He is. He came to this country some years ago. But he’s here permanently now.”\textsuperscript{41} (Text bracketed in 2B pencil. Excessive indentation present.)

\section*{V. Conclusion}

That fine mesh dream of self (that mycelial human curse) expands in the brain, bloating it with plans and coordinates, pasts and futures, its seemingly eternal patterns of redemption floating purposeful in the skull air like tiny filaments brushed from the brain of God. And then somewhere down the line my friend’s uneven teeth clamped tight in the unseasonably hot sun. Back there in that park, his body hanging rigid in place, his brain finally devoured by the ravening dream, his ruptured skull eaten free of the rooted silos of concretized thought — the rope a tumoral stick cum fruiting alien limb cum stroma stretching its perverse destiny into the sweat air. With eyes filled with black smoke, and mouth seduced into an unholy seal of lipless teeth, he rained his dream on us.

What is left for me to say?

Too much and so, in the end, nothing.