dôNrm'-lā-pūsl

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prelude

emptiness and a new trauma. a new place, a new empty situation, not a penetrating one. maybe a car gently being pushed into the abyss, replaced by the terror of form disappearing and that typical panic. it could be the inevitable impact scream that never comes, preceding brake squeals, then nothing. it could be something else and this could be that something else, this could be a reminder, a message of something that may have occurred and I am only saying this is this and this is the darkness of the past that leaks through clipping sounds. there is no option “a,” since there was never option “b.”

I could be somewhere else right now imagining being here, imagining being somewhere else. I suppose
I could be traveling on a highway just outside somewhere else, watching the thunder roll over a demoralized horizon, outside a captured territory demanding liberty for those past lives held in perpetuity. I could be speaking of solitude to my personal martyrs.

are you listening?

The random is on darkness . . . the verdict is in . . . they stack the wood . . . I saw the fire lighted, the faggots are catching and the executioner . . . build(s) up the fire further . . . hands won’t show themselves. faces hide. the corners are ground down and obscure. sounds creep through with muffled ankles bound ever so tightly . . . is that roaches or the hum of an invasion. maybe, cement crumbling from years of memorized transgressions. it could be the day the earth stood still consuming itself in large evangelist chunks.

the only edge I know is this cold embankment that seeps dampness into skeletal remains . . . pulverizing muscles with the constant pull towards the core. so, I work another miracle that goes unrecorded, watch each cell destroy themselves, with neat military
precision. one soldier after another cut down with steel blade projectiles in a napalm moment.

I know somewhere someone is working with someone to create the perfect offense, the inescapable question, the inscrutable nutcracker, the unexplainable iron maiden cause and effect . . . a joint venture . . . it could be patent pending . . . in the name of the queen king, country . . . bless amerika and all that.

the pain creeps through pores . . . expanding along the inner layers of flesh, discharging urgent messages to my prefrontal context, assaulting the walls of my defenses, turning this body into nothing more than a dead zone of inarticulate tremors longing for immediate extraction.

I lay here . . . move from one dead zone to the next with only a second reprieve . . . a second when my breath is not chopped in half in a gangrenous scream . . . a moment when the terror stops in anticipation of termination . . . bit by bit . . . organ by
organ . . . cell by cell . . . bringing everything to-a-close due to lack of recognition. and there . . . from within and from without, by which we may know. I know well that I have deserved pain . . . and . . . punish me wisely. for you will not do what you say against me without suffering for it both in body and soul.

in these moments when I can catch my breath . . . these perfect pauses before being submerged again in the anguish of a billion torturous shrouds . . . before I die again and again and again, there in the lesion that opens into a hallway to the lessons being given, chapter and verse on the red blood trickling down from under the crown, all hot, flowing freely and copiously, a living stream, just as it seemed to me that it was at the time when the crown of thorns was thrust down.

and then without warning long tumultuous shouting sounds like the voice of a thousand waters that slice a maniac’s path along my tendons, my veins my muscles to announce the end of sanity.
a moment longer on the edge and my body voids itself — collapsing to nothing but an impermanent stain.

I rotate to a position not recovering from the previous one-dimensional felony.

*I would rather die than do what I know to be a sin.*

I catch my breath for an instant and focus on infinity, which counts more than gold and comes before and after repetition and ideology. how did I come to this moment of suffocation? who chose me? could it be that I am not here? could it be that this rusted rake being drawn across my skin is nothing more than a ragged sentence that has fallen off the page — a lifeless carcass telling lies.

it could be I have forgotten that I *could suffer more as a reminder of the four ways of passion . . . the bleeding of the head, . . . the discoloration of the flesh . . . copious bleeding of the body and deep dying.*
it could be I have missed the endless confession of my sins and now suffer the abandon of torturers who douse me in kerosene to manufacture language with lit cigarettes — or was after being horse raped by trained pedestrians looking for more glass to break, after arrows didn’t produce the desired effect, hacked from limb-to-limb, scattered on the future sight of a 7-11.

I was asked if I was willing to repent and mend my ways.

if I should say the heavens had not sent me I should damn myself.

if I could see the furrows which have made a bed for themselves in my colorless cheeks, if I could perceive that which I can not name, that which crushes my body into a steel box or something significantly smaller than “a,” compacting me into neat symmetrical order, all accomplished by chatty machines, constructed and assembled at their plant of origin, labeled, categorized, numbered and shipped to the appropriate equivalent.

how many numbers does it take to convince the near dead to lead or a child or something else?

I protest against being kept in these chains and irons.
I come, sent by the heavens. I have no business here.
the world turns and I weep. the body turns and I weep. the body clock rotates with a momentum casting itself as the enola gay, bathed in sins, rotating on a spit stuffed, hoof and mouth, bubbling surface flames, leaving no shadows, no glimmer, no reservation, just a language vortex or something else, producing a new floral nightmare, as the earth stiffens in the reflection of emerging discarded flesh parts.

if you were to have me torn limb from limb and sent my soul out of my body, I would say nothing else to satisfy your inquiry. as for signs; if those who ask for them are not worthy of it, I am not accountable for that.
	his is all probably one of those dreams I will wake up in. one where the television set is on runaway and some savior is watching the blank screen. I know I have no choice but to listen and take off my red jacket, stop spinning and proceed . . . yes, it’s true I had many godparents, two popes, and the voices, sweet with temple honey, voices I confess to, voices that tell me I am here.

what here? a left hand turn at a cheap hotel with rude jailers before my birth and after my death.

this is the place where I begin and end, alphabetomega, klaatu barata nikto.
boning burns like artificial limbs, like pierced
necks and backs with distinguishable lines protruding.
like a dog without a bark. like friendly bombs.
the heat empties from the body, the after shock
or a torn memory from a different perspective oozes
blood from behind mental armor.
it could be something else and this could be that
something else.

this pain, this darkness could be nothing more
than a reminder that something happened, a tear some-
thing leaked through, carrying clicking or electrical or
heavenly something.
I could be somewhere else imagining being here.
outside a wall shouting
—I am sent by the heavens. I do my best to serve.

who has abandoned me to this darkness?
I don’t know either a or b
I come from the kingdom of heaven to raise the siege and
where am I now?
I was so horribly and cruelly used
that I damned myself to save my life.
hear my confession, my sins, all deeds against others . . . blood everywhere . . . caught in distorted bodies . . . too much to bear . . . to confess . . . I have orders to follow . . . I die through you . . . I have orders to follow . . . even if it costs me my head . . . I have orders to follow . . . I ask for help from no one . . . I have come . . . I was sent by the heavens.