At the manor gates he gets out and opens them himself, gets back behind the wheel, easing along the unpaved drive leading towards the facade of a chateau.

“Will you let me out here?”

“I’ll walk the rest of the way.”

The reservation of his inconvenience in the absolute, pristine stillness of his head while the car stops.

She steps onto the side of the driveway, on the untread grass goes to open the trunk and sets one bag back beside the vibrating embouchure of the exhaust. The car is the rough width of the driveway. She walks along the driver’s side keeping her eyes forward, goes around the side and walking across the untended border between the tan clay and gravel path and the lawn grass, leaves the indistinct impressions from the flat bottoms of her shoes, notice traced [adj.] paths of tan clay already along the wheelwells affixed by some moisture. She is five minutes from the facade and the enormous front door visible — looming from the presence it has in every inevitable future approach. She shifts her fingers arranged in order [n.] on the handles of her bags, her comfort and her silhouette in her coat and she walks ahead of the car.

The car keeping pace along a length behind her so it remains unimpeachably humble behind her, from that distance and the quiet presence without eagerness, the idle compression and expansion of varied organs under the hood as it softly rolls after her over time a pressure compounds now just behind her in the imposed persistence. She looks across the manicured grounds where short, precise shrub and bush along a walkway and a small flowering garden. Behind her the driver and his covered-over eyes and the shape of the car headlamp.

As she climbs the short steps to the door the car

starts to turn back using the space left before the chateau there where the driveway expanded to a wide oval, the curb and the pavingstones marking an intend pathway from the bare ground. It follows the curve around and exits, the driver’s gloves precisely on the wheel equidistant from the supporting struts which hold it to the steering column.

She removes her coat after setting down the suitcase and her small bag, and arranges herself, knocks on the door with her coat held in hand, across her body and falling against her shin.

A man dressed as a servant, suit, slacks, shirt, tie, holds open the door and asks yes. The empty marble floor behind him leads to a number of shut doors and a quiet set of stairs which split at the landing. The tall, thin marble vases set there with daylilies coming from their oblong necks, drooping heavily in bunches and thick orange pollen.

“I’m here to meet with doctor duplage.”

“Ah yes good

“Please come with me.”

She follows the small gesture of his wrist and hand past the held open door from foyer into a baroque adorned hallway, elaborate fixtures, the drapes closed across the windows, he says come this way and starts off. A gentleman is sat beside a small table, his legs pointing into the middle of the hall and spread widely so that he sinks down in his seat. His elbow perched on the tabletop as he cuts into a piece of a fish on a plate while his hand flits loosely over it. The skin slides away from it. He is wearing a stacked white wig and the long cuffs of his shirt flower out of the red housecoat heavy with brocade, ornamental gold ribs, so on. He lifts the fork to his mouth. The skin across the tines rests from the glistening segment of meat it it passes his lip.

Accompanying the sweeping gesture with his wrist toward the door, feet together, tactfully opens his mouth

“You’ve arrived just at lunch, she will be dining here”

In a dining room the length of which reduces the scale of the table put in the center of it, in terms of length and height, by comparison, the idle murmured chatting, the table set for two dozen places, two dozens in dining jackets and gowns in the midday and a wide vacant row through the middle of the bare wood surface parting either side and left open space for flourishing centerpiece or dishes, whatever, reduced. A servant is ferrying a bowl of soup toward a young woman kept upright in the posture of the dress arranging her, the stricture of his throat as he leans over and of hers as he brings the bowl across her body. The ridges of her spine defined against the material - the agreement between them shifting, free below the skin, ready to emerge from inconsolable materials toward the free air when she lifts her head to give his arm further space to pass. The cables of tendon press in their neck and may expose further.. His free arm far out to the left and high up balancing the possibly heavy bowl born in the other hand. He sets this down before her and moves to the cart at the far side of the room, takes the next and so on and as she steps in she sets down her bags beside her. Everyone occupied with their immediate neighbor as is inevitable at a table of this length. The burnished silver cart with another dozen bowls, the contents of each still jostling when he’d carried off the previous one and started a synchronized logarithmic motion in the contents. The

low chatter filling, the woman eyeing her bowl of soup while the fellow leaning towards her shoulder brushes his teeth on each other on certain consonants, the collision of the enamel within his speaking inconsolable with whatever gesture is producing it, a co-occurrence without any defect of speech noticed.

“A squandered valley”

“The pernicious squabbling, she sounds like an old modern”

“I’m sorry”

She lays her coat across her bags left on the floor and begins crossing the room. The immense path over the varnished wooden boards, which takes time, then:

“Ah you made it! Good

“How are you? How was your trip?”

“Fine.”

“Good good. Are you hungry? We could find you another bowl but they’re rather overextended at the moment as they certainly hadn’t been prepared for so many people. There’s another room full of the others and the landlord said she was taking hers on the lawn so I’m sure she’s invited some to join her. We’ve had perfect weather for the start of spring. No rain in the afternoons, no real storms at all.”

The doctor’s finger pressed motionless against the edge of her plate and her absently watching from the elevated tilt of her head the gesture of her finger bending to match that curve, shifting with purely biological pleasure on the cool smooth edge.

“I haven’t had lunch but there isn’t anywhere to sit”

“Yes right come on let’s find you something.”

“You haven’t eaten either.”

She follows the doctor out, stops and returns for the bags and coat, arranging them while walking in her arms.

She is sat at the kitchen table, her tooth slides through the edge of a cooked piece of carrot then parts it again at another angle while her tongue adjusts the split fragment against the line of molars and taut inner surface of her cheek. The framed and parted block of it reduced swallowed with remainder of broth, saliva, debris, so on. The accompanying sound of a young man filling a serving dish with soup from the large burnished metal cooking pot carefully ladling the contents, arm holding back his pristine white apron.

“Thank you again for coming. I have a procedure set for this afternoon. A surgery arranged for- but if you would want you can walk the grounds and we can meet afterwards to go through it all. I don’t know how much were you able to see on the way but there’s a large garden which borders something of a forest.

“It’s a lovely day.”

“That would be fine.”

“Or would you rather rest? I’m afraid I will be bad company when preparing for the procedure. But it is scheduled only to last an hour and afterwards I would want to take you through it and explain everything in detail.”

“Can I ask why exactly you’ve asked me to come?”

“As an informed witness I suppose, as someone who has seen the work we’re interested in assisting with and now where we can go with that.”

“Of course. I don’t know what perspective I can offer.”

“A half naive one is best. I don’t mean any offence,

but if we’re so near to this we can’t possibly see it well, while someone with a passing familiarity to gauge how, at some future date, we might be taken by a public. Once there’s any kind of a public involved it’s natural to imagine things can get out of hand. They riot at the rites of spring imagine how much fear schoenberg felt”

“That should be fine and I’m of course quite happy to help in any way. And thank you tremendously for inviting me out to here. The trip alone is quite a nice excursion. I haven’t been to the country in years.”

The oil rests in small inverted bubbles at the top of the soup clustered where her spoon hasn’t broken the surface in a natural demarcation of use.

The servant now is ladling soup into another small serving dish and is positioned so that the flat sheet of his apron is hanging right at the level of the doctor’s head where it acts as a perfect square backdrop framing her from the cramped geography of the kitchen. The litter from cooking has been amassed along one edge on the table in a thick overlapping bands of fibrous colors.

“Could I have some place to keep my luggage?”

“Oh yes! I’ll have to see about getting your own room.

“excuse me who do I speak with about that?”

“Kirk; the fellow with the small moustache.

“He’ll arrange it though you’ll have trouble finding him before dinner.”

“You couldn’t find him?”

“It’s only that he’s running about. He is working from the small clerk’s room off the western hall to coordinate everything. You could wait for him there he’ll be by to check messages regularly and is sure to be in. Otherwise you’d be best just asking who’s seen him.”

“It wouldn’t be best to speak with the landlord?”

“But she doesn’t know anything about who is where.”

A cock flaccid comes to rest along a tree branch over her head, a translucent white flap delicately bent in half, empty in the dappled spring sun having passed along the leaves there and there dangling amid them so the round and closed end hangs below its vent where a body might fill it up. Upon seeing its slit she shuts up her mouth perfectly. It flutters in the wind on the equally swaying branch and leaves, each in response to their own weight and force. She says a birds' nest might incorporate such light material, it must have been blown along by a wind and survived despite apparent fragility floating like a soapbubble. She begins walking alone between the large stand of trees going further from the manor.

Two men in black coats and evening wear, who appear from behind a tree together:

"Oh hello."

"Hello how're you?"

"Well. We were just heading back. There's a play they're putting on

"peter here is actually the lead"

"There are several leads I'm only one of them

"Really we were all actually getting rather bored and they have a wonderful library of theater here so we took over the back of the main dining hall and set up a little stage to rehearse after agreeing to one with plenty of parts."

"What's the title? lot in sodom, a lot in sodom? some pun like that though it's one that's supposed to be a morality play but was just so that someone could find themselves writing his cock disappears into her throat

as his back arcs and shakes wildly. The author acting out their erotic wants this suddenly permissible when conceived as a warning to shock away sin, the joyful degeneracy. But they of course don't ever play it with that tone."

"Oh no we really excise all the morality and it should be quite lewd and a good time."

"I haven't seen you here before"

"No I've just only gotten in today."

"Well hello then! I do hope you'll be there

"Oh is someone setting up seating?"

"I imagine the staff have been asked

"We should be sure wouldn't that be a shame?"

"Well we should get along already."

He first licks the corner where his two lips meet and then wipes it against the knuckle on his forefinger by lowering his head down and towards it, pushing down with his neck and turning it once to the side pressed against the offered digit, the finger slipping between those lips. The now used joint hangs with whatever he'd put from his mouth or face there and his head back straight upright. They walk away together, his hand held to rest on the middle of shirt, over his navel and thus why that elbow is nearly brushing against the other's arm when they cross the uneven ground. Amid their slow progress away quietly speaking with each other.

"How does that line go the one I liked so much"

"Oh if it weren't for all this indolence and sin and indolent sin, all these souls saved if only for a little work, a job haha."

Across the ground men are walking in pairs across the manor ground in radiating lines which avoiding any regular distribution effected by outset time or distribution still following the particular paths demanded by topiary, topography so on

A ring of tightly cut bushes, shrubs, trees all in various heights arranged to enclose this wide brick path and tables and chairs and half of a dozen men, women, sat amongst them, a measure of privacy via enclosure, though sun overhead, elaborate wigs, elaborate coats fallen across the backs of chairs, predominantly white and adorned:

“He ferociously bit into his own lip and blood came out on the the piece of the cake he’s holding on his lap. Of course he was drinking but not so much that he didn’t feel this coming out of his mouth so he kept wiping and dabbing at it- until his whole sleeve was spotted”

laughter

“and once started it wouldn’t stop and he wouldn’t leave, he just stayed sat there, not quite grasping what has happened and waiting to begin eating this cake while we all can’t help but watch him as he watched us not quite sure why no one was eating yet but not willing to start on his own and be alone in that”

One is bringing a cart towards them, cups arranged on it and a stack of saucers and a teapot with a handle and spout wreathed by blue enamel vines painted across them floating pale edges in the white sunlit porcelain. The whole assembly shaking on small thin wheels so the various parts in intermittent contact ring out, the ceramics shaking against the metal, this woman reaches up and faintly brings the white glove to her white cheek

“Wait wait please can’t you please bring them to us.”

“O yeas don’t you abhor a racket like that. It brings everything to an halt.”

“Thank you.”

“Pardon me you

“Would you want to sit?”

“Thank you.”

“What were we talking about?”

She goes to sit at the nearest empty chair, necessarily beside another woman, a man. The servant brings over a saucer, a cup and places it before the woman speaking. As she takes it and keeping her head perfectly still, the regimented white stack of her wig piled upright and equally still, as she motionlessly draws in a sip by some hidden action. Small quiet chatting, another cup and saucer arrives after some distance, quietly placed before the woman sat across from her.

“I like what you are wearing.”

“Oh yeas, thank you there’s also a hat which goes perfectly with this. It was my grandmother’s, the hat was. But I hadn’t known we would all be wearing wigs.

“They’ve gone all out. I like your outfit as well”

“Yes you’ll have to excuse me I just arrived.”

“Yes, you have your pants tucked into your boots like a fascist or a traveler and I thought I ought to be generous in assuming the later haha.”

“Have you been here long?”

“Everyone arrived two days ago”

Below the powdered white wig her face is a single texture with blue and pink remarks laying across the space about each eye and the soft middle of her cheeks blushed distinct from other surface tint and when her mouth opens to speak the clarity of her lips present as a forceful bound on the cavernous aspect of her pink interior: Another suggestion of folded layers within. Each part matched to the man’s sat in the chair beside her as surely intentioned, his white teeth, and smile. The identical arcs of their lightly sketched eyebrows.

As the empty cup is carried from the table still on a saucer, as one body. The fragile joint between them softly ringing in contact even in the even pace and step of the delicate servant towards the cart left on the garden path, wordlessly passing across the unfixed social setting and quiet private conversation, a perfectly sterile expression, the crown of his head held as evenly.

The man sat at the table across from her here pulls off the dining gloves so they pass between his fingers to remove any debris which would then fall onto the path between his legs, and lays them across his thighs. The intricate winding ribbon of decoration across the outer surface of each of them discernibly matching, referencing each other and the unwound petals of a flower. He rests his arm across the back of the chair he's sat in his body laying out for display the pleated loose cotton, from the collar to his waist adorned in the same ribbed pattern falling open across him exposed seams by the languid position he falls into, between his ass on the seat and his foot, his toes bracing some part of his weight against the bricks sewn into the ground and the path of his thigh accentuated in threads of silver sewn through stockings catching the sun. The puerile contents, his crotch where the legs join at a seam. He remains facing the table surface which they are each set around with the bored part [n.] in his mouth.

"You weren't invited here by the landlord?"

"No I know doctor Duplège and she had asked me to join as soon as I could so I only got in this morning."

"Oh yes, she's here for the prince isn't she

"I know he's been immobile since arriving he's had problems with his feet some sort of defect from birth."

"Have you seen them? He loves to show them. The prince's toes are so thin and the skin thin and torn away leaving these haggard white frayed ends all around red and purple like horrendous bruises. They cause him some great amounts of pain so that he has become increasingly attached to opiates whenever he is out of bed and awake. So if the pain doesn't keep him seated... but his feet are red and swollen. It's ghastly and impossible to treat apparently. His toes especially, the skin on them like old crepes crack, raw to the bone. You'll see he's basically stupefied and infirm. It's horrendous."

"O yes and that little stain of a man he's brought with. He's always got a dull, hungry expression of a kept man but doesn't speak to anyone and sits there following the prince about."

"Well you know why he's here. Out of love."

He folds his hands across his knee and brings them, his interlaced fingers and the joint, up and across the other leg so the tension curves his back and so the costume and his interest in them are inviting. An open space provided though the face remains fixed on the table surface. The skin of his stomach folding across itself, the small pot of fatty tissues over his stomach. Someone near them laughing politely through the slack in conversations.

"Well can you imagine what it's like to have so much time and nothing to do with it all?"

"And that extended further under the influence of drugs?"

"Oh yes what a tragedy that must be."

"All the same I wouldn't ever think of trading with them. Not that any sympathy can outweigh disgust, but perhaps the mixture is tempered."

They are walking along together towards the manor door as a crowd (as one generally) among the unintentional cluttering of other men and women walking together, differences around the identical contents of each stomach, now joined and gently occupying a single pace together, his leg extends too deliberately otherwise, finally then [finally-then] standing as they wait at the manor door waiting to pass through one after the other. The woman there now mindful of holding skirt pleats over the threshold and doorframe and moving past a man dressed as a servant holding the door apart as a polite simulation of necessity and kindness. His lips move to speak, he smiles from his servile downcast eyes when she passes still holding the hem away from the wood floor. The gathered body of them unwinds further as another woman passes into the hall. Her foot the width of the floor board she puts it on. The crowd of them wait further distributed, unaligned, in a plot. A man rests against the exterior wall.

“We should go to see him”

“The royal party?”

“Yes he’s been staying in the same suite upstairs this whole holiday.”

“Of course.”

“Will you come with.”

“Yes. “

“We’ll say hello then though I’m sure he’ll be asleep.”

He is standing behind her as he lays the empty glove across her shoulder so that the fingers remain across the curvature from shoulder to chest. He raises an eyebrow,

his face tilted down and towards her while she looks at him by turning her neck and her eye near the extent of its range of movement.

“I’d looked in a day or two ago and it was him and two sleeping men with wigs placed across their faces against the afternoon light and the electric bulbs both going at once, all of them comatose.”

“Yes well if they are like that again make a game of see-who to snatch their wigs without waking them.”

A flock of birds burst out of a topiary behind them, a dozen of small brown birds scattered into the air their small writhing bodies beating furiously as they take to flight. Those wings, in dozens of sets sounding across the open space, turn, and move generally away. The man there ferrying a teacup turns so that the apron against his chest parts and reveals the small gap left between his shirt and jacket, dark and warm against him, this vacant space appearing against him enlarges again when his arm is raised to keep the sun out of his eyes. The birds disappear overhead and far away from them but he stays with his arm held against the sun and stood still the saucer tightly in his grasp.

A man pulls aside a curtain from a second floor window and looks down, pressing his nose to the glass. His face holds still and bisected by the shadow from the window panes crossing him. While the angle and which pane he might be seen through alterable and subject to her perspective the shadow remains where it lays with some aggregate tolerance for a change in the sun’s position, an accounting for change, the rhythm of his breathing, the skin on his face contracting in the warming light, the air and his skin drying. His four white fingers stay curled around the pleated drape, the burgundy cotton and his pulse as it reaches even the ends of his fingers, pink toward the untouched nail beds.

“What have you done what have you done what have you done”

“shush shush shush Oh please do calm down in there you’re not dying. These men -- you only have to take the ability to act as if they’re in control and they start on. I am sure it is traumatic but try to think of the benefit for the rest now unburdened by your little demands. As well as you! Just relax you you are an organ now, an eye or ear as you always should have been. haha exactly.”

“no no”

“Good afternoon.”

“Ah good! I’m quite exhausted and this organ won’t be quiet for a moment. But thank you for coming; let me explain a little before I go back to my room and we’ll chat more this evening.

“For each of the five of these men we have put a little constraint on the conscious part by way of an operation. Just a small asynchrony, a break in the action of that mechanism, the wagging tongue having breached the surface most vividly, the molecule of language and reason -- from its own perspective the conscious part of their mind -- from that to their body the narrowed pathway reduced and further what had been a byway into a one-way street, sectioned off by clever surgery. The part of all those aggressive modes, certain aspects regarded as reason, repression, restraint, spoken and written language, all those methods against the rest of the brain split away now and cleaved from the iceberg ah nevermind that. The action along that channel delayed by enough, some fractions of a second to leave them

out of and merely reactive to the rest of the senses. The rest of them -- those parts historically obscured -- especially in the literature -- will appear and in the same way we don’t think of the tongue as part of the mind so will language recede, or this language. Rather the language of bees emerges, to preside [v.] within them

“The impeded part of their brain that had always thought it was the only piece of them, the rest now freed from bondage, the rest then, this coalition of workhorses swaying at the mill... Have you read freud?”

“Just as well. We’ll talk in detail after dinner.”

“They’re putting on a play.”

“Well after that.”

“You have to let me out of here”

“If any of the rest of you wanted to leave you will and all of the thrashing in your words can’t do anything more except be as disregarded as your gut calling for creme right now. Come walk with me, they’ll be fine finding themselves. It takes time to be reconciled to control and recovering from anethesis.

“Ah hello! Good would you like to dress?”

“Save me,”

One figure stands from the table His hand explores the grey hairs on his belly. The swelling in his ribs rising and falling an even keel, a minor bellows works beneath.

The four figures laying across a single table touching below the heavy stillness of the bright lamps pressed near the surface of the bodies under pristine sheets the careful distance between the surface and the strict glass across the lampbulb, the calm pre or postprocedure indistinguishable -- “sans difference en affect”. The sloughed off fabric in a small pile on the floor and touching one wooden table leg. Their eyes shut while rhythmically breathing and framed by the wide drapes pulled over the windows and running to the ceiling.

The doctor puts the fork against the rim of the plate. The bend in its neck stops against the edge and stays there. She is chewing. Her mouth presses around those braided contents, residual portions along the tines, affixed in the lines of teeth, in her palate, saliva and inherent moisture mingling. Placed along the surface. Behind her is a ladle the bowl end hanging on the edge of the stove and aligned with her head. Its perfect sphere body showing the distorted projection of the rear of her head. The image nearly touching her.

“I’m thinking of the arrangement and motion of your tongue while you are chewing. It’s quite something. How it keeps out of the way of your jaw coming together, positions the contents of your mouth, the parts the aren’t yours properly yet, fats loosely joined, starches, carbohydrates identical to your cheek, proteans unincorporated enveloped within you wanting to dissolve, nevermind the orchestration you need to speak simultaneously with your mouth half full.

“In the same way we expect those men to emerge as if from a distant prehistory and as a new genus .. able to step forward into the world their forebrains have constructed

“One of the first moments of inspiration for this had been when I let myself get truly hungry. Not in the sense of a fast but in just abbreviating a breakfast and lunch. We know about the heightened senses and the paramount craving the comes along, trundling up from some spot, this great bodily urge which compromises [v.] our thought as well.”

The long body of the fork against her middle and index fingers. Smooth channels are pressed in the metal and the resulting ridge touches across the pad of skin at the middle joint of each finger. Resting loosely against the covered tendons in each. Taken in hand. It enters her mouth, parted partially, against the lip. Her skin forms around it both in hand and mouth, the precise end of her tongue and this singular wrapped surface in contact

“We will understand tomorrow once we see how they are but even this brief moment this afternoon is encouraging. From the few cases of organic damage to the mind documented in the literature, if intermittently and from a contrarian perspective, that other aspects take hold of the body apparatus when portions are harmed. It’s difficult to separate what might be changes to behavior to a unitary self to the multitude we observe within the mind and our attempt to remove one portion from its position of influence. The mind is not the liver, that is an undifferentiated mass of tissue and ducts. Nor is it the body as a whole where the failure of any one system is fatal.

“Our other concern is for the future. The children born to a sublingual culture will develop in ways impossible to predict. It may be necessary for the same surgery to occur, or the parts of the brain may naturally bend to suit their social terrain. One new tree growing in a woods shaped by a great storm, surrounded by torn root systems, branches pinioned back having endured continued assault, the seedling does not match those perpetually blown branches...”

“It’s enough to stop and ask who is in here with me. The amount of unknown autonomy from my own actions. I should be thankful each time my foot meets the floor I suppose, in the way I am made to feel glad when I finish eating after being hungry.”

The water extruded from a cloth and puddling on the wet dark wood floor, held by a woman dressed as maid. While they pass beside her and the clean ribbon of floorboard she is working the cloth into a polished segment without any remark upon it, any reminder of what she is there to clean completely removed while the sound of her working carried along the hallway at least to where a small trio of young men are facing one another one of whom holds out his wrist to show them something there or the way the wreathed lace there is held away and victimized by quiet stitches along the inside of the sleeve. *Quelle courage!*

“I ought to say that even given my disregard for the blind preeminence of this spot in their heads and of course without saying so in ours also that this is not some kind of *revanche* but a necessary change to our life and an abdication of violent history. I think it must be clear that we have been on an unfortunate branch for some time our selves further and further confined cannot be allowed to merely continue any, the canal we have been on as a people a species is increasingly far too narrow if we want anything good to come of it we must begin to give possession of our strange tangle of parts back to itself and hope for the best. This is a benign liberation. Yes, some part will be left aside or even as a perceptible imprisonment, an impoverishing which necessary proceeds the absolute refusal”

In the dining room the rows of chairs are occupied in fits (a couple chatting together - facing one another while sat side-to-side; a man briefly studies the nails on

one hand, one once passing his fingertips across the coif hanging across his forehead) and arranged with aisle gaps, arranged to take up the full width of the room and face a wide space reserved before the rear wall marked as a stage by proscenium curtains.

“A telegraph message can be spelled out by these people and the filled or unoccupied chairs. In fact they do say something unwillingly don’t they because the telegraph exists. A bit like having an itch and discovering a scab or a scar on your body you weren’t cognizant of. Cognizant deliberately. Once you begin thinking of your bodily desires as equal but separate I hope you can see why I was so eager for the opportunity offered here.”

A small red dog walks up to her ankle and stands beside her while continuously panting.

The protruding and wet eyes fixed forward; perhaps mimicking its eyes and jutting mouth with the square, red tongue passed out of it moving in every rapid breath. She looks back to the doorway they had just come through. The continued sound of the maid. The door open, held that way by its weight and the benign, thin society of people arranged in chairs and their having just entered, all of the empty chairs. They sit beside each other near the center aisle and cross their ankles, the slack cuffs on those round bones pressing against her surface skin and around each other. The slim-backed wooden chairs pressing back on them.

“She leans her head towards him to show that she is listening, too tired to do anything more. And he remains lost as he keeps speaking, the tilt of his own head and neck and the little circle he draws with his hand and his four fingers held together.

“When I see them I want to imagine instead the benign majesty of an elk herd in the woods as a group of nude men and women emerge from crumbling facade.”

The man kneeling on stage brings one leg forward and beneath him, his pelvis forward so he can pull out the flaccid cloth stocking affixed to his crotch emerging from a gap cut in the front of his pants. The red fabric, half erect, half stuffed, hangs to the ground between his legs so it is drawing a slit against the floorboard at the end furthest from his hand. While he is holding it it responds to faint necessary movements. Then with his wrist turned inward at its greatest limit as he begins to move it deliberately. He puts it in the crux of his fingers and palm. It bulges, the red fabric, a comedic baton wavering in front of him.

“Yet! I remain restrained in bemoaning my disaster even while the pleasure in lust fulfilled strikes out marking me and the world for all them to see – the eruption of seed! I would only hesitate if asked directly and say o good god do come and say so! when any challenge was let out”

The end of the stocking pressed to the floor as he kneels genuflecting to imagined vacant corner. He points over the heads to the seated audience.

“Well if god won’t come I’ll intercede on my own behalf. There’s no sense in the moaning into the empty corner of a room. However imperiled my soul was I never wanted to stop and surely this makes me the most human. Yes, the least divine, the most prone before this body a perfect demonstration of the lord’s talents to fashion a wretch with every means but for the will to see anything done. O the mirror of my besotted soul this body carrying me down, in a dream of fierce pleasures

have preceded impending hell.”

A women in a nun’s costume enters from the wing:
“You will regret that it was such a thrill to be kissed”

Three men enter, silent, from the left in various states of nudity. One is touching their face, his mouth is open and the fingers press into the loose skin of the cheek. It forms a pocket in the surface and is forced between his rows of teeth, against and between parted molars. He moves briskly, his eyes dilating in the stagelights still wildly searching in posture, in glance. The man on stage is kissed violently and has his pants pulled off his body. When they are somehow caught around his ankles they tear. Thighs fondled. Hands trying to peel eachother away. Shouting the whole while. When he’s pushed to the ground a thick tongue working against the panicked knot of anus someone comes up on stage

“Please stop this oh good god oh this help help help!”

“No no stop help!”

“Stop stop what are you doing this”

is themselves accosted by being grabbed with a sudden strength and pulled to the ground. Her head knocks against the ground. From stage wails through the blood on his lips. A tooth has cut him there either before or after it was broken. Either possible. His tongue is seen at his lip impulsively feeling the rough tooth and blood. The man behind him touches the head of his cock and it leaps up, bright pink with constrained blood.

“That’s the man you operated on.”

A divot appears in his thigh between the flexing muscles as he pulls his legs beneath him again. Individual fingers leave marks on his unclothed ass, pressing into the plate of his flesh. The sounds of his moaning. The audience is standing fitfully. They begin to run back and forth, in currents and fitfully, moving generally without particular purpose.

With a single finger opening her mouth and pulling her lip away from the ridge of bone it is fixed against some slight moisture appears. The deep red flesh pulled apart, visible tendons, threaded blue ducts exposed within the skin where the inner surfaces attach. A harmless bauble of phlegm in her throat as she breaths her breathing, her series of worried calls of encouragement reduced to vowel sounds, obstructions and near fricatives when she speaks in her sleep. Her arm rests among the legs of an overturned chair and the rest [n.] of her held up by the structure of other overturned chairs in some hasty orientation in a pile extended a meter and a half off the floor. The scattered layers of costumes disassembled from multiple partners spread out. The pants torn and left there. The crepe skin fabric torn from stockings or a shirt, crinoline, silk, cotton in a mess. The inverted crown of the wig laying across itself. Reflected light from off of the stage across the promenade of her upper arm to the joint, interrupted by how her shoulder bends blocking it, the folds of her ear and her hand hanged loosely off the wrist caught out and dangling in the cast shadow of her head among the leg of the chair reaching toward the underside of upturned chair.

Then she turns her head, the chairs creak and produce simple chords. A dozen joints flex within material tolerances. First in her neck then the wooden legs and frames laying under her body and carrying her through the indentation in limbs and her chest. The shin, the thin skin there across the bone producing inflammation swelling through particular diverted

pressures. The weigh of her breast and her head on her arm here and here along a minor remittance of flushed capillaries exposed in her furthest surface. Mouth slack. Loosely open. The stitches in bare scalp passing through the pattern of her close-cut hair. Strands bloodlessly passing into the tight skin. She swallows and her head shifts. Her body shifts. The chairs again. A small red dog pauses at the doorway then continues out of sight.

The woman walking by slides into the chair, the flat wood seat, beside her while she sleeps. Each of their legs spread, the gate of hips and scattered hair, foreign hairs, pigment of genitals, a burst capillary, residues of contact and fluids, remaining fluids adhered to same. The snoring man on stage and shrunk, ancillary penis fluttering to one side within the ilium jut and cushion of tissues suspended from those crests of hips. His incline due to the massed variety of costume and wig whose wove pattern clings to his ass. His childish fat. Slack arms falling under his torso. The triangle of hair across his pubis thins toward the navel into a distinct curling hair. The long hair of a woman's wig attached to him by friction. The thin trace of blood on his flushed cheek, on her hip and her thigh, wrapping from inner to outer thigh in two parallel lines the width of fingers, roughly.

The mix of skin and the same blood under the nails of each hand. The black marks. The wooden floorboards slowly changing shape in the heat of floodlamps, stagelamps laying against them. The minuscule shadows of falling dust. In the radiant temperature his skin contracts into goosepimples. The air moves. The expressed pressure differential between lungs, throat, mouth, expression. The stricture of the doorway and the darkened hallway, then the front door thrown apart. The treatment of the large wooden door differentiated by deliberate stains and weather. Changing borders.

Then in the dining room the chairs are pressed in so that the backs meet the table edge. Against one wall the dishes and the remains of dinner have been sitting on the floor. Plate stacks [v.] on plate all of similar size so it results in three similar heights, silverware left together first neatly aligned, sets for a five course meal sorted out, then beside that are pieces thrown together into a mess, fork, knives, spoons, in a mound, remains of dinner scrapped to the floor, the metal serving plates and dishes fit against each other merely so they cannot fall at all further, chipped, forks between them, various scraps, upended saucer, so on. This piling lessens further into the open space before the table. Food thrown about amid a mixture of liquids (wine or coffee or meat) seeping across the floor, both thinning in relation to distance from accidental center outward. The light spring curtains taken off the wall, brought together in the corner, rolled and stacked into uncountable folds. A portrait falls off the wall and lands on edge propped against the wall, stands briefly before sliding along the polished wood and landing face up.

A small red dog is hurriedly eating from an overturned dish. With his mouth still open he stops and stands still breathing and staring ahead through the wall. The round eyes in the arabesques on wallpaper and reflections further curled in his black eyes. Then he trots towards the doorway and accompanies the patter of his own nails out into the open hall. The leather collar fastened so his hair sprouts out around it in a wide fan reciprocating each movement of his steps. The

cyclical motions of his lip and tongue responding to the stroke of rapid little breaths. The white lower teeth are revealed between alternating or each fourth breath in the count and his right front and left rear feet on the wood boards. This begins again immediately, left to right, front to back, until he lifts up his leg and pisses. Piss falling together reveals a grade of the floorboard toward the wall, the sunken space under it described as his urine pool in flat, cooling surface of his piled up urine. The two distinct shadows cast from the windows onto the floor mark where it stops moving then. The union of the crossbars and the reduced quality of the sun through glass.

A cushion from a sofa put against the wall in the posture of a propped up body at rest with the worn side to the wall and floor. Sunken, frayed upholstery in shade.

He walks into the kitchen. The ashes from the stove are spread out in hand swept gestures across the floor. The preserved motion of a pair of hands kept on the floor is cut through by a finger making an alternate path then lifted up at a single point leaving a small burr. Now interrupted again where his foot falls through it, fits around his bare foot in just the same way through it.

A number of small parasites in his intestines are breeding at sustainable, allowed rate. Outside in the topiary birds nestling amid branches as the sun sets lower and the perfectly still furrows driven through the driveway by car tires remained until sufficient rainfall.

The last car pulling towards the gate with the gentle thrum of its engine reduced by distance, the overlapping speech within it becoming clearer when one occupant breaks through the window with a piece of masonry in their hand. The glass falling partly across the driveway and into the unrutted clay beside that. Thin shards, semipermanent.