dônrm’-lä-püsl

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2.

I woke to see early morning window shadows create a stronger purpose,
marked by perfectly snapped objects.
along to new sovereign and beyond to the earth dome done and done.

past command past flesh tattoos
past chattel on work release emancipation

past the watchers who watch the instituted distinguish one from the other

past a long ocean that lays in route neglect
past nine digit numbers that hush the fringe
past camps on pages and off
past I know them not how they breathe or plead,
but by index trigger
past shadow hole huddles where proper names
light is a short
fuse

it hadn’t been a long trip, but for some their first
time traveling hundreds of hours or miles, and others
the first site of a castle that was the castle for a day
until another came along preferably with updated ver-
sions of wooden bridges and the like. it was a sight to
hold on to as long as one could, warriors, workers all
there to maintain what my voices told me was a lie and
what I knew the one who knows knows to be a lie.

proceeding towards the entry we are met by
guards, secret service agents that are not there, host
to the royal hoster of royal events, who informed me
that the others must wait and only I would be allowed
to enter.

I could tell by the looks and murmurs I was antic-
ipated with mixed reviews. this pair of military was
undisciplined and maybe not too bright since they all
must have thought I was deaf. I could hear their gloss-
sarial ooze from loosened lips.
—here to save the day, ay? that would be us, more to the point.

—just a peasant trying to get a leg up on the competition, I’d say.

my voices must have been watching over me as these midnight cowhoots wanted to play trip the one who doesn’t play by their rules. I was able to glide over their intended obstacle course with ease. I felt a certain sadness leaving this lot of check mate warriors, for I knew they would be under my command, their blood would seep into the dirt and rivers of my life. it seemed better to let them have one more bohemian on Broadway with the camaraderie huddle around the fake fire, drinking ale, chewing fibrous protein just to warm themselves before long cold assaults still their blood. it may be their last hour staring into each other’s eyes with that passionless look one gets when one is asking for casual sex.

I continued to follow my twinkle with the mostess to the great hall where I was surrounded by eight carnivorous guards. I felt like a rock star, a martyr, or someone on their way to death row.

proceeding along a corridor we were joined by black suited, sunglassed individuals whose armor clinked as we marched along, and there before me
seeping out of the entry was the oily lights of a spectacle about to be turned on with sun rise blindness. the sound was a roar seeping from behind thick stone walls, with the after vibrations dancing through the mortar and rock like the afterglow of fire works. the room was lubricated with the buzz of inebriation.

my own anticipation grew as a generator gaining momentum to electrify an entire city. the guards, walking shoulder-to-shoulder. with each step the lights became sprinklers of electrical glee, the room was filled with slingshot echoes conversations seeping in and out of a primal ooze of chit chat. I knew that it was no longer just me and the voices of the universe, it was no longer me conversing with those that could never be that exist in every speck of dust and in every corner and crevasse of the thoughts of that dust. I belonged to the vastness of space and I was only a conduit for possibilities, a super conductor, a parenthesis. I was the lens on the hubble telescope. the hulls of rice, the breath of a whisper. I was no longer here being corralled by a security force, my atoms dispersed. I was approaching my egypt, my new sovereign and beyond. I was entering the vaginal cavity of my birth, moist and salty, oozing in the original spark, one great process to the cataclysm, calcium deposit dripping in a careless rhythm
over and over clocked in at the forty billionth drop on a ten mile high phosphorescent stalagmite.

the cavity approaches, I approach the cavity. I make out faces conversing with other faces lit in brilliant hope. the hollow opens to a large atrium whose parts are dismissed by distance times space to the power of infinity. the atmosphere an air apparent encased in a background seeped gluey lute melodies snaking through silk furrieries, lingering on the outer miasmatic edge of perfumes and aromatic food in caravel abundance. this was the elite not out of disposition to their status, but loose enough to animate bodies lived in fear. here is a moment of gravity, a moment when one could pass on the latest gossip and be it at the same time, as a warm summer breeze radios through tender leaves and the dead live on in generational memento mori.

as my ever encasing entourage enters this buoyant atmosphere there is at first a breath’s pause away from normal, a gasp, a hesitation spark that spreads over the convergence as one slowly applies the pressure to a window pane, at first you hear the tiny particle letting go of their conviction then out of weakness a crack appears and spreads shock wave fractures from ground zero, a pebble loosens in the wind and
creates a landslide leading to a chain reaction of heads turning towards me in a distilled silent shill, frozen in the tick of a second, millennia to millennia to the next click, lead then marble, ancient roman concrete, rigid as death and twice as quiet. the parade continues though paused only momentarily by the present pause, by the immeasurable stillness that creases the air into pleated scenarios. then the red sea becomes a repeat performance, this intercourse that had been put on stasis with fixated eyes slowly parts, not in neat symmetrical order, but as if by magnetic pull, all the particles are drawn to the opposite side as a passage way of human beings parts to create an envelope that I am dropped dead center towards someone in a darkened all-purpose posed chair, a figure not there.

—I have come with a message from the universe to raise a siege against lists and proper behavior.

in the shadow a figure leaned out enough to pass judgments and waved me forth.

as I proceeded towards this shadow camera flashes jumped at me from the darkness, at the same time I could see others holding small crutches around their necks, holy water, or sacred toil, I perquire. then as the voices had stopped they started again in lullaby
electronics, inconsequential at first, a drop of water on a tin roof, a slow tap dance after the harangue is gone home and it’s just you and the dancer with a body of the never best. then as castor oil was seemingly rubbed into tactless minds, the random switch was turned on, pennies from heaven, grains of sand, bees gathering for the union meeting, all turning into a sound mass for hushed voices, a collaboration between john cage and the sidekick cabaret voltaire arkestra. in hushed jabberwocky heads were turning just enough to acknowledge the ones they were talking to, but never quite enough to take their eyes completely off me. a continuous melody of head movements and subtle finger pointers filtered through rustling interjections created by a human corridor that widens and leads to the one who knows but lives in fear.

to this first step I take that has been promised since so many before me have taken that same step with: “m” names, “g” names, “l” names, “j” names and “x” names and so on, uttered that often repeated idiom: “let my be godspeak” where what got into in the choice of until we get to the here and relays the depth that this reshuffled cannibal talk has to be dismantled, the claustrophobic haze wiped away to resemble simple primal guttural sound and sexual innuendoes placed
on the skin instead of being perverted with long-winded hey babe wanta come over and see my ethics, my new large being, my here to eternity list of turds that conquered the world.

and so I continued down this fleshy container surrounded by guard arms and courtly hush tones complete with click track and a slight echo. within the time it takes for me to look forward and blink and be further forward I was aware of the lavish outfit ahead of me, and then I stop say again,

—in the name of everything . . . I have come to give a sign to the one who knows, I have come to help raise a siege against those forces that grasp labels with bloodied stumps just to receive their months’ disablement checks, I am here to tell the one who knows I have a sign for now and for that one only, I am here to tell you why I am here sent to you on this day, but you give me a fake device, a dupe, an actor-governor . . . I am here with the path we must take and you play joke-arama with your destiny . . . do you hear me I am here to show us set us there and there but I can’t do it on my own.

the room was put into a jar, the room solid with the immobile, just then a butterfly happened to be in the upper reaches of the early morning rays, making
its way through the dust particles towards me and just as it got eye level, there before me.

— you are the one I am sent by the universe and stars . . . I offer good health to you.

with a glance away as if I was talking to the person in either the left or other left side or maybe three rows behind.

—it is not I, oh me you must have the wrong one, I am just an attachment to the place over there on the other side, you must mean someone else, the one you want waits for you up there.

—this is the utmost concern and yet you volley with me, I know you are the one, but I also know you are fearful of being the one.

with a look betraying discovery, I knew and I fell to my knees.

—I am here to offer myself to you as I offer my soul to the universe.

—I have heard of your way that . . . all this way with guard arms from inquisition center

. . . yes I hear you are here to right the amazon and save the earth, is that it and do you take what you truly have?

—I am only the one who brings the message of voices in concrete from the other reaches of time itself.
—and these voices, what do they say... we all want to hear... any good jokes from the fringes, from the blue shift moments? please what do these voices say... we all want to hear.

communal clicking spread through those gathered as voices went from single click here and there, the popping of release values held tight in fear, to a paranoid chatter, as a reflected outside of the inside or maybe paranormal communiqués from within looking for a place to stay, to say, to find a ground in the other, other than clicking performance response designed for the one charged with a measure that everything is measured against in kindly supportive — we are all here to serve and make you happy. I am sure if it was something other than crack filler, there would not be so much click and clatter but more . . . .

—oh please tell us, you say you are here to save us, certainly you want to save us all, not just you and me... how would that look, you and me on a deserted island or a desert, how would that look after the big pomp and circumstances comes along and it’s you and me on some atoll in the south sea or some oasis mirage because we knew and we were saved because we knew. not very cordial of you to keep a secret like that. oh please tell us what pill we need to
take or what mantra to proclaim, don’t hold back . . .
we are all waiting, please hurry, please we can’t wait.

the crowd turned into a serendipitous carnival,
sending generous gaffes on a silver platter to the one
who knows with an increasing surrender, modulated
by two factors. one, whether they were laughing with
the one who knows or two, at me. still, this sanguine
crowd covered in plastic jewels seems to glance my
way with their side eyes as a smirk and chuckle was
imitated from their pursed lips.