



# THE MADSVOLTA

*.....de-loused in the comatorium.....*



.....*de-loused in the comatorium.....*

**Cerpin taxi** stood high above the wobbling miscarriage of oncoming traffic, he was weak in the knees. Blackened out of synch knew his time here would soon end with an internal hemorrhaging made aware by the animonstrosity of his frankenstatue presence. No longer would he carry on his shoulders the weight of passion. No where were his next of kin to be found. Automotive surges spilled through the veins below him. Was this the only passage that he could find? Sweat adorned the unmoped of his brow, he couldn't possibly turn back. His jaws jingled with cold studdering, his stomach bulged mid-metamorphosis, grumbling knot belches, too nervous to look down into the inviting concrete collision. He served himself no other choice.

Between two mountains that claimed some half assed biblical truth, Cerpin knew better, as it had been etcha-sketched with the branding of a caveat emptor, scarlett with with rheumatic shakes. Cashed... beyond mocking belief, this one last hit would spin him and ring him through the mud. He'd always been denied, but this time he didn't want to wait outside while the party raged on without him.

The rail that adorned the top of the bridge pulsated a cape of winced shut on looking. Cars drove past in amazement... "who the fuck was that wing nut, doing his trapeze act?" thought one commuter as he shot by. "ama... mira el muchacho va brincar!" screamed a thirteen year old girl trying to flag her parents' attention, racing by in a beat up truck filled brink wise with landscape tools. A few miles up the street, the band played on. Springs coiled tightly in the tendons of his legs.....they were ready. His tears smoldered into the afternoon air, no one could stop this now. He wondered in flashback stanzas, omitted from this reality, his body took form...half-moon die cast on a February dive....an emblem for all to see...unamused compound of fractures, brittely awaiting for the portal to open...plummeting in the pupil, craving a mute resolve." I'll fucking show them" gathered a light wind past his face, defecating a verse that sang "yo ya me voy, y nadien me recordara." he smiled from his chandelier vantage point, inaudible to the ribbon mic tenderness of his naked iris hearing device. Waiting for the opportunity, wilting in sin...the cat among the pigeons could now pounce back into the arms of his true family. Slicing of one last breath, sparking diamonds in the headlights, forever stained in maroon stamps.

Cerpin had always been a little overly possessed by his chimerical scribblings. Between lunch breaks and during class, maybe even in his sleep you would find him drawing neo-cultures, diseased and grotesque. That was the portal he created, getting dirty in the nails, small hairs yanked always a canvas moment waiting in the wings. This served its purpose well, as he was malnourished without the outlet. So vividly they spoke to him, committed to its paper. He never noticed if anyone else could hear them too..... no matter really, because it's what they said...and how they said it. they were infatuated with each

other from the get of their disturbance. He knocked on doors that everyone else knew had no existence. Spiral notebooks lending variety in the medium. Ouija boarded inch by gasp, slow notion in their claps, center psalm lesions of grandeur... imbred petting within bald of point conceived infatuation, clad in flat ash waiting to be rejected, always waiting to be defective. un juramento sin forma,...me escape de las montañas, salte veneno...scalpula failed to release. You could say he was whipped by the argot of his outlet. Cerpin taxt, ever the ardent underdog...and of this was born a pig sty pavilion of dribbling hieroglyphics. He needed to be needed. Longing for scores, unzipped face deformed expatriate. They were meant for each other. They defined one another, and soon they would be one.

Wait now...hadn't this all happened before? Traced back in years. Recalling the events, there was a venom in numerical tries. An autocrat in waiting, unknown to himself even....he started losing grip. The sangfroid hunchback that was held together by electric ligature, was always finding it harder and harder to stay alive, let alone make amends in the eye of his storms. This had happened before.

On an opaque afternoon, fending for himself, in the wake of a mistake, Cerpin was caught on guard in the line of quarrelling fire. A closed can of inebriation had found its way between his own crosshairs striking him in the cranium. A class of migraine unto itself. Maybe he had asked for it? Maybe it was the excuse he needed to traverse the borderland of clairaudient dwellings. Through aneurysm vespers, in the cabinet were the means. To smithereens of an aching argument, he left the point of impact, yeah he left it for broke to medicate his wounds. Maybe he had made a mistake, but mistakes are what his dreams were made of.

Supple and warm, came the covers over his body. That handful of morphine his mother left behind when she died sure came in handy. This was the hit that marked the beginning. In and out of reality for one week on end, his residency would live in infamy. It was here that they would first make contact with him, the autocrat in waiting, fighting to stay alive.

He had been nominated....tagged and placed within the high water flood of twisted necks, banging mainline swandives\cold gizzard to the easing of his confusion. we had studied his slithering new fangled strut from abroad. True prince among the living dead. A wicker at wits end, sweltering an oracle of muse, stuck upon inoperable amputecture, whose flesh wounds felt him thud the ground each time gangs of obstacle contusions buried him zealot deep in stupor. with his armor of broken skin, he had now become a carcass of caricature immune to the slashing on his right fretted arm, mending a hand me down impression dressed in revenant shards. One who had drunk with the owls, with neuce in left hand, showered by lacerations that poured as loud and quick as sand. Magnet for the wielding of knives, with a handless desert of lapwing practicing on his punching bag heart. stacked against a tidal wave of formative droves, making all his advances imperially morose. Bodies can only take so much wear and tear before they collapse.

Now the hurdles, they stood in q's dwarfing one another in size and shape. They seemed to throw themselves at his body, puncturing with cesspools, inseminating a passive aggressive whiteout that lit his hair on rooted nerve ending. Mala suerte that reduced him to a rubble of incoherent belligerence. So as not to add to the demons that leached under his socket of eyes, people would walk the other way when they saw him hypnotized. His tongue became a cluster of stolen hinges unable to close sentences. To decipher riddles imbede in mud. Hunted by a bulletin of linguistics, playing dead for keeps, and its sick to all who couldn't see, how he could float to the brink with pain by his side, flirting with the insomnia of daft parasites. You could hear him sing in his sleep,"con cada cuerpo que estranes mas, este varco se olvido como a nadar." He had been salvaged almost every other time, but this one would brake the foundation that he built from the inside. Unconventional and undeniable. A Tremulant megaphone calls....

That is until we brimmed the ballots with the grins of bloodlet nominations, punctual and factual. After all he created us. What would we be without our beloved bull legged hex of a leader. An empty throne for the Tremulant regime was an unfitting glove left with pistol grip persuasion. and so our plan unfolded- born of hatchet faced spindels, a conspiracy that reared its mug shot at the shores of nedra queret. A pinched swerve found at the bottom of a manmade throat, that was carved into stalactite teeth, and bandaged with the charm of taffeta webs. To some it was known as the orifice of the underworld;stuffed with loons that helped bat Cerpins eyes, where endorphins made carnage from an insulant pride. Through out the years it had become a lair made of murals that drifted out of tar and thin

air. Belched of lab coated meat hooks caught on spinal column thorns... found within a planet surrounded by the grave rings of nervosa, with its mote floating on an axis suspended in time. Filled with the remnants of an earth bound portal triangular in scope.....where defeated, Cerpin lay growing in some tattered pit of stomach; a convalescent home of croaking entrails, mangled by the pettiness of insignificant others. On this black and white planet roared boils upon its shores, nesting bedwetting for our heir to the throne.

Many a sun did pass before the house of Tremula Metacarpi was to decide upon a new leader, and who better than the afore mentioned neoinfidel known as Cerpin taxt. probably the loneliest hull of a man that we tremulants had ever layed eyes on. He resided in the manacle sect of mundy, one of many small caves that overlooked the shanty town of rezjua, engrossed in shadows of curdled blades flashing themselves in the broad daylight piss of kinetic cleansing.

With immense fever we handpicked the irradi excerpts from the guilty library of half-truths. A book of suspended impact. How-to manual that taught seduction through the art of suicide. Chapterless void of crass ultimatums, liberally adopting the monthly blood of human conversions. It was with the aid of this manual that set the snails into a marmoset of momentum. Each page wrapped itself around Cerpin, raping its way into his body. For it was by his hand that that we were damned to live in motion sick stills of bone colored paper. By his ink cult of prods that begot him his only children. Yet the ragman of mundy knew nothing of his next to kin. the ones he abandoned in a stationary of underwater flu. So it had begun with a blunt caress of affection from the Cerphim Neuralgia, who summoned him with a warrant towards the canvas of his face.....thus administering a morphined carriage of admission. The gates of thanos were now spread eagle wide.

{Cerpin mumbles a costpital riddle}

They had imagined me as catastrophic....felt an anxious excrement scathing directions from inside my rib cage. slouched over pointing Gums at porcelain, aching max occupancy, mocking efficiency. I'm starting not to feel the left side of my face, staring at a field of numb quilted walkers. Mangled around an ectopic horse feed on mute. I've painted my limbs with the black of my own ashes. Can't see the lightswitch when the lights were torn off, from its canal of wrist cuts. Can't feel my way past the obvious....must make neck tender.....adorn it with perforation.....they had imagined me as beaten and disfigured, across a stretched carpet of pinkslip deadlines. they beckon from a stomach wall lining, hung by jurors, gaffels at attention.

"You have been brought here by way of your own device. you stand there drenched in guilt, a sentence you can not deny. To the outer reaches you will find bipolar chance. You are here by banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of your time," spoke the gentle infant voice of unhydrated....purgatory strategist. Perpetual lepers who protected the check mates. "To draw bedpost sight from deathbed dirt," chanted the lepers with their map fresh out of wrinkles, fallen face penance first. Mosaic intervals jonesing imminent mistakes, "followed by the stiling of glass candle lights", they wept. "For tunnels will lend you a route of repenting escape" they kept chanting, repeating hymns into the esp impure....."three cuts into the slattern conscience lurks the altan sarsen elections" intervened the Tremulants in a whispering of thought, observing the trials from their maddox oracle "dragging a fire under the sheets of sadav commania" rebutted the Tremulants unseen to the lepers....."where you will reach a fear," continued the lepers, "that mirrors a view that is closer than it appears, in your sleep where you will find the greatest of all lies.....the insignificance of others...."

And such was their sentence. Prescription unfilled left clenching in my hand. What was it that i had done ? I could not remember. Where was i going ? The lepers had said their piece and all across the the council of unhydrated, the eyes had it. They prepared my craft in which i was to travel in. Adorned it with amoebas as a means of autopilot automation, for it was reapers who would man the ship. fastened on a seat of arachnids that swarmed my face and penetrated my mouth so as to gut me of cabin pressure. By the time the spiders had tied my body down I began to feel my eyes secret steam and blood. I felt my equilibrium trade places with my lungs. My feet became walls my back ruptured open with choirs of latitude, flapping wings that had spread an ephemeral rush that began to convert my into a hibernating jet propelled larvae. I squirmed into position, vomiting rigor mortis settling in, and then it happened. A grapnel of thick neon quagmire shot open and sank me through the continuum of time and space itself.

The lepers had successfully accomplished their task, in their punishing of my wayward act. From their lodges of sweat sang the gallows birds of unhydrate. Singing songs of excommunication into a scape of infra recon spectra probation. Lunged into nightmare inside the ESP impure. It was the attempt that fell victim to the shackles in this limitless soar, voicing the stark plea of, "let us nurse this viper in the bosom of your sewers." "impeso en la sala de tivrones, un pais escrito con el noche. from the prickpatch of poppy fields exhumed under the tremble of lock and key. on this deaf night of crossed eyes...donde me perde. My first attempt will cripple at the door of atrophy, ests son las viajes antes que me fui..."-Cerpín taxt

*son et lumiere;*

*clipside of the pink eye flight I'm not the percent you think survives. I need sanctuary in the pages of this book. Gestating with all the other rats, nurse said that my skin will need a graft, I am of pock marked shapes, the vermin you need to loathe...*

*inertiatic esp;*

*Now I'm lost...now I am lost. Last night i heard lepers, flinch like birth defects, it's musk was fecal in origin as the words dribbled off of its chin, it said, "I'm lost.....now i am lost.....," Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils, cast in oblong arms length. The hooks have been picking their scabs, where wolves hide in the company of men. It said, "I'm lost.....now i am lost....." Are you peaking in the red?*

*Perforated at the neck. What of this mongrel architect, a broken arm of sewers set, past present and future tense; clip side of the pink eyed fountain....."Now I'm lost.....now I am lost," it's been said, long time ago you'll be the first and last to know....you'll never know....you'll never know.*

{fetal positioned in the stalkingyard}

His pupils twitched lightly, subtle panic aroused in his crystal eyes. Found himself in a sore of molastic putrescence that covered him entirely. It appeared to be a placenta like cocoon, that tore itself out of a pore in the cement. Procured by a heat lamp of dry heaves, misplaced in an oil slick of coat hangers, that lanced off the beggars torso slityard, with its rusted cars, barrel fires and vagrant argot. "I too haven't eaten for days," said the bum clutching warmth by the barrel outside. They had seen brighter days, minus cutty sark pauses, in and out of cells in their empty slit pocket. "What of the quarters that house the weary bones of tranquil fatigue, where might I find a bed of sand to stake my keep" Cerpín asked, unable to get a response....long pause continued....fingers unable to commit to the pointing. Seasonal winds made amends with the inquiry, draining a draft that turned his attention to a dilapidated boxcar swaying, shuttering in the dark and empty slityard. The silence grew deafening, eye contact impaled on a nail of denial. "Pull up a rail. It rumbles with the girth of early bird squeals," said one vagrant, "ponte trucha", said the other.

The jettisoned grounds seemed damp with lethargy, crisp with eggshell walks. Careful not to graze the taste that grew restless, mouthing off this sleeping leviathan. Without question, adorned by the heckling winks of the vagrants, Cerpín made his way to the jaundiced colored boxcar. It looked like a prescription bottle filled with tablets of multi colored seagulls. Trapped inside were the shrieks of lap steel cackles, half hearse, half tree stump unearthed were heard. It sat there maliciously waiting with splintering inner jokes. "si no te importa me duermo aqui," coughed Cerpín, ready to close shop, shrinking his styes. "Three corneas, two feet, septic skin and gimp swagger" crooned one vagrant. "Que chingaos quere deser eso?" snapped Cerpín. "You'll see," he sneered back centrifugally hoarse in premonition. "It is the lepers who sing out the sentencing that brought you here, as you harbor rabid saunces, swimming up the portal of tomorrow's dead tongues" claimed that thick scented homeless gravel, trembling binge tremors.

In the distance .....something drew closer and closer to the slityard, circling around the bed where Cerpín taxt laid. It replicated prowl cars closing the kill, eye brows perked in wonder, yet unconscious and deceitful. "I need to sleep off the unease that queases this howling metal buffalo" .....and as sleep crept in, the doors choked closed with a card sharpened crack, awoken by shivers and millipede tacks. Strobelighting manic submission, where murder premeditated as conversation, ran on a lynching of phonetic hurdes. Trampolened by empty streets "Que hermoso eres sin tu cara," fisseld the virulent poison. Panic fetched to a writhing.....walls and ceilings made canyons out of my body. Jagged wood sculpted cuts in all the right places, smiling in flesh water burials, decapitated shrugs in headless lust

isles. "How could this happen, I'm in a trunk weltd by pencors planted as decoys, sticky syphillistic up the neck of cranes and nightingale files...where I'd sooner drink the poison"...paced the voice in his head, neckbroken of grunts, from roller coasted rattles unkept in this new found hostel. "What sort of train have i slept in tonight?"...his mother then held him and said, "you have arrived." "Stumbled upon a slipstream of stubble and rash urine stains, where the warming of marrow drew comfort from this blanketless train. An insulin coma, baring the mark of Tremula Metacarpi; an executrix at play in the cargo of Thanos"-anonymous

*roulette dares{ the haunt of...};*

*Transient jet lag ecto mimed bison, this is the haunt of roulette dares. Ruse of metacarpi, caveat emptor....to all that enter here. Open wrist talk back again in the wounded of its skin, they'll pinprick the witness in ritual contrition. The am trinity fell upon asphyxia-derailed, in the rattles of.... made its way through the tracks of a snail slouching whisper, a half ass commute through umbilical blisters. Specter will lurk, radar has gathered....midnight neuces from boxcar cadavers. Exoskeletal junction at the railroad, delayed. It's because this is.....cranial bleeding, leaches train the living - cursed are they who speak its name. Ruse of metacarpi, caveat emptor to all that enter here. Exoskeletal junction at the railroad delayed, it's because this is.....rattling the laughter hinges splintering inside.. bludgeoned to a saddle, rang the cloister bell inside...inside....Exoskeletal junction at the railroad delayed...Exoskeletal junction at the railroad delayed.. it's because this is...*

{into a graveyard of slattern mobilization}

Pneumonia mosque breath, capsizing ditches on a plank, epileptic with seizures. Broke into the cylinder rings, now nervosa was set catatonic and spent...."Tira me a las arañas! rompe me el osico! di me....di me ....vete ala chingada!" I screamed suddenly awakened skidding hollow disorientation, left squirming with pulsing rust barter, raised the dice of entrails as a white flag....yet i had been stapled to the deck of a refuse barge, gagging on the fumes of embalming fluids. Lost in shallow mote. Pinned down by whom it may concern, and there were others. Squeals for help need not apply, for not a soul was heard for miles. But how was I too to feel the lathering of conversations past, teething of infantile pants, clawed fingers scraped against the hush of broken craft.....under their breath the length of waves untuned...scattered helm of safeties perception. My ear canals did not lie, there was something there, baiting me for the instance. my designated means kept slamming up against what i made out to be other ships, but I really couldn't tell from my position. All i knew was that the impacts occurred every three minutes or so. I was shut down by inhalants floating about, when i thought to myself, "This is fait accompli by the evening." Forming inscisional tunnel vision, where I could only see upwards, I began to try to toss and turn, so that I could break free from the grip of the staples....three inches deep and three inches wide. I wasn't going anywhere.

That night as it was permanent night, I feel asleep to the rumble hunger unseated in my works. Passed out from the heat and began hearing the voices again. Only this time they were left of center in the distance, almost talking in their sleep. Jerked from slumber, one of the other ships had rammed my barge, tearing my back from the hold of the staples, as the small of my back, shined popped blisters filled of raw pink skin. With my right arm free, I gained strength and pulled my upper body from the clench bitten of staples. The night breeze scorched the skin of its virgin paper, and broke it into a scab colored branding, birthmarked to the bone. I looked around in utter silence.

Down below me i could see a black and white sphere....sullen and unnerving. Floating in a graveyard of abandoned submarines that circled the magnificent dot as a ringed mote. Had I been here before? What sort of deja vu was it tricking in my scalp?....Like a picture that I had d....r....a.....all this and still not a single person in sight. I didn't know how much longer to take it. Every breath I took taxed me. I slayed meager to the second. Only had the salt water of the rings to fill my tired body with. Then I heard them again. Footsteps belittled by laughter. I jumped onto another sub, and followed my concrete sense of radar, but couldn't pin point where it was coming from. From vessel to vessel, until I fell on a APL K19 Russian sub. It was riddled with pagan alphabet graffiti....empty. The water began to shiver in a frenzy, and before I knew it, the whole mote was awash rapid; a convulsion storm. I hid inside the K19, while a hail outside began to fester. Thunderous gaps of passages relieved itself from above, slinging itself at the water, hemorrhaging epical proportions. A tell tale noise swore down leveling.....I saw them all.....a thresher 593's skylarking in bellyflop strolls.....widowmakers.....a uss

waltzer....every unliving kind of sub possible. Through the scope of the K19, with flinches, it precipitated a monumental wreckage, laying waste to the landfill.. when the calamity had subsided, I ventured out side. There it fucking was....vessel impaled upon vessel, scathing a hue silhouette of rats birthing through mouths, tail ribbed insertion of catheter mountains left menstruating on vessel upon vessel, diuretic in conception.....phlegmed of scrap heap clumps. Overpopulated dysentery spills. Where had it all come from, soaking up the water growing scarcely visible. I was able to construct pathways from the debris that littered itself everywhere. Leapt onto a copper tinted sub given the moniker ECTOS 333. Plucked from seaside, same as the others....nobody home. Was i the only one there ? I glanced to the left and spotted a slogan written on the side of the boat. It was a bit undecipherable, covered by years of decay, weather worn wet and peeling. I squatted down for a closer read...it said....“it is decided that all gods must die.....so as to maintain social and cosmological order, moattilliatta remains merciful and vengeful.” I really hadn’t the faintest idea. I knew nothing of this superstitious ramble tangent inconsistency; perhaps of a populist consensus. No comprehension as to why I could even read it, seeing as how it was written in a language never seen or heard of before.

Held my patience for the voices to bubble up again, but all grew quiet,all remained calm. Strolled along the other subs, in search of food, blankets anything really. Must have traveled around in leap years for what seemed like forever. The loneliness collected in resin filled corners, smeared up and down these ghastly waters. A permanence of night can do wonders for the imagination I and didn’t need more of it. Cramp laked the jostling and brittle coating of my bones, sank sicker to a stick, made up of mirage bruises. Clotted myself, chewed on my own skin. drifting in and out, fits of repetition. Fell drowsy frail and heavy....heavy on the eyes....heavy on the palms...heavy on the concrete.....heavy towards the light....plastering vagueness brushing along swaying.....immediately I came to, finding myself engulfed by the voices. Verse vacuum I had to make a brake for it. I began shoveling across the mourners, crimping at the alarms, looking for a safehouse. Frantic jibberish spurting incoherently, swallowing tongue, swept for shelter, gutted bloated and tired. Had to find the K19 to hide my hyde from the spare part fallout. Sure its frame could withstand such a pounding....and from the heavens sliced open an entry, in the grimacing downpour glistened of hades. Near its defecation peak, I managed to see the winking from afar. Felt my arms torque forward the stealth of all appendages.....ran in formation towards primate arching, swallowing terrain whole, marking my target. Hurd sprint the photofinish like a motherfuck. I’d be damned to get propellered....back of my skull spawned sirens at full tilt. Imminent 30 seconds of mote. only one more sub...and there she was sight for the sores of all eyes, elbowed out of pivots. Turned my cranium in a gaulk at the charcoal lit sky. Taken for granted were the jets summoning from the skies, because not only was this place filled with submarines,but also it layed of transportation scrimmaged of mileage, bowing 747’s, single engine cesna’s, a towing pelt that thwarted a vanished account of junk piles.....this is where they all came to....crashing all around me. Cramp struck in arm again, phoenix craft and carpel throbs, aloud snow lotion stalks.....my last dash made from a leap of faith....lid shut tight at the soles of my feet. Would I make it this time? Eyes shut from terror, think I lost control of my function. Pigmented pearl at a harbor....padding a cell of my own. Sat there petrified overhead the collisions, as it gashed open the siege of all missing ships.. safety in numbers, in them where I hid. The interface wreck sealed shut the entrance of my K19. Now the only fucking problem was opening it. It rained for three straight hours. Forming overhead through the scope, I observed a layer of dry ice residue made from a dead vessel collage.

I made it...or had I really. Claustrophonic circumprison was I running out of air? The K19 could no longer re-enter the atmosphere in question, and with choices guzzled on empty, I fell into exhaustion throwing in the towel. “Ala verga!”...i whimperd....“I’ll just sit here till they rescue me”...I kidded myself, swaying mental patiently. “I’ll just keep tellin myself that I’m o.k.”....“someone ...will...come....” snaped into sobs, followed by hysterics, maimed with laughter. This shit was endless. For the pecking, I too became a voice in the pond. Eyes rolled back solitary in confinement. Unglued in its eternal waltz, slowly my being transparent, clocked out. All that was left was a puddle made of spit. Heavy on the eyes... grew heavy on the eyes.....“if you paddle away, you know we’ll find and put you back in this vesicle colony of mute vernacular. No dramatic means of fencing against this solitary sickness. As it precipitates flare gun shots. Coughing into the armpit of a mecharest home because when it rains, you know it pours”- the mongrel tarants.

*tira me a las aranas;*

*drunkship of lanterns;*

*You’ve got the lot to burn. A shelve of pig smothered cries. Is there a spirit that spits upon the exit of signs? Is anybody there? These steps keep on growing long. Bayonet trials rust propellers await...No...Nobody is heard, rowing sheep smiles for the dead. Nobody is heard..an antiquated home. A float with engines on mute. Sui generis ship spined around the yard. Is anybody there ? These craft only multiply. At the nape of ruins rust propellers await... No... Nobody is heard, compass wilting in the wind. Nobody is heard. Rowing sheep smile for the dead. Transoceanic depth in this earth - in this cenotaph. Lash of one thousand eye brows clicking. Counting the toll. Counting the toll. You’ve got the lot to burn. A shelve of pig smothered cries. Is there a spirit that spits upon the exit of signs. Is anybody there ? These steps keep on growing long. Bayonet trials rust propellers await..Nobody is heard, compass wilting in the wind. Nobody is heard, rowing sheep smile for the dead. Transoceanic depth in this earth in this cenotaph. Cappeljets...Hit the ground. Cappeljets...Hit the ground..Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking. Counting the toll. Counting the toll. Lash of one thousand eyebrows clicking. Counting the toll. Counting the toll.*

{schadenfreude are the growing pains}

Civets from the recidivist gasped profusely..“Lacerated their tongues, I think they speak too much, as it ransacked a clearing in front of me. Vocal chords denied breath, pallid with metric licking. In this fog, it provoked me a new name, by the skin of ghemora hotel, I thought that I had escaped...key phrase being “I thought”. Snowing gave way to flinches in this tube bolted screen. I had exceled the growth of the esp continuum through fracturing hecatomb washes scraping my fiber, with manual incentive. The esp had allowed me once again to transgress lateral dementia, radarless chameleons beating a path for the bleep on this screen. Leaving behind one body and pouring back into an exothermic version of another. Found inside out taping a transparency of hail everywhere. Viciously I swam through clear muk molten props in amelting fallout of nothingness....humming germs...voluptuous insignia sewn out of thorough breeds. Left a trail of memories to try and figure out how to get back. Felt dusted to the nils. A racket in the chamber, smiling to me an assurance of “You really needn’t breath anymore, look around you...it is devoid of function.”

Faith vanishings, hence the litter passing by muttering underbreath, and waterlike. I thought someone might still be able to spot me...testator nomadic. Trailing a tail of trick mirrors, hyperventilating as I did past my own temple. The burning sank a fade as I swam deeper into the listening...“all of this time bedsores containment, where am I now that the music has faded.” Enraptured in vicoden tucks, kennel swarms of cumulonimbus dogs ran through my delusion, was I just making it up or was there a maelstrom of pets, impending a gush upon me? With wet warm towels in went blank retina awol, guess I’d gotten use to that. Narchromeleptic fever pictures unripe for the recon. Traveled on sick leave beds through out these pages. Apparently a hustle and bustle wanked freely beneath my manupod, or was I on an operating table ? The smell of sterile gauze gave abscess dripping, disinfectant for the ruckus below grunting of lap dance foam and limbless muts, scanned the floors below me hinting painted me immobile. A life support christened me helpless, with one surgeon standing over me. “You have the body of a mistake,” he said. “and you the clumsy hands of a novice,” I snapped, emaciated by the confidentiality casing that choked me claustrophobe affection. “How long have I been under?”...hoping for something real....“Who ever said you woke up ?”

Now I recognized where the voices came from. Found face to hound, leant in for an answer. “We had to lure you here somehow,” the doctor smirked. “These unruly abominations are the ones who guided you here. Not much in the way of looks, yet plenty to gaulk at...they speak beautifully, dont you agree?” Fucking monster had a cunning hint about him, smoldering calm reserve, with rows of teeth up his sleeve. I needed to know how the animals spoke to me in the rings. “Show me how you storm ventriloquy at the wind, fasting particle past the mum of of past participles?” I grew stubborn and shitfaced of medicine. Labotomized in the frances ward, “What’s that smell?” carpet aroma sailing of burnt crisp hair. “That would be you my feathered friend.” Found my veins startling annoyed of form, ejected in an emulsion taxidermi still....drawn and quartered. “What have you done to my body”...“All for the better moattilliatta...you will fly again.” He spoke with such determination. his speech seem to intoxify my adrenalin rush, dumbing me demeral flash heat.

Wolfram Tarant as i would read on his name tag in peripherals, was the name of the infectant

MD, a quacking malpractice advocate whose very name was synonymous with butchery. His offices, located on the fault lines of the vociferous euphrates entangled itself in a splendid sedative impunity as it was masked a camouflage of stiple teleference. This worked to his advantage, with no outside intervention. His services had been requested by the mentiards, which was an alias for the tremulants. Bounty hunters if you will. But without surgical skill they could not perform the proper surgery needed on Cerpin. The task was simple- "by order of red tezcatlipoca- base tendon to the high order of tremula metacarpi- unleash the last of the great teraquetzals - spare no blood-fit like glove."

When duty called with bounty and receipt, the payment made a mockery as to the relevance of Cerpins body. Wolfram chased around the room. Fantasies wired his eyes immense and unethical, as if consumed by a dictation of good posture and common decency. "You will reach the highest peaks of jackal children sacrifice, rain fingers down, in a bath of blood...." He shook with priapic vigor. I couldn't fight it. Attached to machinery, cowardice became shock. The good doctor had a healing touch. His hands lapped at my wounds for fingers he had none. Attached to his wrists were the heads of mongrels tearing at my flesh. Nursing it to wealth. No silver scalpels, but filthy dogs that winked the stare of exlovers past, present and sutured tense. "Why have you done this to me?"... "You did this to yourself...besides it is merely an option," creaked a slovenly grin lip. "Once you taste it, there's no turning back" I didn't understand. The wingspan of my speech began shrieking cringes. "Tranquilo escraboso, tranquilo." "What choices do you speak of?" i demanded. "Observe restless one, observe....on your cornea will appear the image of your sworn enemy. A bricktank in the final installation of your discontent. An obese boar who goes by koral mataxia. This foul tempter, commissioned by the tremulants will find his holves enjoying the fruits of your endeavors. He is to steal your most beloved, and you are you are to allow him to do so with little opposition." Wolfram seemed to stray. "If it wasn't for him where would tremula be, I forsee with pleasure...there must be organization in this chaos. do what thou wilt spreads very thinly...our very existence depends on your wrath" I didn't understand. "Your greatest losses will fan this very flame." Fermium waves of cancerous leaches sucked me dry of a fight. I did not believe him. Wolfram began shouting, "Cursed are the genes of your cathartic existence! It was written and so shall it be. how perfect your prototype of nihilistic expenditure. A true prince among the living dead." My doubts increased with voltage. "You can't turn back, you haven't got the courage." Wolfram insisted, replacing my arms with wings cast out in this orgy of uncut gordian knots. "flooded you will grieve at an institutional romance, engulfed in a rage of jealous activity. she will evoke your self destruct only after you have struck," he beamed in soapoperative legislation. "We will provide you with the gate, it is you who has to make the choice, I trust my custom job will convince you of your self worth...join us and leave them all behind. can you deny this crown, peasant ranting for torture in the fixing of pure decadence."

Back in Rezjua, semantics sanded down the morale at the gathering sympathizers who rallied around Cerpins body. The amount of morphine that he ingested was enough to appropriate his state further and further, to the verge of permanent psychosis .The tremulants claimed a forfeiture of property.....that of the temple of his body...starting with his comprehension,....were they convincing him? Some prayed, some paced, some knew that the worst was yet to come. Messages kept scrawling out of his mouth.....tempting a belief that everything was alright. Those closest to him held their breath.... aA jewel like no other was about to be stolen, and of all the treasures they had to pick from theirs.... It was enough to make you laugh at the defiling martyrdom of a petty catholic guilt. He had yet to live his slogan, making his way through prune wrinkeld omens...hibernating in gums, rationed and chattering. As was his logic to box your own response. What was it that Wolfram was foaming at the hands about? Cerpin came in and out of his sleep, his body sat up in the emergency room found elbow deep in the clasp. More of his friends gathered, ,fusing a residential vigil, praying for his soul. He mutated double speak, an oar sinking not knowing where it was. Everyone slouched torn of pale witness to an apparation. Please come back to us. just as he started making out the images, he awoke back into the arms of Wolfram Tarant, unable to break the morphine tackle that found him dead asleep. The dogs paraded back and forth underneath speaking at his wings. Cerpins body was now of normal cosmetics, no longer a butchers shop...trimmed of fat on the ground. No more probing or slicing. He felt rested. He sat and smiled, "Where am I?"...unable to remember. The dogs began to speak in unison tones, sirens of shriveled mutiny. "When will you come convulsing to my basement?"- Dr. Wolfram Tarant

eriatarka;

*And there are those who hadn't found the speaking so wrong, is it wrong? Of pavlov lore, they ran rampant through the floors, is this wrong? Feels so wrong...happened on a respirator in the basements. Are they gone? Are they gone?... Stung the slang of a gallows bird.. rationed a dead letter pure. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches, dress the tapeworm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinched the cocooned meat, infra-recon forgets. Now there are those who find comfort in the breathing wrong, is it wrong? It houses the watchful eyes, they're panting in a pattern in droves, are they gone? Happened on a respirator, in the basement is it gone? Are they gone? Stung the slang of a gallows bird. Sanctioned a dead letter pure. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft. Cartwheel of scratches....dress the tape worm as pets. Tentacles smirk please flinch the cocooned meat infra-recon forgets. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. If you only knew the plans they had for us. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. If you only knew the plans they had for us. They used to have pulses in them, but impulse has made the strong.*

*They used to have pulses in them, but impulse has made them strong. Evaporated the fur...because it covers them. If you only knew the plans they had for us. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches dress the tapeworm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat.. Infra-reco forgets. Gotta be a way..of getting out. Are you just growing old? Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches, dress the tapeworm as pets.*

{ninos de la tierra quemando-hijas de sangre llamando}

Sowvietna, a barron desert lumped on the caskett side of Nedra Queret. The heat that rose from biege ashes kneeled many a victim over in a temperature purging quick to dismantle from evaporation. Where was it that Cerpin had found himself now? The desert climate was an obvious given, but who was he. His mind had been erased of all thoughts. To himself a series of clicks and guttural moans laced his speaking patterns. What was happening to him? He looked down at his arms.... as there were many. He tried scratching his head in disbelief, but his hands floated right through his body. The gell that incased his body fell in drops of blue transparent tingles that fell upwards to the sky then disappeared. He felt an itching warmth on the roof of his mouth every time he tried to speak. He opted to ditch the clicking grunts in favor of the long moans that drew instant gratification. This form of communication resembled sounds of sea life; sonar catalyst breaching the law underfoot. Behind him were the remains of disemboweled corpses. Two antlike creatures with human facial features carved in its back, where in plain view of Cerpin....however Cerpin was no longer his name, and for that matter he was a she. Clavietika Tresojos as she was branded, commenced her floating waltz across the dunes killing everything in her path, and with just reason. All that was Cerpin taxt could no longer be seen. She danced aimlessly on the sand towards sleeping villages, with liberation on her lips and death in her pouch, granting the wish of lust everlasting. The creatures left for dead on the ground sank slowly into the sand, about eight feet wide with antennas mounted on its head-piece. The faces on its back were charred with the shade of struggle, while its legs were cranked backwards broken and dangling..and its eyes, yes its eyes had been cut from the sockets and found in their mouths.... closed in a mouthful, daydreamt episodes traumaligned-content. Not a warning but a realization for the others-as this was their future. Clavietika glided away without a single drop of blood on her..forever clean with the power of painted speech; subliminal entity ethnically cleansing...three knocks on the door for housekeeping.

"You'll never know dehydration, the likes that shape inside my nap, carriaging from seven until never, posted on the dunes, has been with struggles. I'm hung and over, hunted cained unable from histamined strokes, allergic to your larynx as you pull it from your throat. Convincing a fluent spell, look upon my gaze, does this scribble portrait allure you to come and join the heap? Splendid it is when you finally feel the the breaking. You are fitted follicles from scalp to blush; salutation blessed by landing sleep. In the horizon, you'll spill brethren to the voluntary, miniscule insectavation on the trunk of deserts. More than just a fathom flogging parlor, renovating guilloroutines, sedetiviati calling mauled canvas. Painted in impaliours, weak in comparison is the pain that you seek. Brushed along paralyzion, I'll make things contrary to your opiated meat. I've got that impounding sand quivering up the wormholes, cause the phixias got binge of my scent; masticated under framed hunt. Wanted out of mostly euthencide. Gimme one look to the future, and I'll crumble with slight of sigh. Confunstrukt-genusect windducts are spoiled and surrendered mutilacksation, now start with the pockets unbridled looking....be it everywhere for everyone. Cutting from your stations of the crossed, a creeping mess is close to gaudiness"

{bring me the head of Clavietika Tres Ojos}

And this is what her painting said, minus rhetorical lapsus scaffolding. Stunned by images, she'd against ash in the gambling sand. Hypnoquatic trance from the verberateing look, submissive to the sound of her painting voice. This crippled my tips, receptor picking up jammed communicatios, but when it came to her slander we just had to implode...eyes first of course. Flamed the palms shuttered at breakneck teases. That was the plan implemented, bring her to me as recherche spoke. We took orders quite well, never questioned the pamphlets...maybe that's why we gave in so easily,...just never had the fight in us. Yet we were bred to fight amongst each other like narcs in tattle tale mode. "Marxaniala-tecla illuminosa,soil qurac guard," I shouted into my talk back pore. This was the standard procedure that we followed when calling for back up....like we really needed it. "There'll be a phixia cadre on the horizontal prayer of the magnifying glass in three decibel inclines," said hq back to me. "May recherche rest his tired bones," i thought....spotting this type of blasphemy always meant more phixias would die. We were on her fucking ass, heat sunk by intuition. We were gonna sack her back to the quarac. They had ways of muzzling her down, but everytime the phixia quarantine managed to get their antler pencors near her she, out of death, would duplicate instantly. Clavietikas were always up for the fight ,and us phixias picked bones for a living. Our encounters usually ended in an abortive marriage of afterlife,that taunted a punishing blow.

Something told us that this Clavietika was the mother hechicera. The one that sheltered Ojeno Valaso...fallen ceraphim and creator divine of the opposing side. His design was almost flawless. He made her with just the right touch. She was a double headed muti-random shaped appendage with lateral appendix impervious to hurt in the elastic form of an astral projected body. Translucent in her structure, deceitful and impregnable with the power of deforming, and the stare of defamation-court jestering suggestive suicide...a page torn from irradi exerptas. One word and you were dead. One drop that made a convincing argueless impression...and you would turn on yourself. Starting with the eyes of course. Sowvietna held a counter institutionary liberator in her belly and the Clavietika knew she was sweeping dirt in her eyes. It was a matter of seconds before we would catch her. Recherche had no schematics, only a starving window pain, that throbbed for an end to it all.

Ojeno Valaso and Recherche Bellicose were at one time inseparable. The pettiness of gossip, the competitive streaks, not even the sharing of lovers could separate them. There was a bond sewn together by a phantasmagoric aesthetic; los tres ojos {to obtain enlightenment. Ignoring temptations from the left and the right... the middle eye focused illuminously},ragman {hermit for the studying of survival}, and dead doll stares {the piercing gaze with which to paint your enemy dead}. Funny how history forgets to absolve its captors of their sin. The groping handle infixed between a shanking knife held by the both of them forged the land. "From ruins to anthills," was heard, and with it came the new beginning. Prosperity inched its way over the sands of Sowvietna. But like all tell tales, the tranquility would come to a swift end. In the harvest month of krona, twenty years after the Sowvietna civil war, it all went terribly wrong. Pallbearing a turn in the sheen highlighting Recherches' twitching eye, Ojeno would be the first to stab a friend in the back. Ojeno began noticing the brevity with which he began dealing with others. He grew fat with power, and as drunk with leisure as any gluten would given the access of total ownership. But was sowvietna his? Ojeno didnt seem to think so. Members of his cabinet seemed to vanish into the melted paper sand. People went missing at an all time high....and the streets fell desolate, tumbleweed populous unheard in the gasp. It was said that to look Recherche in the eye was punishable by hanging. All holidays were omitted from the calendar. Uniforms became mandatory. Loin cloths over black electric tape body suites, wrapped to a mummy shape. The mother tongue was banned, no one was to speak ectal, which naturally rolled off the antennas. A series of short germanic hand codes, equipped with click-hissing, and emotionless bravado became mandatory by law. Vietnic as it was so bitterly installed, became the lisp that corrected our roots. Ectal was ten-thousand times more elegant in its long vowels, soaring pronounced- submerged tone that mimicked the ocean whales, a beauty now long and forgotten. It was rumored that Recherche with his medically corrected speech impediment, in asshole operandi, wanted a language that was marked of his inflection and muddy drawl. A code of his own doing square wheeled chewing marbles in the mouth. Sow vietna had made a term for the worst. This is why Ojeno vowed never again to follow the path they never applied. What happened to them? Recherche began public executions for those un willing to commit to the diet of Sowvietna. Volunteers would be treated

more Phixiatly than those caught running for the borders. Impaleliours are what they called them. They were exactly what they sounded like. hoisted high onto the quarac totem pole, ever so sharply they would slide down until their inner sanctions would jumble to a stop. On these carved poles, splintered and congested, hooverd a glass eye immense in size. It emitted a ray of light on the impaliours below it. Ashes fell to the floor burnt by the glass magnified in captivity. With it came the pigment of the phixias dress. Face painted by honour. These executions were one of the turning points for Ojeno. In a matter of years he would defect.

"Only devils might care, yet you run with with tales of fibbing scrutiny, somnolent breather, now its time to let it crack. You only run from yourself," laughed the Phixia with antennas glowing. "I'm gonna get a bonus for this one", he grunted back gargling his blow hole shut by stitches. The Phixias had been tracking this poor soul down for hours. They outnumbered the child three to one. He had been beaten like a bully sack on grated shreds, sitting hopeless and endangered. They walked away for a breather, letting him slightly recover from the pulp of disconnecting bones, slagged off broken and open. In a matter of minutes they would strap him to the faces of their elongated backs, and take them him back to the Quarac. There he would be reconditioned in a re-education camp. Year zero taught properly, a volunteer for the impaliours. "Any sign of that Clavietika ?" asked one Phixia strapping the child in backpack configuration. "Radio into HQ, see if she's flying low enough to be caught on the radar, i could use the extra pay." Spoken like a true grunt. He had no clue as to the physical trauma that it took to hunt one of those things down. "Let's hurry up, the night icicles fall fast upon us. We needn't set camp and set water on the brain." They hurried back to the prison Quarac, blasting shifts in penance, chained among gangs. Phixias crush everything in their path, women and children first, no taboo was too much. This is how they learned to live in these hugger mugger times. If you as much as hushed a single unphixia like thought, you would be banished to the Quarac as an impaleliour. To run with the Phixias, one must think as a group never as a single rhythm. "You will make a great impaleliour, just give it here, we need your corpse for fresh face paint". Clobbered senseisly, the young child gave them not the satisfaction of defeat. "You didn't knock me out, you neckless, fucking stump". Gears jerked from the gully, intrepid and conniving, they killed him on impulse alone. Sardined matches, as yet to be let out. They took commands from his ulcers, crop circle phenomena plastered propaganda, lubricant on the hides, compensation for the better of the land. On every shelter a warning- how to look, breath and eat. Narcs were escorted with encouragement, the Phixias were watching all the time.

Clavietika used the ice of nightfall to rejuvenate herself. In the morning began her rampage amongst all things Phixia. They could not find where she hid last night, unaware that they were so close to each other. In a crevice saucer made of elder ruins, she emerged from a sound sleep. The Phixias had been tracking her that day, when they made the realization that she was on the clippside of the pinkeye fountain.

Morning drew alarm on tracking devices pricking up there ears. They seemed to be going through withdrawl systems, weakling criteria careering through mephoscalpic ceremony. As she finished her ritual of morning magic passes, her joints broke the barrier of sound blurring her whereabouts, pusing the ears of the phixias. Only a few could withstand the noise. Because it paralyzed them yawning before the day could begin. Her ancestry embarked on confrontation while the Phixias could do nothing but watch and freeze at first sight of her. As she arose from slumber, her necks twisted round for a better view. Caught off guard by their presence as well, she began filtering passages from the irradi exerptas, line by line as all phixias became her slave tantamount to medusa perveing, lids unlocked, "behold your fate" she sang. Phixias....once proud and merciless, regressed slobbering coitus interrupts, blue balled at their core. Movement was not an option as she slung death from her poach, pendulum brushing frantic strolls...the phixias began to disrobe their useless armor of alligator skin. The use of their weapons seemed to work in her favor, cutlery weilded by themselves exacting a blood clot potion that had them drinking from their palms. The eyes were rendered useless as they were the first to go. Held in their pencors some impaled the pupils with great delight, some opened pockets in their bellies for the morning of their sight. In their minds, chasing dragon fumes of opium fields coughing up a bliss so pure that death seemed not so imminent. Frolicking and holding each other they became objectified auditory hallucinations, "Try the throat it legwarms well the comatose of spinal cells....wish yourself the will to crawl...remove your feet for they have no use." These instructasketches seduced them well...forever in

her grasp, in her dream like spell. The triumph of herself willed the killing of themselves, as she painted out the beauty for all of them to see. As statues fall at the weather of time their corpse's resembled a civilization long frail and lost. As she dripped upwards into murdersome air, all Phixias had drawn their last sips of blood on Recherches sand. Slowly it all became disowned. When all the commotion had died down, she lowered herself down on the sand to make sure that everyone was dead. Little did she know that one of the Phixias, Marxanalia, had left her talk back pore open so that the others at the Quarac could find her and the others. When Clavietika came upon Marxanalia she realized that Recherche had been watching. listening. Before she knew it she was surrounded by a phalanx of Phixias, armed with headphonetic protective gear that also shielded their eyes from the ghost effect that she perpetrated at them. A blue whaled siren shot through the desert, mushroom clouding nails of sonic temper on them. Phixias squirmed in disbelief, she was the one entity that made them know fear. As her brute force exploded, some of the Phixias protective gear fell victim to disintegration, enabling them to take their own life as she floated spitting suicide at their bestial costumes. Paranomaly activated all around her, harpooned by some Phixias who remained untouched by her, they tried to straddle her down to mute position...yet their efforts seemed childish and unredeeming. The power of her voice strung the Phixias round a lasso like force that killed them on impact with the sand. Only but one of the brave Phixias managed to force himself inside her..because that was the trick. In order to take her down, you had to go right through her projected physique. This one did penetrate her transparent case, planting a Quarac immobilization muzzle in her very center. He fortunately did not make it as it was impossible to withstand the radioactivity that made up the dna of her design. Once the others saw that the implant had been installed, they activated it with out any hesitation. As they clicked the on button of their archaic contraption, Clavietika choked on an embalming fluid of arsenic powder crippling her astral projected body, revealing the inside compartment of cockpit seating where they found none other than Ojeno Valaso. she did have her weakness, because she was the Mother Hechicera.

Ojeno was hauled to the prison camp, dragging his body into the cheers and delight of all the other Phixias. The prisoners all bowed in his honour, for he was the epitome of their struggle...and now it seemed as though it was all over. They were proud of him for standing up to the war monger Recherche. He was the real criminal. Their hope now sank eternal, lost, at least not with out a fight... as was much of their lives like his. Recherche stood imposing as a figure of excess power, in the marble cut foot stool of his podium balcony. He grinned the "I told you so," reassurance of an eight year old child having gotten his way. This was a sad day for all Sowvietna. The cancer had lumped a greater strength in multiples of three. "I stand before you victorious". The prisoners spat on the ground, cursing his name. "Before you I bring the body of Ojeno Valaso the Clavietika Tresojos", the Phixias rallied behind their gluttonous leader, in a roar of approval. "We will rid our land of the perverse instability, starting with him." "Re-education begins now!" bellowed his guttural flatulence. "What is the whole of the law?" He screamed, hypnotic and spastically. "Los Tres Ojos"...they beamed back at him. "Ragman," they continued, "and dead doll stares" reached the frenzy to its all time low. "Ojeno will volunteer his mistakes as an impaliour.....we will slide his body down to ash.....at dawn brings the promise of a new tommorow."

As dawn drew its first early squints, the magnetic fortress of Ojeno Valaso's body itched adorned, bein crudo from the poison induced in his body. He knew today was his last day. No game plan really...it was all over. The radioactive costume that waged suicide on the Phixia populous was all but destroyed. He knew that if he could get to it that he could gestate a new epidemic in hearts of the Quarac. The Clavietika was left in the desert to be inhabited by crackpot dust. It was useless, he was doomed for all to see. The tecla illuminosa rang gently in the distant mildeu of his holding tank. Four notes that served as impending death calling from the sharpness of the totem poles that waited for his body outside. The scenario relished by Recherche danced around the cranial sanctuty of Ojeno's thoughts. The Phixias marched into the cell, and unlocked the shackles round his wrists. They paraded him outside in front of the other prisoners. A crown of leaches was placed around his head, sucking dry the nutritious intelligence that sweated blood from his drooping head, laying waste to the knowledge he had accumulated from years of projecting suicide on the weak minded phixias. This was his day in the sun, burning crisp of bodily function. None of the magic passes he learnt from the ancestry of his Clavietikas could save him now. The guards placed him, standing over a hole in the ground that held the pointed poles that would soon erect itself from the floor. Crowds gathered round to catch a final glimpse of their

fallen leader. Slowly the totem poles began their rise into the blistering scorch of there sun. The tip of the poles teased his body sliding past his legs, rearing its point slowly climbing past his thighs until Ojeno felt the vicinity of his lower region being probed.

The sun threw a tarp over Ojeno's body suffocating heat in a slouching death kiss. Ojeno began hallucinating himself at the foot of a bridge about to jump off while strange mechanical beasts scurried along under him. His dream sequence found him hovering over a lifeless body held together by technicalities of machine, surrounded by scuffling mourners. The pain penetrated him to an exhaustion that stung the spinal tail of deep breathing calluses....he screamed into the rays of light that illuminated his body. The pole cut through him, sauldering pieces of digestion, making it's way past his lungs.. cutting off circulation, unbreathing his throat, shooting right through the entrance of his mouth. Ojeno moaned welting, forming a bruise on two legs, unable to go anywhere. Death did not set in right away, drawing with it a lengthy demise. The phixias roared indefinitely for hours, pelting him with rocks that bit his head thumping it broken ways. A purple shade of black grew all over him, shivering from heat. With his own hands, Recherche began cranking the lever that connected a series ropes to a gigantic circular glass as it rose over Ojeno creating a dome overhead. Phixias overjoyed from miles around. "What of your maggot prince now?" scolded one Phixia to an old woman sitting on her knees filled with anger. The dome glass magnified a beam of light onto Ojeno's heat soaked body. The light eradicated his form into ash upon first touch. The Phixias lunged under him celebrating their victory by painting themselves in the ashes. It was all over. Heat sunk in intuition.

The beam of light obscured his perception, as a projection, he emerged again, but this time he was not a re-generation, he was Cerpin Taxt again. A harmonic force lifted his body from the Sowvietna desert, and slowly he could see how small they really were the farther he got away. The farther he got away, the more it dawned on him that he was but a germ in the perspiration of a speaker, ordering people to drink. Dripped in sweat into a vat of of kool aid, as it was being stirred by the hand of the speaker. His podium soapbox, seemed tank like, governing all in his scowl. His scowl was undistiguishable as it was hidden behind dark shaded sunglasses. The tint masked his omnipotence, masking the enigma that was completely under his control. "Pastor jones will now speak," rang the voice from the speaker of the p.a. "Please get some medication. .Simple, it's simple, we must die with dignity."

"I've lost my way" - Tecla Illuminosa

*cicatriz esp;*

*Do you recall its name ? As it suggested beck and call, this face and heel. Will drag your halo through the mud, ash of pompeii. Erupting in a statues dust, shrouded in veils, because these handcuffs hurt too much. Still scalping this ticketless applause. And when they drag the lake there's nothing left at all. Sutured, contusion..beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague. I've lost my way. Even if this cul de sac would pay. To reach inside a vault, whatever be the cost. Sterling clear blackened ice, and when they drag the lake there's nothing left at all. I've defected.....I've defected.....I've defected. This is my last incision...the stitches have defected. Beyond the anthills of the dawning of this plague. I've lost my way, even if this cul de sac did pay....beyond the anthills of..I've lost my way. Even if you reach inside a vault, whatever be the cost. Sterling clear blackened ice. And when they drag they lake there's nothing left at all. I've defected..... I've defected.....*

{Ectopicshapeshifting-Penancepropulsion}

Spiked coals cushioned broken feet. I felt breathing become irrelevant...again. Bronze-plated inquisitions marred my nightmare...they were closing in on me. There was a television crew filming the speech that I had spilled from. They focused steadily on Pastor Jones' tinted stamina. Their inspection could mean a shit less to him, for it was he who focused on them and their air-polluted tumbling of the ankles...chattering the planks in front of them. Focusing vaselined hazes crusted around the shoulders, clinically shooting anatomical views of the event. Fallen from a forehead, I festered in the fruit of the punch, entitled to split by apples in throats, waiting to be drunk. This vibrant teaching was as ancient as time itself. I knew they all had to die regardless of age, pigment, shape or size. Swallow it. Law...it won't hurt a bit. I knew that I believed. The pastor made sure that no one would get out alive. I am exhumed as quenching bullets, left stringing court pestilence from a tiny violin. Cameras put three and three together and tried for the exit wounds to no avail. By the time the sermon had settled a pasting of run-on sentences, I had found my way. Seizing the prey, I unfolded masses of full-tilted graves. Cat-



scanned plateau, fanatically, news at eleven, we had deformed the gates of heaven.

While cyanide remarks burdened the peeking corpses all to a stump, this here poison sat pleasantly debating sheep-counting hordes. Layers of bones hid me from recognition. No lepers could find me here. I found solace chambers, locking a much-needed captivity. Unprovoked, yet unconstrained. I found everything always too good to be true. It stank...river-soaked mildew fumes, just enough to pass out from. Embalmed by floods through my ice-parked zip code, they found me again, just when I was pulling the plug. Televators gave their last crawl whistle, boiled to awaken my sloth from warm fuzz. Once again I would be extracted into the E.S.P. impure. In a needled iris, huffed my gasoline and lit it aflame, dropped back to Sowvietna....never ending that never-mind place.

Tusks fell hand-shaped, macerated on the Sowvietnen sand. What was left of the Clavietika costume, now collected bleached whale sepulchers, curled fetal tomb, under grazes radiating from sun to skin. Scintillating spare dignities from its trunk, fizzling clock unwound with gibberish coats, assaulted from an ass-kicking, left sulking to death. Eyelids sank lazy shroud coins. Thanatopsis, sweat the croak, activated no more. Silent perdition flagged white cascade, hoisted and blown to particular smithereens. The insectivores had had their say....enter the vultures. The ground bickered up and down with the jostling of gigantic footsteps. From mercurial distances came something towards the Clavietika's spent body. Gargling squirms removed the clean air, as a girth of snorts splurged closer and closer. Horns sounded, made of leftover animal parts, playing the prayer of vicissitudes, tumbling earth under a stampede parade of scavengers on the make. They stomped on the littering of black rose petals that shot from a head-wrap of turban exhaust pipes. The hot sand was far too peasant-like for their convoy. From afar, their features spilled bulbous, plump, and muffled. Their loin-cloths barely drew curtains over their genitalia-stubble. Flatulence broke open thick, pollinating overweight and marsupial...feeding off the undesirable slabs of leftover rations. Their bellies shuddered, wakening sand of whatever life it didn't have. Between roman candle cliffs, swindled from stalking grounds where aluminum cans spooked the mountain sides of flesh impediments on stilted giraffe-necklace legs...devouring napalm showers on everything made game, uncorking wine puddles in the core of the dunes. Combing the desert, they dropped jaws at the sight of the almost aqua-clear Clavietika as she enamored their attention span. She blinked feline in flashlit streams, another bleep on the radar screen. To the colossus, she shined from a shoulder of jewelry, coveted by thieves, on a carpet coarse and brillo-padded, not just another diamond in the gruff. By this time the vultures, owl pierce in sight, swooped in for a closer look. Beauty caught the beast; these instances are of the greatest monsters in the world. They had never seen a more painfully beautiful sight. Even as she was unfilled, slouched over, out of order, left to rot, the giants found a place for her in the stillbirth of their hearts. They nudged at her corpse, dirt under fingernail shields from oversized hands. They smelled of decayed animals, cloths dampened by journey through foreign land. She was not a meal by any means, enigma to their puzzle. Imbroglío unfolded, worshipped by these clumsy oxen.

"Place her in your anecdote pouch....remove it of the other carcasses," molted one of the giants, lava spilling from his mouth. Slitted on his belly was storage, designed for food, but at this time it was to be transformed into a nursing home. He keeled over towards her, picking her up by both of her heads. As he removed her from the slump, she stretched out into a toffee shape, drooping lifeless expressions on her melting face. She blew in pieces, no longer dripping upwards at the sky. The giants, careful not to drop her, fell ill with silence. Never had they feasted on such an alien sight. "What is it?" cried one of the giants. Aghast with nervousness, the giants trembled in gears. "She is the seed," remarked another. "We must bring her to Adastrá.... he will know what to do with her." All at once they agreed. Gang mentality overpowered by the herd. They began chanting leper-psalms into the E.S.P. impure. In order to transport themselves to their place of origin they had to chant their mantra-link. "Cuántas vidas me vas a pagar...de estos bosques susiou de sangre del aere muerto cicatriz... cuando llegara a la ciudad donde tropize...salte veneno en las montañas donde nasi...." And with them, she left the desert glands, bathed by the sweat, thunderous from the throat of conviction. The mantra worked, dematerializing them back to their home.

Home for them was found headless by doorsteps, peeled of skin on hind legs in Nedra Queret. Lost citadel...child hooded to sacrifice on a pyramid of offerings, gathering to eviscerate handfuls of mortals. To ward off the onslaught of he who is only known as Moatilliatta. Afraid of the chalk in which

he might use to outline the city, in a wrath-nest in which it was kept. This was the home of the giants. El Querencia de Topiltzin...safe-haven to various Proteans who brought themselves as unknowing luck buried with charm...to sprout in an equinox garden shielding all villagers from the last of the great. Every weekend brought the promise of a new litany. On this battered lecture came the names of children, read by El Mago Adastrá. He being the spirit-economist elect, brought superstition as a cloak and venereal epidemics as a power source of repression. On his cerebral vortex banged the tarry stool image that banked bodies for a master, servants inlaid, and concave to the bending of his fingers. Who dared to call him out, topical in his plague? Shanked the living shit out of the patrons made of saints. Into the ear he dosed the conscience of Koral Mataxia...under his thumb; a tightened mob selected all the clouds. "Be it the law...Moatilliatta is merciful to all for the price of few...never a day will come...where he might let slip the flares of tongues." Monitoring all sanctivity, Koral had held them captive for an eternity. If it was your child, you were meant to feel proud...because if you thought about it loosely, Koral would only cover their mouths. Pillowed to a smother, was his promise-clinic. Check in the relatives for a blood-free reign. What most people in this hardened community didn't know was that much blood would be needed to keep the creature at bay. Where was this animal? Had they ever really thought about it ever really existing? The particulars of this creature held high question marks in the back of their minds...but only in the backs of their minds, mind you. They were so caught up in the delirium of the lore, they forgot to check the ventriloquist hiding underneath the floors. Some might even say that the polar opposite to Topiltzin is found in the Eriatarka House of Facial and Muscular Corrections. Good old Doctor Tarant had implanted the exoskeleton well. Now all that was left was the flint to strike match. Koral must have known the cleansing was coming... they say he gonna be here...lo vas a ver...

Koral Mataxia issued many a warning to his people. When he said jump, they asked how high. Wrapped around a finger of wands, he and the witch-doctor Adastrá kept a tidy ship of fools in line. Curfew medications were issued at high noon, making the inhabitants drowsy and inaudible. If you didn't take the medicine...it...would surely get to you. This kept them from ever seeing the hungry footsteps, creeping the neighboring grounds. It...was said to come under the belly of sound and light to feed on the plague of hissing children... because if they couldn't see it, then they would surely be under his spell. He snatched kids: candy from a baby, as easy as it ever could be. This city clothed flinches, because these handcuffs hurt too much. As he made his way to his garden, on a routine basis, Koral longed, lonely to the haul...wishing delusions of grandeur, wet his appetite on the shoulders of the young... "must I feed myself to this live force alive?" Nevertheless it was this longing that drove him to split-personality fences... unable to dig under or jump over them, which doctor is it that would be calling on this go-around? Jekyll or the Hyde? His putrid body flapped along the ground in dire need of a staple diet prison, gorging himself to a fat pig mitten, kissing babies was his M.O., but it only made families hide their young...for even they might find little mojo on the menu that night. "Koral doesn't make mistakes," he burped in tube sock meat shavings. The roll of flesh that had accumulated on his pork-ridged tummy steamed against the tobacco stench of his porta-potty hygiene. His fingers greased off sausage trains with the stains of nicotine gravy plummeting to the floor. The smell would infest the village to no end. Koral's wit was something to contend with as well. Sharper than razor unjagged on the tongue...to convince you of your wrong-doing was the soul of his pig heart. If ever there was an abundance of socio-pathetic rambling it was he who gassed it out loud. Dinner time was everything in the journals that he violently carved. Koral's true intentions shined like a new sex offender moving in next door. Lock your kiddies in the basement, if you had the fight left in you. Between Adastrá's witch-doctoring and Koral's gluttonous appetite, the city of Topiltzin was in for a crumbling of blood-stroked extortions. "Under the statues, I will implant the stolen body parts... this will grant me a garden of relief," Koral said as he licked his lips clean of infant scalps. "You see, what they don't know won't hurt them. So long as I have your advice by my side, we can split the wickers burning by the moon of light," he went on, and Adastrá seemed to agree. It was his place to agree, if he wanted to keep his place by the bully's side. What he fed to him were wives tales of a centipede kind. Many legs, they came a-crawling as double-speak serpentine. At every three pentagropes sailed a life in the lifted frontal hatch of Koral's prized clavietika statuettes. They curved in cathartic contortions, gargoyle to the Niles. Calf-golden genuflections engrossing a prince among the living dead. "To you...reeking thumbnails to my hibernating insomnia... a ti te parto por la pinchi madre...under blue plastic bags...incubates the He Zero-Rouge...keep yourself from the

venison appendix of these infants without feet...for they have nowhere but your mouth to crawl in.” However he could get it, all played well in Toplitzin. With its population calmly defaulting under control, Koral was unaware of the summons that had gathered as a pet to his salavace retrieval. The giants would bring back to him fertilizer to his unhatched egg... screaming and kicking out the floodlights, throat throttle end to the rain.

Zxiat and Ghiest were mended of the Gemini mirror. You could spot them in double-take mime, wondering. These children knew the hum louder and softer than any of the others while it pied-piped their night-sight. In the mourning of their allotment is where you could hear them smile. Two receptors picking up the messages in the outfields, zoning in on the atonements at hand. They knew when the mayday distressed others, but no one would ever believe a child. They scurried along the Pyramines of Toplitzin, not a care on their mind. Sometimes they would even play in Koral’s garden with the dramagon statues. A prayer to them meant the gift of life, or so their parents had winked. They hushed them nightly with boogie man legends that drew the curtains on their afternoon sight. Would they ever see the black of night? This was their handicap, living in hexile. On this occasion, while rummaging through the grass blades of Koral’s garden, the twins were being watched by a third party. She stared at their presence with wonder: how could they not know what they were playing with? Compass point studious behavior to her eye, the slobber from her viewpoint couldn’t drool any faster. Neuralgia, who had seen it all before, was immersed in the children’s activities...how they talked to the dramagon statues with effortless interplay, how they stared into its’ eyes... even how they only ever spoke to the one on the left; it meant something to them. It meant something to her. It only lured her for curiosity’s sake. When the twins would stop playing, she would rush over immediately to the one statue on the left, and with falsetto paper cuts she would hum out the hymn. It became a source of meditation for her, all while Koral would spy on her trance mesh lace. Between her and the twins they had managed to contact the spirit of a distant relative who had been deceased for ice-age lengths. It channeled its thoughts through them in a divination nod. They seemed to naturally bring it onto themselves, and even more so this intrigued Koral Mataxia, peeping from a vanishing state. She was under the spell of this relative. It wanted to know where it was, and why was it there...and why was there so much suffering? Neuralgia could not bare all the truths, because the children might discover their own fate. On the day that she revealed the nature of the beast, she became ripe for the picking. She knew no other real love than that of the one she had developed to this stranger. So for Koral to strike when he did...it only deafend matters worse for Toplitien. (What have you brought from your salavace finds?)

Just three days prior to a reading of the new litany, Koral was sent word that his herd of giant malnourishments was to be bringing something of great value to the Citadel, something not found in the eight-ball pond of the Toplitzin Pyramines. Something septic parted its hair this way. Koral couldn’t even be bothered by such uneventful news, because of his earwhig obsession that festered in the grime of seated teeth. He was too busy trying to corrupt Neuralgia into a ‘yes’ mode of submission. She was unbreakable. She could give a fuck less who and or what he was about. It was just a shelter to her. She could always find someone better to take care of her. She feared him not. She merely wanted to spar with his feelings...who was really being had? As she waited for his appearance to be made, she felt the distant asking of a fact-check on what she had just said to the dramagon statuette. She wanted out, to converse with her subconscious, but Koral’s sleeping quarters were heavily guarded. Every door was locked, she had no escape route . . . until finally a hypnotic surrender blew itself well beyond a dozing portion. Their nightly mating routine did ever please her. After his impotent try failed to subdue her, he left to attend the welcome of the salavace, enabling Neuralgia to escape to the gardens. On her way past some of the rooms she heard a pocket of hissing, flirting from a closed door. She whisked for a dropping of eaves, glass to ear to door. “What have you brought for me to see?” he fisted through his lockjaw. “What is all this end all-be all rhetoric?” he asked impatiently. The giants of his salavace recon-squadron stepped back as they pushed forward on one of the giants. “Hectros, unflesh your forage womb, and show Koral what we have found.” Hectros quivered in the hacksaw point of his cerebreal pattern. To begin, he had to hold his breath while his fingers sliced for the find from within his bowels, c-sectioned, quite the apparition. If bricks could only sprout wings....“What is it?” Koral demanded. Hectros fumbled, and said “she is the seed that you have been looking for, master.” Koral replied, “No, my son, the precious creature I have been bedding now holds the seed.” The Clavietika shot straight up....spines in a row....spine as an arrow.

Both her mouths shot rays of light as everything around them shot out of focus. Everyone had disappeared as the two heads became one. Its face began shoving seizures from a ray in its mouth. Crisis personality autopsy...ticks a time from a peeling back of nails and skin. The spins swung the room to a stop, and suddenly Cerpin Taxt woke up. For a brief moment in time, he caught a glimpse from above the circuits spilling haywire. He was in a hospital. All his friends stood around him calling him back, pleading for a second coming. To the dismay of Cerpin’s drowning body, ice shocked in the freezing heat, he snapped back in the drip of the IV, back to Koral Mataxia. “Did you see that,” winced Adastra, ears to the ground, dimensions croaking the technique. “Ponte ojo,” laughed the witch doctor. “I want you to incinerate it...whatever it is.”

“Yes Koral, then give me the ashes, to place in the sackcloth.”

“Very well.”

The giants wept a thunder that scattered across the skies. Was this all she was good for? “Her remains are the seed,” scolded Adastra. “She will be of better use as the black of an ash” they dragged her to the repitissue room, for the deed. As they locked the doors behind her, and set the oven controls to a melting rot, the Clavietika began hissing air, boiling like a pot of hot water. This only disturbed the ogres more. They couldn’t bear to stand by as their baby was cleaned to ash. Adastra walked into the repitissue room to collect the final ingredients. When he was done, he made his way towards the garden of the dramagons. “sla’ via-ce’ est-eviria” he shouted at the statuettes, and within seconds the statue on the left rose on a hinge, revealing a grave pit of some sort. Adastra then proceeded to dump all of the Clavietika’s ashes into the earth-colored safe. A potion had been set as a booby-trap offering. On the following morning, Zxiat and Ghiest would encounter a more developed contact point of reference.

With Zxiat and Gheist only reaching three years in age each, they had always managed to steer clear of the litany. Call it luck...but they were taught very well by their parents on when not to be seen or heard. For the twins the medication was never administered, as it was with all children. Koral seemed to like the effect it had on the kids. When he entered their homes he wanted them to have it ingrained in their sponge-like impression, the memory of Koral collecting them while their parents slept. Their tiny little bodies collected more flavor if it was coerced with adrenalin...always working as a kill switch. The twins made their way towards the Dramagon Garden, to pay their relative a visit. They began seeing him in the form of a grandfather. They were taught about the ways Koral stole the others while their parents retreated obediently. They were taught that they were the hunted, and that they hadn’t very much longer to live. He consoled them, parental as one unit. The statuette spoke to them ever so gently. It told them how good they had been...and how proud he was of them. The twins smiled peaking in the red. They would do anything for him. He asked that before they left, could they lift the hatch at the bottom of his feet? He asked with the promise of a reward in mind...as it would rain on them as gifts in the dead of night. Zxiat never bothered to ask if it had a name. It was Gheist who uttered the tag, certificate dangling off the toe to its identity. "Moattilliatta...he is Moattilliatta...he promised me something’s gonna shower drown the pallbearer plants"...Zxiat wondered if this person would clean the slate. Maybe he could make them all wake up. Neuralgia, in the meantime, had long been brainwashed into forgetting her daily visitations. She couldn’t even remember when the last time it was that she had prayed to the dramagon. Off the wagon on a fucking spree servitude, she too forgot significance, and pushed it out of her way, just the way Koral had planned it all along. Koral instead began appearing at the garden, speaking to the dramagon on the left. It spoke with him at great lengths about a little blueprint he had been kind of toying with. It was really quite simple. They would debate for hours throwing vein branch telepathy at each other’s cranial entanglements. He presented Moattilliatta with a map of the air space that surrounded many feet above them. Whispers traded strong holds with cackles, as their brows arched, pinched to no good.

The litany had been read to soured snores of the Toplitzin City. It was only fair that he did it this way. Too many pigeons in the oven. This is just how it was. On this reading fell the droplets of Zxiat’s and Gheist’s names. It was a day that the twins feared would come. Moatilliatta knew nothing of this as he was under Koral’s spell. That day marked the contractions at three minutes apart. Cracking yolk unsnapped the storm, Tremula Metacarpi was filtering its scorn. On a wooden horse table, chipped by previous bloodlust, Adastra set the utensils for sharper unravelings. These two will bring me closer to him. Zxiat and Gheist felt distant from their physical costumes. That uniform wasn’t really gonna matter

anymore. Where they were going would bring them closer to Moattilliatta too. They marched up to the horses made of wood, and placed their bodies in full sacrificial pose. There in their eyes was a lifeless staircase to the wake-mode they wanted to inherit. From the billfold of his backside Koral reached in, handle touching palm. He slowly read the inscripture of brailed chapters : "I'll reign blood on this city" read his fingers on the machete handle that was about to decapitate the twins. Neuralgia felt no emotion in the care she abandoned. She was preoccupying herself with chores that Koral ordered her to do. She sat there folding lumps of fleshbatter for the nightly meal. Through grinders she devoured the mush into a fertilizer machine, making a batch of play dough nutrients for Koral to eat. Every time she laid into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children's' faces. Blood lept onto his face as goggles. The smell of copper musk knocked the shit out of everything. Koral's frenzy smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed his possession couture quite nicely. Neuralgia slaved away into the evening, keeping her end of the bargain. After Koral reached climax, he unclothed his porkframe from the robes that were common place in his Ceouniratta burial rites. They always required a burning, so that everything would just blow away forgetting what had just occurred. His caravan eyes breached full dress for a stabbing growth from an unaccidental foothold-talon, pecking fabrication. Moattilliatta could now commence his pulling heads up out of the intra-exhaust. Territories targeted. Handpicked the noose from the camp of the riots. Adastra saw it coming, before becoming Koral Mataxia, the alternate personality that dueled only with himself.

By the right dramagon, soil had imploded, dirt beneath the statuette laid in pieces on the ground corrosion. Smoke trailed toward the skies, swirling, ingested to oversize pills. Something had hatched an insult, deflowering in the hips of clouded mud...hunting for Koral of one thousand or more. Moattilliatta adorned the pillow lips that floated through his sides. He was slicing right by the wind, breaking sound and tasting light. Such a magnificent specimen. Tremula had constructed a finely tuned weapon, with one taste on his mind. Let it spell holes in the grip. He reached a wing span that covered three arenas full of fetus stock. Completely made of raw cartilage and marrow pole switchblades, he wore the epidermis wings of Zxiat's and Gheist's skinned torsos. He had no flesh masquerade to hide his anonymity, just the exoskeleton made by scribble-infected tremulants, courtesy of Wolfram Tarant. That day marked the twisting of the new Hex Zero-Rouge...he'd hibernate no more. From cell to cell, building after building he toppled the pyramines, exposing fire hydrant fires of pale neck wine. Neuralgia tried to repent yet Moattilliatta could not forgive her. With one of his legs he held her body down while carving out her trachea with his left claw. Her scream became muted on the instant that it happened. Her body kept moving. She sat up and walked in a circle skipping to the scratches on the record before her aftershock collapsed. Her front row seat served its punishment in the eyes of Moattilliatta. Koral would feel the impact in his old factory nap, as his scent slept right through most of it. When he finally caught scent of the bodies he rushed over to his window for a better look. Moattilliatta had piled up the cadavers of all of Toplitzin's population in front of Koral's home...in the midst of high noon. Koral could see no one in front of his home except for the pile of people. Moattilliatta perched itself on the roof of his house waiting for just the right second...Koral felt the knocking of his breath behind him and he froze. Moattilliatta arched back his enormous head and opened his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived on as the eyes on the back of Koral's head...and with one jolt downwards Moattilliatta clipped the duet in half, leaving two pieces squirming and trying to hide. As Moattilliatta served himself for another his entire body began to regenerate into a bubbling stretch of molecules. He pulsated light reflection, dawning the birth back into home...he clobbered at the nothing air, like a roach trapped on its back...he mutated with shapes of elbows and legs kicking and contorting on the inside of his body. He came to, submerging from a full-bodied river that lead him to the footsteps of a bridge. At the other end of it was a row of steps that immersed itself into another body of water. He walked slow, poking the romrseing silence. As he walked across the bridge all he could think was about getting over only so that he could come back and finish his business. At the other end he held his breath and walked down into the water below him, for now it was Cerpin Taxt's turn to go home. Around the hospital Cerpin's friends caught their breath and lashed out a sigh of relief; he had finally made it through. Ectoplasm spit from his nose, ears and mouth...he smiled for miles around. He knew what it all meant. To the friends who lined up to greet him, the worst was over. He spent the next three days getting oriented, with simple speech patterns and physical therapy. It would be a while before things got back to normal. Shotgunned to reality, waiting to go back.

### *This Apparatus Must Be Unearthed;*

*I've been waiting for so long, for someone to mend all the blame. I've been searching for so long,for something to..Anonymous..avenge my name. Anonymous...avenge my name. You came here on time, I hope that it's not to late.*

*I've seen you at night, biting the frost of silence. Can you cure us of this fate? Mock the litany in its face. Is that you moatilliatta?? I've been waiting for so long.. for someone to mend all the blame. I've been searching for so long for something to.*

*Anonymous....avenge my name...anonymous....avenge my name hex zero rouge...He'll hibernate no more. The altars run dry pfect dictate your final words, does it sting of augur truth? Was your temple left in ruins ? is that you moatilliatta??*

*I've been waiting for so long, for someone to mend all the blame. I've been searching for so long for something to. Anonymous...avenge my name...anonymous...avenge my name. This is the altar, the one that you let me die in. On your knees...how you wept....much like omerтта, quiet has shielded all intent, on the ground it appears, like wrath. Avenging the lamb as bait... In a bed of nails you made....who made this effigy? Is there straw dressed in these fields? and now it won't be long... I've been waiting for so long... for someone to mend all the blame. I've been searching for so long...for something to. Anonymous...avenge my name.*

{through an oubliette he awakes}

Cerpin began spending the next couple of years of his life packing up and saying his goodbyes. All the times he had told his friends that he was leaving, they never picked up on the slang fast enough, or maybe some of them dismissed it the way you ignore a beggar. He managed to slip through their fingers every time,looking everyone in the eye when informing them of this. All of his attempts shrugged an apathy from his shoulders. His luck had run its course in the run-on sentence of his life. He knew the images well. He didn't need a reminder. He knew he did not belong. The cord grew shorter and shorter by the years, until he was paid a visit by the ink he dispersed into sculpting holds. Tremula Metacarpi was inches away from victory. Through the curtains of his room came a gliding entrance...a mist of vermin dandruff settled on him deleting all the pretext. He tossed and turned on that abbreviated night. The tremulants sent word to him that he had not finished the job well enough. They felt immensely disappointed by his half-assed tries. They wanted more from him. "It seems you've gotten away scott-free, Cerpin," aroused the voices of his visions. "Did you really think you could get away that easily? Do you take us for imbeciles in your rapid eye movement? Was it ectopic for you? Shift all sort of pretty shapes, did we.....propel yourself far and long?" Cerpin clutched his eyes closed in a tenant-versus-landlord debate : "You...you're the one who left us here....what will we do without you. If you think you've passed all the tests, then come collect what is rightfully yours." All the banter roared at Cerpin without so much as a face to put behind it, assaulted by the collective chatter of drawn false teeth. "I know...I know," Cerpin whimpered. "All of this time...bedsore containment...how am I to know that the music has faded?" "That is for you to come and figure out now isn't it?" grinned the whiny solution, Metacarpi, at every turn. "You have but one more chance...." Cerpin had pissed himself by the bucket-load. "What is it....anything, I'll do anything!" he cried. His arms crippled a contortion of subliminal surrender. He would do anything now just to please his children. He knew what awaited him, and it suited him fine. This world had become grey and monotonous. The world as he knew it wasted away miserably with no interest for his kind. Why beat them when you could join them? In the realm of Tremula Metacarpi, a throne was just itching for an occupant. An appointed location, just beneath a bridge in Rezjua, by a network of commuters, would appear an entrance to the e.s.p.-impure. They gave him a date for the new portal. Would he accept? Could he commit? Was it in his blood? Did he have to get rid of it... the body. The sickness badgered him endlessly, pulling at his soul. The tremulants made martyrs out of his sentence attempts. The Lepers of Unhydriat were nowhere to be found alive. Tremulants had ceased them with brief bouts of Muzzles and asthma. Dominoes couldn't have hit it any harder on the nail. Cerpin Taxt had given up in order to be with his beloved. They had it in for each other, crossing the picket line, smearing blood all over the tracks, all over the concrete, all over his face. "Ya me voy."

Cerpin Taxt stood high above the wobbling miscarriage of oncoming traffic. The rail that adorned the top of the bridge pulsed a cape of winced-shut onlooking. He had managed to get this far, without hesitation. He didn't stretch his arms in some lame Christ pose. He had more class than that. Standing perfectly still, he disassembled his flag, blew his nose into it and shoved it back in his front left pocket. He wore a pair of black slip-on winos. His jeans, stained by a sweating reaction to his mission, fell in normal rotation around his waist. They were black. His skin parted to a smear of candle wax

abandonment. Cerpin's head became interchangeable...sometimes monk-shaven, other times a long black shoe-polish shine. The nostrils on his grill flared ape-ways. His lips had a cleft wound that had been tapered by a lacerating tailor. What room was there for such a creature? In his mind he thought it would be a good idea if he burned all of his ID bracelets and cards, so that when they blew away they would end up in the landfill on the other side of town. Surely Neuralgia would find them there in a projected state of astral wondering. No money in his pockets, no letter of reckoning. All the plans had accumulated in a warp round of loose-change thinking. He had wished to teach more to his friends about the meaning of it all...yet with all three of his eyes constantly blinking...who could ever tell if he could see at all...his body hadn't really expected much less, but this one paved the way for a last meal. He began walking it like a tightrope. From the coma came a limp strut not too familiar to his body before the accident. His arms carved to a rat-poisoned shrivel, parked themselves neatly to his sides. In the distance came the grunting of a vehicle semi-seismic in its size. The driver slowly brought his truck to a halt. Cerpin just stared marble-eyed, holding on to nothing. The driver looked up at him, hoping he wouldn't do it. Nothing could rewrite the previous pages, quietly standing there. Within seconds Cerpin would make up his mind.

A light breeze simmered around the balance of his stance. Each closing second opened up a dilation to the blinking that only he could see. Everyone froze, collapsing, lungs full of sighs. An application had been turned in while others turned away. Like the hands of a clock seeping forward his body began to slide into a centrifugal force. He knew the routine...no panic had its way, just a calm throbbing on the door knob. He had made a skeleton key made of cobwebs and hair, and from up on the roof of his mouth did he pull it out, hairballed to the gag. Swiftly moving now, as his body gained momentum, he held the pick-lock with a vengeance, fists pointing at a sea of mayday handling. He promised to come fighting with a silence most deafening...no loose muscles, no more dents...a torpedo gaining on them...Tremula had not the faintest idea what was in store for them. Faster he sank towards the medium exit of the concrete. He bared no thoughts in mind. He had erased himself from the directory with amnesia as an asthmatic anesthetic, while the portal craved a gaping penetration coughing right before his remorse struck gold. Within one gulp Cerpin Taxt had hit the ground. The cracking of the marrow. The boils roaring up on the shores. One side of his face had collapsed inwards, while the rest of his body remained intact. His limbs slightly mumbled an escape act...and the puppet strings fell behind the ragman of Mundy, tangled and defaced. People turned away in disgust. The driver of the truck that had stopped to watch him came over to his side. He whispered in his ears, "Dios mio que esistes?" to no response. Cerpin's right eye was left open, not a murmur, now without blinks. All that was left was a uniform, which he had no use for keeping. His essence unglued itself from the asphalt, leaving behind a syrup of red, for his body was the feast, served on beds of ancestral curses. Now, that feared chalk outline would close in circumference only around the temple of his ruins. On the underpass in downtown Rezjua, Cerpin left a tale, as it forever stained the ground he hit on that jealous cold leach afternoon. No one knew what hit them. The accusations flew from angles far and deprived. Who was to blame for the death of Cerpin Taxt? Had he really jumped to his death, while our backs were bathing just east of the river Enial.

On the day of his funeral, a march of convicted devotees brought the ashes of Cerpin's body to a pauper's grave. The ghetto Tramontaine that they scaled lead to the outhouse of dumpster waste. There were no street signs, just the mud of unpaved roads. In the distance surveyed the watchful eyes of some keystone border patrol. He had always warned of not littering away foolishly because it would end up here. Funny how unwanted trash accumulates away from the safety of urban decay...on the other side of the river nestled just behind the graves, separated a reality subpoena asking who would choose sides? Cerpin had chosen his path. Was it everybody else who had already died? Against a sandpapered kiss, bidding for the farewell bet, was lost the soul of Cerpin Taxt.

#### *Televators;*

*Just as he hit the ground, they lowered a tow that stuck in his neck to the gills. fragments of sobriquets..riddle me this..three half eaten cornias, who hit the aureole...stalk the ground...stalk the ground. You should have seen the curse that flew right by you. Page of concrete, stained walks crutch in hobbled sway. Autodafe..a capulary hint of red.. Only this manupod crescent in shape has escaped. The house half the way..fell empty with teeth that split both his lips, mark these words. One day this chalk outline will circle this city. Was he robbed of the asphalt that cushioned his face? A room colored charlatan hid in a safe...stalk the ground...stalk the ground. You should have seen the curse that flew right by you. Page of concrete, stain walks crutch in hobbled sway. Autodafe...a capulary hint of*

*red. Only this manupod crescent in shape has escaped. Pull the pins...save your grace...mark these words on his grave.*

*Pull the pins...save your grace...mark these words on his grave. You should have seen the curse that flew right by you. Page of concrete, stain walks crutch in hobbled sway*

*Autodafe..a capulary hint of red. Everyone knows the last toes are always the coldest to go.*

#### *Take the veil Cerpin Taxt;*

*You must have been phlegmatic in stature. The gates of thanos are a spread eagle wide. You let the shutters make sackcloth and ashes out of a blind mans picaresque heart. You take the veil..you'll take the dive..you take the veil. It's not over till the tremulant sings. These ideas of march are they so make believe ?How tempts the revenant...slice up and not across. You take the veil..you'll take the dive.. you take the veil. A mass of gallon sloth, as flys have walls for feet. A rapturous verbatim, someone said but who is to know. And when you find the fringe, the one last hit that spent you, you'll find the ossuary spilling by the day. Iconoclastic had it coming for years, they know the prisons that you have yet to fear...where thumbs hide inside of sleepingbag mouths, adlib your memoires by casting a drought. You take the veil...you'll take the dive..you take the veil. A mass of gallon sloth..as flys have walls for feet. A rapturous verbatim-someone said but who is to know.*

*And when you find the fringe, the one last hit that spent you, you'll find the ossuary spilling by the day. Knife me in...hobbling...talking in it's sleep again*

*Knife me in...hobbling...talking in it's sleep again. Knife me in... hobbling...talking in it's sleep again. Knife me in... hobbling...talking in It's sleep again. Virulent hives...of bedpost piles...virulent hives...Who brought me here, forsaken, depraved and wrought with fear...who turned it off? The last thing I remember now...who brought me here?*

*Forsaken, depraved and wrought with fear..who turned it off? The last thing I remember now. Who brought me here?*



