

Despair

I hope that my brother has found paradise. I used to wake up in the night hoping that I had found him or that he had somehow found his way back home, but my grandmother tells me that a man's heart is tougher to find than the hole in a house which lets in the ants. I sometimes fall asleep with sadness and rouse to a profounder one.

I still search for the night when our souls were captured and wrestled down into people. A slave to life, I am chained to the earth. And when I see the effort of others to keep alive, I cannot help but foolishly and fruitlessly wonder why. I can't feel my heart. Slowly does the time pass when I am nearly there, and quickly does youth retreat and quickly does the bright light advance. The light in the center of the universe, the one that spins like a crystal dancer. She has sharpened teeth to me.

Freedom

For me, the streets were a place between worlds. A tunnel from one chamber to another one that was parallel to the former in a single aspect, their kindred loneliness. In both realms of childhood did I feel utterly defective, a being missing the capacity to have friendship, which I believed was a spiritual gift, one from God. It was certainly not a gift that I could give another. God had to give us the gift, and the burden of maintenance and repair was that of the beholder. Although, I felt disturbed by the notion that I was not welcomed in this feast of friendship, I do feel today that it gave me freedom, because I was not attached to a gift, and I had no responsibility to sustain it. I held nothing, thus was not cursed to preserve the delicate grant. I was alone, and free. However, without friendship, my dreams were abundant and left me alight with passionate desire for the abundance of God's gifts yet raw and unfinished. So I behaved like one crossbred. All that I haven't created my mind. I was reserved for a lonely table in a hall of tearful silence. This, I call freedom, a domain of immaculate quiet.

Ronlotta

I would love to know why my body is a fissure. I would love to keep saying that I'm happy without needing to actually feel so. I would love- it would be my pleasure to- I would absolutely die for the opportunity to cling to something that it was previously thought could not support the weight and love of an average man. That would prove me worthy. This whole thing is an escapade in sign language, monkey language. Ask Phillip Nikolayev if he has the time. He does? Well what is it then! Come on now, let's have it! It's way too early to be such a little girl. You should be a lady now. Be a girl later, when there is less pressure. I have a friend, her name is Ronlotta. She favors my face and so I am each and every day finding a way to keep her out of my body. She tries to press herself into the moist cracks and there she proliferates, lays in the dew and births universes. This is the universe inside of her stomach. I watch it grow. The next time I see her will be the last shot I have at maybe crossing this one off my list. I almost crossed off my life. That would have been disastrous. Remember the time we looked into the couch and there we found a plastic dinosaur? Do you remember what we did with it? Do you

remember how that felt, doing it over and over again? That was exactly how life should feel if you are doing it right. If you're not, then pfft- tough shit asshole.