

Someone I know nothing about has my father's broken glasses on the mantelpiece, & a blind man in the next room sounds like she's in trouble. Gargoyles nest beneath the unfamiliar ceiling. There are the usual hanging chain, but walls lathered in magnetic paint inspire them to constantly clink. Eyes open w/ the sound of bones rattling—as though now that I must live by echolocation I am truly alive by a PULSE.

At last there isn't anything *overthere*, & gravity could be a theory of everything. Cold winds as blue as the sea, “fly me to the moon . . .”

[14-10-1989, 7:00PM]

Well, I guess this is it

. . .

If only I could see

☉♌20.53°

♃♈12.11°

♃♌3.41°

Rabbithole rectangular spiral

♀♈6.14°

♂♌16.05°

♃♍10.31°

Pave & tread the path
in the same breath.

♃♈8.11°

Old King she is unborn & barren like any conception of MAN mercifully pre-Enlightenment—*swims & sleeps like a shark does*. Blind man undresses & kneels before Young Queen,—licks gilded filth from his fingers.

Undead skies rest on the skeletons of pylons like a marquee, celebrating ancient today : *Cambrian dioxide Calabrian Calaban*. All long shadows are aliens, ozone falls like loose plaster or tiles . . . Not even the spaceshuttle's heatshield underbelly used as an umbrella could save me . . .