dôNrm'lä-püsl

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2.

in this vision I approach the light, everyone does.
in this vision I always approach the light, as if it’s not so much a light as a door that opens, so I can find a seat on the local to cross the boundary of the page.

in this vision I approach the light, as does everyone else.
in this vision I always approach the light as does the rest. it’s not so much a light as the comforts of a fluorescent flicker on the local bathed in a sermon without words. I can hear it speak when the doors open, sitting on red plastic seats, as others who, always the same as if this is dream repeat, but it’s not, I can
tell by the smells on the local domrémy line to new sovereign and beyond.

always the aroma of stagnated urine from these endless battle lines — on this and every droning moan, this rocket red glare, “listening to the flicker that parachutes behind enemy lines. . . .”

this is why I preferred the fluorescent, it’s always the same that gather, in the same position, in the same moment, one enters then pressed air hisses, closed doors, a jerk and we become destiny or pick more of those who are the same, arriving from every world, but the same from then and now here to then to take the domrémy line to new sovereign and beyond.

I decide between a red coat or metal leggings, maybe just borrowed, loaned, and or something blue. though good boots always seem more useful than pre-conceived contrasts. whether at the altar or loom, it takes one to know one, so it’s better to be known than not vote with both hands on the wheel — even if you haven’t got it yet, you will along with all the merchandizing effects.
it’s always the same, I tear up the contract to the displeasure in a huff and puff of preconception, since I know that the flicker will lead to the end of the line. the fluorescent is always softer than that false dawn requirements, doing KP duties for the home team, day in and day out. as someone said, sign here and it’s yours for life. honestly, I could never see chicken giblets and canning as my way of life, especially after the difference of antigone’s way. I would look elsewhere and a while, but even a flicker seems like a promise, especially when it spoke so low, so eternally low, dripped in honey tones, massaging ventral veins with deep calming reassurance, beyond a simple something, but I stood my ground as a conversation piece, a simple howdoyoudo and without notice I realized this was no stranger you find at a dinner sniffin’ the ground down dregs and chewin’ old hens, honest to real, there, surrounded by boundless affection held in the eternal hand, right there on a promise brighter than sight, listening to and basking in the hand that is the hand that is the hand and never was forever and more being told of a peaceful rebirthing projects and boundless horizons. and after passing the test, that was basically, sure why not since there was no true or false, just the ability to
see criteria, we would all go and settle in a bed of fragrance carved out of newborn sucking milk. although the test was another matter for some not necessary, who choose to stay and continue the task without pay, cleaning infested lessons and repairing wounded routes of different times, for others it was as easy as one-two-three strike a match, there you are, presto — you’re it, next. could it be that simple? I wanted to ask but it seemed like asking what came first a western or a denver omelet?

that was then and this is then and now and I must take my seat, the others have arrived as they always do. I never see them enter, they’re just there. I suspect that until they take the domrémy line to new sovereign they go by different names and have different life times. but isn’t that the way it is, you keep the home fires burning until one flicks the mumblety-peg, then you’re it, and you can never go home again.

though I can never see them clearly since there are always nothing more than a comfortable lukewarm _comme ce comme ça_, just enough to make sure you’re on the right parallelogram, just enough to see your hand before you fade. I can always tell it’s them, maybe it’s second nature, or some kind of cockpit voice recorder that’s in the know now and then. I don’t know what it
is, but I know it’s them, as if I have been coming here all my life and before that.

as always, as if for the first time the train jerks to motion and enters the tunnel disavowing any relaxation from street level, leaving a warm fluorescent halo that fails at each curve and each track connection casting doubt upon moments of darkness and lost histories.

and here we are at false dawn, the sudden instant after absolute darkness falls, we could be the survivors of a plane crash meeting for the first time, left over in formaldehyde dreams, but we are here and they are the faces that acknowledge the truthfulness of rocks, they have seen their own eyes face-to-face, laying in their blood as it comes into vision.

the lights flash on, then off, yanking one from another world to a red plastic seat, the same as before, the same as it always has been, there we sit looking at each other and not acknowledging each other and knowing any false glances could tear the hearts out of those that think they stand on bedrocks, that is really nothing more than a silly footed love song.

I ride the local everyday, or I attempt to take it every day and every day it’s the same thing. I arrive, I mind the gap and take a seat. I look across from me
and see the person to the right is the same person. maybe this is a visionaries’ waiting room, yet, every day as before, tests, exams, questions of my whereabouts on this day and that day. who spoke to me and have I ever left my carry on luggage anywhere. every day they say come back, try again, they say could you repeat this vision or that vision describe in detail, step by step each iridescent taste of ecstasy. I keep saying, 

—I do not know a from b, you must know I would rather . . . sit and sew besides my poor parents. so take your persecution truefalse am I on the scale yet in the safe part of the bell curve yet — rather now than tomorrow, and tomorrow than the day after.

only to be told, soon, soon at which I respond as always,

twice and thrice a week the voices told me that I must depart.

I buy my ticket on the domrémy local every day only to be told to return. return again tomorrow and tomorrow. my only solace is the faces I see as I take the red seat and the voices that tell me to take the domrémy line to new sovereign and beyond.
I keep telling them I must speak to the one who knows I had a vision and know how to relieve the segregation that has emptied the sailed air from our soul. I keep telling them I must speak to the one who knows that I see beyond the forms required to fill out initiation of an appropriated interview. don’t deceive me I had a vision, I am here from a higher order. I am here to stop atrocity.

I had the will to believe in something different, something beyond the cheaply reproduced documents. I keep saying over and over — I ask for help from no one, I have come, I was sent by the universe, I have those who believe, those who take this endless line from domrémy to new sovereign with the help of the stars above. I stand against the bleeding beast suffocating boxed form, pelted with darkness and wrought with end of my own breath. I must proceed, I must make them see I will pass your silly test no matter where I come from is of no concern.

—but since you ask.

—we asked.

the voices always come from square edges adorned with gold mules and synthetic silk power beast of the holly collar. I come every day to the scale version of downed statuary flanked by flaying gas masked
bayonets. every day I go to the internal investigation of the speculative whereabouts which so happens is right next door to the warehouse for the criminally insane. the lift never works so ten flights become my fluorescent dream time until the edged aroma of open sewers and the burning plagueish fear.

just beyond the door crouched the judas, tester, executioner, seven in all with a badger like center making clearing sound of chicken moans and pit bulls. seven, three adornments on each side of this grumbling center piece. replaying the — come in, come in come in we’ve heard so much and want to tell you what we know . . . every day it’s the same line from different directions

—so please tell us what have others thought of all these visions, their version of your vision, can you give us a recipe, a letter of reference, a dialogue you recall, anything, high school transcripts?

— I would like to know about mutant fairies demons?

waving straight at me from the grand cuisine of command in guttural retention congested hog swallow followed with empty footsteps of the others who fall into situational cock sucking order.
—first the first things first we must know of local practitioner so first thing’s first?
—do you herd the herd and how hard is it to help yourself there or there?
slipping over the lips from an echoed mind in a different onslaught.
—what of the visions, the visions what of the visions in color, black and white glossies and who stars in it. names, we must have names and address?
the grand inquisitor only grunted interruption or interrupted with grunts in this direction or that indicating with like a swallow bovine on automatic fly distraction mode.
—listen with all due respect I come from a cul-de-sac that is like every other two car garage, tinted radio a partial square and the local herd just on the outskirt, and no I never attended the herd, I was either assisting in the house duties or at confession. as far as the local practitioner I told this gentleman of the words of the st. alexandria, I listen in fear of my life how does the unheard send either a saint or martyr of antioch tell me . . . you tell me, who else could I turn to but my local practitioner, the rest of the world perhaps? do you think I am crazy spending my days in prayer
instead of my portal information system, your questions seem to have little to do with my purpose here. I am telling you I had a vision that I must tell the one who knows to save us all.

the middle looked like all the others only foozled in time and without a muscle movement

—is it true you left your town at an early age to pray at the shrine of the martyrs, is it true and why would you leave, why?

—it doesn’t matter, prayer is prayer, and yes I went to the shrine only to get away from the noise of the town, only there in the still did the voices come.

—and what of these voices, when did you first hear them?

—I was in my thirteenth year, it was a voice to guide me . . . I seldom hear it without light.

just then or moments on either side a wave of soft still caressed the room as the faces of custodians of nature lost their spongy taboo feel and became almost human in a blessed manner. the touch of the light lay its hand on my bones that relaxed into timeless crescent — over and over it would be the same thing — my voices would tell me trust in the universe and soon I would be at the end of new sovereign and beyond.
the question keeps reproducing questions out of magic hats, rabbits were replaced by other questions with homes of questions where question would drive the new convertible questions around the neighborhood. that came speeding right out of that haze towards me without lights on.

—was it true you broke your contract for marriage?

—were you a member in good standing of the citizens standing committee?

coming at me like unheard orders shipped and sold to the front lines, but I was no longer there, floating above, a light had descended, a light that held me with hands that comforted the hands that held the original spark in a palm of reflection comforting small capillaries from the cold and then without a knock at the door before me was my voice and below I was answering questions that bounded back and forth like artillery vexations. it wasn’t me, it was my voice, it was me, it was my voice, it was the voice that was me that had come to me to let me know time was critical as these lovers of rat traps went on with no end to their rummaging rampage as I floated with my head in the warmth of universal backlit recessed fluorescents. days folded into millions of miniscule particles
that floated just above a state of perpetual absolution, or it could have been time for lunch when I landed in my body and the head prosecutor looked through me unannounced.

—this is enough for today, please return tomorrow. remember tomorrow is a fasting day do not eat after prime time we must check your soul for purity and determine which sexual position you would take if asked? you have had sex and know your proper positions don’t you?

looking at the head common denominator.

—I am sent here to stop the atrocities before it’s too late. sex or not has no bearing on the weather. all you need to know is I am more than suitable to show secrets of an ever expansive soul.

—well, my child, since you are too young to know we must be sure before we let you go to the next level of your examination, as you know we are under budget restraints and you must realize you have yet to tell us what this great secret is, what kind of secret could you have to offer. I do not care that your local past prefect sent a letter of authenticity. you must give us something or you’re nothing to us but a nuance wanting to be accented. we are here to find true performers
of the sacred and secretarial and not have our time wasted on every so called phantom ghost speculators.

to offer a dog a bone is only out of pity and charm to give away a vision can be nothing more than the twicking sound of the medieval raising its voice.

—I have been sent in part to bring zero language, to support the comeoneinall in doing nothing as the creative response that constitutes the universe in doing so the one who knows but fears so can start the motion moving start the clock rolling down the hill and crash into the holly whatnot that sings in the spring time. don’t you know this is bigger than the latest fashion for ken and barbie? I can show the one who knows ways to finally free this idol from worship and stop any further law compounding.

flappy forehead and center stage where a failed suit looks at me through steel beams

—enough child, that’s enough for the day is early and remember to fast . . . I will take all under advise- ment, and remember we are not so much against you as it’s our duty to make sure visionaries are. . . .

back again to return again with those who came this way one more time to return again to the next day to domrémy and new sovereign and in an instant and
in a step and in a pause came a pause that leaves its heart on the table, between the dishes and peach pits, wondering if it was the wrong number to relinquish oneself at night only to move on to the next plastic seat? encounter no this pause comes from a knock at the door, that could be a message from battle weary paratrooper, or simultaneous conjoined twins in their suffering, now separate voices, with merciful insight. one more item that had to be spoken to these char-broiled beef steaks that grunted and huffed in the question dismount, just one more thought to consider. in the descent of the door facing my jury, the voice light ease into me, next to me, on each side of me, I was in the hands of that that has always been.

—with all your doubt you must know, with all your doubt you must pass on to the one who knows but lives in doubt. this place we are in is not anyone’s one and only. it is not ruled by all nightly process, or a switch of the indicator, you would like to think it is or was, or has or always will be, and then we can all go home, lock another one up in the tupperware container, burped seal and ready to freeze. you tell this to the one who knows, I know the fear that straddles the shoulders and boundaries of walls, that seeps in of the color of lead bullets, I know and I see it is not in
the one and only’s lap, but in the hand of the hands that has led to places and names without names, to bricks and diction free range, though it went through different recipes to finally reach the dream state, we must abandon completely once and for all those nasty side road scavengers, hoof and stone promises. you tell the one who knows that was the universe straightening out the sheets, not some probate indication writing up so called historical fictional characterizations. you tell the one who knows that it has nothing to do with hills and travels, it is only found on antigone’s way near the shadow theme, where no answer can be found. you tell the one who knows I am here to bring a message and the message is I know how to release all this and there is no need to keep trying the work has been done, it just takes a moment to listen, and tell the one who knows the message I have, I have a message for the one who knows, deliver that message, through the post office over night express, there is no time to waste, days that are wasted are days when one more dies, and bodies pile up.

one more time I must re-return to the world and inform this as before, it may be another day of road
shock sitting or side walk instructions, but I must inform those who judge me there is no time, the urgency is a matter of life and death as the wind crumbles the very flesh that they sit on constructed from an abundance of pork and ale, but they only want to enjoy their cushion and not the truth, so I must return to the ones waiting for me in this indirect light with its static charge running through, where the world loses its shadow, where gold is no longer caught behind a robe or in the spotlight of a holding cell, but in the ever glow that lets fairies relax on the side streets and in shopping malls. as I return to the station to re-return again to return again to stand in hot torment of those that will lose their life to protect me and serve, eternally too high of a cost. how can I tell them, we need to stay one more night in an inn with oily straw to sleep on. how can I tell them, those who take the domrémy line with me dayinnout, only to return again to dirt and accommodation, they know as well as I that this is a sequence to the next, but a necessary one to achieve the one after that.

within the distances of sight I am comforted by an image of choisy greeting me. from my first day here this giant glamor queen approached me, or maybe it was the universe that brought us together. there
huddled under the entry way to the universe with the smooth glow of dawn, dressed like one who could have been held in high regard in the medical profession but chose professional tennis as an option. you can spot them a year away, the kind that would go as far as morocco, just to find the right parts, and there without notice, coming to wait for the opening of early tellall and getitoutonthefloor, who came to me without prior notice, who came to me with the guidance of my voices.

—I’ve heard rumors of you and that you’re here to remove the veil, I would like to serve with you in the struggle, since I am also from a place of boxes box cutter, which usually fit horribly, and bleed heavily.

—but how do you know who I am?
—are you not the one you are not?
—yes . . . but, how?
—everyone has heard of you being tested, that you wish to speak to the one who knows . . .

—but lives in fear?
—yes, some call me jan jegenson, or rene eon, you can call me choisy.

there was something about this one who would help me through the centuries, both gentle and slender, sweet and graceful.
—what makes you think you can assist me in freeing the world that lands so hard on the corners of poetry makers?

—some have said I have two personalities. my mind tends towards tranquility, solitude and study, but my heart loves the clash of weapons and display of military drills. I was unable to consult with men or women, so I consulted with god and the devil and so as to not fall into the water I jumped into the fire, and now I am here as your servant.

at that moment, the light laid a haze at the place where the voices came and even without consulting them I knew this one was ready to do battle, this one had performed the priestess principle of Cybele, and had worked part time as a guard in a Byzantium harem. this one would be with me till the end of the line.

—what of what you wear, red, maybe a little too much for nationalist testers and meeting off-shoot royals?

—I wear not what is expected, I wear for the indication, it’s a matter of what suits me any more than that and it’s too much sugar in the cake. there is work to be done here, I must convince the one who knows to single the zero process, and then nothing like you have ever seen. at first everyone will cling to lies as indigestible items, but soon we will see places change
from things to verbs and it will be miraculous, but I think you already know that and know what we must do.

—no, silly me, maybe I worry too much how I would fit into any given situation or style at times I wanted to enter a convent of nuns, at other times I wished to hide beneath the banner of the dragoon (where to tell the truth I’d rather have) the dust of military glory, but I only tell you this as a secret. the confession will open soon. I do hope for a queen—kings to practice my entertainment skills as a way to make a living, I am sure if I could get an agent I could make it, but for now no matter, how I dream, my soul is with you.

I knew after that brief moment I was on my way to turning this around, I also knew they would try to find a box for both of us to fill out, but I know if I could connive those inquisitors I could finally throw these boxes out.

the day was dimming and I was exhausted from hours of testing and days of testing before that, all I wanted was sleep and to pray.

—hurry hurry.

what could it be that choisy was yelling and waving at me from nowhere.

—hurry hurry
I have never seen choisy this excited, pointing in the direction of the old stone that flattened without any shadows and standing just this side of the wooden fort is what appeared to be a steel worker, or maybe some sort of paid mercenary. I wanted a close look to question this individual, I knew that who ever went up against the grammar grid lock would never speak again. as I approached I could see that this one could have been a prior, or a pope or a queen, just as I was about to greet this fine kernel of truth I noticed a trickle on my face and hair, then another . . . and out of nowhere as if ten million snow flakes descended in a gentle waltz I was surrounded by all the life’s butterflies past and future. I dare not move due to their tender nature, there were so many I could hardly see the inn and choisy, just wings, colors I had only seen when the voices came to me, iridescent crimsons, incandescent lotus flowers, luminous saffron, transparent azure, a crystallization of lusters, a flicker of gold and the spirit of ivory. for a minute or so, maybe this was from before or later but the world froze, all but the quiet movement of millions upon millions of tiny winged creatures whispering to my soul and before I could take another breath the last one was gone and
the world continued, the dust lay on the earth and I just stood there in the air as choisy and this new body ran towards me.

— you truly are blessed.

said the new one, dressed in armor and on one knee before me.

—I am here to serve you, my name is caeneus, I will ride with you into the path of deification and lay bare their lies with one twist of the blade gotten say so say so.

I whispered.

—it surely is lesser ignorance to write a word with every consonant too few than add too many as my voices have told me.

the three of use moved through an edge of silence until we entered the inn for bread and some wine. we could hear the heart speak and remind us of the fire within us. it was a rustic place with wall-to-wall indoor-outdoor flooring, recessed lighting, long near plastic walls everyone has been talking about, every three feet or so models of the idols that could have easily turned into some kind of sacred practice, but these were only models that someone had assembled and stretched some kind of skin over. the rest was rather
quiet, except for the three of us there, listening to the piano player, playing an off-beat version of “a very recent invention.”

looking around I look at both of them sitting there waiting for the next step.

—what scared (us) all into time? into bodies, into shit?
I will tell you: the word, does any one remember, or does it get piled on with a little spittle here and the tomb of the uncommon there?

I knew the conversation of flying words that flew across the table, doing the jig and with little acknowledgment of what keeps going on and on this phoneme connected to this phoneme was slipping in and out of catching historical facts, points of references and interesting sites where tourists go, lie one spot on the railing at niagara falls where when one looks over the edge, where gravity and the velocity of the water reaches up and rushing by and descending at a million gallons an hour or so or more, grabs one by the perceptual mind, beckoning it to plunge deep into that that rushes over the edge of time, only to be splattered and torn to shreds by the rocks below.
the voices keep bantering back and forth, not my voices but choisy and caeneus, my voice keeps telling me that the paideuma was ready on the oar or not there for turmoil to come forth on the afternoon plane with its intersecting curves with those slight slicker forms and anamght, oh yes I knew this was the ascended to those that had so long laid their burns bared like scarred-over brands, whether on a shingle or a single sneeze, why not just excommunicate those from the salon, or gathers of dreamers, especially the crucial one I would say. it is my lot to take the band wagons to the wall fires and free this as that and as though the night glows fluorescent waves of liquid light circling in for a landing as the voices of choisy and caeneus guide me in with plans and shuffle board scores . . . ah the petty bursts of competition that can turn into reinventions of the ruff righter myths.

—as I was saying I know most of the panelists and am willing to go before them as your witness and protector.

this voice was calling me out along the light beam along with the other?
—are you listening? are you with us? do you have contact or are you with them?

I can never tell from this world and that or when I am here or that it usually takes someone calling my name or an arrow in the foot, but if gay paree needs light and the resistance is failing what can I say?

—yes, yes, yes, I am here, what is it? let none tomorrow dare to leave the town and go out to fight, unless (they have) first go to confession.

the heat of the hearth caresses my cheek, it is the light of the voices that whisper across my temples.

—yes, yes I am here, what was it you are saying? caeneus is friends with all the brisk examiners, those duck-n-cover lookers.

—yes, yes and I would like to go with you to the parade to offer what I can offer.

—wonderful idea choisy, yes first thing before we take the domrémy line and beyond we must get to confession.

I knew it was time the voices had come.

—we must hurry before the light changes.

behind me both were trying to stay close.

—hurry we must confess, the light is right.
—the clothes, remember, not the red coat, it must be armor against the world, steel armor, against the iron tip, the gold armor to protect one from sin.

choisy was yelling at me from a distance, even though I knew even before the words were uttered. the sky was a flat hue with flat detail.

—yes, yes, but we must get to the shrine and give our confession and you two must come along.

—the armor, what about the armor?

one of them spoke or both in a chorus of concern.

—hurry, now, there’s no time to spare.

—I . . .

choisy started to cry out something but I already knew.

—yes, yes the armor, you have a suite of armor for me from when you were younger.

—yes, how did you know?

—hurry now, we must get to confession.

at the stone chapel that opened to the universe, I fell to my knee, surrounded by the old stone wall of the round table and the great pyramid bathed in a rich emerald moss, the glow of dusk, the moon, the stars. I
could feel the earth soak though my flesh. I could hear choisy and caeneus breathing heavy behind me.

—on your knees and open yourself to the dust of the universe, the dust of life, let it settle on your eye lids, let in stories of creation.

just then the north star seemed to increase in volume, I could hear the light whisper to me, the light that had traveled too many years just to speak a few words, words that cradled my soul.

—but goddess, shouldn’t we prepare?

stopping my meditation I turned to choisy who was on one knee.

—get down on both knees and never use word in vain, this is a holy universe, pride and ego only set up piles that stick together, confess, confess and pray after me.

on the field of grass of grain of pleasure, on the field of yesteryear tomorrow and the next one to come, on the field bloodied with too many nouns, on the field and on the cracked sidewalk up to the donotcross, to the grassy knoll bunker hill, to the plain old gray lost between black and white’s fleshy
decisions running down the workers back on the tip of a salamander. on the field, on the plains that were oceans, that settled on the leaf leftovers to dry from the steel blade — think feeling, they feel tempting, they tempt daring, they dare waiting, they wait taking, they take thanking, past the yellow flashing to the field uncut or spread eagle soaring like winches case coming not to roust this cast lost, and on a first drop that was never more from the bone and clatter to the endless and eternal winds. allten allten and allten.

after the night had settled and gone away. after the morning light had ben readjusted. after dressing in armor that caeneus offered, shining and ready to do battle with proverbs and pronouns, armor so close to my body to feel sexual, a form fitting metal chest plate, after the bullet proof vest, after the chain mail, after the knee cap spikes, after being covered with glistening alloys of composite features, with a sort of ornamental post mortem mannerist display of everything inlaid in gold along the broader area.
I felt like a mythical figure born in the castration of the sea. I was ready, we were ready, ready to take the domrémy line to new sovereign and beyond to begin again.

I walked in the silence of afterthoughts, in vision I approach the light as does everyone. in this vision I always rest, it’s not so much light as the comfort of a flicker from the fluorescent on the local. bathed in a sermon without words. after taking our red plastic seats and jerked into forward motion leaving some forever behind. we sit in silence as we did this morning, as we did while we dressed and applied our steel plat-ing, as we did when we went through the turn style, as we did when we sat in what we know that wasn’t spoken, as we sat the night before in the future and in the end that would never end.

in the still, I imagined a piece of metal or more than one piece enter my flesh, I imagined the armor I am not wearing that is a decent suit for mass trans-portation, or long trips on tall black either or both in silence, metal entering my body, I will mark the day, mark the spot where the metal came in and exited on the way to hell, I will mark the entry wound on this imagined armor, on these red plastic seats of the dom-rémy to new sovereign and beyond.
the question and answer were taking place in an atmosphere of doused light, the grand inquisitor was playing a game show host, because I was flanked by a warrior queenking and a devoted swash-buckling killer, but devotion for one hundred seemed to be a formality.

—what mythical object was used with thirteen knots from patirt’s passion to artaud . . .
—a . . . (could hear the music build), a . . . cane?
—you are right for one hundred points. our next category for three hundred points . . .

enough, I have to stop this infection that is spreading on the surface like radioactive pond scum.

—I must speak to the one who knows, but lives in fear, I know there will be second sight and the walls, rooms, prerogatives of life can be assaulted and we can start anew. it is not me you understand, but the voices that come through me from the beginning of time or the grain of sand all the drops of water that ever fell, none can be spoken from and none defined. I am only the vehicle for the energy to pass through me. you must let me pass and continue to this path of freedom.

there was hand waving, lights flashing, the image of a concierge draped in velveteen waded through to center stage and before this hogwild titfortat hostess with the mostess would gurgle I responded.
—we have no time to waste, one hour, one more day stationed in one more year that sets up this assembly line of carnage, one more second is the second a causality is created, one more second that we waste here not bringing the voices of the universe to the one who knows but lives in fear, one more second before the trains arrive at the domrémy to new sovereign and beyond to take us further than there.