

3.

Hoshi leaves her apartment in a blue lily skirt and bent yellow jacket.

Nobu is cleansing his thoughts at her railings; two lean fists curled
around the shaped steel.

Stop the drunks falling into the basement,
corrupting the girls below with bloody stubble and red
eyes.

“I got another envelope” he says.

“Me too, it’s blank”

“Mine:

Asobi Seksu”

Laughter on the gravel;
smashed bottles of ricewine flow free and bare into
cracks between the feet of gods.

Asobi Seksu (casual sex).

He lights a cigarette and yawns, blind and listless.

This morning in Japan is wasted on the
wandering youth. Two women stop having
sex and rest their pointed chins on the
window ledge. The first storey. They
notice. Sticky hands stroke each other. Pale
faces sour in an accusatory strobe spit.

Feel like the morning is spreading your legs. That

Soviet border patrol. Nine men obeying orders from below.

It is the first day of the last year. School blinding them to real world houses, wives, ways of putting your hands to good use (NIHILISM). After this the government only gives a fuck if you are building bridges. Soiling benefit slips in solemn steps towards the edge of an age; that cliff where we all sing and shatter and fall in shard spirals ever down. Hello small tides.

His bare arms will snake themselves around my breasts. His eyes will be bared fists. His fists will be lovers. "Nothing will burn here" he will say and I will try to move but smile when I cannot. Feeling flames kiss my soles. Paper will still burn behind us. He will haul rocks across continents and I will always have his sushi ready. Ask about his day. A pretty wife waiting in the door.

(He still hasn't come to make me.)

"I hope it is a flawless Geisha" Nobu says.
"I hope it is God"

A pinched man purses
cracked lips in disgust.

The apartments around them tessellate.
No break will puncture the concrete valley until Yukai Meshi;
A cream-coloured sigh between grey
boxes
selling vacuum-packed food and milk powder.
Hoshi goes in to buy cigarettes and they carry on to school.

Congregations of pleated skirts and leather loafers. Socks

up high. Biting smiles throw thickets between circles. These girls are bent double into their own ground and time will fold them backwards, snapping their spines with domestic chores and obligatory sex “or else.”

The two women continue having sex.

In the classroom Hoshi and Nobu are alone with Chizuko Sato, the plastic chairs and the soft green blackboard.

Broken stems of chalk spell failure on soiled carpet.

FAYLURE.
(So fucking high.)

Chizuko Sato goes ignored. She inks thin faces onto her palm. Her palm looks at her. She feels comforted and alone.

Chizuko Sato is short and plump;
the girls call her “dumpling,”
the boys whisper about her
parents.

“goats”
“pigs”
“men”

(freckled noses wrinkle in imaginary places)

“artificial
insemination”

(boys in stacks of laughter behind sad, palmed features)

When Chizuko Sato is escorted into the theatre of parental debate, Yamagato Sensei lowers his muddy eyes and raises his slight eyebrows until the hands on her arms evaporate leaving only pale stains in her skull. Then someone says “plastic womb” and there is more laughter and clawing hands. If you are not bruising you are only in an interval, sorry.

For a long time Yamagato Sensei did not give a fuck about Chizuko Sato because her mum was a goat and her dad was a pig.

When she was born, a God from Istanbul bathed her in his chlorine pool and she cried until his thick fingers fell apart.

Chizuko Sato did not grow during
the summer.

Hoshi is taller and Nobu is wider;
She met a boy at a Ganguro party who pinched her nipples
and made her want him.
He found his mum slumped over gas in the kitchen.

The room becomes a dancehall of muscleboys and falsely
coy girls while a God from the fences drops a coin beneath
the swarm of skirts and strokes dry stubble against pastel
calves.

He murmurs.

He murmurs about Chizuko Sato.
Muscleboys as counterpoint in the chorus.

“Goat.”

Chizuko Sato as the God Voyeur.

Muscleboys will talk only of her.

Her and that steel shell.

God.

God and his goat-drawn chariot.

Oh people of Chizuko Sato, pray for the
wealth of us few.

Us lucky few.

Us happy dead.

(Though we do not learn.)

In 15 year's time they will be cheek to cheek in a glass office
block, sipping badly filtered black coffee and discussing

Chizuko Sato. Ways to please the Demigod. They speculate numbers on epileptic plastic blocks. Praying for lists with glass eyes. Economic prophets for the sheer cliff.

Oh people of Chizuko Sato, break
this silence now

or forever sit inside it.

“Plastic womb”

I w i s h

Chizuko Sato is a warm marble actress with oxblood at her feet. People are smiling and bowing into the beaten earth.

She prods the thin faces in thanks.

Oh people of Chizuko Sato, your
hands will hang heavy,

For lead cannot burn. I wish that people would
stop disappearing into crowds.

Yamagato Sensei enters as the development of Chizuko Sato parental speculation crushes itself to notes in margins. Red lines and slender calves. Hoshi rests her head in her hands. The morning is not infinite (she feels). The morning is a uniform schoolroom being fondled by a Jesuit priest.

You can hear and not listen; fuck
with the waves.

A joint of flesh left itself salted and hooked.
Weary snatches at the naked young.

One of the two women draws down the curtain.
The other one makes coffee. If there was a third
one she would still be sleeping. They laugh at a
drip from the ceiling. They laugh at existence
beyond the box.

The wire frame of torn tweed and grazed corduroy props
itself up before the blackboard.

A tired man with no God.

Faith burns fast in winters
of the soul.

Chizuko Sato thinks that souls are what unintelligent
people pretend to have so that they do not feel worthless.

Yamagato Sensei thinks that he is a
worthless soul.

(When you merge souls you are seeing empty space inside
each other and pouring light in.)

He is a tired man; ground down by asthenia and a wife that wants more
than the moon or a box apartment further from here than anywhere.

Cracked lips carve prayer into solemn faces.

“Let me die in the arms of a loving husband”

That was the year that people did nothing. The world used retrospect to launch an age of depression in which cars crashed and children bled blue onto rotten marble.
(He still hasn't come to make me.)

Let him cry the month into the sky.

“Reap”

Forever sowing production lines into the hems of
dying virgins.

This is your roofless future.

His wide mouth is the only pulsing organ ever to have
existed.

Distributing textbooks between plywood desks. Each with
an instruction. Each instruction with a sigh.

Hoshi itches at meaning on her throat. The
textbook bares itself and winks pictures of Soviet
soldiers at her stoic eyes. She watches Yamagato
Sensei slide out the door. Out of existence.

The Jesuit Priest smiles and lights a
fire on the roof of the school.

Yamagato Sensei hides in a cleaning cupboard on the “Government and Maths” corridor. Lashing at the cleaning supplies he feels the handles of broomsticks splinter into knives beneath his fingernails. He falls back.

Every night has been spent crosslegged behind his wife’s apartment, smoking cigarettes and praying she will drink all the milk.

Yamagato Sensei sees the
rubber soles of the Jesuit Priest
through a grate in the roof.

An envelope falls between his knees.

“Milk is still white, even
in black hands”

He laughs.

“I am an island observed by strangers and children” (he thinks).

II.

Hoshi watches Chizuko Sato toy with her people. Everyone watches Chizuko Sato. She folds a retarded butterfly into torn paper.

The people of my kingdom will be

entertained by beating hues above their heads
(she vows).

Beady eyes squint at fat wings and a sloping head.

“That won’t fly” says a muscleboy. His adolescent fingers snatch the faint thought from her greasy hands. The thought is thrown into a podium of judgement while the jury cry rape at naked gods. They rise from stapled leather seats and throw themselves against the oak panels of existence while the sky burns prophetic turquoise in the clay bowl of its caravan.

“Fuck you”
the boys laugh.

The muscleboy chews on Chizuko Sato’s sad butterfly. He lights a cigarette.

“Ass” is whispered. Diffused between the front row;
which pointed face dare spit spite at a
young king?

His bath is a steel tank of acid and his parents are not there. When time had not stolen Oedipus’ enamour, he would be told:

“keep your eyes above the line little
Kenzabuto”.

Little Kenzabuto thinks all girls are stupid. They spend their whole lives folding retarded butterflies and cleaning. A country is built on the shoulders of its men, not the wings of its stupid girls.

III.

A bear pushes aside a mop and takes a seat on cracked lino beside Yamagato Sensei. He lights a cigarette and offers the teacher one.

The teacher accepts and the Demigod's eyepatch evaporates.

“Thank you”

They stare sadly at a chink of light in the door. The end and start of everything ever to have ended or started.

The room is a hypothetical universe
and the chink of light is its beginning.

People beat planets thrown out through the thin
lick of light and the planets beat them back with heavy
hands.

A world builds itself and shatters into a thousand
envelopes before the bear and the teacher.

“I feel small” says the bear.

The teacher nods.

“Sometimes I shrink into my own palm” says Yamagato Sensei.
“Paw” the bear says.

The teacher returns to room 8, where Chizuko
Sato's hair is being struck with lit matches.

The tip of her ugly ponytail sings.

He watches strands of hair cripple in fabric
wind.

He shrugs;
depart.

The class begins to leave. Chizuko Sato and Yamagato Sensei remain.

“Bastard” she says.
“I couldn’t”
She folds her face.
“Everything is easy when
you’re young” he says.
“Not if marble can rot in air”
“Summer” he whispers.

The teacher launches his cigarette onto a block of paper on his desk.

The paper burns like a live lamb.

“See?” Yamagato Sensei says,
“there is no God.”