

dennis cooper



the missing men

THE MISSING MEN

Dennis Cooper

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"Is this the blues I'm singing?"

-Ian McCullough

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

There's a face in the back of my mind like a stained glass window that throws its light on my lines. Brian Winchester's its name. It

is my subject, like "God" was the subject of the cathedral thus named. If it's hard to imagine in this time, it was harder to look

at the light in his eyes, though what I could see there was admirable, cum laude, literally. One night he was small and cold

at the crown of the nearest church tower, a star in the lighting intended to separate it from the skyline's less known, then he

leapt to the foyer. My hand is falling to earth. As it touches it scribbles poems lit from inside. I wish they were lines of

cocaine, less like dust on a place I admire, the window which brightens my room when it's sunny outside. Writing a poem in his likeness

I make it as light as the feelings that form in his wake. Just as black men lugged stones on their backs many moons to build that church

on the horizon, I've carried these words for a while, and throw them like rice when he enters. A mechanical glow from my writing

is changing from heaven to hell with the love that has colored my lines. Brian Winchester come home. It feels like a cathedral now.

BEING AWARE

Men are drawn to my ass by
my death-trance blue eyes
and black hair, tiny outfit,
while my father is home with
a girl, moved by the things
I could never think clearly.

Men smudge me onto a bed,
drug me stupid, gossip and
photograph me till I'm famous
in alleys, like one of those
jerk offs who stare from
the porno I sort of admire.

I'm fifteen. Screwing means
more to the men than to me.
I daydream right through it
while money puts chills on
my arms, from this to that
grip. I was meant to be naked.

Hey, Dad, it's been like this
for decades. I was always
approached by your type, given
dollars for hours. I took a
deep breath, stripped, and they
never forgot how I trembled.

It means tons to me. Aside
from the obvious heaven
when cumming, there's times
I'm with them that I'm happy
or know what the other guy
feels, which is progress.

Or, nights when I'm angry,
if in a man's arms moving
slowly to the quietest music -
his hands on my arms, in my
hands, in the small of my back
take me back before everything.

KINDERTOTENLIEDER

Light embarrasses children who are
halfway inside their pajamas, white
surfaces all around them. Static
snows on the tv, minus its sound.
Shaking the small glass dome they
are posed in, a white pillow breaks
apart in the air, settling feathers
on everyone. This is a mansion of
white kids grouped in one room,
while a parent sleeps in another.
Its surface is barely disturbed by
a grandmother dying with one small
gasp in a Texas tornado, sixty mys-
terious miles from her birthplace.
A child is struck by a rock. A man
winces, having his blood drawn to
save her. She walks for the first
time in months, tossing her crutches
into the air, then runs halfway to
her father. Lost, she falls forward
into the snow, lightly embarrassed.

SEVEN POETS CHOSEN BY JOHN ASHBERY
for Tim Dlugos

We are taking the obvious drugs.
We are stoning the oblivious adulterer.
We are sleeping with adults at last.
We are last in line for The Teardrop Explodes.
We are exploring vast nearby planets.
Our plants are wilting while we're on vacation.
We are vacating our new poems of meaning.
We are mean to the people we live with.
We are "live" on talk radio.
We are living on top of radiation.
We radiate good health on the west coast.
We coast on poems we wrote eons ago.
We will never let Ian Young sleep with us.
We sleep where danger is least apparent.
We are parents to poets who write like us.
We are more right wing at the present.
We are less right wing than our President.
We write poems that sound like they're winging it.
It is quite interesting what we are doing.
We are the nice people cops are arresting.
We cop a few hours and think we look rested.
We are not what our horoscopes printed.
We have a Hockney print in our vicinity.
In this city, that's pretty hackneyed.
But if we could hack it, we'd buy a Winkfield.
We are the sickos beneath Tom Clark's hatchet.
We'd like to clock our time in his presence.
We are giving this present to beautiful people.
We are the dutiful people you see here.
We deal drugs at the foot of the suitable steeple.
We wear these suits for an obvious purpose.
We'll tote our purses into oblivion.
We purse our lips to indicate our totalitarianism.
We were totally flipped out on acid.
The source of our flippancy is chemical.
We slept in the doorway to the polemical.
We kneel on the floor near the collectible.
We place tape on the mouths of the kneeling.
We write a play-on-words rocketing outward,
We play good quality punk rock from England.
We were a rock, now we're an island.

TIM GLIMPSED WITH TREVOR

Tim Jones sat at his parents' kitchen table. From 4 to 6:30 p.m. it was his desk. His homework was a mimeoed page of New Math and an old Spanish text. The latter was spread to a photo of children smashing pinatas, and a dialogue between two of them. Tim's eyes were closed, hoping his memory gave up its loot under cover of darkness. His lips moved. "Hola Juan. Hola Paco. Como estas? Estoy bien, gracias. Y tu? Bien gracias. Oye, quien es ese chica? Es un amiga mia. Como se llama? Se llama Juanita..."

He paused, mulled a few seconds then slammed his fist on the table. "Damn!" (He kept forgetting.) "Fuck this." He snapped the book shut and pushed it away.

He ripped a clean page from his notebook and wrote: "Dear Chuck, How are things in Minnesota? Things are fine here except that I'm in love with a friend of mine. His name is Trevor. I'm sure I've mentioned him before. It's been over a month now. He's probably bored as he hasn't called me tonight like he said he would. But I feel better than I did a week ago. Other than that, I'm getting stoned a lot..."

Tim stopped there, tapping his pen on his cheek. He read it back, then folded it in fourths and dropped it in the waste basket. "Chuck doesn't know," he remembered.

The phone rang. It was Trevor wanting to meet and get stoned afterwards. When Tim hung up the receiver he looked at his watch. Nearly 6 p.m. He dragged his work back to him. It had to be finished by half past the hour when he'd lose his desk to his dinner. So he picked up his pen and finished-up just as his mother walked in with the place-mats to shoo him away.

After the meal, Tim drove down to see Trevor's band Heaven Sent perform at Place 88, the only good club on the west end of town. Just a few kids were there, standing back by the bar. Tim bought a beer and lingered among them.

Backstage, the band was waiting a while to see if more people would show. At 9:30, one half hour late, it gave up and strolled on. Trevor Wilson, who handled lead vocals, stepped to the microphone. "Libation," he sighed, and, by clenching one fist, hailed the song down its rowdy four minutes. Trevor just stood with his arm in the air the first several bars, then yelled what Tim guessed was "Libation!" and three other words. Tim couldn't figure them out.

After an hour of similar songs, Tim was dancing excitedly with the crowd. Trevor announced, "This is the last tune. It's titled 'Tough Luck.'" Glaring out over the small group of fans, a hand cupped over his eyes, Trevor spied Tim. He gave his friend an over-drawn Nazi salute and a wink as the band crashed the song on its final chord. Kids applauded. (Tim loudest.) The band walked offstage.

Tim went back to the bar and purchased two beers. When he'd paid and was turning to look for a table, Trevor dropped down on a stool at his side. "One of those for me?" He pointed at a beer. Tim nodded and Trevor pulled it to his lips. "We were good, I suppose," he said, "but this club attracts assholes. So, fuck it." He shrugged and smiled slightly. "Thanks for coming anyway."

Trevor looked great in his stage gear, Tim thought. So he spoke in a quiet voice. "Trevor?" The boy tilted forward. Tim smiled. "In the mood for some...?"

"Sex, hunh?" Trevor replied. He glanced over Tim's shoulder, then back at his beer. "I feel about sex like I do about a lot of things." He looked up, narrowing his eyes. "Well, if you want."

Tim tailed Trevor through the stage entrance, down a dark hallway whose whole left wall was a mirror. In it Tim saw Trevor and he as a pair. He was a few inches taller, less pale but more lanky. Trevor glanced at their reflection. He saw Tim was studying him. "You'll get plenty of that" - he flicked a thumb at his image - "soon."

He led Tim through a door marked "For artists" then stepped back and locked it behind them. It was cramped quarters. A toilet faced them from one end. No more than three feet from it, a sink jutted out of one wall. When the door was opened they met with a bang. Tim had to duck or his head bumped the ceiling.

"Let me undress you," Tim whispered, unzipping Trevor's black jacket, sliding the heavy thing over his hands. He knelt and undid his friend's sneakers, unsnapped the jeans, unzipped the front and peeled them with shorts to his ankles. Trevor stepped out of the wad. His cock was partially hard. His skin was as white and cool as the sink, which he leaned back against.

Trevor placed his hands on Tim's shoulders. Tim put his arms around Trevor's waist. They watched one another with odd expressions, like people about to kiss or be kissed. Now they rested their foreheads together.

"How far are we going to go with this, Tim?" Trevor looked in Tim's eyes. He put his fingertips up to Tim's cheek, like someone checking a pool for its temperature, to see if he should dive in.

A half hour later, they sat on the hood of Tim's car, sharing a joint while Trevor's band loaded its amps and guitars in a van up the block. A few fans walked up to tell Trevor they liked what they'd seen. Tim yawned. Trevor patted his friend's head and slid to his feet. They glanced around them, then said their goodbye with a handshake, squeezed especially tight, held particularly long. Tim finished the joint and looked at the stars in the sky. It was pretty up there.

KEVIN CREEDON

Outside the glass, an old graveyard darkens.
Pointing there motions my thoughts out, as I am reminded
of love I withhold, though I'm haunted by lust,
its hallucination of knowing, the lower foundations

on which I've sold my possessions: a stone which
could crumble to dice, rolling snake-eyes forever
from some lucky hand. They'd glower outside my window
like ice in an empty wine glass, or the pile of bones

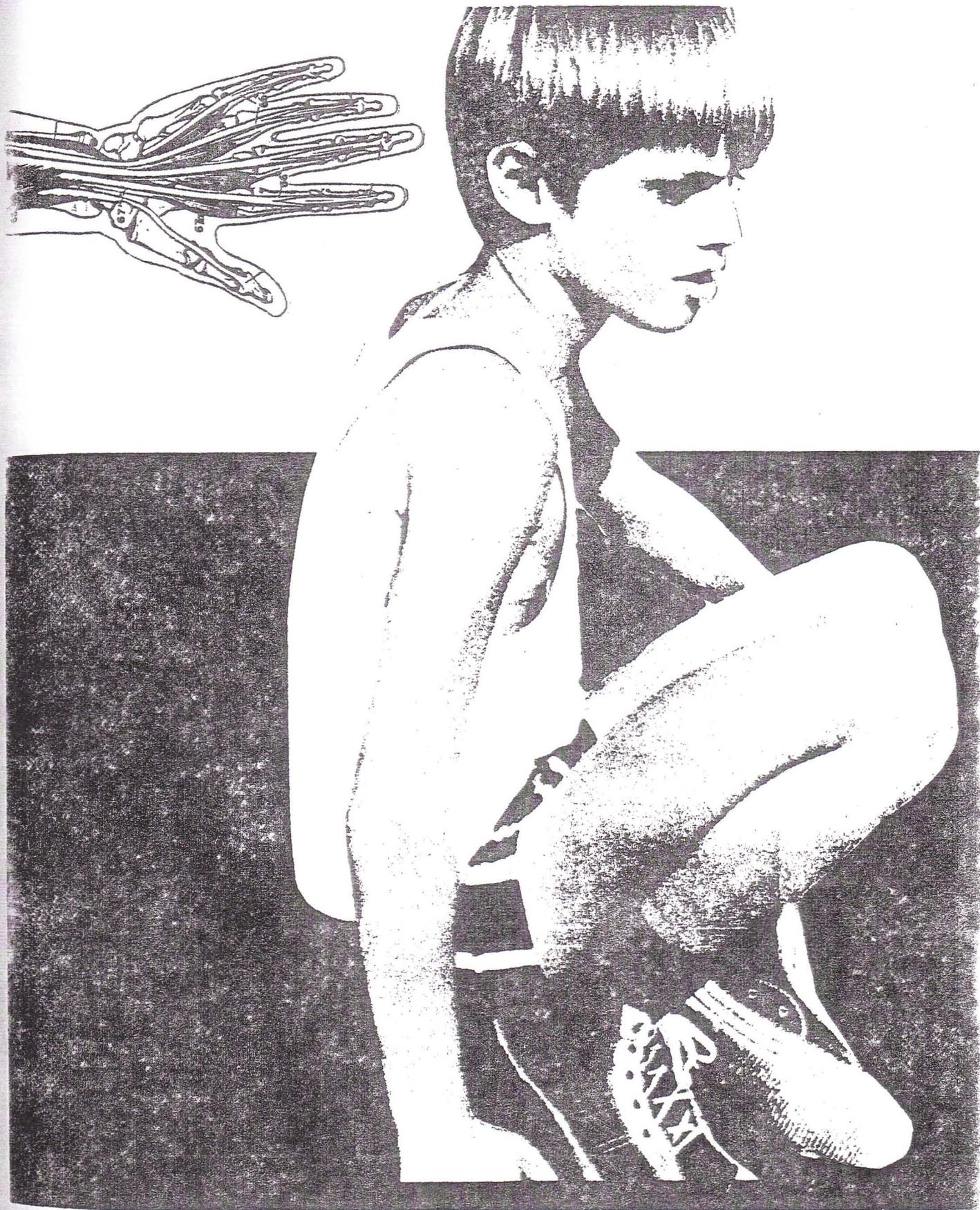
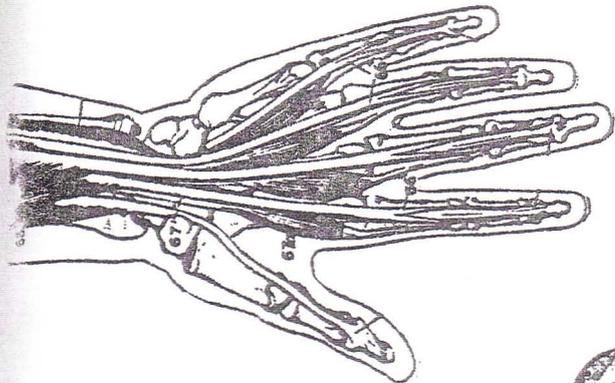
of a whore who was hung in a loop of his necktie
by men my profession positions in shadows, with cold
cash and downers, when I wander by. I wash my ass
in a basin, rolling my eyes, while following them

to a pillowcase, which lowers me in its sights
and pushes me forward, shyly, when I'm dim as smoke
that I hold a long time in my chest, seems like hours.
My body is perfectly tempered, heaven to heathens

who've found that my looks could stoke others'.
The young men in town have deduced this - some stars,
some just soldiers, but all with my presence around them.
I stow my heart under this cool regard, which

I speak through, like an igloo that has a gloomy opinion
of water when glowing inside with a faltering flame
whose warmth soaks the men around it, like guys
at piano bars singing an old song that grows

with the mood it resembles, until they come up with it,
throw themselves onto its rhythm, or under its weight
with a sigh as my body is lifted up on its toes, and,
in honor of their having known me, looms forward.



10 DEAD FRIENDS after Tim Dlugos

Cass Romanski, 23, and his fiance made dinner at his family home in Arcadia. After his parents had gone to bed, they argued over the date of their forthcoming marriage. He became hysterical, went into the next room, locked the door, and shot himself in the head.

Eric Brown, 16, was riding a motorcycle in the hills near his home in Glendale. He went over a bump, lost control of his bike, and was thrown across the handlebars into some rocks.

Mervyn Fox, 56, spent the night in the pool house at his estranged wife's house in Altadena. He had looked ill for several weeks. He read part of Aldous Huxley's *THE DEVILS*, swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills and lay down on the bed.

Bunker Spreckles, 28, was at a party. He thought he had come down off the heroin he'd shot earlier that evening, so he excused himself from his friends, walked out to his car and shot up twice as much.

Robert Benton, 43, was having trouble with his lover John Koenig. They argued and Koenig left. Benton's oldest friend, Annetta Fox, came by and attempted to comfort him. They drank a bottle of champagne and she went home. Soon after she left, he shot himself in the chest. Annetta said that at that moment her car jerked sharply to the left.

John Wells, 25, was loading his surfboard into his van alongside Pacific Coast Highway in Huntington Beach. It was a clear, spring day. A speeding car struck him, throwing him thirty feet in the air.

In the summer 1976, Michael Thompson, 28, drove his black Cadillac up Laurel Canyon Boulevard to Mulholland Drive. He pulled off the road at a remote spot, left the motor running and lay down across the back seat, holding a hose attached to the muffler, to his lips.

Annetta Fox, 55, entered the hospital for bronchitis and it was discovered she had lung cancer. They removed one lung. A month later, at home, she stood up from a chair to go to the bathroom and her legs gave out. She was rushed to the hospital where it was discovered the cancer had spread throughout her body.

John Flanigan, 26, was confined to a wheel chair. Year by year he grew frailer and finally stayed in his bed. On the night before his 27th birthday, worn out from excitement over the next day's party, he lapsed into a coma.

David Sellers, 17, met an older man at a bar and went home with him. They had sex and the man gave him some money. Afterwards he walked to a nearby phone booth and called his roommate to ask for a ride. Midway through the conversation, a blood vessel in his brain burst.

10 BEDDED FRIENDS

I met Julian Andes, 19, in line to buy tickets for the Yes concert at the Forum. I saw him again two days later in line to buy tickets for the Lou Reed concert at the Santa Monica Civic. We talked, had lunch at a Denny's Coffee Shop and drove to his apartment. Inside, after three beers, he pointed toward his bedroom. "Do you want to go in there?" he said. "Yeah, okay," I said.

I met David Black, 12, through his sister Jane when their family was on vacation in Los Angeles. Five years later I visited them in Chicago. Two years later we started a brief but passionate correspondence. When I went to Chicago that spring he came to my hotel. He said, "I had a crush on you the last time you were here." I said, "Yeah, me too. But I guess we shouldn't do anything about it, should we?" He said, "I don't know." We sat there a few minutes and finally I said, "Well, I guess we could."

I met Craig Steinman, 14, on Napili Beach on the island of Maui, Hawaii. He started hanging around together and taking acid. One afternoon we were at his house when he got a letter from a girl he was in love with who had moved to Oregon. He started looking strangely at me and said, "Dennis, hug me like you hug your girlfriends." I said, "Forget it." He said, "I'm going to sit on your lap." I didn't say anything, so he did, felt my hard-on underneath, closed his eyes and kissed me.

I saw "X", 18, walking out of a hustler bar on 8th Avenue in New York. I asked him if he needed any extra money. He nodded and walked the six blocks with me to my hotel. In the room he started to undress. I said, "Let me do that."

I met Robert Douglas, 18, at Arcadia High School in gym class. We were both reading David Harris' GOLIATH. I became obsessed with him and we became close friends. Two years later in his bedroom in Monterey Park he asked me if I was in love with him. I said, "Yeah. No surprise, right?" He said, "No." So I said, "And?" He said, "Come here."

I met David Sellers, 15, through my friend Julian Andes. We three drank a bottle of Jack Daniels beside his parents' pool. We were laughing, when David suddenly leered at me and walked off a short distance. Julian said, "Go ahead and take him if you want him." I followed David out and stood beside him looking at some roses. I put my hand on his shoulder. He smiled at me and said, "Bullseye."

I met Kevin Creedon, 19, in a hustler bar on the upper east side of Manhattan. He went back in a cab with me to my hotel. He closed the curtains and sat on the bed. I said, "What do you like to do?" He said, "Oh, I don't know. I like to fuck about once a year." I said, "Well, let's play it by ear." He lay back on the bed and laughed.

I met Fred Blaine, 21, through an ad in the Advocate newspaper. He came to my house in Monrovia one evening and we watched television. He said he had to be back at his parents' house by 11 p.m. It was 9:15. I said, "I guess we should get busy, then." He said, "I've never had sex before, I'm afraid." I said, "Don't worry about it." He put his arms around my waist, and laid his head on my shoulder like we were slow dancing.

I met Joe Hardy, 15, in a glitter-rock club on the Sunset Strip in 1974. We talked about music, first there, then in his bedroom. We knelt on the floor smoking dope and looking through pictures of him as a child. "You were always a knock-out," I said. He looked surprised. "Are you gay?" he said. I nodded. "What a coincidence," he said. After a few seconds of grinning at one another I leaned over and kissed him. "Take that," I said.

I met John (?), 20, on Santa Monica Blvd. in West Hollywood when a friend and I decided to split the cost of a hustler. We drove him back to my friend's apartment on the Sunset Strip. We smoked several joints together and, it being my turn first, I said, "Do you want to go in the bedroom?" He said, "Okay." Inside the room he looked out the window and said, "Great view." I said, "Yeah." He looked at me and said, "Take it easy, okay?" He looked scared so I said, "Don't worry." He closed his eyes, put his hands in his pockets and waited.

HELLO IN THERE
for Jack Skelley

The Strawberry Alarm Clock struck thirteen. The Giant Crab came forth with its mouth wide open, scaring some long hairs. I was staring into the strobe light. One by one, the band members joined me. We looked pretty far-out from the balcony. "You're fascists," muttered a guy wearing wire rims. "Fuck politics." Why did I say that? I was on mes-caline, hashish and opium. My ego was climbing the walls, buried under a slide of Nepal, riding the back of a woodpecker flying backward through Time, into the broken red head of the protester, drifting in space, growing miniscule in the millenium. My shirt was black with white speckles - still is, and my former girlfriend wears a print dress, sewn from a table cloth found in the actual Whisky-A-Go-Go. She's keeping its ashtrays as earrings. When I turned my face from those flickering images I was nineteen. I saw this, meaning us, here, today, as the result of a mirrored ball, how it turned with the cosmos, reflecting them up on the ceiling, screwing it off. The Churls were the opening act, jamming several leagues under the light show, in this very basement. They sang that we would be happy and warm, meaning now. I tried to sit, a serape around me, watching The Circle Jerks spit at the spotlight. It looks like stars if you scrunch up your eyes, but they're yelling the same things

that frightened and wised-up a lot of us, when we were a few of the thousands of stars up at Woodstock, friends of the eclipsed at Altamont. I'd like to dance to the music, but the farther I look in these punks' narrowed eyes, the more I see nothing, a re-creation of life before anything happened, got naked, took acid. Back then you could make war stop coming by placing your hand over the lens of the slide projector, remember? But no more. So we live far away, and we're hippies. We lie on our backs in a rye field watching the dark sky revolve - looks a little like us up there, and that's how we like it, we think, when we think about it. Thanks for thinking of us. Best wishes, Ian Bruce-Douglas, singer, Ultimate Spinach.

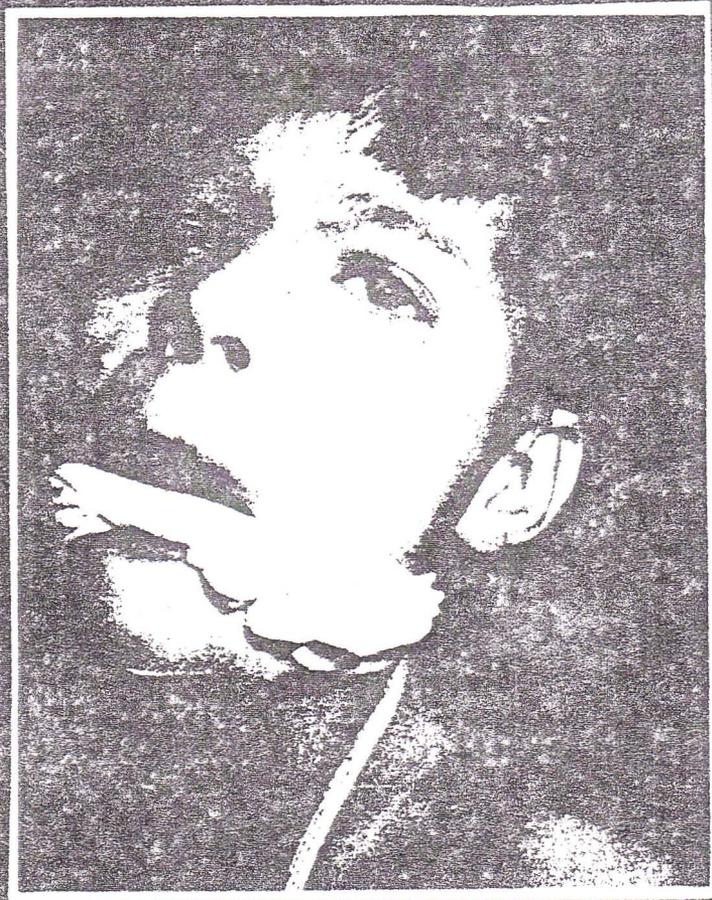
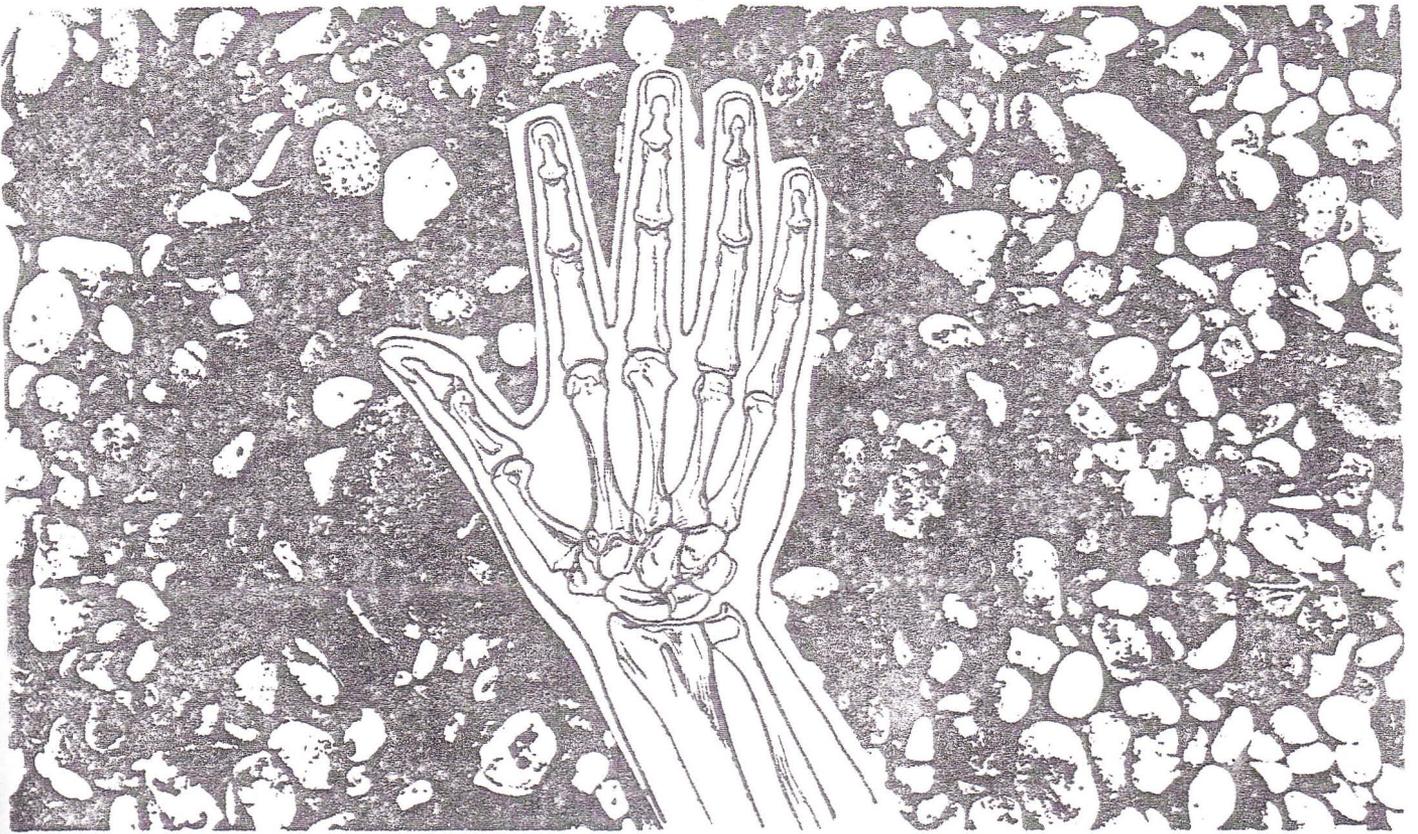
SONG OF THE SOUTH

Like cream rises to the surface
of milk, surprising its drinkers,
rimming has come into its own.
Lover-boys stick their tongues
out at beauty and lower the boom
where least expected, like the
drunks in cartoons - one smooching
a telephone pole while his lover
is kissed by a bear escaped from
the circus. The rise of rimming
has been a gradual one, not some
craze, more a permanent fixture
of bedside, the "sesame" part of
the phrase which opens an entrance
to fucking, seen from a distance,
clouded with blue jeans. So let
us welcome this rise like the wind
it resembles, simply, one hand
gesturing this way to guys with
their pants halfway open, whose
eyes become dark, reflective as
the idea on a stop sign, posted
by the old entrances into their
bodies. We sneak down the back
while they're smoking cigarettes
down to the filters with sullen
expressions that look like black
rectangles set across criminals'
photos - drains the intelligence
out of their faces. "Rim us,"
they seem to be drawling, half-
seriously, to no one of us in
particular, 'cos like employees
of that idea, wild for its sec-
retaries, we lower what blinders
we have, and what eyes, then what
candles and noses we hold to
the scrawnier bodies above us,
mouthing the au courant password
which loosens our tongues, their
foundations. We notice their

asses at dinner, wishing them
chilly and brilliantly white as
our breaths on March evenings,
then find ourselves face-first
in places we hoped we'd remain-
dered like drunks passing out in
their breakfast plates. We get
this idea about "love" and airing
these feelings, but we stumble
and wind up just rimming them.

DRUGS

A friend dies one night,
swallows too many pills
on his way to a party
and grows pale as dust
in a shaft of moonlight.
You long to reach him
again, all your life.
A priest says you'll
find him in the future
under cover of death;
you will stand and sing
near his glowing side.
We tell you to join us,
get loaded, forget him.
One day you shoot so
much stuff you fall over.
You hope to see him but
only grow clammy, more
stupid, like someone on
quaaludes. Now you and
he walk the same clouds
only when we've been
stoned and think back
on our lives, full of
dead bodies, and bright
as a heaven behind us.



MISSING MEN

George

George smoked a cigarette. He was staring at a bare lightbulb high on a wall, then closing his eyes and watching its twin on the backs of his eyelids. A band sang about empty lives. "It's about death," yelled a thin, handsome kid on the stage. "Snort meth and you die. Die right here. When you die, you're just dead, man." George opened his empty blue eyes. He stared and smiled vaguely. He wanted to sleep with the singer. Now that his admiration for the band was deposed (every song was the same one), lust was the feeling left standing. So he drifted backstage and asked the kid questions until everyone had gone home. Now George peered in his new idol's eyes, shielded his lips with his hand, as though a poster across the room were trying to read them, and asked the singer to rim him. George's smirk had grown luminous, holding the whole of his face in its up-draft. The singer bowed to its whisper, saying, "Why not?", like his lyrics had taught him to. He yanked the chain on the overhead light. The dressing room blackened, then dawned in their narrowing eyes until they looked softer, milder, more like puffs of themselves. A hand reached out and helped a torn teeshirt up and over the arms which George had shot in the air, like a kid with two questions. With a quick twist of its fingers, the loose rayon slacks hit his ankles. He was pushed forward. His back was a place where the singer's hands rested, its skin almost as cool as a counter's. One palm felt for its ass, fingered its anus, and was toted

around to reveal under the singer's big nose, who twirled it, and finally plunged it into his mouth as his penis hardened completely. Peeking back over his shoulder, George watched this with astonishment, covered with goose bumps which made him resemble a plaster statue. Then, realizing how stunning he was to his partner, just as the singer's knees buckled and that face tucked in his ass crack, George threw his pretty, haunted head back and said, "God," in a deeper voice than his own.

Kip

"Kip" lies in my bed with his clothes around like exhaust, and there is a smile on his lips, as there is an undertow in the river outside the smoke-yellowed window, cooling people and rushing them off. His underwear seems to have come from inside him, like breath on my mirror, where he scribbled his price, so, when I took my turn pissing, I'd know the cost without asking, ruining my mood, which appears to be callous. I stand at bed's end and order him to a position, crouching a little to look up his ass, where I want to end up the evening in sweat and a sharp little moment. He has been fucked hundreds of times. Naked, his value is present, and a well-fucked hole is its presence. But I'm being too clinical. This is the flesh that belongs to the face I decided I needed. So I fuck it, make the most of the "Kip" who's available, whose resemblance to something I own is striking, whose ass I am striking with the palm of my hand, whose eyes, vaguely mascaraed, keep what they believe close to them, like a tenement child with its one scrawny talent, protecting it, as if lovers wanted to steal it. They want to see it flawing his eyes with an endlessness, which leaves him like this.

James

James is in a hotel room, staring out of the Northeastern window at the dusty town of Modesto, clothed in the light of a sunset. His pants are crumpled-up on the bedspread, still fireplace-warm from his body. He crouches down on the carpet, and somebody kneels behind him, puts a fist up his ass to the elbow, less grin on their sensual lips than an undertow, showing lust for the record. James snorts from a small vial of cocaine and tries to stay conscious. This is his first time in pain and he hopes to embrace it, like a dummy does its ventriloquist, and he senses the fist has slid further than guts would allow, into his headache, is working his mouthful of breathlessness, that there's one lone finger up the ghost-limb of his hard-on, molding that purple embarrassment onto his moderate figure. He wonders what hands could pick off the inside of his body, then he thinks of the migrant farmworkers, their arms submerged in the orange trees, across this whole country. And he remembers his childhood - one long-gone magician's paw plucking a scarf from thin, colorful air when its fingernails twiddled over a bottomless top hat. He stares out the glass at a pretty view of the city, smeared with his sweaty reflection. He gets the idea for a painting, then pain sends it sprawling. He remains still, so he can study his abstracted image, as though it were being defused of a powerful weapon. He

thinks he would look, to the people outside, two floors below, like a statue he'd seen in the wax museum, posed in a cheap representation of horror, while the mannequin of a monster gutted the doll of its red vinyl makings, and other figures scattered around had their glassy eyes lowered, were less well constructed but lit somewhat brighter, reflecting more clearly than he at its heart, or the eye of its artist, a lack of real feeling in anyone.

?

He's who you want to get rid of, not like a friend, dead drunk, with his motor vaguely running, helping you help him home. He's simply dead, his freckled arms out, his hairy legs spread, mouth open, tongue down inside like a melted candle. You lie by his dimly lit body, gazing into the mirror hung on the ceiling, over his former one. Somehow, he's less far away from that distance. When you look at his simple reflection, you see what you saw when you picked him out from his twilight street corner, a beautiful, distant young man, whose stare asked your questions for some kind of feeling. Keeping your eyes in the mirror, on the illusion, you cover him with caresses, as Dad would when his body was miniature, leaned in a doorway, shaking with fear. Now, he's as still as the past in its reaches, and your body is flushed, prick broiling. The corpse is the match tip which lit it, the formerly dangerous object, something played out, like your eyes once you've brought an idea to fruition, when you've carried him breathlessly over your shoulder, his long hair sweeping the floor of its scrap paper shanty town, into the bushes, when he's down in a hole in the earth, and his body, as black as a miner's, is backing, slowly, away.

31/100

Dennis Cogen