

page-boy hair was, still staring at him as he went on with his silent shouting. I don't think she loved him very much at that moment.

Aaaarghhh....

There's a pain for everything and many names for much nothing. There was an old woman at my door, she was dressed like an improbable young maiden of dubious virtue and wanted to sell me a blow-job. I declined and was called queer or something. Afterwards I sat at my typewriter, I sat at my mechanical life and wondered why. Why do I live just a bit off?

It was a full moon out there, it was a full moon every where and inside I found a new variety of aching. I marvelled for a while and spent the rest of the night waving at shapes that I knew to be past perfect loves I had dug up. There's a pain for everything, and a few still unassigned. I always get caught, somehow.

-- Claude Bessy

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it catches you off guard, hurls you to the ground. you cannot see. your fingers clutch the soil. in another moment you do something that will take the rest of your life to explain. your mother does not understand. twenty years later your brother still spits whenever your name is mentioned. you grow old all alone. and older still. your relatives think you will never die. one of them brings you some homemade cake. it tastes kind of funny. that night you dream of a man who walks in the wake of a flood. his shoes make sucking noises in the mud. he has no memory.

someone gives you chocolate. little cubes of it. enough to build a gigantic city in the middle of your kitchen floor. the roaches can all be palace guards. your cat is waiting for the right moment to attack. a guard spits off of the parapet and tells you it was much worse five years ago. during the great wars. your wife is boiling water. she leans over the stove as the cat rubs against her ankles. she seems to be calling for help.