Night 385

They operated on my ears last week replacing my cochlea with artificial implants. I have tin ears now. I hear only a monotone buzz, a bland, uninteresting narrow bandwidth noise. Something went wrong. They informed me of the unfortunate misstep on a scrap of paper in doctor's scrawl. It said something like: “The cochlear implants were successfully [unreadable]. How-
ever, there is a mechanical problem with the device. We hope to solve it.”

Night 390

ShazDada is certainly persistent. I agreed to give her a audio statement for her podcast.

Night 391

Thankfully I can still smell. They’re less hasty to tamper with this sense since the implant failure. The new otolaryngologist (they replaced the other guy with someone more sympathetic to the clinic director’s goals) is planning a radical laser surgery later this month. He writes me it will reduce my olfactory abilities by half. He tries to convince me that this procedure is good thing. He draws an anatomical picture of a rat’s nose on a tablet to demonstrate what and where he will cauterize.
Night 393

I’m depressed, abject, blue, drowning. I wait. Wait for a blessed hemorrhage, for heart failure, a stroke. For a misplaced scalpel. For an unchecked morphine drip. For a stretch of rope.

Night 397

I have recorded my statement for Shaz. It came to me in a dream, emblazoned on the protest placard of a May ’68 demonstrator on a sunny Parisian afternoon amid tufts of tear gas and burning cars. It goes like this:

It was there a horse soon dancing