

5.

Another morning?

Not another morning.

Please no.

I don't know what to do when the world keeps doing "morning."

Lyutsiana is back. She is not dead anymore;

"Watching mother die in Bremen"

She was in Germany.

With you.

Watch my back break with bitterness.

FUCKING CRACK.

I want to be in Germany, smoking and not talking.

Mysteriously silent.

Make me talk.

Make me stop moving.

Make my head split in three.

Mindfuck all over the Italian man's wife.

Lyutsiana is on drugs or something.

She wants to fuck me.

Then she just wants to sleep.

6.

Waking up in the wrong bunker
The world is doing “morning.”
Lyutsiana is doing “sleeping.”

Sorry.

Make a cigarette. Use her tobacco. Use her tea.

Kiss her face.

Write words on her skin:

Pen, Pen, Pen.

forehead: I am a prostitute

left cheek: I am dead

Right cheek: I believe

chin: FUCK

Make her tea. Remember what mother said; “treat the lady like a princess.” Princesses are whores. Stupid whores.

Lyutsiana is a whore.

A whore to fill time.

Sleep with me?

Can you hear the Italian man's wife? Answer the door? Answer the door. He still loves you. He just can't love. He still loves you. It's their culture or something. Yes, yes culture is a tourniquet around love. No? Ok. He loves you. Go back. Smile. Collect my rent. When you collect it I will fuck you in the bath. Do not mindfuck on my carpet. I don't have a carpet. Don't mindfuck. It is not attractive.

Go to the library and read "Hope in the Old Testament." Do some laughing.
Look at the librarian's breasts.
Mammary glands.
Fat sacks.
Swingball.
Yoghurt.

The wrong shelf?

Fat ankles between rows of paper blocks.
Paper blocks hiding words like "love" and "God."
Novels saying things like:

"and God smiled on us that day"

Shit.

I will smile at you. Smile big grin gold teeth I will eat you smile.
God only smiles at rich people.
He smiles at them and tips his cap.
If they are driving something nice he says:
"Good Evening" and smiles, even if it's the morning.

If I come across God, sitting in a bar in Novgorod, I tell the barman to not buy him a drink
And the barman shuffles up to God and says
"that gentleman over there would like to not buy you a drink"

And I stare at God for a while and then leave.

God thinks I am an asshole.

I am an asshole.

Go to a café and see how long you can sit for without ordering anything:

“I will order in a few minutes”

“Give me a moment”

“Give me a fucking moment”

“Please don’t make me leave”

“Coffee, fucking coffee”

Leave quietly, tail between your legs.

Go to Uncle’s. Uncle needs you. Watch his trousers. Watch his throat. Watch his mouth.

“Fuck me dearest Misha, one last time”

A naked elderly man is dying on the floor. Kick him. End it.

Light the pipe and sit him up.

Make a cigarette.

“Talk with your eyes”

“Don’t die and I will buy you a prostitute”

“You are a good boy Misha”

I am a nothing nothing, sorry Uncle.

He is pissing himself. Select the adequate response.

Deal with the situation. Cope. Cope well.

Fill the steel bucket with water.

Fuck.

Get the shivering man a blanket. The man is blue.

Nobody move, nobody get hurt.

Always the way.

Try to let your mind just think thoughts and not instincts or emotions. Money is an instinct. Avarice. Smiling on camera like an ocean. Swim the North Sea. The Italian man’s wife will let you ride her bareback. Bring plants. Bring him. Let me have him,

The boy who gave you cigarette burns And made you want to cry.

I still remember being young enough to care.

You don’t.

Go back to the bunker. Go back to the bunker and count. Count to a 1000. Smoke 25 cigarettes and see if you are sick. You are always sick. Ring her round. The whore is a nurse.

The fat nurse with the stupid life and the fake boyfriend.

Token.

Given.

I don't know if I can understand you anymore.

I can try.

Trying is good.

Try everything once except buttsex and swimming.

I can't sleep; I can hear God fucking the Italian man's wife. She is screaming "father" and he is grunting "Jesus." Someone is slapping wall. Someone is slapping thigh. Someone is slapping ass.

Go across the hall.

"Take these tokens of appreciation, dearest Lyutsiana." Throw stones onto her bed.

Fuck Uncle.

Fuck you.

You can face away.

You should.

You will.

Not.

Look into his dying eyes and feel thin hands rocking your body out of existence.

"In the morning dearest Misha."

Back across the hall. Can't count. Can't reason. Reading old prayer books, stolen from a church. Laughing. Looking at the Italian man's wife fucking the librarian in my head. Feel them melting. Look at them melting. Sexy melt.

Go to sleep.

7.

Wake up used to bright sky
Feel things should change.

Go and change things.

Make a cigarette with your mind.

Fail.

Make a cigarette with your fingers and go across the hall.

Knock gently, “Dearest Lyu-”

This will change nothing.

Go find Uncle and watch a man dying. Watch a man stop existing. Watch him wither away into soil and fungus. Watch him realise he will never think again. Watch him think his last thoughts. Watch him wish I had found the Italian man’s wife. I should find the Italian man’s wife. Find her. Princess. Princess we are here.

Light his pipe.

“Dearest Misha”

He is holding his breath. Waiting. He is waiting for the moment when he doesn’t need effort to hold his lungs silent.

1

2

3

4

“Dearest Misha, light my pipe once more”

1

2

3

“Kiss me Dearest Misha, give me the woman’s touch”

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

It doesn’t need 10. Finish the count. Whisper:

9

10

Kiss his wrinkled head and take his pipe.

Smouldering tobacco in the air bags holding you on your feet.

Search for his note. They always leave a note. This brown manila envelope. Your slouching corpse.

There is no name for this situation or this envelope.

I don't know if the world is doing 1, 2, 3 or 4 o'clock.

At 8 o'clock we die.

Open the envelope:

Find the Italian man's wife.

"It has been written"

Play the dead man's game.

Play the dead man at his own game. Let him win. He never let you win.

Always sitting in the corner playing with his dead butterflies. "Play with the bugs Misha"

"Leave Uncle be"

Crush the bugs between your fingers. Taste them. Taste death.

They never had thoughts. Don't be sad.

Crowing imperative at children in memories?

This ends here.

Ends where?

End?

Sleep at his tired feet. Sleep until evening.

Wake at evening.

Go out into the street at evening.

Thinking: I deserve this pretty chill. Embrace this.

Thin air less homely than the thick pipe puffs.

Do not shiver. Weakness. A man has died. A man died today. You watched a man die today.

We are all watching dying men.

Watching God sip vodka in a bar in Novgorod.

“You are the only one here who is not dying”

SAVE HER.

The Italian man's wife is being held captive by a Peruvian drunk pretending to be God. The librarian is on our back, itching at our eyes and at our ears. I don't know if this is beyond me. I don't know what is beyond me. “ME.”

“Me” is the mass of women that walk past us in my dream. Oh Lyutsiana the bunkers are but feet away. Oh these pungent gardens, unpraised by the delirious drunks and moonlit whores. Princess please, the mountain is too tall for an old man like me.

Knock in an “understanding manner.”

“Days are cruel Dearest Lyutsiana”

“Bare me”

Stack her clothes in a pile.

Pretending she is you.

Jab the trench between her breasts with a cigarette.

Watch the soldiers tumble.

Flesh is fickle armour. Religion is armour and

God is drunk.

The bar has emptied. Morning in Novgorod.
Playing word association with God and the barman.
The barman is crawling up wooden boxes to an attic.

God with his stubble beneath a beer tap.

Her face is sweating and her mouth is wide, her eyes are shut and her toes are curling. Light a cigarette. Ash falling in plumes between your gaping lips.
We are still barely here. I can still barely feel.

The librarian is standing over us.
“You have a death wish on your back”
“Dearest Librarian, there is a sentence on my head”
“And a hole in your skull?”

Leaving Lyutsiana in the hole.
Watching the librarian bruise from the ribs upward.

You were the weak, sex-crazed soldier.
Swapping shells for porn on the front-line.

God is too drunk to care.

God is hunting under red-lights, with a fistful of money and a mind full of
“a man got needs”

See the fat women waddling their worlds away in the darkness.
“I had 9 vodka shots and then fucked a teenager in the toilet”

God is too drunk to care. Write it down.

He reads everything.

God reading thoughts in a café in Novgorod.
A migraine fucking his mind into indecision.

Clutching cardboard on a strip of concrete beside the bunkers. "Take me anywhere."

Rape the hitchhiker.

God is too hungover to care.

Hijack a car or a school. Tell them the world is going to end. Tell them to prepare for the end. Claim that money will not save anyone. Ask questions like "ready to die son?" and watch them cry. Think about crying as weak and weakness as stupid. People are not weak. God is weak. God is the weak human. Superfluous sympathy, overflowing into the creation of humanity. Sigh, sigh Lyutsiana will not witness the end.

"I won't witness the end if you don't FUCKING SPEED UP"

Feeling the automobile host tense.

"I won't kill you, I just want to glimpse the end dear philanthropist"

Light a cigarette. Light a fire. See what he does. He will tense up once more. His muscles will burst in implosions of sinew and blood. The car will be nowhere. You will be nowhere.

Light a cigarette and not a fire.

Hear the cough, the impatient cough, the passive-aggressive cough.

Touching the librarian in the other passenger seat.

Stop talking about the Italian man's wife.

Stop making claims about the Italian man's wife.

Thin Italian man, I stuffed a brown manila envelope with American dollars and put it in the oven. I am going to find your wife and make you fat again.

“She does not congregate at congregations”

This is no northern lights. Hammerfest is home.

Light will dissolve in this cinema.

The librarian is mindfucking on this nice man’s car.

Shit. Pound the pale cognitive stains with your thick soles.

God tips his cap.

We are still days away.