AMPUTATION

Stars explode in my mouth, for a week I haven't eaten, and I have never known such **Joy**; an endless misery is ending in absolute **Euphoria**—I always knew it would end this way, right at the edge of death my conversion into happiness would inscribe itself on the very foundation of the universe, at the lowest and highest strata of the **Abyss**—I've seen the whole of the universe on fire and I'm here to tell you that the final destiny of human consciousness involves only explosions—purest, sweetest melancholy that's really a most intense ecstasy—after the historical dialectic rots in us, we'll know only profundity, a profundity as logical as blue air.

There is a spear in my side, a hook in my mouth, an axe to my head; I was born this way—born chopped up inside and out—it's not easy to be born this way—but this apparent curse is really a gift—a lone man in a most desolate place is a paradise of extremity—releasing the supernatural that lies in us all coiled for years than unfolds itself like a famished serpent—it is only in isolation that I become human, social—it was only in the cloister that life came back to me all at once—it was only when the prongs were stuck high up in the rectum that I began to understand anything at all—the pure peace of **Blue**, the pure torments of chiseled pain. If only I'd discovered this truth sooner, I would have been on the right path of most fantastic oblivion—but there were still many obstacles in my way; career, wife, child, dog, house, car, friends and enemies—literary pretentions of grandeur. I'm well beyond all of that now. Now, I have only this empty room, and all the pleasures that go along with a room this wide and vast.

Explosions everywhere; somewhere across town a butterfly is dying slowly—he is wounded and happy, a premium feeling grows in his mouth. You see, I woke up in this room one day, the room was of the deepest purple, and, for the first time, I realized what destiny was, and destiny is the total coming into being inside the bowels of one's nothingness in an empty room—what is outside the window is another matter altogether that has absolutely nothing to do with reality—outside the window, are only cops and soldiers who want to kill you, that is all—inside the room is where the real torture begins, the real mutation. With this knife, I have strangled blue. I have not spoken to anyone in over a year, now I know what real language is. Language is color, at other times, language is fire. There are waves of fire washing over the room that feeds me the secrets of everything. I do not know why I was chosen to receive the truth—a purple dove has just flayed open a rainbow and raped it—I know of an eagle who cried tears when his wings were clipped. I am much like this eagle. Somewhere along the way, they clipped my wings and left me alone abandoned forever in this room when it first happened, I didn't realize they did it out of love—to be truly happy, one must be abandoned and mutilated, amputated, and

then they broke my mouth open just to see what would happen—just like the medical doctors at Auschwitz did—complete and absolute curiosity, but much pain to the inmates from whom these experimental conclusions are drawn—this they have very much done to me—I am well-loved and well raped—fucked in the asshole so many times now against my will that I've now come to love the anal rape that occurs randomly and that may occur anytime day or night…I dreamed recently of walking through the green green grass of home and I stumbled across a cemetery of dead feet. There are embryonic feet everywhere, stuck at the tops of trees even—floating over ponds—growing forth out of the ground, breaking out of the sides of mushrooms—everywhere I look there are amputated limbs dangling in the woods—the wind blows blood and flesh flubbing against a tin pole—I see sharks grazing in fields of wheat along with goats and lambs—it is a normal dream—a fantasy of melting—ne'er a second goes by that I don't feel as if I'm in some process of liquefaction—you'll never meet another as happy as I. I should win the Nobel for happiness—here—cormorants eat baby flesh in the tall grass and jet planes crash everywhere killing everyone but me—a dead armadillo decays under my bed and the smell is pleasant. I don't know anything but tricks; I leave traps behind wherever I go—I have caused the death of many a lover—amputated the hooves off a white stallion today, just to see what it would look like—then I gutted the stallion and twelve foot green porpoises fell into the horizon—It fell into the horses gut sack. I took the porpoise, washed it, then fucked it good a proper like it was a virgin, then threw her off a sixty story building and watch it drop down and splatter nicely on **Fifth** and **Main**—a dozen or two dozen people died instantly—this pleased me immensely, then I pulled down my pants and shot off huge globs of cum all over the city—the police didn't catch me because they couldn't see me, no one has ever seen me, although I'm right in your face and I'm not even invisible.

I'm being crushed by **Blue**—there are too many fantasies, false dreams, inside of me—they destroy me with their beauty—I fear nothing more—I've killed so much in my long 37 years of life—I've killed my father twice and my brother at least 36 ½ times—turning gold into silver you might say—I've recreated the monetary unit of exchange to where 100 plain quid equals exactly 76 quid and 100 quid equals 271 billion gold wrapped dollars—it's saving the economy. I have become endless, every day I butcher a sheep for Allah and burn grass for Yahweh—I got a hand caught in a propeller when I was a child and that's not good. People look at me funny when I walk by—Look, they say, that boy now a man only has one arm and only half a nose—they are pleasant, these passersby, they believe in the **Tooth Fairy** and in **Jesus of Nazareth**—they are quiet and awesome—why did nature produce so many liars? If I were king, I'd crucify them all—all the liars, for they shall inherit the earth—do you realize reader that I'm going further than anyone ever has before? Do you realize there is no difference between propaganda and literature? There is not even nihilism

here—far beyond even that frontier of thought and action—I've lost all belief, save that of filling up blank pages with blue and green ink—I am a human honest—I am here to tell you there is no such thing as anything at all, especially death (we couldn't get so lucky)…I use to believe death existed in the same manner that I believed God existed. The only thing real now is amputation—amputation clarifies, and once you are amputated, you finally realize how truly real you are, how silly with nothingness you are, no, not even nothingness—no, there is not even that: there is no such thing as *Death*, *God*, or *Nothingness*.

I've killed even the horizon—how many times must I hack to pieces the horizon? You'd not believe how many fish fly through the air at that attitude—you've never seen such flying carp before—they were all trying to resemble themselves in blue air—I knew a long time ago a man whose son died and somehow or another he obtained the son's skull. The old man was appalled by his son's bleached white skull but nonetheless he took it with him wherever he went. He'd go to the café with it and put the skull on the edge of the table opposite himself and he'd stare at the skull, as he ate his lettuce in thick mucus sauce made from the blood of herons. The man was walking home one day holding his son's skull and as he walked some cop arrested the man for skylarking and the cop threw the skull into a dumpster as he led the man in shackles into the paddy wagon. That night in jail, the man bludgeoned himself to death with a ball ping hammer. They shouldn't have taken his son's skull away from him, that's all the man had in the world, his son's skull. And they took it from him, why would they take from the man the only thing he carried about?

The hell with it. Who cares what I write? I'm going to fill the universe with poison and grin from ear to ear like some malevolent idiot child as everyone I ever known and love dies all around me.

2.

I'm being slaughtered again: the hazard lights flash above the sky; they are putting me to death, yet again, I do not flinch.

The call for blood is immense—I can no longer see myself—the loss of self is more terrible than death—who put me here, and for what reason? Why was I poisoned such, and for whom was I poisoned? Caught the true emotions just once on the page, and now it haunts me wherever I go—these meager perspectives are mis-leading, and they somehow drag me closer the grave—if I could just get born, then perhaps all would be returned to me—

I write in green because I cannot write in red.

What was obvious is no longer so—I cannot face my blue mind anymore; my life has been nothing more but scattered notes—nothing more—everything is true and I comprehend my life like a religion, until I let my eyes slip from the page and everything returns to a horrible chaos in which I lose the sun and moon, two deities I've denounced at once, when I was healthy—but is one ever healthy or is that one more illusion in a sea of more illusions? An illusion within an illusion within an illusion within an illusion until nothing is left but trapped shadows of shadows. I do not want to believe this and, at the very least, I'd like to think my life is sacred, unique—but there's a serpent wrapped around me that whispers otherwise, it says repeating itself always, *une éclat, éclat, Dieu une éclat*—but don't believe him—

I denounce both the serpent and christ.

I am forever falling into the pit of normalcy—missing a whole limb changes your whole perception of what's normal, or is it just the opposite? Missing two limbs drags you even further into despair that renders christ's suffering absurd. I carry no comfort within me; I will live stretched out on the horizon until the ultimate **Revolution** begins, and then I will step down from my thrown, and all will be well again, equal.

Revolution and the **Horizon** and God are the same.

Plastic gods are just as real as flesh made gods—our century has not suffered adequately to realize the agony this has caused us—I shall lash out again and again until my name is on every tongue—my missing arm will remember this century and how far from reality it was.

I have not lost the taste for blood sacrifices—when I come to power, I shall have no mercy on the wicket, that is, the normal. Amputation will become like a blinding white light—we cripples being the lowest of the low will finally sprout wings and fly into tomorrow—the air is thin up here, it is hard to breath—no one has been able to speak to me since I went silent from an overabundance of **Joy**. I've lost all human sensibility—I must be free, utterly free, freer even than Alexander the Great and Diogenes the Dog—freer than christ when the last nail was pulled out of his flesh; to eat christ, to roast his god-meat on a stick—to see that I have always been here—to become fully aware how great I've become, how large—I fill the universe up with mass and time will flow backward—so distant I've become everything is so far away as it can be, so close, trembling. I am trembling, so full of light and darkness—sight purified by blindness, the blindness and gift and curse—the earth beneath my feet melting away the ions of complex dust an explosion of all forms—my name carved on

the very heart of the **Abyss**—Sartre save me from my own darkness—language melting into tears, that are rivulets of fire—how I swirl in pride and death—anxiety of the highest order—they will take my limbs and scatter me again, I who have no love of disorder, they will scatter me again in order to make me more whole—betrayed by my own mind, I shall be left alone in the darkness again—silence and darkness forever—can I bear the **Joy** of such an existence?

Morning is the enemy here—it calls me back to the world of youth, that world that had the appearance of realization—I shall never have arms, they remain unlocked and abandoned.

The tears of the rejected are sacred—broken toy that only the most desperate would take home with her; she gave me a name again, not because she was kind, but because she was afraid of me; afraid that if I were left alone my poison would spread into the very cells of the young and beautiful—why didn't they just put me to sleep? They are very strange the ones who rule, their humanity is really a strange cruelty—they keep us alive for their own amusement—those who rule us have created us—they never throw away even the most deranged and wretched deformed puppets—they are not kind to keep us alive like this, we are miserable—they keep us in a terrible state of hope, torment really, yet we shall rise one day and kill our owners, to show them that torture is real and that creation is too cruel a thing and upsets the natural order of nothingness—light, a contamination of the darkness.

The overthrow of everything will be the realization of universal peace and Hosanna will fall to Lucifer who in turn will restore the universe to its proper order of universal bliss and the nothingness of extreme blue—a blue so strong it becomes white.

Every Supernova is an event that proves Lord Lucifer has released certain molecules from the evil bondage of God—

They stick the hot iron deep into my anus just to see how I will respond. I don't flinch, so they make hotter the iron and gouge out my eyes. They have made me blind again so that I'll tell stories of the **Abyss**, the very **Abyss** they are in denial of—this account is the story of the **Abyss**, for which there is neither cause nor remedy, for which there is no story line.

Know. Emily was kept forever in the darkest room with me—they'd cut out her tongue so that she would be no comfort to me. When I had hands, I would have stroked her long red hair—they know all the tricks for keeping me warm, they know how to keep me absolutely free—they are the most kind at their harshest in this Land of Absolutes, only peace remains.

Noonday Demon

1.
You are erased.
Everyday, the large birds
feed on the shore
haunting you with
a blue childhood.

2.
A picture of youth
comes back
all at once,
during fasting,
comes back.

It is the face of Lucifer,
but you are not frightened.

3.
The burned out days
of summer,
pigeons floating
by on mechanical wings.

4.
Where you are you
can touch nothing,
the air has left you,
mute, indescribable,
the colors have
disappeared from
the landscape
where you are
staring into the sky.

5.
One must admit,
it is pleasant
to die each day,
on paper,
it is pleasant
to mark your daily death.

6.
Rooms of blue and red,
you cannot leave them,
you are the evil one,
ruling a kingdom
of yourself.

7.
An apparition of indescribable
horror walks out of the horizon,
trembling, you rush out to meet it,
you see all too well it is yourself,
merely yourself in blue air.

8.
There aren't any days or
nights anymore, only
the sequestering
moon, and the yellow smell
of bored and nameless demons.

9.
And if it were
merely silence, you
could bear it, but
it's not even silence,
not even silence of silence.

10.
Here, presence and absence
are the same.
Here, you walk toward
yourself without end.

Not even sweet Nothingness
will give you a home.

POEM

The genetics of demons are as carefree and spontaneous as mermaids who swim back and forth in the **Serenity of Nothing**. Unzipped, graceful, uninhibited by vitality, in an earthbound mood.

Earth and the world dusty, the freak, the demon, looks into the mirror, why does he dare? An amazing therapy, lighthearted as Dixie cowgirls, those gasping bitches who feed off bohemian simplicity in the soul of summer, where they are tainted by **Negative Blue**, and magic. It's all a prank, an unhappy transformation. They keep happy in their pockets like taboos turned into truths.

SELF PORTRAIT IN THE YEAR 3000

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WITNESS

Someone put a huge clock in the middle of the garden and the clock resembled Jesus Christ Superstar; it was fucking up the biorhythms of the figs and oranges. The Serpent who lived in the garden, wanted to eat the clock but couldn't so he made love to this clock that resembled Jesus Christ Superstar—

And the earth began to hemorrhage and it turned greener than ever before.