THE MAGG BOLTA

........de-loused in the comatorium.......
Cerin taxt stood high above the wobbling miscarriage of oncoming traffic, he was weak in the knees. Blackened out of synch knew his time here would soon end with an internal hemorrhaging made aware by the animonstrosity of his frankenstatue presence. No longer would he carry on his shoulders the weight of passion. No where were his next of kin to be found. Automotive surges spilled through the veins below him. Was this the only passage that he could find? Sweat adorned the unmoped of his brow, he couldn’t possibly turn back. His jaws jingled with cold studdering, his stomach bulged mid-metamorphosis, grumbling knot belches, too nervous to look down into the inviting concrete collision. He served himself no other choice.

Between two mountains that claimed some half assed biblical truth, Cerpin knew better, as it had been etcha-sketched with the branding of a caveat emptor, scarlett with with rheumatic shakes. Cashed... beyond mocking belief, this one last hit would spin him and ring him through the mud. He’d always been denied, but this time he didn’t want to wait outside while the party raged on without him.

The rail that adorned the top of the bridge pulsed a cape of winced shut on looking. Cars drove past in amazement.....“who the fuck was that wing nut, doing his trapeze act?” thought one commuter as he shot by. “ama... mira el muchacho va brincar!” screamed a thirteen year old girl trying to flag her parents’ attention, racing by in a beat up truck filled brink wise with landscape tools. A few miles up the street, the band played on. Springs coiled tightly in the tendons of his legs .....they were ready. His tears smoldered into the afternoon air, no one could stop this now. He wondered in flashback stanzas, omitted from this reality, his body took form...half-moon die cast on a February dive....an emblem for all to see....unamused compound of fractures, brittely awaiting for the portal to open...plummeting in the pupil, craving a mute resolve.” I’ll fucking show them” gathered a light wind past his face, defecating a verse that sang “yo ya me voy, y nadien me recordara.” he smiled from his chandelier vantage point, inaudible to the ribbon mic tenderness of his naked iris hearing device. Waiting for the opportunity, wilting in sin...the cat among the pigeons could now pounce back into the arms of his true family. Slicing of one last breath, sparking diamonds in the headlights, forever stained in maroon stamps.

Cerin had always been a little overly possessed by his chimerical scribblings. Between lunch breaks and during class, maybe even in his sleep you would find him drawing neo-cultures, diseased and grotesque. That was the portal he created, getting dirty in the nails, small hairs yanked always a canvas moment waiting in the wings. This served its purpose well, as he was malnourished without the outlet. So vividly they spoke to him, committed to its paper. He never noticed if anyone else could hear them too.... no matter really, because it’s what they said...and how they said it. they were infatuated with each
other from the get of their disturbance. He knocked on doors that everyone else knew had no existence. Spiral notebooks lending variety in the medium. Ouija boarded inch by gap, slow notion in their claps, carton thrill lesions of grandeur... inbred petting within bald of poncei coned infatuation, clad in flat
ash wishing to be rejected, always waiting to be defective. un juramento sin forma... me escape de las
montanias, salte veneno... sculpula failed to release. You could say he was whipped by the argot of his
outlet. Cerpin taxt, ever the ardent underdog... and of this was born a pig sty pavilion of dribbling
hypergogies. He needed to be needed. Longing for scores, unzipped face deformed expatriate. They
were meant for each other. They defined one another, and soon they would be one.

Wait now... hadn’t this all happened before? Traced back in years. Recalling the events, there was
a venom in numerical tries. An autocrat in awaiting unknown to himself even... he started losing grip.
The sangfroid hunchback that was held together by electric ligature, was always finding it harder and
harder to stay alive, let alone amends in the eye of his storms. This had happened before.

On an opaque afternoon, fending for himself, in the wake of a mistake, Cerpin was caught on guard
in the line of quarrelling fire. A closed can of intiation had found its way between his own crosshairs
striking him in the cranium. A class of migraine unto itself. Maybe he had asked for it? Maybe it was the
excuse he needed to traverse the boarderland of clairaudient dwellings. Through anerumy vespers, in
the cabinet were the means To smotherness of an aching argument, he left the point of impact, yeah he
left it for broke to medicate his wounds. Maybe he had made a mistake, but mistakes are what his dreams
were made of.

Supple and warm, came the covers over his body. That handmade of maniphe his mother left behind
when she died sure came in handy. This was the hit that marked the beginning. In and out of reality for
one week on end, his residency would live in infamy. It was here that they would first make contact with
him, the autocrat in waiting, fighting to stay alive.

He had been nominated... tagged and placed within the high water flood of twisted necks, hugging
mainline swandives/cold gizzard to the easing of his confusion. We had studied his slithering new fangled
strut from abroad. True prince among the living dead. A wicker at wits end, sweltering an oracle of muse,
struck strung up. Those damn whispering fingers that had tord his face. They had imagined me as
a careless of caricature immune to the slashing on his right fretted arm, mending a hand me down
obstacle contusions buried him zealot deep in stupor. with his armor of broken skin, he had now become
a carcase of caricature immune to the slashing on his right fretted arm, mending a hand me down
impression dressed in revenant shardes. One who had drunk with the owls, with neuce in left hand,
showeing him as red and quick as sand... magnet for the wielding of knives, with
formative droves, making all his advances imperially morose. Bodies can only take so much wear and
tear before they collapse.

The hurdles, they stood in q’s dwarving one another in size and shape. They seemed to throw
themselves at his body, puncturing with cesspools, insemiinating a passive aggressive whiteness that cut
his hair on rooted nerve ending. Mala suerte that reduced him to a ruide of incoherent belligerence. So as not to add to the demons that leached under his socket of eyes, people would walk the other way when
they saw him hypnotized. His tongue became a cluster of stolen hinges unable to close sentences. To
decipher riddles imbeded in mud. Hunted by a bulletin of languistics, playing dead for keeps, and its sick
map fresh out of wrinkles, fallen face penance first. Mosaic intervals jonesing imminent
protection the check mates.”To draw bedpost sight from deathbed dirt,” chanted the lepers with their
time,” spoke the gentle infant voice of unhydriate..... purgatory strategist. Perpetual lepers who
banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of
our heir to the throne.

And such was their sentence. Prescription unfilled left clenching in my hand. What was it that i
had done ? I could not remember. Where was i going? The lepers had said their piece and all across the
air. Belched of lab coated meat hooks caught on spinal column thorns... found within a planet
surrounded by the grave rings of nervous, with its mote floating on an axis suspended in time. Filled
with the remnants of an earth bound portal triangular in scope... where defeated, Cerpin lay growing
in some tattered pit of stomach, a convalescent home of croaking entralis, mangled by the pettiness of
insignificant others. On this black and white planet roared this wings, nesting bedwetting for our
heir to the throne.

Many a sun did pass before the house of Tremula Metacarpi was to decide upon a new leader, and
who better than the afore mentioned neosinfidel known as Cerpin taxt. probably the loneliest hull of a
man that we tremulants had ever layed eyes on. He resided in the maniacal sect of mundy, one of many
small caves that overlooked the shanty town of regja, engrossed in shadows of curtled blades flashing
themselves in the bright daylight pues of kinetic cleaning.

With immense fever we handpicked the irradio excerpts from the guilty library of half-truths. A book
of suspended impact. How-to manual that taught seduction through the art of suicide. Chapterless void
of crass ultimatum, liberally adopting the monthly blood of human conversions. It was with the aid of
this manual that set the snails into a marmoset of momentum. Each page wrapped itself around Cerpin,
raping its way into his body. For it was by his hand that that we were damned to live in motion sick
stills of bone colored paper. By his ink cult of prods that begot him his only children. Yet the ragman of mundy
knew nothing of his next to kin. the ones he abandoned in a stationary of underwater flu. So it had begun
with a blunt carass of affection from the Cerpin, Neuralgia, who summoned him with a warrant towards
the canvas of his face...... thus administrating a morphing carriage of admission. The gates of thanes
were now spread eagle wide. 

(Cerpin mumbles a costal riddle)

They had imagined me as catastrophic... felt an anxious excrement scathing directions from inside
my rib cage. Siouched over painting Gums at porcelain, aching max occupancy, mocking efficiency. I’m
starting not to feel the left side of my face, staring at a field of numbed walkers. Mangled around an
eptic horse feed on mute. I’ve painted my limbs with the black of my own ashes. Can’t see the light
of a shadow... I’ve made my Dylan laugh, with his voice in my hand, with his words weared as
obvious..... must make neck tender...... adorn it with perforation....... they had imagined me as beaten
and disfigured, across a stretched carpet of pinkslip deadlines they beckon from a an stomach wall, lining.
hung by jurors, gaffles at attention.

But you sought here by way of your own device. you stand there drenched in guilt, a sentence
you cannot deny. To the outer reaches you will find bipolar chance. You are here by
banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of
your time,” spoke the gentle infant voice of unhydriate..... purgatory strategist. Perpetual lepers who
banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of
our heir to the throne.

With immense fever we handpicked the irradio excerpts from the guilty library of half-truths. A book
of suspended impact. How-to manual that taught seduction through the art of suicide. Chapterless void
of crass ultimatum, liberally adopting the monthly blood of human conversions. It was with the aid of
this manual that set the snails into a marmoset of momentum. Each page wrapped itself around Cerpin,
raping its way into his body. For it was by his hand that that we were damned to live in motion sick
stills of bone colored paper. By his ink cult of prods that begot him his only children. Yet the ragman of mundy
knew nothing of his next to kin. the ones he abandoned in a stationary of underwater flu. So it had begun
with a blunt carass of affection from the Cerpin, Neuralgia, who summoned him with a warrant towards
the canvas of his face...... thus administrating a morphing carriage of admission. The gates of thanes
were now spread eagle wide. 

(Cerpin mumbles a costal riddle)

They had imagined me as catastrophic... felt an anxious excrement scathing directions from inside
my rib cage. Siouched over painting Gums at porcelain, aching max occupancy, mocking efficiency. I’m
starting not to feel the left side of my face, staring at a field of numbed walkers. Mangled around an
eptic horse feed on mute. I’ve painted my limbs with the black of my own ashes. Can’t see the light
of a shadow... I’ve made my Dylan laugh, with his voice in my hand, with his words weared as
obvious..... must make neck tender...... adorn it with perforation....... they had imagined me as beaten
and disfigured, across a stretched carpet of pinkslip deadlines they beckon from a an stomach wall, lining.
hung by jurors, gaffles at attention.

But you sought here by way of your own device. you stand there drenched in guilt, a sentence
you cannot deny. To the outer reaches you will find bipolar chance. You are here by
banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of
your time,” spoke the gentle infant voice of unhydriate..... purgatory strategist. Perpetual lepers who
banished for the crime of attempt. Aboard the televator hides, the ESP will take you by the serving of
our heir to the throne.

With immense fever we handpicked the irradio excerpts from the guilty library of half-truths. A book
of suspended impact. How-to manual that taught seduction through the art of suicide. Chapterless void
of crass ultimatum, liberally adopting the monthly blood of human conversions. It was with the aid of
this manual that set the snails into a marmoset of momentum. Each page wrapped itself around Cerpin,
raping its way into his body. For it was by his hand that that we were damned to live in motion sick
stills of bone colored paper. By his ink cult of prods that begot him his only children. Yet the ragman of mundy
knew nothing of his next to kin. the ones he abandoned in a stationary of underwater flu. So it had begun
with a blunt carass of affection from the Cerpin, Neuralgia, who summoned him with a warrant towards
the canvas of his face...... thus administrating a morphing carriage of admission. The gates of thanes
were now spread eagle wide. 

(Cerpin mumbles a costal riddle)
The lepers had successfully accomplished their task, in their punishing of my wayward act. From their legion of sweat sang the gallows birds of unhydrate. Singing songs of excommunication into a scope of infr red spectro proba. Landed into nightmare inside the BSF impure. It was the attempt that fell victim to the shackles in this limitless soars, voicing the stark pleas of us; let us nurse this viper in the bosom of your sewers.” “impeso en la sala de tizones, un pais escrito con el noche. from the prickpopp of poppy fields exhumed under the tremble of lock and key. on this deaf night of crossed eyes…donde me perde. My first attempt will cripple at the door of atrophy, este son las viajes antes que me fui.” —Cerpin tazt

...son et lumiere;...clipside of the pink eye flight “I’m not the percent you think survives. I need sanctuary in the pages of this book. Gestating with

inertiatic esp;

Now I’m lost….now I am lost. Last night i heard laporas, flich like birth defects, it’s musk was fecal in origin as the words dribbled off of its chin, it said, “I’m lost….now I am lost….”, Dolls wreck the minced meat of pupils, cast in oblong arms length. The hocks have been picking their scabs, where wolves hide in the company of men. It said, “I’m lost….now I am lost…….” Are you peaking in the red?

Perforated at the neck. What of this mongrel architect, a broken arm of sewers set, past present and future tense; clip side of the pink eyed fountain…. “Now I’m lost….now I am lost,” it’s been said, long time ago you’ll be the first and last to know. you’ll never know….you’ll never know.

(letal positioned in the stalkingyard)

His pupils twitched lightly, subtle panic aroused in his crystal eyes. Found himself in a sore of molastic putrescence that covered him entirely. Appeared to be a placenta like cocoon, that tore itself out of a pore in the cement. Procured by a heat lamp of dry heaves, misplaced in an oik of cock hangers, that lanced off the beggars torso slityard, with its rusted cars, barrel fires and vagrant argot. “I too am lost, i am lost,” the blum chucking off the barrel outside. They seen brighter days, minus cutty dark saris pauses, in and out of cells in their empty slit pocket. “What of the quarters that house the weary bones of tranquil fatigue, where might I find a bed of sand to stake my keep” Cerpin asked, unable to get a response….long pause continued….fingers unable to commit to the point. Steady winds that hurriedly my windtime, that turned his attention to a dilapidated boxcar swaying, shuttering in the dark and empty slityard. The silence grew deafening, eye contact impaled on a nail of denial. ‘Pull up a rail. It rumbles with the girth of early bird squeals,” said one vagrant. “ponte trucha,” said the other.

The jetisoned grounds seemed damped with the ruffle, grassy with eggshell walks. Careful not to graze the tate that grew restless, moth milling off this sleeping levitathan. Without question, adorned by the heckling vines of wakas, Cerpin made his way to the jaundiced colored boxcar. It looked like a prescription bottle filled with tablets of multi colored seagulls. Trapped inside were the shrieks of lap molastic putrescence that covered him entirely. It appeared to be a placenta like cocoon, that tore itself out of a pore in the cement. Procured by a heat lamp of dry heaves, misplaced in an oik of cock hangers, that lanced off the beggars torso slityard, with its rusted cars, barrel fires and vagrant argot.

As sleep crept in, the doors choked closed with a card sharpened crack, awaken by shivers and millipede hangers, that lanced off the beggars torso slityard, with its rusted cars, barrel fires and vagrant argot.

(onto a graveyard of slattern mobilization)

Pneumonia mosquito breath, capsizing ditches on a plank, epileptic with seizures. Broke into the cylinder rings, now nervous was set catatonic and spent. “Tira me la aranae! rome me lo osoi! di me… vi…. vete a chingada!” I screamed suddenly awakened skulking hollow disorientation, left squirming with pulsing rust barter, raised the dace of entrails as a white flag. yet had been stapled to the deck refuse, gagging on the fumes of embalming fluids. Lost in shallow mote. Pinned down by whom it may concern, and there were others. Squeals for help need not apply, for not a soul was heard for miles. But how was i to feel the lettering of conversations past, teething of infantile pants, clawed fingers of distant hammers, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hissing of rust barter, hiss...
of decay, weather worn wet and peeling. I squatted down for a closer read...it said....“it is decided that all
the left and spotted a slogan written on the side of the boat. It was a bit undecipherable, covered by years
from the debris that littered itself everywhere. Leapt onto a copper tinted sub given the moniker ECTOS
had it all come from, soaking up the water growing scarcely visible. I was able to construct pathways
vessel, diuretic in conception.....phlegmed of scrap heap clumps. Overpopulated dysentery spills. Where
birthing through mouths, tail ribbed insertion of catheter mountains left menstruating on vessel upon
precipitated a monumental wreckage, laying waste to the landfill.. when the calamity had subsided, I
waltzer.....every unliving kind of  sub possible. Through the scope of the K19, with flinches, it
made from a dead vessel collage.

Strolled along the other subs, in search of food, blankets anything really. Must have traveled around in
leafy years for what seemed like forever. The loneliness collected in resin filled corners, smeared up and
down these ghastly waters. A permanence of night can do wonders for the imagination and I didn’t need
more of it. Cramp laked the jostling and brittle coating of my bones, sank sicker to a stick, a sprawl of
mirage bruises. Clotted myself, chewed on my own skin. drifting in and out, fits of repetition. Fell drowzy
frail and heavy.....heavy on the eyes.....heavy on the palms.....heavy on the concrete.....heavy towards the
light.....plastering vagueness brushing along swayng.....immediately I came to, finding myself engulfed
by the voices. Verus vacuum I had to make a brake for it. I began shoving across the mourners, crimping
at the alarms, looking for a safehouse. Frantic jibberspurting insinuositly, swallowing for a tongue, swept
for shelter, gutted boated and tired. Had to find the K19 to hide my hyde from the spare part fallout.
Sure its frame could withstand such a pounding.....and from the heavens sliced open an entrance, in the
 grátis. Rear my cranium in a gaulk at the charcoal lit sky. Taken for granted were the jets summoning from the skies,
I’d be damned to get propellered....back of my skull spawned sirens at full tilt. Imminent 30 seconds of
arching, swallowing terrain whole, marking my target. Hurd sprint the photofinish like a motherfuck.
grimacing downpour glistened of hades. Near its defecation peak, I managed to see the winking from
for shelter, gutted bloated and tired. Had to find the K19 to hide my hyde from the spare part fallout.
Sure its frame could withstand such a pounding.....and from the heavens sliced open an entrance, in the
 grátis. Rear my cranium in a gaulk at the charcoal lit sky. Taken for granted were the jets summoning from the skies,
I’d be damned to get propellered....back of my skull spawned sirens at full tilt. Imminent 30 seconds of
arching, swallowing terrain whole, marking my target. Hurd sprint the photofinish like a motherfuck.
grimacing downpour glistened of hades. Near its defecation peak, I managed to see the winking from
for shelter, gutted bloated and tired. Had to find the K19 to hide my hyde from the spare part fallout.
Sure its frame could withstand such a pounding.....and from the heavens sliced open an entrance, in the
 grátis. Rear my cranium in a gaulk at the charcoal lit sky. Taken for granted were the jets summoning from the skies,
MD, a quacking malpractice advocate whose very name was synonymous with butchery. His offices, located on the fault lines of the vocifer euphrates entangled itself in a splendid sedative impunity as it was masked a camouflage of stiple teleferance...MD, a quacking malpractice advocate whose very name was synonymous with butchery. His offices, located on the fault lines of the vocifer euphrates entangled itself in a splendid sedative impunity as it was masked a camouflage of stiple teleferance. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches, dress the tapeworm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat, infra-reco forgets. You now are those who find comfort in the breathing war, is it wrong? It houses the watchful eyes, they’re panting in a pattern in droves, are they gone? Happened on a respirator, in the basement is it gone? Are they gone? Stung the sting of a galious bird. Sanctioned a dead letter pure. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft. Cartwheel of scratches...dress the tape worm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat infra-reco forgets. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. You only knew the plans they had for us. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. You only knew the plans they had for us. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches dress the tapeworm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat. Infra-reco forgets. Gotta be a way, of getting out. Are you just growing old? Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches, dress the tapeworm as pets.

(ninos de la tierra quemando-hijas de sangre llamando) Sowietrria, a born desert dumped on the casket side of Nedra Querei. The heat that rose from biege ashes kneaded many a victim over in a temperature purging quick to dismantle from evaporation. Where was it that Cerpin had found himself now? The desert climate was an obvious given, but who was he? His mind had been erased of all thoughts. To himself a series of clicks and gutturial moans laced his speaking patterns. What was happening to him? He looked down at his arms... as there were many. He tried scratching his head in disbelieb, but his hands floated right through his body. The gill that incised his body fell in drops of blue transparent tinglest that fell upwards to the sky then disappeared. He felt an itching warmth on the roof of his mouth every time he tried to speak. He opted to ditch the clicking grunts in favor of the long moans that drew instant gratification. This form of communication resembled sounds of sea life; sonar catalyst breaching the law underfoot. Behind him were the remains of disemboweled corpses. Two antlike creatures with human facial features carved in its back, where...you finally feel the the breaking. You are fitted follicles from scalp to blush; salutation blessed by landing histamined strokes, allergic to your larynx as you pull it from your throat. Convincing a fluent spell, never, posted on the dunes, has been with struggles. I’m hung and over, hunted cained unable from door for housekeeping.

Back in Rezjua, sermoned down the mouth at the gathering sympathizers who rallied around Geno the beast. The amount of morphine that he ingested was enough to appropriate his state of consciousness further and further, to the verge of permanent psychosis. The tremulants claimed a forfeititure of property... that of the temple of his body... starting with his comprehension... were they conjuring him? Some prayed, some paced, some knew that the worst was yet to come. Messages kept scrawling out of his mouth... tempting a belief that everything was alright. Those closest to him held their breath. A jewel like no other was about to be stolen, and of all the treasures they had to pick from theirs... It was enough to make you laugh at the defiling martyrdom of a petty catholic guilt. He had yet to live his slogan, making his way through prune wrinkled omens... hibernating in gums, rationed and chattering. As was his logic to box your own response. What was it that Wolfram was foaming at the hands about? It housed the watchful eyes, they’re panting in a pattern in droves, are they gone? Happened on a respirator, in the basement is it gone? Are they gone? Stung the sting of a galious bird. Sanctioned a dead letter pure. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft. Cartwheel of scratches... dress the tape worm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat infra-reco forgets. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. You only knew the plans they had for us. Evaporated the fur, because it covers them. You only knew the plans they had for us. Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches dress the tapeworm as pets. Tentacles smirk please, flinch the cocooned meat. Infra-reco forgets. Gotta be a way, of getting out. Are you just growing old? Trackmarked amoeba lands craft, cartwheel of scratches, dress the tapeworm as pets.
public executions for those unwilling to commit to the diet of Sowvietna. Volunteers would be treated operandi, wanted a language that was marked of his inflection and muddy drawl. A code of his own doing vowels, soaring pronounced — submerged tone that mimicked the ocean whales, a beauty now long and to speak ectal, which naturally rolled off the antennas. A series of short germanic hand codes, equipped of muzzling her down, but everytime the phixia quarantine managed to get their antler pencors near her she, out of death, would duplicate instantly. Clavietikas were always up for the fight, and us phixias picked bones for a living. Our encounters usually in an abortive marriage of afterlife, that taunted a punishing blow.

Something told us that this Clavietika was the mother hechicera. The one that sheltered Ojeno Valaso.... fallen ceraphim and creator divine of the opposing side. His design was almost flawless. He made her with just the right touch. She was a double headed muti-random shaped appendage with lateral appendix impervious to hurt in the elastic form of an astral projected body. Translucent in her structure, deceitful and impregnable with the power of deforming, and the stare of defamation-court jestering suggestive suicide — a page torn from irradia exsperies. One word and you were dead. One drop that made a convincing arguless impression... and you would turn on yourself. Starting with the eyes of course. Sowvietna hold a counter institutionary liberator in her belly and the Clavietika knew she was Sweeping dirt in her eyes. It was a matter of seconds before we would catch her. Recherche had no schematics, only a starling reference point for the Clavietika to work from. It was an interesting game of cat and mouse.

Ojeno Valaso and Recherche Bellicose were at one time inseparable. The pettiness of gossip, the competitive streaks, not even the sharing of lovers could separate them. There was a bond sewn together by a phantasmagoric aesthetic; los tres ojos (to obtain enlightenment. Ignoring temptations from the left),as seen in the eyes of an avenging Grim Reaper, raggededpenned illuminously. A burst of nightfall joined the phixia and dead doll stares (the piercing gaze with which to paint your enemy dead). Funny how history forgets to absolve its captors of their sin. The groping handle infixed between a shanking knife held by the both of them formed the land. “From ruins to anthills,” was heard, and with it came the new beginning. Prophecy, through the sands of Sowvietna. But life for Ojeno Valaso...fallen ceraphim and creator divine of the opposing side. His design was almost flawless. He made her with just the right touch. She was a double headed muti-random shaped appendage with lateral appendix impervious to hurt in the elastic form of an astral projected body. Translucent in her structure, deceitful and impregnable with the power of deforming, and the stare of defamation-court jestering suggestive suicide — a page torn from irradia exsperies. One word and you were dead. One drop that made a convincing arguless impression... and you would turn on yourself. Starting with the eyes of course. Sowvietna hold a counter institutionary liberator in her belly and the Clavietika knew she was Sweeping dirt in her eyes. It was a matter of seconds before we would catch her. Recherche had no schematics, only a starling reference point for the Clavietika to work from. It was an interesting game of cat and mouse.

Something told us that this Clavietika was the mother hechicera. The one that sheltered Ojeno Valaso.... fallen ceraphim and creator divine of the opposing side. His design was almost flawless. He made her with just the right touch. She was a double headed muti-random shaped appendage with lateral appendix impervious to hurt in the elastic form of an astral projected body. Translucent in her structure, deceitful and impregnable with the power of deforming, and the stare of defamation-court jestering suggestive suicide — a page torn from irradia exsperies. One word and you were dead. One drop that made a convincing arguless impression... and you would turn on yourself. Starting with the eyes of course. Sowvietna hold a counter institutionary liberator in her belly and the Clavietika knew she was Sweeping dirt in her eyes. It was a matter of seconds before we would catch her. Recherche had no schematics, only a starling reference point for the Clavietika to work from. It was an interesting game of cat and mouse.

Morning drew alarm on tracking devices pricking up there ears. They seemed to be going through withdrawal systems, weakening criteria caring through mephaphonic ceremony. As she finished her ritual of morning magic passes, her joints broke the barrier of sound blurring her whereabouts, passing the ears of the phixias. Only a few could withstand the noise. Because it paralyzed them yawning before the day could began. Her ancestry embarked on confrontation while the Phixias could do nothing but withdraw systems, weakling criteria careering through mephoscalpic ceremony. As she finished her fountain. As she finished her fountain.
body, revealing the inside compartment of cockpit seating where they found none other than Ojeno installed, they activated it with out any hesitation. As they clicked the on button of their archaic the radioactivity that made up the dna of her design. Once the others saw that the implant had been immobilization muzzle in her very center. He fortunately did not make it as it was impossible to withstand harpooned by some Phixias who remained untouched by her, they tried to strattle her down to mute headphonetic protective gear that also shielded their eyes from the ghost effect that she perpetrated at listening. Before she knew it she was surrounded by a phalanx of Phixias, armed with armament. "Los Tres Ojos"...they beamed back at him."Ragman," they continued,"and dead leader, in a roar of approval."We will rid our land of the perverse instability, starting with him." "Re- bring the body of Ojeno Valaso the Clavietika Tresojos”, the Phixias rallied behind their gluttonous scenario relished by Recherche danced around the cranial sanctuity of Ojeno’s thoughts. The Phixias poled that would soon erect itself from the floor. Crowds gathered round to catch a final glimpse of their fell leader. Slowly the totem poles began their rise into the blistering scorches of there sun. The tip of the poles teetered his body sliding past his legs, rearing its point slowly climbing past his thighs until Ojeno felt the wound to his heart. He was murdered beyond re-generation, he was Cerpin Taxt again. A harmonic force lifted his body from the Sowvietna poles teased his body sliding past his legs, rearing its point slowly climbing past his thighs until Ojeno

fallen leader. The triumph of herself willed the killing of themselves, as she painted her grasp, in her dream like spell. The Phixias roared indefinitely for hours, pelting him with rocks that cut his head thumping it broken ways. A purple shade of black grew all over him, shivering from heat. The pole cut through him, sauldering pieces of digestion, making it’s way past his lungs. The beam of light obscured his perception, as a projection, he emerged again, but this time he was completely under his control. "Pastor Jones will now speak," rang the voice from the speaker of the...
mortals. To ward off the onslaught of he who is only known as Moatilliatta. Afraid of the chalk in which dirt under fingernail shields from oversized hands. They smelled of decayed animals, cloths dampened for a closer look. Beauty caught the beast; these instances are of the greatest monsters in the world. They padded, not just another diamond in the gruff. By this time the vultures, owl pierce in sight, swooped in

“Vas a pagar…de estos bosques susiou de sangre del aere muerto cicatriz… quando llegara a la ciudad”

“We must bring her to Adastra…. he will know what to do with her.” All at once they agreed. Gang

the giants. Aghast with nervousness, the giants trembled in gears. “She is the seed,” remarked another.

to drop her, fell ill with silence. Never had they feasted on such an alien sight. “What is it?” cried one of

As he removed her from the slump, she stretched out into a toffee shape, drooping lifeless expressions

scanned plateau, fanatically, news at eleven, we had deformed the gates of heaven. While cyanide rumours burdened the perceptions cope all to a stump, this hate poison set pleasant alive. You needn’t fear me anymore. Layers of bones and fur, an enemy for recognition. No lepers could find me here. I found solace chambers, locking a much-needed captivity. Unprovoked, yet unconstrained. I found everything always too good to be true. It stank…river-soaked mildew fumes, just enough to pass out from. Embalmed by floods through my ice-parked zip code, they found me again, just when I was pulling the plug. Televisions gave their last claw whistle, boiled to awaken my sloth from warm fuse. Once again I would be extracted into the E.S.P impure. In a needed iris, huffed my gasoline and lit it aflame, dropped back to Sowvietna… never ending that never-mind place.

Tusks fell hand-shaped, macerated on the Sovviets sand lazy shrord cloths. Thanatopias, sweat the croak, activated no more. Silent perdition flagged white cascade, hoisted and blown to particular smithereens. The insectivores had had their say… enter the vultures. The ground bickered up and down with the jostling of gigantic footsteps. From mercurial distances came something towards the Clavietika’s spent body Gargling squirms removed the clear air, as a girth of snorts splurged closer and closer. Horns sounded, made of leftover animal parts, playing the prayer of vicissitudes, tumbling earth under a stampede parade of scavengers on the make. They stomped on the littering of black rose petals closer. Horns sounded, made of leftover animal parts, playing the prayer of vicissitudes, tumbling earth

Once again I would be extracted into the E.S.P impure. In a needed iris, huffed my gasoline and lit it aflame, dropped back to Sowvietna… never ending that never-mind place.

as he licked his lips clean of infant scalp. “You see, what they don’t know won’t hurt them. So long as I have your advice by my side, we can split the wickers burning by the moon of light,” he went on, and Adasta seemed to agree. It was his place to agree, if he wanted to keep his place by the bully’s side. What he fed to him were wives tales of a centipeded kind. Many legs, they came a-crawling as double-speak serpentine. At

he might use to outline the city, in a wrath-nest in which it was kept. This was the home of the giants. El Querencia de Topiltzin... safe-haven to various Proteans who brought themselves as unknowing luck burning the chairs. In order to spirit me from an equine shop, I had to be sedated by a witch-doctor named Adastra. Every weekend brought the promise of a new litany. On this battered lecture came the names of children, read by El Magico Adatastra. He being the spirit-economist elect, brought superstition as a cloak and veneral epidemics as a power source of repression. On his cerebral vertebras banged the tarry stoo image that banned bodies for a master, servants inaud, and concave to the bending of his fingers. Who dared to call him out, topical in his plaque? Shanked the living shit out of the patrons made of saints. Into the ear he dosed the conscience of Koral Mataxia... under his thumb, a tightened mob selected all the clouds. “Be the law” Moatilliatta is merciful to all for the price of few... never a day will come... where he might let slip the frame of tongues. “Monitoring all sanctimony, Koral had held them captive for an eternity. If your child, you were meant to feel proud... because if you thought about it loosely, Koral would only cover their mouths. Pillowed to a smother, was his promise-check. The correct in the relatives for a blood-free reign. What most people in this hardened community didn’t know was that much blood would be needed to keep the creature at bay. Where was this animal? Had they ever really thought about it ever really existing? The particulars of this creature held high question marks in the back of their minds... but only in the backs of their minds, mind you. They were so caught up in the delirium of the lore, they forgot to check the vventilouquet hiding underneath the floors. Some might even say that the polar opposite to Topiltzin is found in the Eristarka House of Facial and Muscular Corrections. Good old Doctor Tarant had implanted the exoskeleton well. Now all that was left was the flint to strike match. Koral must have known the cleansing was coming… they say he gonna be here... lo was a ver…

Koral Mataxia issued many a warning to his people. When he said jump, they asked how high. Wapped around a finger of wands, he and the witch-doctor Adasta kept a tidy ship of fools in line. Curfew medications were issued at high noon, making the inhabitants drowsey and inaudible. If you didn’t take the medicine... it... would surely get you to. This kept them from ever seeing the hungry footsteps, creeping the neighboring grounds. “...said to come under the belly of sound and light to feed on the plague that spread amongst you. It has beenuplecases of the one who consumed this disease at the scene of the crime...” He added on, his voice clouded. “Never had they seen a more painfully beautiful sight. Even as she was unflinched, slouched over, out of order, left to rot, the giants found a place for her in the stillbirth of their hearts. They nudged at her corpse, dirt under fingernail shields from oversized hands. They smelled of decayed animals, cloths dampened by jourelle, the rain brought back by the sun. She was not a meal by any means, emoji to their puzzle. Imbroglio unfolded, worshiped by these clumsy oxen.

“Place her in your anecdote pouch…..remove it of the other carcasses,” molted one of the giants, lava spilling from his mouth. Slitted on his belly was storage, designed for food, but at this time it was to be transformed into a nursing home. He keeled over towards her, picking up by both of her hands. As he removed her from the slump, she stretched out into a toffee shape, drooping lifeless expressions on her melting face. She blew in pieces, no longer dripping upwards at the sky. The giants, careful not to

Tusks fell hand-shaped, macerated on the Sowvietnen sand. What was left of the Clavietika's legs...devouring napalm showers on everything made game, uncorking wine puddles in the core of the desert…had they any words? They were so amazed, they hadn’t noticed the Clavietika as she enamed their attention span. She blinked feline in flashlight streams, another bleep on the radar screen. To the colossus, she shined from a shoulder of jewelry, coveted by thieves, on a carpet coarse and brillo-padded, not just another diamond in the gruff. By this time the vultures, owl pierce in sight, swooped in for

As he removed her from the slump, she stretched out into a toffee shape, drooping lifeless expressions on her melting face. She blew in pieces, no longer dripping upwards at the sky. The giants, careful not to

Once again I would be extracted into the E.S.P impure. In a needed iris, huffed my gasoline and lit it aflame, dropped back to Sowvietna… never ending that never-mind place.
venison appendix of these infants without...for they have nowhere but your mouth to claw in." However he could get it all played well in Toplitzin. With its population calmly defaulting under control, Koral was unaware of the summons that had gathered as a pet to his salavace retrieval. The giants would bring back to him fertilizer to his unhatched egg...screaming and kicking out the floodlights, throat throttled back to the rain.

Zxiat and Ghieist were mended of the Gemini mirror. You could spot them in double-take mime, wondering. These children knew the hum louder and softer than any of the others while it piped-piped their sight-night. In the mourning of their allotment is where you could hear them smile. Two receptors picking up the messages in the outfields, zoning in on the atonements at hand. They knew when the daymay distressed others, but no one would ever believe a child. They scurried along the Pyramines of Toplitzin, not a care on their mind. Sometimes they would even play in Koral’s garden, with the dramagon statues. A prayer to them meant the gift of life, or so their parents had winked. They brushed them nightly with boogie man legends that drew the curtains on their afternoon sight. Would they ever see the black of night? This was their handcap, living in hexile. On this occasion, while rummaging through the grass blades of Koral’s garden, the twins were being watched by a third party. She stared at their presence with wonder: how could they not know what they were playing with? Compass point studious behavior to her eye, the slobber from her viewpoint couldn’t drool any faster. Neuralgia, who had seen it all before, was immersed in the children’s activities...how they talked to the dramagon statues with effortless interplay, how they stared into its’ eyes...even how they only ever spoke to the one on the left, it meant something to them. It meant something to her. It only lured her for curiosity’s sake. When the twins would stop playing, she would rush over immediately to the one statue on the left, and with falsetto paper cuts she would hum out the hymn. It became a source of meditation for her. While all Koral would spy on its trance mesh lace. Between her and the twins they had managed to contact the spirit of a distant relative who had been deceased for ice-age lengths. It channeled its thoughts through them in a divination nod. They seemed naturally to bring it about on themselves, and even more so this intrigued Koral Mataxia, peeping from a vanishing state. She was under the spell of this relative. It wanted to know where it was, and why was its name Neuralgia, was the kid much suffering? Neuralgia, it had to be. If it was suffering, then perhaps the children might discover their own fate. On the day she realized the nature of the beast, she became ripe for the picking. She knew no other real love than that of the one she had developed to this stranger: So for Koral to strike when he did...it only deafen matters worse for Toplitzin. (What have you brought to the table?)

Just three days prior to a reading of the new litany, Koral was sent word that his herd of giant malnourishments was to be bringing something of great value to the Citadel, something not found in the children might discover their own fate. On the following morning, Zxiat and Ghiest would encounter a more developed contact point of reference.

The litany had been read to soured snores of the Toplitzin City. It was only fair that he did it this way. Everyone had disappeared as the two heads became one. Its face began showing seizures from a ray in its mouth. Crisis personality autonomy...ticks a time from a peeling back of nails and skin. The spins swung the room to a melting rot, the Clavietika began hissing air, boiling like a pot of hot water. This only disturbed the children, their sponge-like impression, the memory of Koral collecting them while their parents slept. Their tiny bodies collected more flavor if it was coerced with adrenalin...always working as a kill switch. The speech seemed to live. He consoled them, parental as one unit. The statuette spoke to them ever so gently. It told them how good they had been...and how proud he was of them. The twins smiled peaking in the red. They would do anything for them. He asked that before they left, could they lift the hatch at the bottom of his feet? He asked with the promise of a reward in mind...as it would rain on them as gifts in the dead of night. "In a good day, the drizzle..." he needed to utter the tag, certificate dangling off the toe to its identity. "Moattilliatta...he is Moattilliatta...he promised me something’s gonna shower off the toe to its identity."

The litany had been read to soured snores of the Toplitzin City. It was only fair that he did it this way. Too many pigeons in the oven. This is just how it was. On this reading fell the droplets of Zxiat’s and Ghieist’s names. It was a day that the twins feared would go on forever. Clavietika knew nothing of this as he was under Koral’s spell. That day marked the contractions at three minutes apart. Cracking yolk un snapped the storm, Tremula Metacarpi was filtering its scorn. On a wooden horse tale, chipped by previous bloodlust, Adasta set the utensics for sharper unrawlings. These two will bring me closer to him. Zxiat and Ghieist felt distant from their physical costumes. That uniform wasn’t really gonna matter
anywhere. Where they were going would bring them closer to Moattilliatta too. They marched up to the
horizon made of wood, and placed their bodies in full sacrificial pose. There in their eyes was a lifeless
staircase, a blackened thread they wanted to inherit. From the billboard on his backside Koral reached in
to these doors, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s frenzy
smiled out a laughing fit, while the soaked parts of the children retired by his lap. The carnage dressed
in his perforated jaws. The blood of all the people fell from his guilty mouth. Adastra could see Bird, as he lived
into the blob, rolling pin in hand, Koral would slice the pacifier softness of the children’s faces. Blood
lept into his face as giggles. The smell of copper mussknock the shit out of everything. Koral’s fren
abandonment. Cerpin’s head became interchangeable... sometimes monk-shaven, other times a long black shoe-polish shine. The nostrils on his grill flared ape-ways. His lips had a cleft wound that had been tapered by a lacerating tailor. What room was there for such a creature? In his mind he thought it would be a good idea if he burned all of his ID bracelets and cards, so that when they blew away they would end up in the landfill on the other side of town. Surely Neuralgia would find them there in a projected state of astral wondering. No money in his pockets, no letter of reckoning. All the plans had accumulated in a warp round of loose-change thinking. He had wished to teach more to his friends about the meaning of it all... yet with all three of his eyes constantly blinking... who could ever tell if he could see at all... his body hadn’t really expected much less, but this one paved the way for a last meal. He began walking it like a tightrope. From the coma came a limp strut not too familiar to his body before the accident. His arms carved to a rat-poisoned shrivel, parked themselves neatly to his sides. In the distance came the grunting of a vehicle semi-seismic in its size. The driver slowly brought his truck to a halt. Cerpin just stared marble-eyed, holding on to nothing. The driver looked up at him, hoping he wouldn’t do it. Nothing could rewrite the previous pages, quietly standing there. Within seconds Cerpin would make up his mind. A light breeze simmered around the balance of his stance. Each closing second opened up a dilation to the blinking that only he could see. Everyone froze, collapsing, lungs full of sighs. An application had been turned in while others turned away. Like the hands of a clock seeping forward his body began to slide into a centrifugal force. He knew the routine... no panic had its way, just a calm throbbing on the door knob. He had made a skeleton key made of cobwebs and hair, and from up on the roof of his mouth did he pull it out, hairballied to the gag. Swiftly moving now, as his body gained momentum, he held the pick-lock with a vengeance, fists pointing at a sea of mayday handling. He promised to come fighting with a silence most deadening... no loose muscles, no more dents... a torpedo gaining on them... Tremula had not the faintest idea what was in store for them. Faster he sank towards the medium exit of the concrete. He bared no thoughts in mind. He had erased himself from the directory with amnesia as an asthmatic anesthetic, while the portal craved a gaping penetration coughing right before his remorse struck gold. Within one gulp Cerpin Taxt had hit the ground. The cracking of the marrow. The boils roaring up on the shores. One side of his face had collapsed inwards, while the rest of his body remained intact. His limbs slightly mumbled an escape act... and the puppet strings fell behind the ragman of Mundy, tangled and defaced. People turned away in disgust. The driver of the truck that had stopped to watch him came over to his side. He whispered in his ears, “Dios mio que esiates?” to no response. Cerpin’s right eye was left open, not a murmur, now without blinks. All that was left was a uniform, which he had no use for keeping. His essence unglued itself from the asphalt, leaving behind a syrup of red, for his body was the feast, served on beds of ancestral curses. Now, that feared chalk outline would close in circumference only around the temple of his ruins. On the underpass in downtown Rezjua, Cerpin left a tale, as if forever stained the ground he hit on that jealous cold leach afternoon. No one knew what hit them. The accusations flew from angles far and depraved. Who was to blame for the death of Cerpin Taxt? Had he really jumped to his death, while our backs were bathing just east of the river Enial.

On the day of his funeral, a march of convicted devotees brought the ashes of Cerpin’s body to a pauper’s grave. The ghetto Tramontaine that they scaled lead to the outhouse of dumpster waste. There were no street signs, just the mud of unpaved roads. In the distance surveyed the watchful eyes of some Televators;...