

“It’s the moon again”—pave & tread the path in the same breath. But I feel like a clown turning over cards w/ government astrology still echoing on every channel like death spasms; touting *resurrection* + a near-lawless *synchronicity*. You have to trust them wholecloth clothwhole cyclical. Hidden enemies, allcaps comicbook lettering.

What could be worse than an unfamiliar ceiling? Freezeframes faking time passing.

I only let people tell my fortune if they think it’s bullshit, “the darkness that gives birth to light”—*blahblah blacksheep barbwire*. Like explosions that are only light, no force . . .

A mime twisting vodou dolls instead of balloon animals thrusts 1 into my hands, & it feels a bit like catching a warhead in the way Superman or the Terminator would stop a truck headon. Her routine seems to be about passing through rays of lamplight as if it were reinforced steel, & vice versa—how at certain angles the radius can extend thru the palm, the ulna beyond the elbow : hydraulic- pneumatic- switchblade-like.

She folds a mixture of ground bone + saltpeter into tree sap onscreen. I watch leaves develop gunshot wounds before falling in Spring, & windowframes cut right thru everything they hide to a backdrop of entirely unrecognisable stars.

Exhaust blows galaxies thru the air . . .

She disarms my handful of air like I’m not even there, smiles w/ bloodstained teeth, & I wake up inside the exoskeleton of my *newold* vodou doll. Another unfamiliar ceiling; an opportunity to be stabbed thru 2 sets of eyes . . . Suppose you could say I dreamed of a shot angel spouting blood—back & forth—Janus-faced.