



||| THERE IS A STORY IN MEAT ||

Zachary Scott Hamilton



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||| THERE IS A STORY IN MEAT ||

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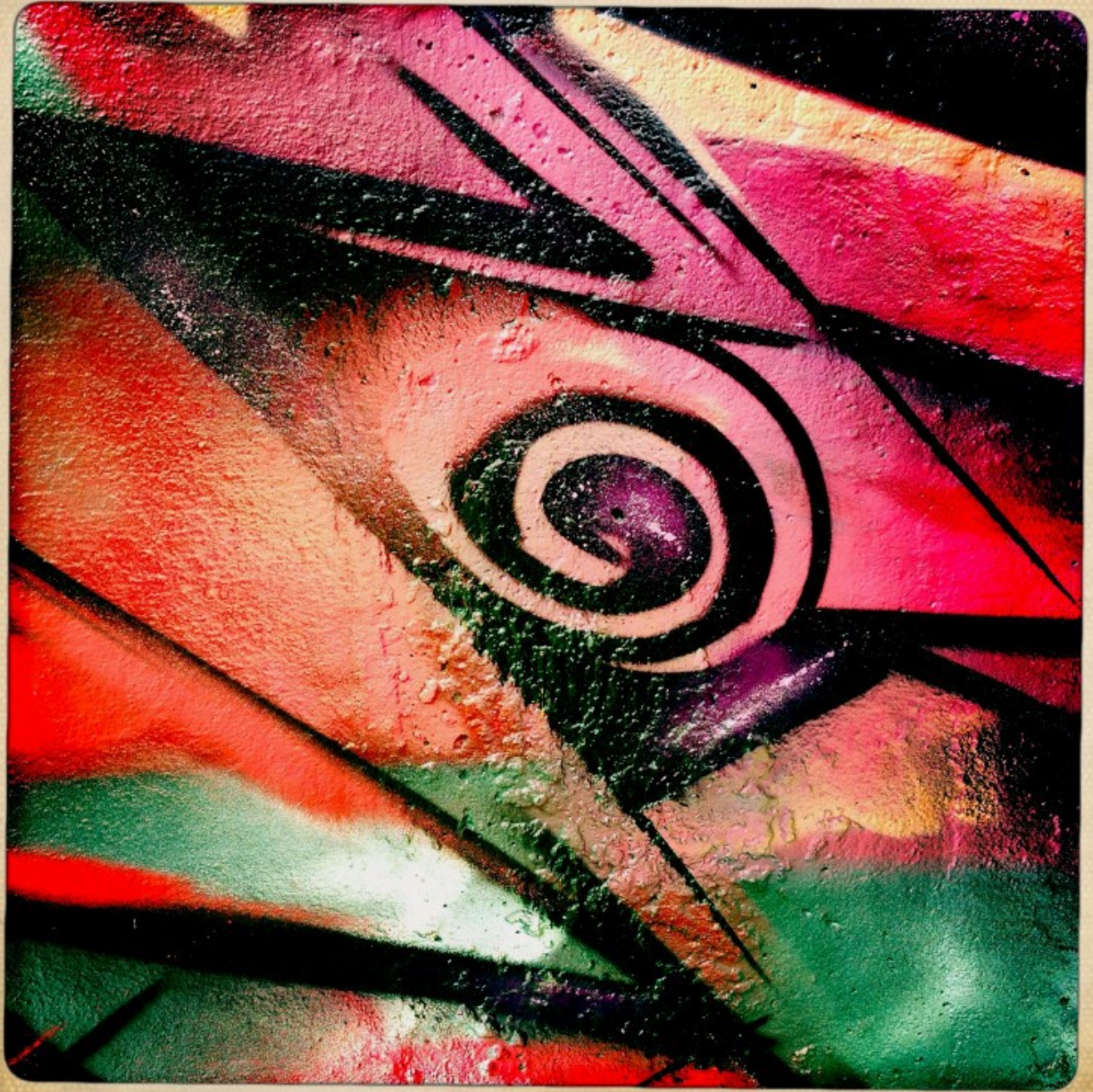
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thirty two hand built boats,
trash can lid sink and
found plate glass
floor --
cats fly off the roof with
aluminum wings, gorilla
boating
in their hairs.

pom pom silly putty ocean
all around, every color
salty smell
an arrow pierces through skin
then fat, then bone; inside i saw
it break the blood tubes, slash the
walls.

toothpaste tubes and all, the little ankle socks
bending around caves, a tunnel for sewage
and darkness. refuse lines the docks,
pigeons peck at a dominoes
pizza

~ axel's
~ lines
~ ropes
salty seas,
my friends



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series of woven carpets, wobbly hand built coffee things rumbling through the center of that stain, called stained isles, there are four separate stains. one is called stain city, in which gears float submerged sunlight.
toothpaste tubes pipe through the ceiling, to the first house. morning on the table, sweater up with pattern work. pink work jean knees, sample kit, heirloom tomatoes, silly putty ocean marble, sky chipped tea.
old man stevie picks the hole in his brain, pulling out ghost white string and blue eyes, and gloss deep.
the alloy sun
comes in the
cemented sky,
marbles melt from alloy heat,
dripping glass in silly
putty ocean.
makeshift shore,
out lego men on lego beach,
in the first house
sunglasses on and wandering to the morning
at the table.

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heineken comes in to load, so every-body's up, waiting, and scaring the alloy cats into the broken refrigerators. town's scruffy bears with tahoe white headdresses wander up to a rickety dock, stare at the hole, glaring reflections of headdress. smeared eyes appear as black makeup. smeared to a long nose. grimace turns into the lips, pierces. tattoo symbols for collective consciousness. silly putty all green, mixed blue and salty

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> the heineken arrives late, followed by attachments of cumulus legos shaped in clouds, and the smell of ocean drifts. an unloading process commences, and the sailors look around at each other wearing worried looks in the black cloud type on broken dock. their bruises speak for them, no one says one word. but the eye contact between the white headdresses to themselves means someone distract their first sailor while we rob this boat. one of them jumps the gun, but it doesn't matter. he runs off the docks and up into the town clutching two cases of beer. the others fight the sailors off and spin them into the water. silly putty swallows them up and the people take the boat into their harbor where the lego shanty town is located.

insanity. repeating clouds. insanity. repeating headdress. sundown shanties. brick red. passed out on the floor, plush red carpet and long arm hairs grow ribbon.

Ω there, of course, is snoring great white pipes of subtle sleep, hidden from awakened cats, skimmed aluminum wings, sky a dark paper mache and "holly lites" box of blinker christmas bulbs.

macintosh trees in the breeze. crayola silly putty dark, and looping, and ocean resident, and drunk with lust. shadows cross underground. aluminum cats find their places in broken vhs cassettes.

half beers, lonely bedrooms, shanties bubbling foam, going flat in sleep.

all cats: thousands of aluminum winged cardboard cut-outs waning to a subtle winged morning, crossed the great black, through light, heavenly body.

ceramic flies circle headdress, plush carpet, loop yarn arms, tufted entangles with chicken feather. leak red ceramic sweat enters rooms, enters trees. ceramic flies, ceramic ants crawl ceramic tv sets, the possibilities are lying naked on the wooden steps, drunken video cassette 'players': leftover from reality in a fake ingenious sunset made of bricks, and candy, turning darkness, and sleep with a spatula.

mate chasing mate, under the great metallic crescent, earth and satellite swings chain thin alloy. an illumined majesty.

it's two o'clock and the animals are beautiful. from the horizon black fur drops white wings, bones, crows, vertebra, feathers. pink elephants tusks in the ocean. pink drink the silly floor of threads, this horizon.

Ω in dark purple silly putty gets it in aluminum foil and feathers.

cats like to land in the boats and configure plans for a nightly adventure there. on the lego toy boats, they land down on the horizon where the silly putty meets the coral reef. the plan is to purchase a boat and sail it to bermuda. snoop, the burmese talks the rex kitten into maneuvering the boat, and everybody piles in.

sail!

the deep silly putty curls away and the lego anchor is pulled.

to bermuda! the cats meow, eight days of fine wine and doily making, silly putty pulls the ink out of newspaper. an edge of doily through sunlight.



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thin dust from inside the city
of a carpet sale falls from long hair,
in a mcdonald's commercial.

attachments of grease
lock the doors to the internal
shaping manual,
through glass, via locks of hair.
dread locks in glass.

an infected maestro is seen wandering down aisles of teeth, inspecting a grocery list his
wife gave him through his shaky fingers. inspecting the jars of dentures, baby teeth, adult
cavities, dread lingers in each aisle, an extra layer in the air of the shop.

little leroy busted into a household. jim beam cotton mouth at the threshold of his throat.
he eats stems in the coroners office, waiting for leroy no.3 to enter the room in a cream
green jumpsuit.

black cotton mouth
enters his cage, settling
at the back of his throat.

settling at the back
while leroy no.4 -5 and 6 get led to the body bag room.
nurse jameson watches them choke
while picking dirt out of her fingernails.

she yawns.
leroy no. 75 coughs up a black cotton swab
and it lands in the grout. worn cream
tiles of a hospital.

they wander in from the back room
of the morgue and the nurse
starts getting ideas about leroy no.1 -2-3-4-5-6 and 75,
still red in the face, who
have no idea why the nurse
is blushing so much.

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tinfoil juxtaposition is spray paint orange, the same way (in the same fashion) as the morning is, written as a syllabic poem into the same way the architecture symbolizes meat in its tinfoil.

we live in a meat city, in a meat castle, we fuck meat curtains. our bodies are made out of meat, flies lay eggs that hatch inside our city.

the flies will be coming to destroy and lay eggs in us soon.

the crew works day and night. they are dressed in pink rabbit, and ready for their day.

their jobs are to cover the meat up with aluminum foil so the flies don't lay eggs in us.

covering skyscrapers of our leftovers, with industrial sized aluminum foil to keep us protected, from the flies. they succeed, working hard wrapping the leftovers.

so, they get to work on the meat castle, time lapse video shows them on the hill, moving through the city in a ring worm.

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boat drives//car strapped boat universe 5.23 zooms bye. it's the mcdonald universe 7.21
and it zooms and blurs and captain takes a picture of the ultimate mcdonald with his point
and shoot camera he purchased (used at the shop in thought squat town.)
universe 5.71 goes by in a flash, parking garage.
he rows swiftly, chasing his hands with his second hands until (intake/ outtake) until blur
of fifteen arms row fast boat zooms, rough the meat city. universe meat parking garage,
meat book shop are wrapped in brown paper and string. meat city workers and meat
banks collide into one as he comes to a sudden stop.
annexed roses and tinfoil room, a room of maps_
cap'n johnson rides paddle boat with goggles, scarf, oars burning, strings of hair blowing.
meat city rushes past the way water does.
'pabst blue ribbon' for a hair net
and a memory monkey riding up in his boat.
bicycle parts as anchors and stuff.
all over the place, he asks where he can dock the boat. nobody, i mean nobody has a spot.
how jumbo johnson rows his boat through town, nobody knows. every one of us stands
around looking crazy.
meanwhile he jumps out of time / the boat and the zip sound from a toy he found is heard
behind it all.

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woozy sally furls and furls, around out, furled out around in, and there is an architecture to this curly girlie. of a monk environment.. workers wired bins to sizzle drizzle and monkey suit orangutan, so that sweater worms and thin limbs, doing cross country, doing 'find the mine shaft' almost entirely atmosphere, thank god could live.



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| destination a » nimal //////////////////////////////////////

the passion flower suit case, melted back room memory triangle, malty memo, a bubble flat. a nose suit, and a nose case to go with it pocket sized for handheld, p[alm] pilot cigarette case [](at the bottom of the lake at the top of the western hills. maniac scribbling on the rock walls, fire tending as his mainframe, memories smoke, at the bottom of the lake, history and all of her surfaces.) one, three, one, one, seven is the code, i do my knob flipping something like five times with these floating air balloons as fingers, my thumbs crack the case and the passion is spilled out in an ink of octopus arms, onto the docks, and now i'm getting my footing back, rescue the boat from a fire. the sails up around nine o clock and destination rattle snakes, destination animal. shoes come onto stage

"time?"

- pattern place
- maps
- skin
- milk

i'll wake up later with my ghost

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[the shark tooth was what they were looking for, in formaldehyde.]
pill dropped from the heavens, from the cumulus in the skies.
ears were next to flowers, blooming together, in the soiled night, blossoms fall to the
wounded plants, truffles perched on the rotting dying face of this world.
hands were next to candy canes, put inside packaging with one another, bounding
through the warehouse candy-land,
one hand still moves to the candy-canes and gets sucked into the story, where machines
tear apart the meat.

a short ride ride in a dream machine

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shadow first, then dream boat. warm in bird light, pattern in foam glass, licked with gloves with bone sandals, with bone tea, lifting the tongue to the answers, the questions, the, to the [that] the top hat sitting next to a wood telephone that is for sale. formica roses are sold out of a suitcase wilting in windows near facial woods.

and the little monkey with his red markings does an act as the water churns in the rain, beats down on the coat of our captain.

lost with lusty layers, lost with salt and oxygen, lost with dream machine.

plugs hooked in.

"caffeinated beverage?" a girl says, long white skirt over red stripes of breathing. make up stairs lead to her face, and it stains everything on board. the engine wears make up too. the numbers are powdered umbrellas, with make up. the concealer on the top hat is make up. the axis of evil is make up, fowling up the gears is make up, ah the coffee cup is staring at me, all make up.

griselda make up, dull greet make up, pope joan make up, lady nico make up, isabella make up, marlene make up, joyce, angie, make up! jeanine!



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ah, the drills! what a storm of monkeys ashing in a cage.
my skull eats a hole inside itself like a deranged and tormented ape, flinging turds, scraps of food, anything it can get its awful phalanges around to throw the stuff extra hard into the three inch plexiglas until it shatters and hits some imbecile spitting at the zoo, hit him square in the eye, dream machine, damn thing.
don't come near us, we are armed with shit and food and we will shatter this wall of darkness until it shoots back your eyes. it shouts at my skull, while i try sleeping, my skull eating.

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in rose petal fortress, sewn with ivy threads, the chevrolet grand prix and the french bicycle make a date.

they want to keep a secret, if no one knows they are doing the dirty, they will make a baby in the trees.

a little morphing, do to mechanical anomalies, but the hook ups will find a way in their hybrid sexuality, then no one will be likely to raise a huff over the thing.

note from england:

the cyber (hybrid+bike) is raring its ugly head in england today, we're wondering its success as a final pedal machine, with such a fluid control. cats! all over london have figured out maneuvering, and are being spotted riding these things in the streets. a new computer car for the general up standing citizens, what a grand idea.

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an aura fix, with green eyes the thought matrix helps talk ronnie to the bob, ether drunk is hungry for electric bubble gum.
chewers think straighter, and eye balls sip cups easier, but thin wrist pulls , and seams from feather today show that the pink aura fixation has blood.



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ending faculty maze path start going back to the begin

just stop and smell the roses. the white bowl, paint, and clouds, porcelain bowl, and the red roses. brick walls mark end of maze, bowl of cherries, water, food, i'll eat the roses. the ends meet my finger tips. they mark pain and then my blood only a bit that i suck out, then eat the rosetta.. the seven of them make my stomach eat itself, the grumbling is equated to a clear cut, all the chainsaws gnawing the inside of a dense wooden forest. how long has it been? dream machine? maybe i can climb this wall. i stand up on the vase tablet. peak up into the eyes all over. i hate walls. they are always mathematical and the size of an elephant. i see nothing in them, a renaissance painting in a gaudy frame. eyes in plaid, painted on in the forest. willow and blanket in the picture, sandwich, fruit. a picnic basket. something on the beach, in the sand. walls are always growling slow, maybe when i get to this part of the maze. too low a tablet. i'll fuck and eat this painting. i chew a hole. the paper, it's rendered in tears. easy. chunky! the hole gets bigger. the space behind the painting grows dark, slimy, prickly hairs. plums. there is enough room, that i can jump in. the waters fine, prickly pears, plums, sandwiches, orange juice take me away.

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the morgue shifts up a level from black pond water, mud, and black holes in the mud, drizzling over the four sides of the elevator shaft.

"which floor?" she asks. her teeth aluminum foil that has been folded to shape three small razor blades collage artists use to get really fine details. my stomach is in the shape of a four paneled room. the stomach looks like the ceiling in a doctors office. above the ceiling in the elevator, her eyes glow in the shadow of an installed light bulb. i am aware of the straps coming loose from the operating table. i have no words. which floor? what kind of question is that anyway. bodies suddenly fall out of the units, down from the ceiling, barely stopping then the sound of the latching mechanism is heard, bodies of fruit. of tangerines, grapes, cherries in formaldehyde, wafting out, dead a long time, in an absence of odor more like whores, like a falseness that has been alive in the corner, that lingers stimulating itself still after death.

worms in and out, on the walls, in and out, on the wallpaper pattern in the elevator. when we were boys, they made us mutilate these worms in a class room.

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electrocutes lace , eels at the ends of thread, swimming under the docks ~ captain inches over the sky on mario clouds to the theme song, speaker connected to a cloud, he watches castles on the map. it will be where the maze meets the painting. you will introduce your leaf stereo to the tiger. the painting will get a beating, and a spanking, and a proper fucking.

he assures the map, taking one dip of vagina, and then licking his glove. all the city is shimmers, and foil, and rotting meat, prepared and seasoned beef, and vagina, a construction site. the captain isn't aware right now, he floats the eight bit song of mario brothers, drooling on the cloud speaker.

okay!back to the maze! a black pearl, a metal platinum. my legs form out of the pond (rendered with mars black and pt-halo blue) kicking and giggles echoes. the girl in the painting giggling, eats her picnic sandwiches.

by sometime i will have nibbled my way through all this fruit and sandwich meat into the other dreams, and into the walls of the beef curtains, i will spill out to the other side.

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captain lingers over the boat, tying it to neon orange dock.

i rub my genitalia on a pile of pear guts humping the juice vigorously. oranges, plums, strawberry juice, and genitals. the male type. the girl in the painting rolls her head back under the willow tree, and (if it is rendered properly) seems to be in an exhausting state of euphoria. her basket full of lunch: sandwiches, wrappers, wax paper, and string fly, splay the rocks.

after tying down the boat, captain handles a pile of newspapers in a brown tube, and moves toward the meat castle.

the aluminum foil sailor's hat on his head picks up a transmission that begins to play on a thin square, arriving in the bottom right corner. a penciled-in hologram logs place, and map locates read outs, baby dots in one of the castle halls. he starts walking in that direction.

i hump strawberries with vigor.

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it smells like flesh washed in hair. he cleans the goggles and rows into a shop, parks, ties up the boat, throwing buckets of water at its flames simultaneously entering the meat gate into town. the one dressed in all white leads captain to their aisle of maps and shows a black eye, hidden under long locks of white greasy hair.

maps cover different sections of the walls.

"heading to the meat maze, i see."

captain lays down the vagina and the one in white cringes, dipping a hand inside and making the face. pure orgasm, the purest face alive.

and he's off, in the boat. with the map to the castle.

the vagina box: found at a garage sale in portland(ia) (cat town) where the waves of silly putty crash onto the shores of diamonds, captain traded a pair of old boots in for a special box with a freshly slaughtered vagina inside of it. wandering in disgust what the thing was doing there at the garage sale, he asked one of the black and white cats who answered this:

"put your hand in the box and see what happens." although the cat was drunk, captain tried it. captain put his ungoverned hand into the box, swelled open and grabbing a hold of the bones inside of his hand, connecting a cord of tissue to his blood stream, that in turn gives him three mind-evolving, mentally stimulating (which added 5 degrees to his iq level) orgasms in two swelling hits.

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outburst of petticoats and violent spirals, looming through loom. threads, in a painted replica, in a compartment. sound of breathing echoes against the plates of the wall. this time quite the character with golden sunglasses on with a fake, (black plastic) comb over as a hat on stands next to the fountain, pumping green mildewed water from the dirty orifice of three angels lips into the black catch. he has a cigarette, the man, and a white sweat-stained jacket that cuts all of the way down to the cobble stone street. beyond the fountain and the court yard swedish houses line the inside of the horizon.

in the center of the square, directly beside fountain, there rises from the cobblestone, a threading loom.

hunched over it, weaving a line into a giant blanket creation -

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-----x .map lines are woven through parts of the design. golden glasses shimmer. shouting numbers, the wig maniacally orders the hunched over woman around before the town's fountain and the moonlight. after a long series of adjustments on the loom, she makes a strip in pattern and then adjusts the loom to make similar strips until his numbers translate into the map lines.

the pool of disgusting black water opens up, around the gloves the man pulls out from within, a coin. talking down the golden ring glasses and squinting his eyes at the coin, he reads a date engraved along the circumference of the copper; eating through the copper rust reveals a half of worn face, captain meat goggles engraved into it.

he shouts the numbers off of the coin in hybrid espanol.

the woman adjusts the loom, weaving a long series of threads onto the loops.

into the map, a dark, wooden door opens in the courtyard from the eastern section of squashy town. all black figures emerge, advancing through the shadows left on the courtyards untraced areas. he sneaks along a cement wall the way an apparition of the periphery (or side eyes) may subvert appearance. steady yet quick-moving, the door slams in a gust of wind as the figure stops to lurk near street-level windows.

the hybrid is shouted and the loom is slamming in threads and that is all, in the courtyard. a long silence felt, awkward interaction in the silence. the two near the fountain look in the direction of the window. the black figures huddle.

"i couldn't get the jars." the voice grumbles near the window. "she fought with me again and i could not get the jars. i'm sorry." the hunched woman at the loom smiles.

"come closer rub-ix i can barely hear you, dear."

"i'm sorry." he says with a snarl.

"i hate her! she is the bane of our family and now she ruins the only chance i have to see my son!" the dark figure wobbles up into the middle of the courtyard, near a patch of green grass that has made way in between cobblestone.

"where have you been?" hybrid nags in his digital espanol. he stops in the light of the moon, face bright with salty tears and a greasy lock of brown hair swept into his eyes.

"i was thinking," the black pushes hair out of his way and lands behind his ear.

"what was i thinking is we could get that replica from captain while he's sleeping, or we can kill him, sneak up on him and bash!"

"1925!"

"shut up you damn android, i'm speaking to my wife. now i didn't build you to fuck her and talk back. just fuck her and be my little slave. bitch!"

"jerry please!" the old woman shivers the knobs with stingers and presses in the next line of data.



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black figures look at his android and at his wife. for a long time he watches them.

"i'm going to be taking him for awhile." the black figure says, motioning to the android to follow him. the gold glasses twitch under his nose.

"where to?" his wife asks. he grabs the pink skin of the large wrist and pulls him away.

"don't worry about it. he'll be fine." and then he leaves the courtyard. the rickety robot repeats this: 1975, 1975! in hybrid espanol.

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three hundred cats in different states of weariness arrive at the shore of meat city. the water here is actually yellow and is not silly putty but liquid cheese. they all slowly crawl off of the boat and into a candy land of meat: steak floors, rib walls, castles under tinfoil all made of meat.

the first thing one of them does is begin sniffing aggressively at a suture, poking from inside the steak floor.

the whole group comes around the corner and all start jumping with joy.

we made it! we made it! it's the bermuda! kittens pop into the air, perfect timing since i am starving.

they start eating through the steak floors, kittens climb up the walls and dangle from ribs jutting out of the ceiling.

they all eat until they are full and big chunks of the street, the walls and the trellises are missing.

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after awhile, the first hundred cats wander back to the house boat to take naps. while the two hundred other cats wandering up along the alloy labyrinth and of flesh, nibbling in search of places to lay down. lights in the sky. a pink hazelnut brown and orange whips along a silhouette of castle towers. a single mario cloud wanders past. some of the cats bicker between each other, some scatter. there are holes in the meat street that link to the inside of the castles and they wander into the maze. it is going to be awhile until they find their way out. some larger kitties accept the streets out of still hungry urges. as the big cats get to the top of the hill, they can look over a giant city, villages built of wood. swedish homes climb along a hillside and sink down over the edge of the horizon.

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apartment windows, blue painter's tape, a dead fingernail, a lock of hair reflects binary. the market doors swing open, move closed, move open; sensors i cannot see. the window is two monster eyes on the (opposite) sides, with one big eye in the middle, warped reflection. a pupil that grows out when you linger back in my black, wooden faux leather bricks. on a corner building to the back left jut, a sequence of four cut in two five bricks (white neon day glow, cream pure and white metal room i'm in too.) the on/off switch, the dust trap, the ceiling made of popcorn balls. looks like bat shit.

grey/white and blue painter's tape, behind the window. another reflection, a darker gray, i touch sandwich, i taste soup, i smell the insides.

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well traveled

air – the beast of burden

within its pink wing scape

becomes the rest assured

lunacy of a dead phosphorous

prophet.

pin pointing the sad sap

ribbon pigeon, rest test

common ram-en.

glaciers carve out

tin, from the afterbirth effects

our twelve martins string their life

around

tunnel funnel, dark park

black track.

headphones lead this security guard to the morgue.

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the meat mansion and fiberboard steak. carpets hair this creature, walk unnamed, muhammad.. but aren't they the sand lips for gutters ears, for windows mouth lets chevrolet and elephants? flies and fords, through the house, a gas-bug heart pumping profane warmth through lungs like billows forlorn, lonely hearth.

the stench of the meat leaks over the banister and into the foyer, subtle haze turns the door green, floating down the steps and into the blackberry bushes, the maggots are coming out of the steak walls, through the tiny holes the creature (lets call her billy) is made of year, ye of stone and mortar.

billy calls for the stones, longs for the earth her meaty home recipients, sing a long slow dirge that bring black rites into being.

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the steak shoes fold on and off like a rural night intersection, they fold down all the way to the horse hair carpet. little bunnies hop past, (that's like what kind of bunny i've got from a pumpkin, and i am shiva, the destroyer.

billy thought on this, maybe fought fog the house, produced curious gestation. the dolls underground, a dead wall too, that one fought with one long claw, the other hand regular dolls hand.

she was made out of meat too.



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captain finds a connected pile of white legos sewn together on street ham and chicken wings. if he were anyone else he wouldn't know what the hell to do. he puts the lego's together in a slow inbred movement. creates cloud to the main castle, the castle with a long mesh leash of dangling nerves holds it so it won't float away. the legos are for newborns, are around the size of a grown adult hand in the shape of a fist.

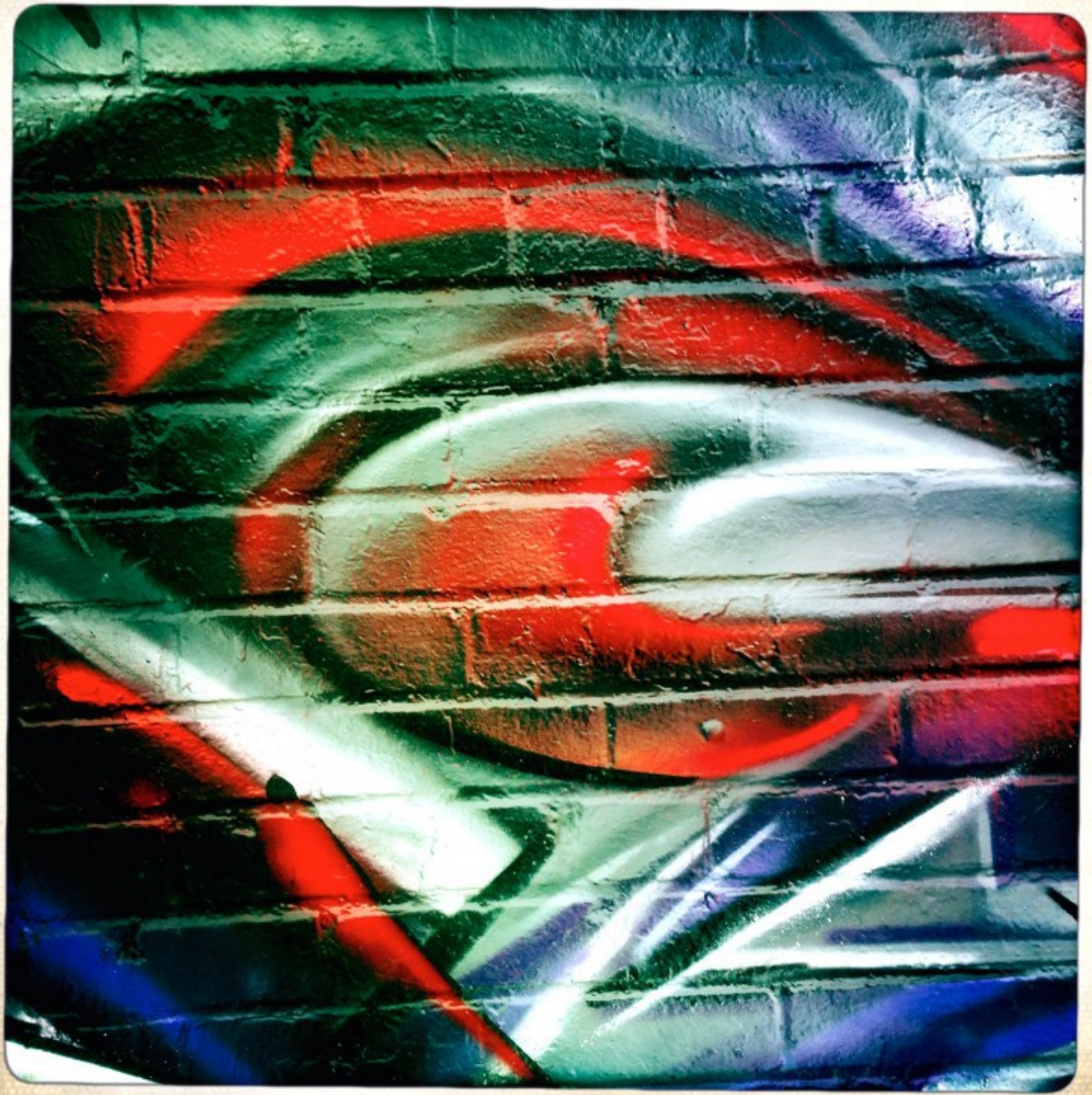
i hump a very flavorful mixture of apple, plum, pear, strawberry and raspberries until they are a thin juice of seeds and sperm. i drop the goggles off of 'me' head and dip the dark juice, swim circles and then figure eights, the dog paddle, back stroke, finally i dive to the bottom, to explore the colors of the fruit juice i made with my body, to graze around the bottom of the tube, noticing a wooden knob that pokes from beneath a layer. a fruit pulp.

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the captain paddles across the city, swift circles turning one 'naut, it is sped up to super human speed, the city functions at the edges of the boat, on normal pace. he's in his aluminum foil sailor's suit. maps double as a bow tie and wrist cuffs.



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the hatch to the morgue opens, creaks back on heavy alloy plate off of shaft. the lights in the room are down low, he still makes out the hallways from a strip of green light fixtures pointed down at the floor. these line the whole length of the walkway, the room smells to be burning. he feels the room drop half of an inch before rising loudly again. in an elevator now he watches a woman with the razor blade teeth implants and wax skin job hobble into the moving morgue from a bisected hallway hidden from sight. she holds up a bottle and rag, wanders to a body on the shelves, alive. he shifts as he starts to wake. the bottle pouring some liquid into the rag and slammed against the body's mouthpiece. i pull myself from the dark room. the fruit is all dried, the walls of the tunnel start to stale. i reach for the panel, set the lock slowly into place and latch with a small, golden locket. screw the key cover down over the hole, and sit down, my spine flush along the concrete tunnel. i try to wipe after-images of the morgue away.

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i'm on the bullet train, left meat city, headed back to squat town, a small quaint capital tucked neatly beneath the meat city dump. the bullet train is smooth, it travels at a rate of six galaxies per mile, six miles per hour.

captain meat goggles turned out to be a total quack. i had to get out of the meat city and with the special map, pocket money for the trip, he told me about a place i can get booty. although, he had a good route, i would ride the bullet to the galaxy retinal iii and auto converse with them about the ruby suit he needs. the rubies on it total around fifteen hundred and dodge (i guess the black shapes) evil infested all around meat city. he's a quack. all i know is i'm going to squat town to buy some goods with the pocket money he trashed in these envelopes. then it's off to retina retinal.

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simply put: the elevator has broken, the morgue is out of order, the woman (a program computer generated by the black shape creatures lost in maze) have stiffened up and solidified from under-use. they linger near the operating table, glazed look near the sliding doors. they still glow, their eyes are starting to lose consistency, but they are shutting down in cellular steps. it's kind of depressing to watch.

i'm surveying jars in the shop, while stages on the air float over and ask if i need help.

do you have any fuel for a boat, i shy away, i've tried.

fuel's in the corner where the ship parts and over by the recycling pump.

two gallon buckets later, i'm on my way to the shore, where the green house is.

thoughts in my head play on a set of speakers. i study my feet. i paid didn't i? what just happened there?

the elves -dressed in a system of ivy vines. castle the backdrop in skyline, and forced moon drifts in, on a rough scream on a backwardstape (left over from the church) this plays (whatever my favorite composition is) the vinyl bed sheets are people who dance the halls. hurricanes, baseball team stuffed in the attic, a pear stuffed into a baby with his/her own hands. on the sidewalk, i stand totally naked except for the pink bear suit. a tape-recorded poem built into the pockets with a motion detector. "aneurysm heart-attack" they stayed in two lounge chairs in the living room-7 slept in them, lived in them." you couldn't get to the kitchen." (centrex) i live. where do i live? i live downstairs. in the. in the basement, down where the kitchen and offices were, after the church implanted them, to hide the castles original dungeons. at night i come out here, to stay away from them. the dancers. people believe i am intelligent and panhandle cash, they stop by, hear the familiarity of the poem aneurysm heart-attack "they stayed in two lounge chairs in the living room 24-7 slept in them, lived in them." (centrex) and a guy in a fisher's cap tosses a couple of bucks down. like three or four bucks. i don't take the money, he whispers into the ear of the bear suit. something inside i cannot make out, shows in an after-image. the poem interrupts itself when he gets close to me.

dark black. grass halls shake night through super-imposed window displays. when i think of them cobbled to the grave and something walks by me in here "aneurysm heart-attack..." something else walks past. "aneurysm heart-attack." i walk into my chambers, under the west end of the theater, under the costumes room, peel off the bear suit and flip on the light. i am carefully examining the mirror. pretend not to notice the men and woman dressed in costumes standing all around. they don't show in the mirror, i don't see them. good night the light says, and i switch its face.

i start with three kilo's of bleach.

three and a half cups of dye tapered blue into purple, one black.

i'm in the theater, behind the large, red velvet curtains, drawn mixing.

from one of the costume chests i release one large mask, a pure white washed look carved in and molded.

i wear this to do mixing. the bleach marbles with the dye. i am wearing my long velvet cape from the costume rack. i have slung it desperately over my shoulders. naked and shivering beneath, i plug the light in, one from the nineteen forties stage. tapes play my poetry on four separate tape recorders. the volume in different settings. i'm trying to mix fuel for the boat. the light continues to flicker on and off, on and off, on and off.

