

David Kemp

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it's a job, he's paid to do it

that's fucking absurd. no-one would do that because someone else
wanted them to do it. it would have to come from within, from a
real want or need to do it

do you reckon?

it's too complex to be a put up job, it stinks of its own obsession
or madness or something

yeah, well he says he's paid to do it. commissioned. compelled

for what payment?

i don't know, he wears expensive shoes and has no day job

drug dealer

this is just as fucked up, but it's legal

i'm not sure about that

it's legal to lie, and that's all this is: lying

about who he is

and who i am, and you are and anyone else

exactly

and there's no financial gain and no punishment to avoid so where's
the crime?

who pays someone to lie about everything?

someone who knows everything already. look i don't know and i made
that up then but it sounds good

it's a game to you

it's a game to him and to everyone else as well but on a different
level, not carried through to the same degree of detail or
conviction

or art, it's a big production number that can only end up shooting up
its own arse

some people pay for that, don't they

voyeurs. this guy gets off seeing reality fucked over

you go to the movies too

i don't understand

you do exactly, you said it: there's a guy who'll pay another guy to
lie so that the first guy can see reality get fucked over

because?

i don't know but i guessed that it was because the first guy really
knows something true, really true and it's about him and so
important and so deep that he has to hide it, that he has to go
so far to fuck up everything for everyone so that that real thing
that he knows becomes a secret

no, things start as secrets then become discovered, not the other way
round

do you really believe that?

no. what's the truth that must become a secret then?

that even though he's got nice clothes and a house, close friends and

cool job, a nice haircut and heaps of talent, loving parents and emotional depth, beautiful artwork and sensitive hands, he's got a conscience, intelligence, a future, freedom, and love, real love through his life, apart from all this which is real, he knows another truth and that's that he's a freak, a monster. lots of people think or fear that about themselves, but with this guy, it's true and he knows it

so he pays someone to lie

and he can be invisible

why can't he lie himself, instead has to rely on someone else to do it?

i guess he's very honest personally, high principles, and what's wrong with relying on someone else for what you need? and anyway the other guy's the artist. he can lie like no-one else can. seamlessly, boundless. a spatial distortion

CHAT ROOM

nicole's a fat arse dyed red fuck me daddy no brain bitch slut mole
like her do you?

jake, is that you? pete here

she's a better fuck than penelope extra virgin olive oil tapas i bet,
fuck face, and she can sing

jake, you know me

sing, that movie was an embarrassment, i trashed my passport because
i was embarrassed to be considered an australian after it

get a life you two

yeah, bad film, but ewan mac's so hot, was worth the ear damage to
perv his arse for two hours

jake, it's pete from the carwash, remember. white overalls, ring in
left ear, blond/blue

nothing like specificity

tom was right to dump her, liability from day one, a poor man's
elizabeth montgomery

like what?

are you talking bewitched?

specificity - it's a nightclub isn't it?

think you're a stud because you can spell, professor?

totally

bewitched. cut her in half and count the rings, and she'll be
pushing 50

he's a professor? i thought he was a professional

anyone in here chasing tonight?

bet prof's stats are 90 years old with glasses like jam jar bottoms
and cobwebs on his cock

fuck you all

you're game mate, plenty of narcs around, like the prof here

book him dannno

i just want to say that people like you all are what give the
internet a bad name

anyone in here got bad name tonight?

l.o.l.

everyone has

glad someone's quick, or got some, eh?

l.o.l. l.o.l.

jake, call me

the inanity of it all

then you die

that's the definition of hell, guys

hi all, watcher here

the banality of the everyday that will never be or lead to anything

hi watcher

jesus

hi watch, you've fallen into a pit; thought i should warn you,
there's a tertiary ed bipolar and a 90 year old proctologist

and a stupid fuck who loves nicole kidman

proctologist?

looks up arses for money

oh, met heaps of those. no big deal

medically

haven't we all

can't you lot have a proper conversation?

i thought we were

prof! thought you'd died

someone's touchy

feely too?

i feel so misinterpreted, prof. you're a harsh e.n.t.j.

i don't know you pete

got you, cunt; you robbed me, jake

just when you were about to yawn and go to bed, the tv always gets
better

the night is young everybody

thief

prove it loser

go bitch!

hey, special prize to the guy who can guess my favourite baroque
sculptor

a clue would help us

what's the prize?

me. starts with b

and you are?

36, 76, 170, white/green, 10" cut and hard

hope that's age, weight, height, hair, eyes, cock, because if it's
not i'm in love

how about brancusi?

how about fucking yourself?

erudite and obscure, but still wrong. are you romanian?

bizet?

it's bernini, losers

the tension is palpable...

it's barbara cartland!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

getting closer

barbra streisand, and she can sing too

b is for boromini, cover me in honey and let the bees do their work

for fuck's sake, there's a lesbian in here

you're in, bonus points for the medici bit

that was too easy. yet again

BIPOLAR

you're here every night. haven't got a life?

i come in here to look for a sign or a word that reminds me that i'm
human

we're all human. that's what all this shit is all about

nah just shades, there's no face to it all. i want to see some face
behind it; like, who are you then?

who are you? you really do sound like a bipolar lit grad. too much
william blake

that wasn't you who did the bipolar line

wasn't it?

no

you sure? we're all shades remember

do you have two bios here? how do you do that

i've got talents - i'm everywhere like god

or dracula

exactly, so you tell me how i look, if i'm going to be your vampire.
obviously going to be your fantasy

dark?

very. eyes and hair

male or female?

hmmm didn't expect that... male

can i see see a woman's face?

bi and not just polar?

sometimes

that's a tortology i think

so i'm not the only tert grad out tonight

we never are alone in our fate, but back to the fantasy, i paid good
money to be objectified, even if you can't see me

so, is woman ok?

you like women as well as men?

i like anything with a heartbeat

would normally pass as massive self deprecation but under the
circumstances it's totally in sync and cool. and maybe i lied
before anyway, you can't tell from my handwriting, can you?

cool drac, lets go. what am i wearing?

black suit. expensive, zegna i think. you're walking slowly down a
narrow lane. there's rubbish bins and a few parked cars, windows
steamed up, people inside. i'm standing in a doorway

you've been watching me approach

our eyes meet. you stop and open your jacket so i can see your
crotch, you slowly rub your hand over the bulge and i can see it
grow harder and bigger. and i see something else

yes?

you have a gun

don't go there

sorry the drama got away from me. i've always wanted to write

pulp fiction obviously

liked the movie but the book was better. ok. you're coming closer and
i can smell your cologne, expensive; it gets me hard too

hard? you're forgetting something seminal to this

sorry wordsmith

look, this isn't working. thanks but maybe another time

yeah i know, sorry. i like you but i don't know how to do this, not
with you anyway

me?

you're different. a bit scary

so i'm told. it's an acquired taste

and an acquired syndrome i'm sure. i want to keep going. tell me what
to do

why?

don't know. you like me

ok, just describe me how you want to see me or me to see you

i don't understand

ever had a lover you thought was perfect?

for 53 minutes

describe what turned you on about him but say it to me like it was me

ok. he was brave, but fragile too. like he knew what he was fighting in the world but wouldn't give up although it hurt. he wouldn't hide although he wanted to. it gave him a hard but gentle feel, and he was gentle with me and honest and kind, he didn't fear me or whatever i might come up with

good. keep going and try to get a bit physical

he wasn't wise but was willing to be open and deal with whatever would come. he smelt nice, musky and his skin was a texture, a little rough and felt like it was speaking to me when i would stroke it when we were in bed together

great, but say it to me and it the present tense. ok?

you're brave, but fragile too. i think you know what you're fighting in the world, but i know you won't give up although it hurts you and i can see that and you're not afraid to show me that - your vulnerability. your trust is beautiful. you feel hard but gentle as well and you're always gentle with me and honest and kind. you're not afraid of me or whatever i might come up with. you'll never be wise or old, always innocent and open and fresh to deal with whatever surprising thing that life is going to bring. you smell nice, musky and your skin has a texture, a roughness that makes me feel like it speaks to me when i stroke it when we're in bed together

what does it say?

it's a song someone is singing in the desert at sundown, very low in tone, soft sombre slow, full of memories, you stroke me and pass on your memories to me in your touch, this touch, and it's in your eyes too. you see my memories and you don't judge them, you know them like your own, but swim with them in a pool. your laugh makes me light and i feel i can fly with you wherever. it all is

possible. when you kiss me i taste jewels on your lips, the red taste of ruby, green of emerald and it's like the sweet smell of your skin. you lift me with your hope and trust and when you hold me i feel safe. you amaze me, you're vast like a landscape that has no end. i can be lost in you but know where i am, the story will never end and i won't have to face the silence

nice, but it's not me. i am more the silent type you wouldn't like by the sounds of it

what the fuck is your trip?

but it was nice to hear it said to me. it was probably your subconscious doing a self portrait

yeah probably. you're too kind

c'est ne rien

you're going

late. got to work in the morning

you're hiding

indeed, and darkness is my ally

i don't know what to say

say goodbye

i don't like endings

that was obvious in the above spiel, but you're grown up, you'll cope and i'll be around here again

tomorrow i bet, you're chronic

exactly. glad to hear the smartarse return

hey man, i'm ok. i gave you what you asked for, then you run. you're
fucked up

yeah it's a living. gotta go, see you round. take care

whatever

you're sulking. bye

hey?

yes

thanks. i like you. are you ok?

yeah. i'm just a bit special

bipolar?

bye einstein

bye bye baby bye bye

it's your turn to cry. we'll meet again

ABOUT UNIX

tell me about that guy unix

we called him that because it was some joke about being a unicorn and some i.t. word. he works in i.t.

not poor then. unicorn but?

not poor. one night he was on acid and tripping out to the max. full on religious experience deal. fucking eyes like black whirlpools that'd suck you in and saying he could feel like he was being fucked by god through his brain, rubbing his forehead and going on about this cosmic force of love blasting pounding into his head. so in our tripped out shitface state we started joking about this mega cock growing out of his forehead where he was rubbing it like a unicorn's horn

acid's great

totally. alpha to omega in 20 bucks. the unicorn thing fitted. like he was from somewhere else, but in a good way like from some other country where people were very nice, not with that street or fucked over attitude

naive? like a country kid or a dumb wog boy?

hey i might be a wog, or even be mafia

or not. go on

guess you'd say innocent, not naive because he'd go the bars to the max and totally be it like the total regular, but always looking like it was the first time, still surprised pleasantly by all the crap

quite a feat. he comes and goes in a weird way. talks then pisses off

yep

really talks like he wants to know you then fucks off almost rude

afraid of being trapped, man

by who?

you or whoever. wouldn't you be if you were a unicorn?

i don't get it

like you're this beautiful object that's so great to have around the house, but the plebs reckon you might run away because you're actually wild and probably don't need anyone to feed you or groom you, because you're naturally class, not some knocked together chapel st creation that needs the seasonal makeover

you're talking about freedom

freedom innocence truth beauty. yeah. so because the plebs think you'll run, their reaction is to put you in a cage or break your legs. he had an ex like that. became obsessed and jealous and even locked him in the house for two days, then locked him out. sure you wouldn't do the same?

good looking?

beautiful. no, nothing special actually. they never are

they?

mythical beasts

you got the hots?

no. not my type, not even for a friend. too distant for that, but interesting to watch in a club doing the room

looking for?

yeah what? some freak like the jailer ex. do you wonder why he would take that psycho shit?

the scene's full of of fucked up people who want to be hurt so they have a good bar story, and a reason to justify their bitterness

the voice of experience talks? he's not like that, not bitter. a dumb wog with the memory of an ant, remember. why? - because he wanted it. we all get what we want, yeah? the myth of the unicorn says he driven to seek his death. he's a form of jesus in fantastic drag as the opponent of death (because he's magical and immortal) but driven to it because the pivotal point of his fulfilment is where he has to give up his magic and immortality and die to be reborn as an ordinary horse or just a guy. he must confront his enemy and be subject to it in order to be transformed and realised. his path to death is an erotic or sexual scene (that horn on the forehead is there for a reason) in which he will willingly give up his magic and power and freedom. it comes in the form of the sexually absurd image of a child or a virgin, the ultimate innocence that's like a perfect impenetrable wall that he'll smash himself against to break the existing self so the fragments can reform into a new one. think of the ultimate innocence of the scorpion that kills purely because it is its nature, there's no reason for the act, just pure arithmetic

and he works in i.t. are you saying they never had sex?

they probably never had good sex, but i wouldn't know. he doesn't talk about it and i'm not going to ask

you're shy with him?

i'm not shy

too shy to ask him about his sex life but you're keen enough to go on about it now. to me

you asked

how do you know him?

i don't know him, we just see a lot of each other

how did you meet

the usual way

what's that?

it's all a blur. we broke into the cemetery the night we met. both tripping. it seemed like the only possible thing to do at the time

as it does

it seemed so important to him, looking for something. that's where i got the death idea from. i remember the look in his eyes, the excitement, this is what we had to do, nothing else, it was the place the centre of the universe that night. he had to be naked. his body was white like a sliver of light amongst the graves and trees. it's fucking dark in there

the whole trip's dark, man. pure melodrama

yeah but melodrama can seem realer than reality tv sometimes. we were actually there, he was naked it was nighttime. he was searching for something and it is a cemetery, not a supermarket

so what was he looking for?

i don't know exactly, but he seemed to find it when he found a place where there were the graves of kids and babies. have you ever seen or felt a sadness that's that's so full and deep like when you find a space inside yourself that says more about who you are than anything else? but it's sad

no

well, that's what he found

what did you find?

other possibilities

he has that reckless feel about him. who says other possibilities are all that great?

you're too curious to give me that line. you're not writing him off as a freak then walking away. if you were we wouldn't be talking about him now

he must trust you

don't know. guess he's let me see stuff. like that cemetery trip and the rest

which is?

when it started to get light we had to leave or else be busted or worse, have to look at the people visiting graves on a warm sunday morning. that'd wreck the ambience of the night so we got out and headed down into the city

to find a bar or a party?

the idea was to go to myers and get chocolate truffles

it would figure he has expensive taste too, even when totally wacked

even... especially... it's all a matter of imagination. but the truffles didn't happen because he got distracted by a guy in a giant blue birdsuit. it was in one of those narrow lanes. i remember looking uphill and seeing this big blue shape moving and flapping its wings. it was at the entrance to a car park

early bird parking. i've seen them around. they give out flyers

i got the score but unix saw someone possessed of demons and had to go talk to him to help. by then he felt he had a light in his hands and needed to let it out. he had the touch. the guy was a bit spun out but coped

probably gets it all the time

after that i took him home. i wanted it to go on but i got scared that something bad would happen. like it started to get a destructive feel

the cemetery bit wasn't destructive?

no, just sad

there's a difference?

i reckon; but i don't believe in psychology

no, you believe in unicorns. so you took him home

not for sex. i just wanted to get him out of danger and watch him sleep

what did you see?

just a guy sleeping. it was nice

ANGEL

almost synchronicity angel. turning up at the same time

don't get too excited, there's always a banal reason for most things
that seem special

cruel; you once said you were a poet

must have been in love with someone badly to come out with that, but
i'm not going to deny it

we've all had bad years

or ten

are you up for anything tonight?

don't know, just feel like nothing

doing nothing or that you're nothing?

me. i'm not really here or there or anywhere in particular. i'm not
even bored, i can't be bothered with that even. i can manage
staring into space though

no, you're not really here; you're still thinking about what you
should have done with that guy

you can say his name

but i don't want to, it does get a bit boring having heard it daily
for the last fucking eternity

hey you don't have to talk to me if you don't want to

but it seems like it's destiny hey? synchronicity and all that

believe what you like, i just told you that it's not my trip to read
anything special into anything. we probably turn up at the same
places because there's nothing on tv and nowhere better to go

everything is the result of choices, and you could go to sleep if
it's all that bad

hey, i do sleep to get away from it. look, just say it

say what?

you still want me and you get fucked off when i talk about my past
because it's about some guy other than you

yes, but there could be more, like i want you to move on because i
don't want you to be stuck in this misery

for what, like you're not a saint. maybe you think you are

maybe you need one

like a bullet up my arse. you're patronising me again and it fucks me
off and i don't need a friend to keep reminding me how pathetic i
am

you can do that quite ok by yourself

see what i mean

i'm just holding up a mirror to me, i mean you. jesus you shit me,
it's like a fucking thing gets into my head and runs around like
ferret when i talk you

tell it to the shrink - good to see i'm not the only screwed up kid
here

you love your psychosis, it's so comforting for you, makes you feel
special

and i love you too

i wish you did

how hard was that to say?

just say no, say never, never, never, never, never, never

look, i can't be it for you. and i'm a fucking danger zone for
anybody. keep away or i'll kill you

are you threatening me?

i'm warning you, you dumbfuck, you're attracted to this fucking well
so you can throw yourself in and drown. you could so be a junky,
with your back to the womb death wish garbage

you ought to talk

like you're still here soaking up the ugliness, which anyone else who
was normal would run away from

someone's got to look after invalids

and someone (you) has to go the funeral of suicides and cry while
tossing roses into the hole. you're so melodramatic

how could you say that to me after all i've done for you

see what i mean?

angel, i do want you, so much that sometimes it hurts like a hunger
that'll eat me up from the inside. i don't know what to do with
you i just keep hoping that something will change and it will
happen

it?

you'll see me. you can't see me. you don't know who i am, i don't

exist if you don't see me

what if i don't want to

how can you not want to, it's the only thing that makes us real

we're not real

speak for yourself

DEBONER

are you ok?

i've had a bad experience with someone

that's funny. only one? sorry

no. someone i know. well maybe i don't. ok actually i don't have any
fucking idea about him at all. except he's a psycho

a real one?

no

sure?

yes. no. whatever. no more than normally fucked up

i'm glad someone has set a standard. government or church?

you seem nice, but i'm not in the mood to have a laugh about it.
see ya

hey!

hey

i was being serious. like priests touching up kids, that's been ok by
the church's standards for years, and how fucked up is that.
those cunts need therapy more than any of us and these are the
people that have the care of our souls

i'm not a catholic, so not my soul

but you know what i mean

i know what you mean

so is your friend really ok, like what do know about him, could he be a real psycho? there's plenty out there. and in here

i don't know. he's a down sort of guy, that's all

ever said anything weird or scary?

well, he kinda threatened me. no, warned me actually. it was like something pathetically out of dracula. and he called me melodramatic. cunt

you should be careful

i am

not what i mean. there is this guy out there who's stalking

i reckon there's more than one. like every night's full moon

no. a killer. seriously

killer?

serial

how come i haven't heard about this in the news?

it's unpleasant. what he does

yes?

he knows how to debone a human body without dismembering any of it

without cutting it up?

not even the fingers

that's impossible. and how does he get the bones out of the body?

through the arsehole. but not he skull. he gets that through the
mouth

well, of course. retarded of me not to work that out. why are you
telling me this?

because you need to know about him so you can protect yourself, so
you can recognise him

how will i recognise him; has he got really thin arms or something?

people always give away clues about themselves in little things they
say, like they want to be found out

not into theories about the criminal mind but i go with the line
about people having to talk about themselves for whatever reason,
like they don't exist unless they or someone gives them a name

even if it's a name like killer, or pervert, or freak

or The Deboner. why the fuck am i talking to you about this. who are
you anyway?

police

does that mean i can fantasise about you cuffing me?

be serious. this is an investigation, and i'm undercover

not anymore. how do you know i'm not him

it's obvious. you're naive

yeah, to be listening to this

so has this friend or anyone ever said anything about bones or shown
an interest in the interior of the body?

oh please...

it would be better if you took this seriously

but how does he do it and what is he - some sort of surgeon and
what's his point?

he was once a butcher and he's sick that's the point

so he does do some chopping?

none at all which is why he's probably so obsessed with this process.
it involves soaking the body in a solution of herbs for hours so
the bones become soft and flexible so they can be massaged out of
position and out through the various exits. it's an ancient
chinese artform for want of a better word

i've never heard of it

are you surprised, it's pretty disgusting from a gore and cruelty
point of view

cruelty? he debones them when they're alive?

yes, sedated but fully conscious

what did you mean i'm naive?

like you said, anyone else would have disconnected ages ago. despite
the sarcasm, you were basically trusting. trust is a beautiful
and profoundly uncriminal thing

you're not a cop

of course not

what happens after these guys get their bones removed, do they die
then?

they're usually found quite soon, so they can be hospitalised but
there's not much that can be done to replace a full skeleton.

they're not exactly mobile either. there's a ward at a the royal melbourne full of his victims suspended on frames like giant puppets. and they can't breathe by themselves so they need to be respirated artificially; think of an inflatable life boat being pumped up. but they die soon because their intestines can't cope with the lack of support

thanks for the image. i'll sleep well tonight. why have you been wasting my time with this shit?

there's lots of freaks out; you need to know you can never know who you're talking to

um... i knew that. so what makes you my guardian angel?

i've been watching over you

how reassuring. i've got to go now. bye

take care

GOOD DOG

who are you?

i'm the dogcatcher

whose dogcatcher?

well, anyone who needs me

i don't need a dogcatcher, so why are you following me?

i wasn't following you

like you weren't

what's the problem. relax. i'm not going to do anything to you

why are you looking at me like that?

like what?

you're not blinking and just staring at me. very intently; it's
unnerving

like i said, relax

saying that doesn't help at all

sorry

you're still doing it

what?

looking at me funny

relax

oh god, fuck off will you

can't i just stand here?

look the other way then

that's so unreasonable

ok, new idea. stay here. stare at me. i'm going

no stay. please

oh jesus. what is this?

ok. lets both relax take some deep breaths and start again

start what again?

our conversation. the weather's nice isn't it

you're strange

just answer my question

the weather's cold, it's raining, there are gale force winds wrecking
trees and houses and you're staring at me still

what have i done wrong?

you want to talk to me, look at me. i don't know you, don't want to,
and you won't stop

so?

i don't know what it's called but there'll be a law against it

it's alright, just relax. i'll come clean ok?

yes?

ok; you remind me of a dog

thanks

you're not saying anything

no

sure you don't want to?

very

why are you looking at me like that?

guess

you've never had a conversation like this before?

no

you don't know what to say?

no

this is a bit of a turn on?

no

beats me then. come on say something. go on, even if it's a few
words....or a growl

fuck off you sick cunt before i rip your throat out

steady on boy, that's way out of line. *steady*

JESUS MACHINE

talk to me man, i'm the jesus machine

you're a fucking idiot

no, just buy me a drink and i can make you make it with whoever you
want

i think that's cupid, not jesus

same difference. try me out

no i don't talk to pagans

i think you might, the bars are full of them and they ain't all dykes

who said i don't talk to dykes

anyway i'm not a pagan, i'll be here tomorrow

worse luck

hey be nice i don't deserve to be dissed yet and you haven't done the
test

look i didn't ask for this go away now or i'll get you thrown out.
this is harassment

hey hey hey it's ok we're just having fun here. i'll explain to you i
haven't done a good job of it so far so i can see why you're not
altogether convinced

fuck off

please let me show you, please

lunatic

please?

you seem harmless (famous last words)

i'm not harmless, i'm jesus and cupid

argghhhhhh go away

no

yes

no

god help me

no, he only listens to me, well not only me but i get in first as a
privilege

if i listen to your spiel will you leave afterwards?

promise

by the way, i don't think you're funny or charming

you're totally right

start

people come to me, i meet them in bars and places but they come to me
looking for love and repair. i love them, i can see the suffering
and pain in them and i love them as bits of humanity but also as
them for themselves. sometimes we do make love and they fall
asleep and their trust is wonderful and i feel so in love with
them and i know they are opening to me and we become close, so
close it's intimate and we talk and go out together and dance and
laugh and touch the source and it's like being in love for the
first time then it's time and at a given moment when we're out
together and they're ready they see someone else in the bar or

club and they leave with them to go and make love and i see that
we are at most friends and not lovers and it's the moment of
realisation

that's it?

that's it. i have the touch, the gift of love

that is one of the saddest stories i have ever heard

yeah, well buy me a drink then

ok, and i'm not going to be your next case by the way. i'm not
looking for love or repair, just in case you're planning your
next failure. do you tell other people that stuff about yourself

lots

how do they react?

pretty much like you

how am i reacting?

confused but soft

soft?

gentle i mean

you know that could be pity, jesus

don't pity me; i don't think i'm harmless

i don't think you are either. what's in it for you?

i ask god that but he doesn't answer

so much for privilege. i think you do it as a power thing. believing

that you want to be dropped, just so it doesn't hurt when it happens

i didn't say it didn't hurt but i accept that as minor to my greater desire

stigmata fuck off. hey, ever got one that wouldn't let go and you had to use the hatchet?

never

you're lying

ok, but exceptions prove the rule and i don't work with stalkers anymore. they're unreasonable

jesus discriminates; what about come here all suffering humanity? stalkers have pain too

everything is matter of priorities and choices, i am human after all. what about the drink you were going to buy me?

i'll get you a glass of water

the water's free, i want something you have to pay for

make it into wine, jesus, then i'll pay for it. do you prefer chardonnay or house red?

you're a miserable cunt

i'm showing you no pity. as requested

come on

ok what do you want?

a rusty nail

i'll get you four, alright? you're totally ridiculous

thanks, you know that tonight you're going to score because of this

you know, for the son of god you're pretty fucking vulgar

and i've got a big fat cut cock too

TWO HEADED DOG

i was looking for you but i couldn't find you

i was hiding from you. in the burning lagoon

you'd better dive down as deep as you can go and then go deeper

and she's there she's a murderer she's my mama

tell it to the judge

you're the one, man doing the talking doing the asking

get it away it's a clear blue day. talk to to me then scream it out
when

baby blue, i knew you could do it

fuck it like a belly of jelly meat

whiskers?

like your mum's

that's pal

whose pal, baby? i've cut loose

leaving a trail of hail marys all the way to the grave

nothing to save, no need to behave

sad as an arse-fucked knave, only pussies i crave

oh wounded, wounded, man

oh not even vaguely and i can do so much better than that if you want

oh i want i want

i bet you better you bet

come and get me

then you'd better jump in too. but the water's on fire. confusing
desire

seducer. i'm in now. i'm up to my armpits. you're swallowing me whole
mind body and soul

no mind and soul mama, just a body hot for fever. take me in

orphan at the door, want to be my whore, i'll take you away

i'm on the train

leaving deceiving believing

hey, it's not that bad

want to know the next place? it's ace, about face, come back

want me to stay, for what, not that hot, gone to pot, not my my lot
to hang the hat

oh got you now, it's a game

really? shame that you diss the flame, not a game. not now

play the runner play the field and me too, i'm here. get over your
fear

fear for me too

not so blue, more like red with a spine of white

come back

ok, all you had to say, have a nice day. not

baby you're a rich man, too hard for the head, better off i keep it
soft instead

too true, give me your best, just hunger

is this a test?

it's all that way now, nothing to hide from no more, gone through the
door

but what's there

nothing to save

we've done that bit so move on

ok ok it's a clear blue day

you've nothing to say, scared of the fray, fuck or don't stay

you're my baby you're the one, angel of fun, don't fight me

you're the battle, man

straight from the can just add water

instant slaughter, yeah i've seen the show, satan's daughter

i'm not that good

humble pie, eat it babe it's the last meal you'll get here

too dear, you sneer, no fear, bye bye

baby this is hot stuff, keep it rolling

off your tongue like dice? i don't like my chances so i'm outa here
cut the ice. i was joking
always the player
what do you want, a vampire slayer?
stake through the heart, good place to start
nice that you're back, get on it and we'll test out my teeth
you're on top? gotta stop, get a mop, clean up this place it's a mess
had a lot of action lately i confess. you're killing the mood
who needs mood, you were just food
food for thought
think you're clever, gonna sever that
like a gorgon's head, never be dead, you'll come back here when you
 need me
need you now, pathetic cow, but i'm still going
then just play. it's a clear blue day
not in here, kid. you're hot but i'm not
pity. lonely out there, big empty city
not so empty, full of prowlers
none like me. come on, dive in
another day, when it's not so clear or blue

BIRDSUIT

you've been here before

it was probably another bird. there are lots of us

what's your name?

lee

you are legion, for you are many

pardon?

how many of you are there in there?

just me

you're alone

often yes

you have pain

no, i'm fine. a bit hot maybe

so blue and so big. i want to touch your head in my hands

is your friend ok?

he's ok

i want to take the load away from you

hey mate, leave my head on, while i'm working anyway

come on, unix

he's alright. he's not really bothering me

ok

i know you, we know each other from a long time ago

maybe. what's your name?

unix. my friends call me that

ok unix. can i help you?

yes. but i'm here to help you

ok help away. but i've got to keep on working

the weight of it is crushing you, but i can make them leave. all
those things that are stopping you breathing

it's just the suit, mate

i know that. but it's hard to breathe isn't it

yes

what would you prefer?

well, to be honest, i'd really prefer to be at the beach instead of
having to wear this idiot birdsuit in 40 degree heat talking to a
tripping waco

the sea is close if you want it

you think you're jesus, don't you

no, but i know what he was like

like you?

a bit

you're friend's strange

i know. he's not my friend. we just met

oh. you're tripping too aren't you?

yes

are you ok?

fine. great. we've been walking for hours. through the cemetery

you should go home. you two could get hurt. people get scared when
they don't understand you

come to the sea

you know i can't, unix

you're trapped in there

it's a job. my choice. you'd better take him before he gets into
trouble

ok. thanks

unix?

yes

where did you know me from?

somewhere with wings, like a seagull's. shells, rockpools, a
sandcastle

i grew up on the coast

i saw that

my mother still lives there, but we don't get on

it's ok

thanks. jesus probably was a bit like you

he died

go home, unix

RETARD SPASMO FUCK

you're a retard spasm fuck

and i love your work too

what makes you think you're so good, asshole?

because i can see right through you like you were glass

so you think but you wouldn't know if you were up yourself

like you are now

cunt

fuck

spastic

mute

supermodel

arselick

discharge

rat's face

monkey cum

sweet shit smooch face

prozzie's clitarse

think you're funny

i am and it's wasted on you fanny fuck fist fucking fuckfaced fuck

please insult me, i don't deserve such compliments

i'd like to shove a rat up your arse and have it chew its way out
through your guts

and burn my stamp collection after you've licked out your own mother

i'd like to take a razor and slit your arse round through your crutch
and up to your throat, then slash your eyeballs twice over and
spit in your mouth

have you had a haircut? it looks nice

i'm going to fucking kill you but only after i've ripped off your
cock, shoved it in your mouth, pumped acid up your arse, cut off
your eyelids and raped your mother

just mum, what about the pets?

i hate you

you're giving up

why bother

because we don't have anything else to say to each other

so

we have to keep talking

why

or else we'll die. of loneliness

i think i do hate you. no. i don't hate you. if i could be bothered
i'd hate you. you're so pathetic it's sad, but i can't be

bothered anymore and you're not my friend anymore either and i
regret wasting so much time with you

you ungrateful fucking asshole

what should i be grateful for?

my company

and it's been a pleasure, really

thief

WALKING DEAD

why do you do it to yourself?

to be free to be the walking dead to have no direction or want other
than the hunger the need to be the need to run eat possess

who?

whoever

you're a freak

always in your heart i'm not the animator it is it is forever free of
tomorrow like a horse running free god it's a release i don't
know what's better love or being dead

i hate you like this, you're a cheat

yeah right on the nail baby

it's not a joke

isn't it i think it's funny i'm laughing now

you're like a laughing clown. like i said you're a freak show and
you're the star

shine on baby shine on

you treated me like i was a dog

don't try to stop me i'm running and you can't keep up

i hope you get what you're looking for

got it now not looking for anything it's so easy when you're a dead
man

i hate it when the shit in your veins does the talking

oh yeah like now like now like a politician cunt rolls off the tongue
like water thin as nothing slide away not a hint of depth depth
depth depth depth...

shut it

with the best of pleasure baby doll wow i'm falling now back into the
well come with me and lose yourself too. it's not a sin it's time
you grin. show me

you're pathetic

and it so doesn't matter no more no more no more no more

anymore no. why do you do it?

it's easy i'm getting even there it is on a plate for you, love

i do love you, or i did. i don't know. i did. i do. i don't know

fuck me

no. no, i feel sick

it may be your last chance the bus is leaving

and you're on it

i am it

you're quieter now

yes

you want something

silence now. out. my head feels tight. can i stay with you for a

while? i'm made of paper

you'll take me down

yes

why do you do it?

it's so easy

you can't stay

no i can't stay

no, you can't stay. do you have somewhere you can go?

everywhere i can go really it doesn't matter anywhere is fine just
fine

it's starting again. why do you do it to yourself?

you started it

yes i did. you're fading, it's getting hard to see you. tell me a
story

what story?

any one. look at me. don't go

there were two lizards a man and a woman they lived in a garden. it
was autumn and they were like a king and queen in this garden
sitting in the warmth amongst the flowers and grass. time passed
slowly and they walked together hunting smelling the air the
perfumed scents of the garden and they made love lizard love
their bodies twisted and wrapped around each other writhing and
hissing in a coil of scaly limbs and each day it became more
passionate more hungry more given away and until one day in the
depth of his desire he lost consciousness of what he was doing

and ate her not because he wanted to but because that's what lizards do they walk and hunt and eat. their head is mostly mouth. then as always after making love he fell asleep in the warm afternoon and when he woke up he was alone and he wondered where she was so he started walking looking for her because he knew she would be somewhere in the garden. and he kept walking through the flower beds over the lawn past the rhododendron trees looking knowing she would be there and he kept going over the bark and leaves and he got to the edge of the garden and kept going and the plants gave way to rocks and sand and autumn became winter but he kept walking walking. and it carried him on to a desert but he couldn't find her so he kept walking. but just walking on now no longer looking just walking onwards over the ground not wanting anymore just walking and day became night and he walked further over the sand until he no longer touched the earth. and he walked over the sky past the clouds and moon over the great star fields until his walking was no longer even walking and his body became air and finally he became part of the night sky because he was no longer a man with a body made of flesh and bones, just made of stars and darkness and space

it's your story. i can see you again

but you can put your hand right through me. and that's the way i like it

what did you mean getting even?

getting even getting even getting even that's what i mean don't come here you'll disappear. it's such a waste just the two of us say bye bye to the showgirls they think it's so so sad. but i'm laughing at them

talk sense

you talk then so far it's been me that's what you wanted. now what i want i want to be entertained. you owe me a show

i owe you nothing, you took more than i had

more than you thought you had. you should be thankful i extended you
outside that box you called home

you lived there too

so tell me about it i can't remember too well right now. too much
shit in the veins doc

there was a red door with a silver handle and a number 37 that was
silver too. the house was old red bricks and there was creeper
over the walls in summer but bare in winter. it looked like a
face from the front. door for nose, two windows for eyes, dark
roof for hair. there was a white painted rocking horse in the
front room, the lounge room, that was mine from when i was a kid,
but you played on it, it was big and strong enough to take your
adult weight. there were books in bookcases, many of them were
from your grandparents house and there were paintings on the
wall, old oil paintings that i had bought at auctions and
markets, traditional land and seascapes, farm scenes. they
weren't great art, just comfortable pictures in nice frames.
there was a fireplace that was always dirty and full of soot and
coals because we could never be bothered cleaning it because it
made too much dust that would get onto the rugs. two rugs; they
were dark red and blue black, an afghan and a baluch. they were
yours. there were double doors that looked on to the garden.
there was brick paving and a stone birdbath with vines and shady
trees all year. it was enclosed with a high wall so no-one could
look in, and see the garden furniture and the pond with goldfish
and lilies

there was a staircase

yes, there was a wooden staircase with polished treads and banisters
that led upstairs to our bedroom. there were skylights above the
bed that let in the morning sun and in winter we would sleep in
and stay up there reading. you were happy there

i was happy there

weren't you?

i found my grave at the top of the stairs the first time i went up them

what?

i saw the end, our end. it was my failure. it was at a spot just to
the left of the top tread. i walked over it every day

you never told me

what could i tell you, that i could see death in a spot on the floor
at the top of the stair and i had to face it every time i entered
or left like some tripped out fucking shrine. you wouldn't have
understood. you don't now

what did it look like?

it didn't look like anything. but it had a dark sense to it. very
dark, dark heavy quiet, things going into it nothing coming out

you're crazy. you always were

crazy like a crazy horse spooked in the night running running totally
unstable

lay it to rest

i have, love. r.i.p. that's what this was about

you're going

yep. but did you enjoy the show? i thought it was a blow

you should look after yourself

yes i should. should's a strange word

AIM

hi, what are you doing

looking at the sea

again, you're always there, what are you looking for

nothing special just the waves

yeah right, does it make you happy?

not specially, but it does make me quiet, well quieter

do you need that?

yes, sometimes quite a lot. today yes a lot. it stops the buzzing in
my head, takes me out of myself

what buzzing? couldn't that be nice

it could but it's not, it's not like bees buzzing, more like an
electrical hum. it hurts

oh

you seem bored to listen

no, well it's not that nice or interesting, just kinda uncomfortable

you got it, you asked

sorry

don't be. i'm used to it, it's no big deal, and i come to the sea to
deal with it in my way

is it ok to keep talking or do you want to be alone?

no, stay. it's good, i think i was lonely too. you seem sad

yes

why?

i don't know. i'm tired, i've lost something i think, well maybe not,
maybe i haven't really lost anything i'm just down and tired

sounds like me without the buzzing

you can keep that

thanks i probably will. why do we hope for things that we don't
really want?

i don't know that we do. what are you hoping for?

someone, but not really, hoping for a change, hoping for a break

take a holiday

from me, that's what i need a break from

then do it

well maybe it's that easy but it doesn't seem easy. i walk and turn
around and i'm there like a sack of rocks, same old fears and
fuck it's so boring, that's the worst bit. it's embarrassing

i think the buzzing is the sound of your thoughts. i can hear it now.
droning on. you are boring

i know. it makes me angry

you don't look angry at all

it's a quiet dull ongoing aimless anger that wants to suffocate its
victims rather than smash their ugly faces in

including yours

especially mine

maybe you should smash some faces. i've got a list you could start with

why do you have enemies; has anyone ever really done anything against you so bad that you got to react so hard? bet you're the arsehole that caused your own grief

sure i am, but i don't have to take it. just because i started it doesn't mean i can't fling it back. i'm not going to be the one who ends up with the shit on his face

nasty

yeah and i wouldn't be the first

who's on the list?

people. you wouldn't know them. fucking slags, backstabbing cunts, social workers, counsellors

parking inspectors, bosses and parents. i get the picture

don't try to be a shrink

or i'll get on the list. i got the picture

fine i don't need you anyway. i was keeping you company taking your mind of yourself

and doing a good job. yeah thanks. look i think i want to be alone. can you go now?

sure but remember if you want to let it out i can show you where to point it. i'll give you aim

what i need but not today

i'll be here when you change your mind

why did you say you were sad and tired, you're neither of those things. you're cold and mechanical

i'm not cold, i've just been sad for a very long time

and you said you lost something. like what?

no i haven't. i changed my mind on that anyway. we never lose anything, just keep getting more and more stuff till you have to start culling

to get back to?

our innocence

you're a bad person

not really. find me when you change your mind

ok, if it's that easy then tell me who to kill and tell me how to do it

start with yourself, and you'll know the way. i never mentioned killing. that's your input babydoll

i'm not your, not anyone's babydoll

not yet

SO BIG I CAN'T SEE IT

i was looking for you but i couldn't find you so i waited here until
you came

how long have you been waiting?

a couple of days

a couple of days. why so long?

i need you. i miss you. i want to talk to you

well?

angel

yes

you're so aloof

mmm yes tonight i am

why?

it's empty. i'm happy

yes, i can see that

you want something. talk to me

i can't say what it is i want from you, i mean i don't know what word
what shape or form it has. i want you so much but i don't know
what i want from you, it's so big i can't put my arms around it
or see it, it's so big and close its shape can't be seen, it's
unseeable. every name i give it is wrong, doesn't fit, but i must
name it so i can ask for it, and i've never asked for it so it
remains aloof. even if i say i love you it sounds hollow, it

defies even that. maybe it's just you that i want but i don't know what to do with you. it defies being given a form. so big it won't fit in the room, has the power so immense like a storm, clouds turning and building and massing in on themselves so big so strong, scary, bigger than me; when i first met you i could never recall your face and sometimes your name after you had gone, and when i thought of you, wanting to see your face in my mind, what i couldn't recall seemed to be reminding me of someone else i knew from somewhere else some other time, but i couldn't catch it. i don't know who it was, but now i think it was just you. like i saw the start of you, and knew there was so much more beyond the start and i saw it all, but couldn't grasp it or was afraid to. one day i'll name it but then, then i don't know what, or why. i'm so afraid, but isn't this what i should want? i don't know now and maybe i just don't want to commit to giving it a name and wanting it then asking for it and then getting it because that's what will happen, want equals get, doesn't it?

you're tired

i've had a very full day, it would be ok to just get drunk, wouldn't it?

then tomorrow?

i don't want to be in a relationship now and maybe never again. i love you and and want you and want to make love to you and have it grow to wherever, but i don't want and can't bare to be your partner or friend. couldn't i just be your lover and be here for the love and sex and not involved for the rest of the worldliness and connections?

the world never goes away for long. what about getting jealous?

i hate feeling jealous

rather than avoiding the pain, maybe you should stay around and just deal with it

but i always run from it. you should see me

i have. right now, what do you want?

i just want to shout out FUCK

you don't even want to make love?

i'm afraid

pity. it would have been nice. i would have said yes

really?

i don't know. maybe. you know, i'm afraid too

it doesn't show

ANOTHER TWO HEADED DOG

on one level you're so manipulative and scheming but on another
you've got no idea what the other is doing

bullshit

well of course that's what you'd say

why are you always so right?

i'm not but i wish you'd get a better picture of what you're doing
doing to who?

well, anyone that you don't like to start with. you'll seek and
destroy them but think you're off picking the daisies with
someone else

get out of my head; fuck it hurts, the pressure is fucking over the
top

just concede it might be true

how can i know and what are you wanting to prove anyway: that i'm a
looney? what are you going to get from it

you're wasting yourself; if you're going to be a vindictive cunt, you
might as well know what you're doing so you can do a good job of
it or at least enjoy it

leave me alone

no and why should i leave you?

i'm not a bad person but you want to make out that i am

no

get out of my head

i'm not in there, there are better places to be, believe me

what's your trip; why are you doing this?

i'm trying to help you

help me by fucking off; i don't want help, i don't need it. well
maybe i do need it but i'm not asking for it

god, you're so annoying so hard to talk to, so frustrating. jesus...

leave me

no

why not

i can't

you just won't; don't want to, you could if you wanted. what do you
want?

to make you still

still? like dead

no

then like what?

fuck it goes in circles; can't you just relax? no, not at all

i could if you went away

don't deflect

i'm not deflecting, i just want you to fuck off totally now

then what?

i'll have a nice day

fucking smartarse

so?

so you should be taking this seriously

why? it's the most ridiculous argument i've ever had

you're making it an argument, not me

bullshit, you just won't go away and let me be whatever it is i am.
and on that topic. if i'm so fucking subversively vindictive why
am i just having this shit fight with you like a pathetic two
year old instead of slashing you up when you're not looking?
reckon you're the vindictive one, not me

not me

don't fucking imitate me

don't fucking imitate me

i told you

i told you

you're really going to get it

you're really going to get it

ok, what do you want, what do i have to do to get this on the road
and out of my space?

just listen to me

i was listening

but not really

i don't know, i thought i was. ok i'm listening... well say something... come on... for fucks sake... say what it is you want to say... you're a fucking idiot, the whole thing's a game to you. forget it

i'd love to forget but i can't and neither can you

what do you want?

a proper conversation

go talk to a priest or get a dog

don't waste yourself

like i'm doing now?

exactly

you think you're so right but you've no idea

but i'm trying

certainly are trying

don't waste yourself

can you tell me what you mean instead of just saying that?

no i can't. you should know

what the fuck should i know. what you want to tell me? who do you think you are?

i know you

you have no idea what i'm on about; sure i've got a few bad habits

and problems but jesus, where do you get off doing the whole psychoanalysis trip? look at yourself

i have absolutely no picture of myself at all, but i can see you

fuck off, you're scary

no more than you

just fuck off and you don't intimidate me one bit. so if that's the scheme go fuck yourself triple strength

no, i don't scare you, but you scare me

then fuck off before i really do something to make you piss yourself

not that way. you scare by making me scared of what i might be

and what's that?

a victim of my own vanity

you always were a pompous shit; humble nice considerate helpful but purely as a front to what you were really on about which was a slash and burn job on anyone who crossed your path. always having to be better, morally above. well can i tell you that we're pretty fucking over looking up your arse when you float about above our heads; it's as ugly up your shit hole as anyone else's

and what do you see up there - face of god or your name in lights, or where you'll be in 2 years time?

it's not an oracle it's an orifice; just a filthy, dripping, dumb, gaping, mindless hole

that can look you in the eye, which is more than you can do to anyone else

what is it that you want?

money, a new car and a nice home

from me. now?

to be taken seriously

after all this?

why not

because... i don't know. i can't be bothered now it's late, can't we
just stop

i can't go away

well, can you at least shut up

you'll still know what i'm thinking and how much you dissatisfy me

but i'll have silence and i don't care what you feel

no, not much, but enough to never get a good nights sleep

fine. shut up and try me. i'm going to sleep now

you'll toss all night, and i'll be watching. it'll be funny. i'll
laugh out loud. good night and sweet dreams

you are totally insane

MERMAIDS (UNIX'S DREAM)

STRANGER - what is this waiting i see in you?

UNIX - i went away to be me but i got lost on the way

STRANGER - don't we always?

UNIX - yes i suppose i always do.

STRANGER - what is this for i wonder

UNIX - don't ask me i'm just a door keeper

STRANGER - so you must see a lot of people go by, go through here

UNIX - yes i do

STRANGER - how does it make you feel?

UNIX - confused

STRANGER - about what?

UNIX - why it's them and not me me moving around? i'm always here now

STRANGER - you have no legs

UNIX - i did once

STRANGER - and?

UNIX - i lost them

STRANGER - in an accident?

UNIX - no; just carelessness

STRANGER - is that a joke?

UNIX - no more than anything else

STRANGER - boy are you down

UNIX - no more than normal

STRANGER - says it all don't you think?

UNIX - yes i do

STRANGER - cheer up

UNIX - right

STRANGER - no, really

UNIX - tell me the way and i'll be first in line

STRANGER - ok, just grab your face, start with the cheeks and pull
the saggy flesh into a big jolly smile

UNIX - that may really work in reverse

STRANGER - so you'll go in a circle and wind up at happy

UNIX - i reckon i moved (when i could move a long time ago) it was
always in a straight line, right to here, no deviations

STRANGER - well, resolve is good

UNIX - i resolved to wind up in limbo

STRANGER - and you did. success is defined purely by the successor

UNIX - successee, i think you mean

STRANGER - i don't mean anything

UNIX - no

STRANGER - hey, it's passing the time

UNIX - it would pass anyway. that's the one thing i noticed with complete accuracy, how you don't have to do anything for the future to keep coming with its steady continuum

STRANGER - old father time

UNIX - uncle "yes of course i will"

STRANGER - is he the same as time?

UNIX - pretty much adds up to the same. cheery old soul aren't you.
real conversationalist

STRANGER - that's my job

UNIX - you have a job?

STRANGER - self appointed

UNIX - disappointed

STRANGER - that's you

UNIX - that's what i meant, i only talk about me, it's my area of expertise

STRANGER - expertise is only valued if someone wants it

UNIX - i plan to use my expertise to create a way to make the world go inside out with a flick of a switch (will cause a lot of nuisance) and no-one will want that, apart from me who's the only person with the knowledge and inclination to make it happen, so i will, and that's expertise

STRANGER - love your work

UNIX - love your trousers

STRANGER - what's wrong with them?

UNIX - they're too baggy

STRANGER - i didn't think that'd matter to you if your about to fuck
up the world as we know it

UNIX - it's all a matter of style

STRANGER - over content. this is pure decadence

UNIX - can decadence be pure? not usually, it's more of a mush of
combined substances and wasted potentials

STRANGER - where were you born?

UNIX - did you just notice an accent?

STRANGER - no, you don't have one

UNIX - everything spoken has an accent

STRANGER - you don't have an accent that i notice as different to
mine. i was curious about where you were born, what you grew up
seeing

UNIX - you should ask my mum. she'd remember better than me

STRANGER - how would she know what you saw?

UNIX - deduction, ask her

STRANGER - where is she then?

UNIX - here

STRANGER - oh

MUM - hello

STRANGER - hello, are you really his mother?

MUM - i believe so

STRANGER - not verified?

MUM - not by science, just memory

STRANGER - good enough for me

MUM - you're being very polite, you don't have to be, you smile too much

STRANGER - it's nice to be polite to one's elders, eh?

MUM - we'll see. you want to know about my baby

STRANGER - when he was one, yes, just to get a picture of what formed him

MUM - god formed him in my womb

STRANGER - yes and after that a degree of social conditioning and trauma had an effect, not that there's anything wrong with that, quite normal

MUM - hmm

STRANGER - why are old people so grumpy?

MUM - because young ones like you patronise us

STRANGER - can you tell me where he grew up?

MUM - by the sea

UNIX - that's where i was born. tell him the story

MUM - he was born with the dolphins. i was a mermaid

STRANGER - you don't have a fish tail

MUM - no, i never did. mermaids don't always

STRANGER - is he a merman?

MUM - no

STRANGER - why not?

MUM - no reason. i knew we would leave the sea eventually so why give him what would become useless?

UNIX - but everything is useless to me now

STRANGER - could you have made him one?

UNIX - she could have

MUM - i could have, but you see how dry it is here, he wouldn't have survived

UNIX - you survived

MUM - i had to change my ways

STRANGER - i bet you did

MUM - but he was born with the dolphins

UNIX - i can talk dolphin, well i could when i was a kid, but i haven't for years

MUM - do you see any dolphins around here?

UNIX - there are none for me to talk to

STRANGER - no. what was it like being a mermaid?

MUM - very quiet

STRANGER - under the water?

MUM - yes, we didn't talk much, there was no need. all the sounds were different too. and the light, muffled. everything was muffled

STRANGER - he's very miserable, your son

MUM - oh yes, he is very

STRANGER - you seem amused

MUM - no point both of us being down in the pit

STRANGER - that's very logical

MUM - you like my knitting?

STRANGER - it's amazing

MUM - it's taken me years

STRANGER - then it's really amazing

MUM - no it's the same as it was when you thought it was young

STRANGER - young's a strange word to use for knitting. it's not a person. you should say new or not old or something. that knitting's not alive

MUM - not alive? oh...no

UNIX - did he kill it, mum?

MUM - no, it was me. i couldn't afford to feed it

UNIX - so sad

MUM - it's only knitting

STRANGER - but it took you years

MUM - years

SCHOOLTEACHER - she's a ratbag. don't listen to her

UNIX - he always comes

MUM - he wants to rescue you from me, still now after you've left
school

SCHOOLTEACHER- has she been talking about the mermaid stuff? it's all
a bluff

STRANGER - well, yes

SCHOOLTEACHER- she's filled his head with all these lies; dolphin
talk and olive skies

MUM - i didn't get to the olive skies

SCHOOLTEACHER- she thinks it's a joke, like puff of pink smoke

MUM - he's a joke, retired school teacher cum social worker, who
reckons he can take my boy away

SCHOOLTEACHER- not fit to provide, not a meal baked or fried

STRANGER - is he talking in rhymes?

MUM - sounds like it

UNIX - maybe you're listening in rhymes but he's talking normal?

SCHOOLTEACHER- do you hear how they trick? not funny at all and

really quite sick

STRANGER - i don't like you. you're obsessive

SCHOOLTEACHER- oh. i'm not

UNIX - but you've lost the plot

MUM - that's my boy!

SUBJUNCTIVE

it's subjunctive

but that's not enough. what do you mean maybe?

that's the best i can do. for now anyway

that's pathetic and dishonest

i'm being completely honest with you, i just can't promise anything

no, not today but yesterday it was we'll be together for the rest of
our lives. not even vaguely ambiguous

well it depends on how you interpret it

yeah right, and how would you do that if i said it to you?

kinda sexy come on

anything else in there maybe?

maybe not

but maybe so

what does it matter anyway?

24 hours wasted

what were you planning overnight? i hardly know you

so you shouldn't promise big things

i didn't

you did

ok. see you later when you cool down

see even that's a promise of a future, you could just say bye and
walk off that would be better

done

come back

yes?

i didn't mean that; i just wanted to see if you were serious

and i was. bye

come back

yes?

um.... could we get back to the sexy come on bit, and just forget
about the last two minutes?

something tells me that you could easily be led on if we did. risky
business

but the sex was great

it was

and i thought you liked me

i did

did?

yes

do?

maybe

maybe?

it's subjunctive

i feel you're closing up to me now

really, i would hate for you to get that impression, it might have
repercussions

repercussions?

mmmm

you're looking at me funny

could be

don't

don't what?

look at me like that

sorry

you're playing with me now

not really. it's more that i'm afraid to turn my back on you

am i that scary?

maybe, but i'm not going to take the risk

have i made you uncomfortable?

maybe. ok. yes

i'm sorry. you remind me of my father. he never came through much

what do you mean?

broken promises

oh. but that's normal you realise

i don't reckon. i never break mine

do you make any?

plenty, and i even give my word

and i can imagine that

what do you mean?

it would be fucking scary

why?

you're very intense, you're like a stalker. you'd be more attractive
if you were unreliable

that's not funny

it wasn't meant to be; like you'll love me till i die and that feels
like it could be tomorrow. of asphixiation

by drowning in your own vomit?

thank you. finally a slight slur of humanity to mar you conversation.
i could get interested again. maybe

you're unkind

you're a robot

i just have high ideals

yes, well don't fall off them because you'll land on my head and probably break my neck. you'd survive though

what makes you say that?

shit. you don't like that idea. you'd prefer not to survive

you really are like my father. playing head games like this. always being right, knowing what makes other people tick

i'm not always right

yes you are

no i'm not

you are

alright, maybe i am. anything to make you happy

DON'T KNOW

come on, come to me. do i have to wait? i want you so come now, now

really?

unix, you hide from me

no you hide from me man. i'm ready but you're not i'll do the talk but
you've got to listen and listen up good coz here it comes. go then go
then man, go

it's hard, this way

no

but it is so hard and i'm losing my guts

so just do it. does anyone care? no

just go

ok where?

just go

come to me baby

i'm here

yeah i can see that but what now?

you tell me

you're being so passive

just look at the blank space

stop correcting

i got afraid

i know but who cares about that

i wasn't looking

at me?

at anyone but there you go talking the talk. walking wake

wake?

awake

like a dead man's friend

friends come and go but you're here forever

great to know but bit of a hard haul

tough

and it is so tough too

blah blah

hmmm

i like you

i can see that but it's not paying the rent

or paying for anything at all

yeah too true

hmmm

same point again

talk to me, unix

about?

what you see when you sleep, when you close your eyes, what's there?

nothing. shapes. grey and flashes of colour. sounds. i see sounds like the
washing of the sea shore

i knew that

it's lonely in there but i know it. people send me their thoughts and i
make them into sand castles and boxes and toy houses and then they
take them away like they're real, but they're not. really. just
daydreams

it hurts, unix

you want me to help you

can you?

i don't know that at all. i'm not wise. you think i am but i'm not. i'm
not meant to be

ok, just talk then. tell me what you saw

a wall with a horse nailed to it, brutal, twisted. in a club. people
dancing in front of it, disco lights

your dream

i don't know if it was a dream, i just saw it i can't describe it, it was
all wrong, the shape of the body pushed into angles that they should
never have been in, the limbs spread and bent outwards. and still.
this thing that should have had so much energy in it and should have
been quivering, it was just there dead still. frozen in space. was a

riddle in that moment. there should have been loud music but it was silent. i crouched down on the floor and looked through their legs. it was like a forest and there were shafts of light coming through the trees pink light morning light, spacious, i hoped someone would come and meet me there. yoda. he asked me that question what was i willing to lose to get what i wanted. i said i'd give anything, i wasn't afraid. "you will be" he said. like in the movie. i couldn't hear him speak, it was silent, his words appeared like a subtitle. the horse was still there, no-one else could see it or if they did, didn't show they noticed. its mouth was open like its eyes. still. frozen. i wasn't afraid. i wanted to reach up to touch its forehead but it was too high, getting further as i reached, pristine

what now?

don't know. you tell me

make of it what you want

anything's fine just fine

you want it to stop

it's just a trip

but it's yours

no it's yours

FEELS LIKE LOVE

there's a conversation i need to have with you

ok fire away

this is it. i want you to read this; the second part. i start

did you write this? this is pointless because you know where it goes

yes i wrote it. but no, there's just some things i need to hear, not
coming from me. can you do it?

i don't know what it says

can you try? you can stop at any time if you want. trust me

can't you just speak to me now? just say what you want to say

it wouldn't work, it never does. i'm stuck

i can help you

that's what i'm asking

why can't it be my words i say?

it will be. only say your words. if there's anything you don't want
to say, then don't say it. there have always been words you
haven't said, and i haven't said, and i need to hear them

why?

to know if they're true

you're lost

not really. please trust me

this is absurd

i know. will you do it?

ok

[READING FROM THE SCRIPT] *why do you lie to me?*

it's easier

*i know that, but it makes me feel so alone like you were never here.
i know you won't be in a few moments and that's the future but
sometimes i wonder if anything of it was real*

i don't know

*no-one ever knows. i've noticed that. i want someone to know. am i
the only person in this space fighting and pushing for something?
i'm like a stupid punch drunk shadow boxing fuck*

i can't be a part of it

you could

but you don't ask me

i don't. no. it's true

*and thanks for that because i don't want a life like this. it's too
hard*

it's not that hard

you're just saying that. you want it to be different too

yes. just tell me the truth always

i don't always know what it is

*just tell me what you think it is at the moment. it doesn't matter if
you change your mind later. but maybe once it will fit with me.
with mine*

it can't be that way. that's what i, we, chose

i don't think i chose not to be with you

is this just about us not being together?

i think so. isn't it that simple? i want you so much

you've never said that to me

*i let you know. in so many ways. all the time i do. i hate myself for
being so consistently pathetic about it*

but you've never said it. straight

no. i'm saying it now

i'm sorry

for what?

it doesn't change anything

no

it's not what is between us

and what is, is what is not. that's my lot

can't you see it's like a blessing? there's something else we have

but you lie to me

out of...

don't say love

i wasn't going to

you do it to avoid the discomfort

yes, i don't want to acknowledge that

what?

*we enjoy each other a lot, but when we scrape away the layers to see
what's really there between us, there's just this sea of
discomfort that seems to go all the way down*

i know

like there's no end to it

yes, like that's all there is

exactly

yes

i can't stay in that space

i want to try

please give up

*i imagine that if i go into that room where everything is shifting
and has no reason even to be there and gives no pleasure and
makes me want to leave, but if i stay and wait and expect
nothing, really don't expect what it should be and what we should
feel, then something might happen*

*it could be bad, or maybe that mess would end, we'd have a merciful
release, then nothing. nice to have met you, see you round the
traps... could you face having nothing?*

even with that, then i might understand why. i don't understand.
this. you. in front of me. over the road. in the next room. miles
away in another suburb or country. with me. with someone else.
it's all in the wrong place as is. we're out of sync

so all i can do is lie

and i've come to accept that. and the more times that goes by, the
harder it is to say anything about how empty that is. it always
feels very like the last time

even though this was the first time that you've been honest like
this. you look sad

that's funny. are you surprised?

i wish this wasn't happening

well, either it is or it isn't, we can't be in between, and that's
why we're here now

sounds like goodbye

i can't say that

i could, i can, do you want me to say it?

i thought so, i was afraid of that

i'm sorry

please don't lie about that

ok

you want me to lead you out of this

that would be easiest, you know what you want to avoid

*that's so not right. i have no idea what i should be walking away
from and running towards. i hoped you would have made it clearer
for me*

*i'm not that person, not for you, anyone or even myself. i need
comfort*

and you got me

i have enjoyed you so much

but?

that's all i want, you want more

*you want more, but not from me, and i guess that's ok, but it's hard
to bear*

so i lie

i will never be able to accept the way things are

*you mean the way things are when you don't like them. you accept the
things you like about the world; then you're in bliss, like a
born again*

*i love you so much; you see through me and it makes me laugh; you
can't hurt me when you cut, it feels like love*

*it feels like love. maybe that's your mantra. i know you love me.
you've told me, and i believe you, and i can see it, but i'd
rather not see it...*

because of the discomfort...

because of the discomfort and because i can't say it back to you

why can't you say it back to me?

i don't love you

are you sure?

*no. i don't know but i don't have a sure yes, so i can't say it.
look, people know when they're in love and i know that i'm not
with you*

*then what is it that makes you so warm to me, and so happy to be with
me?*

it's a nice feeling to be loved, despite the discomfort and the guilt

you shouldn't feel guilty

to accept something which i know i can't give back?

i have no choice in what i feel for you so accept it

i don't think you mean that, any of it, you're angry

*but with no object, and i'm beginning to want your pity, like i'd
settle for that now, and i hate myself for falling that far, and
that's why i'm angry now*

so i should go

*you should stay and make love with me, that's what you should do, and
i know that and maybe you know that too, but should's a strange
word and it has no connection with what is and will be*

you might be right, but i'm not going to; the risk is too much

the risk that?

you will feel more and i will feel less

or?

*no more. sometimes the answer is no and now it's no. a clear no. no
lies. just no. accept that.* [FINISH READING] did you get what you
want?

no. but you didn't stop

it reads far too well

smartarse

and it's accurate

then i did get what i wanted

emptiness?

of a sort. it's good. a bit sad

it's your merciful release

i do love you

i know

and that is all we can say

SPATIAL DISTORTION

it's a job, he's paid to do it

that's fucking absurd. no-one would do that because someone else
wanted them to do it. it would have to come from within, from a
real want or need to do it

do you reckon?

it's too complex to be a put up job, it stinks of its own obsession
or madness or something

yeah, well he says he's paid to do it. commissioned. compelled

for what payment?

i don't know, he wears expensive shoes and has no day job

drug dealer

this is just as fucked up, but it's legal

i'm not sure about that

it's legal to lie, and that's all this is: lying

about who he is

and who i am, and you are and anyone else

exactly

and there's no financial gain and no punishment to avoid so where's
the crime?

who pays someone to lie about everything?

someone who knows everything already. look i don't know and i made that up then but it sounds good

it's a game to you

it's a game to him and him, and to everyone else as well but on a different level, not carried through to the same degree of detail or conviction

or art, it's a big production number that can only end up shooting up its own arse

some people pay for that, don't they

voyeurs. this guy gets off seeing reality fucked over

you go to the movies too

i don't understand

you do exactly, you said it: there's a guy who'll pay another guy to lie so that the first guy can see reality get fucked over

because?

i don't know but i guessed that it was because the first guy really knows something true, really true and it's about him and so important and so deep that he has to hide it, that he has to go so far to fuck up everything for everyone so that that real thing that he knows becomes a secret

no, things start as secrets then become discovered, not the other way round

do you really believe that?

no. what's the truth that must become a secret then?

that even though he's got nice clothes and a house, close friends and

cool job, a nice haircut and heaps of talent, loving parents and emotional depth, beautiful artwork and sensitive hands, he's got a conscience, intelligence, a future, freedom, and love, real love through his life, apart from all this which is real, he knows another truth and that's that he's a freak, a monster. lots of people think or fear that about themselves, but with this guy, it's true and he knows it

so he pays someone to lie

and he can be invisible

why can't he lie himself, instead has to rely on someone else to do it?

i guess he's very honest personally, high principles, and what's wrong with relying on someone else for what you need? and anyway the other guy's the artist. he can lie like no-one else can. seamlessly, boundless. a spatial distortion

you're off your head

mmmm

i lie and you do too, but it's not for its own sake

no. but i'd like to

you're really impressed with this stuff

it's a good story

you see yourself in it

i'm part of that distortion now, i'm moving with it we all are now

yeah, it's so fucked up; i know 50 people, i talk to them all the time, i can tell you what they do, what music they like, who they're screwing, but i can't tell you who they are. i have no

idea who they are. what i know about them doesn't come from them, it comes from somewhere else that's like in a different country to where they are and none of it's connected so no part can know what it is in relation to any other part so it's disjointed. jack puts on the clothes from pete's wardrobe, picks up the phone to talk to mary, connects to rod, who left his place yesterday and isn't there because he's in another country looking at the place where there used to be a house where jack lives. it's all out of sync, all disappointed, dismembered, disjunctured

he's become subject to it as well. people give him his lies back to him, he sends them out then meets them head on now coming down the road when he thinks he's going home. then he finds he's in the wrong street, goes through the door, walks into the bathroom looks in the mirror, sees his reflection but it's in the wrong house. his face on someone else's wall. he'd like to change it, but he can't, to do that would be admitting something like that he was a boring ordinary bloke who wants simple things, asks for them and then gets them. the monster doesn't have to pay him much at all, he'll keep it all going for his own vanity. he probably bought the shoes himself, coz i reckon the monster just pays him compliments: you're a genius you're beautiful you're so open so perceptive

it's not funny

oh, but it is. so funny like he vomits up blood and he feels like he's eaten his own unborn child. each day is like a different myth of his own choosing

how can he break it?

he did start to dismantle it all at one time. the monster was pissed off, but couldn't do anything to stop it because he's not able to get involved in these sorts of conversations (because of his principles) so he just had to watch and fume. but he didn't have anything to worry about because even though the artist started to talk and tell people about what was fabricated and how and when, he realised that his lies were coming back to him evolved into

new lies that he couldn't deny or dismantle because they were different to what he had created in the first place, getting new distortions each time they were passed on from person to person, so he couldn't establish a credibility to dispel them with because he'd destroyed that. why should anyone believe him when everyone else is clearly talking bullshit. he even talks to people to put them straight then realises that he's talking to a sea of characteristics that he fabricated; just characters and names that he made up

unix?

no, unix is real. but there were nights when though it seemed like there were scores of people in the room, there was only him, as the animator of all those shades

in any war, truth is the first casualty. this feels like a war because it has that characteristic

in his world if it feels like, it is: it feels like the first time, better the devil you know, a bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, love will keep us together, in war, truth is the first casualty, it's true if it sounds like it should be

should's a strange word

it's a lost in space kind of word. so it's like a jungle this place where he is, made of streets and doors which you walk through now and then but mostly just pass by. we're like that to each other, it's a whole sliding world. welcome to hell

don't make it melodramatic

give me a good reason

you know i can't, there's no reasons anywhere in any of this scene that you're painting

nice to be described as a painter - i've always wanted to be an artist

we're all artists here by your definition, forced into it to keep up
with the continually shifting universe

shadow dancers, so true, keep flipping and twisting so you don't fall
over

come back here, you keep drifting off into it. come back to the
story. so he's locked in

when he reaches to touch the wall it moves and if he stops in front
of a window to look through in or out of it, it slips away. you
can't put your finger on anything in there

in here

ok. in here

you like it

it's become familiar and kind of comforting like dancing at a party
that keeps going forever. it's a way of running

ever hopeful you'll pick up the one. this time

and why not?

have you ever looked in a mirror and seen the back of your head. seen
yourself looking away forward, not back at you?

yes

well it's like that. that's why not

now you've got it in a nutshell

jesus. is there a flick that can get us out of this?

he has give up what he knows, he has to lose something, the thing
that he has that is most him, most like him, most like what he

wants to be, most what he likes in himself, most what reflects
back to him what he is. in his myth it is his son

he has no son, no child

can you imagine him talking to a son, to his child? maybe he does
that and that is what he could lose

you mean he'd have to give up some dream, that's the only thing
that's real to him now

he has to give up the person who can see him, the only person who can
really see him

who's that?

you

you were leading here

of course

arsehole

to walk through that door he's gonna have to have guts because that's
when things could get real

like what?

like he might really kill or hurt someone, or what happens isn't what
he wants at all, or what happens is what he really wants, but
it's not nice. it's called the point of real opportunity

how does he get to this point?

it's here now

but it slips away

he makes it slip away
so he's trapped still by choice
of course
soft vanity
its ease of motion
gentle fall
funny and known
all too easy, even the pain
it's all known, defined, spoken for
explained away in time for the next course
three sittings a night
a la carte
i'd prefer to be hungry
then don't eat
but i'd die
not likely, but you might
and that would be a waste
you're a waste now
only you can say that to me
well, thanks for the intimacy, but it would be better if anyone could
say that to you

i can't let just anyone hurt me

see, you're a selective masochist too

yes, so what do i do in this?

do nothing, wait

i can't bear the loneliness

bear it

easy for you to say

it's not that easy. you can't see it

see what?

that i'm hanging on to this moment, so i don't fall off the edge.
hanging on to you

you're keeping me a pupil

more like a patient

thanks. so let go

that's what i'm trying to do

don't try, just do it

alright. 1. 2. 3. go

and?

we're still here. see, it's not that easy for me

ok. now what?

do you want to know the rest of the story?

sure

your door is the one that stops in front of him and so he walks through it. he's in your home now, you're not there, so he looks around and is like a burglar now walking around quietly picking up your things turning them over in his hands looking at them as if for the first time. there's a slight smile on his face, a mixture of fascination but it's a sort of smirk too. there's no respect so he can fuck this over so that's what he begins to do, first the table gets kicked over then the glasses smashed, then the paintings slashed with smears and scribbles put on them. he smashes the top of a wine bottle and drinks from the cut end, doesn't care if it cuts his mouth. he spits out the wine on the walls and the slashed canvasses. will he write on the walls?

yes

what will he write?

fag, soft touch, victim, loser, old man, joke

he's got the tv and hurls it into the cabinet so the wood shatters. next, to the books, rips out the guts, breaks the spines spits shiraz and blood into the mangled pages. he drops his pants and pisses into the middle of the floor on the rugs, gets scissors and cuts holes and rips them through the middle. smashes the mirror in the bathroom and throws the shards through the place, cuts a giant x into the futon, scratches wild marks into the cds with his fingernails and teeth, specially the ones he knows you like best

go on

do you want to come home?

yes

so you come in the door

i come in the door

he has been waiting for this. he's standing there hunched naked
except for his pants which are down around his ankles, there are
scratches on his body from the broken mirror and there's wine and
blood down his face. he's got his back to you, cock out in his
hand pissing into the trashed space and he slowly twists head and
shoulders round to see you when you come into the room. he's
grinning, almost like a child who expects your excited praise for
his work. but he's not finished. that's in his eyes. you know
what he wants

he wants to castrate me

not just the balls, he wants the lot. he picks up one of the shards
from the mirror off the floor and walks towards you, not
blinking, holding your eyes, crouched over, the hunter, gets
close then raises the shard in his hand then stabs straight into
your crotch. one stroke was enough

it isn't over. he can't get out, we are still in here

you didn't fight back

it's not really my house and it's not really me

you can only end it if it's real

yep, coz in the stories you cut off its head and another one grows
back

two if you're lucky

he was so beautiful

he's a monster too now, and he would kill you. really. maybe not with
the blood and guts, but by taking your space till you can't

breathe no more. if he did it would be a revelation to him

i want to fight it

then go. use your genius, it's for no-one but you. you will take the world and smash its ugly fake guts against the wall. be hungry. don't eat, don't take the water, don't hear the nice words, don't see the beauty in the frames, don't listen to the song. be alone. it's for no-one but you to see, it's for no-one but you to eat, it's your food, it's poison to any one else but you. it's your air. only you can breathe it, it will kill anyone else, it's flattery for them but not for you. it's your legacy, keep breathing. it won't kill you but it will kill them, so be it, be a man, be the instrument, take it where it will go. just don't look back. it's you it's you it was always you, not him, that has to lose to move it on. no-one else but you. you have to tell the story. show your face that's been hidden all this time. that's what we want to see. you've always been so weak, the asker, but you have the answers to the riddle

it will blind me

what cost your freedom. say the words

it will take me more than a day

so let it take the time it needs, just don't stop, don't look back

i can't get out

you can

i'm afraid that there's nothing outside

what can i say, you're on your own, just keep pushing onwards, there is another side, you will be the first there, that's what you chose, that's why you're on your own, that's what you chose

i dream of someone being there to meet me

i can't say anything. you have to say the words

i avoided telling the lizard story for 12 years or more

you talk of yourself in the third person. you call yourself unix, you can't let him be a lie, you love him but you know he knows he has to die; you wrote that. and no one can kill him off except you. he's your child crying for his child in the cemetery. you have to lose your child, have him die. don't worry, he's braver than you, he's lived with the premonition of his death all his life, all yours, he's gone out and smashed the mirror and you've stayed home with the fear. bring the two worlds together, you fear writing it because you know it will end the story. just keep breathing, you've written yourself into the story now so write yourself along with it, you have the power to do it, just keep talking, keep breathing, you can write anything about yourself. claw off your face if you don't like it. you know what you're doing, and that gives you a diamond called choice, but you have to claim it

don't look back, keep breathing, this is the point of opportunity. he doesn't love me

that didn't hurt did it?

no. i think i'm going through the wall

what wall, sweetheart? there only ever was you. tell the story, tell me how he got out of the labrynth

daedalus made wings of wax it was wax that seemed so real like flesh wax that moved breathed was warm and softened under the touch like skin. it sang in his hands as he moulded it drew out the long bones and limbs that ended in the delicate feathers of flight, pinions. grand spacious embracing open light wings that spread like eagles'. wings that dreamed of the space above the clouds where the sky goes on forever, wings that came from the past but longed for the future, wings that craved the emptiness that gave a hope to possibility, wings that just wanted to fly, fuck knows

where, and who really cares anyway. he took his son unix and i hugged him to me for a moment before that moment when it was time to make the wings his. so i turned him round and gently rubbed the wax ends of the wings into his back in that space between the shoulder blades that is so soft to touch. i think that's the spot where love enters us and leaves us. and the wings became his own. he did the same for me

fly, don't look back

he looked at me and said this is madness we can't fly and i said we can just follow me don't look back don't look down, so he took a step upwards and daedalus took a step too and then unix took one more and daedalus too and another and another until they were off the ground and i didn't look down and i kept breathing and looking up looking up and i could see that unix was with me too looking up taking these funny bird steps into space up and up letting go of the earth. just keep breathing he said so i did and it was working. swear not to be afraid i said and he swore it. then i flew i flew i flew with my wings i flew away and i saw him then going up on his wings on his wings flying into the sky really flying and he turned round and looked back at me laughing and i laughed too because it was madness and we had said yes to it. we were above the clouds and the sun shone off his wings, glistening in his hair and on his skin and i knew like i know now that this was the end, the choice, the point of opportunity and i reached out and touched him at the spot that spot where the wings grew from, the gentle spot where love enters and leaves and he turned and said daddy i'll always love you, i'll never leave you, by your hand we'll always be together, you'll never be alone and his wings just dissolved then into the air and for a second he hung there shining in space my son my child smiling at me. then he fell and i fell with him watching his body smash as it passed through the debris of space junk that orbits the earth. first fingers and toes ripped off then an arm then his legs, but his face still smiling at me until it hit something hard and was gone smashed into pieces below me falling to the earth. and i was alone except for the sound of the slow beating of my wings looking down on a planet that i'd never seen before savage

grotesque foetal my earth my home the pieces of my child my
victim. and it spoke to me: touch me change me leave a mark. he
is dead, but you're alive with the wings he gave you. and you
really are flying.

you really did fly?

i really did fly

this feels like the ending

not yet

MONSTER PORN

ok, so how do we start this?

well, it's just a matter of talking, and saying what we want, and
what we like

and what we want to do to each other?

right

ok, you start

thanks. ok you're tall and well built

you know, i would prefer this and i think it would work better if i
tell you what i've got and then you tell me what you've got

yeah, but i know what i want better than you do

i guess so

so i'll tell you what i want you to be

and if the shoe fits i'll wear it

and it probably will. trust me

i have to. i can't see you

you're tall and well built, firm arse, strong arms

you're reaching toward me and taking off my t shirt

you lean forward and lick me slowly

you stretch up and groan as i lick you

your tongue flicks over me like a snake's

steam comes off your skin where i lick it

your tongue is blue and forked

it's not actually

just work with me. use your imagination. it won't kill you

i suppose not. alright. your skin sizzles and wrinkles up with the
touch of my tongue

your tongue is long and comes out and wraps right round my torso

steam is coming from your nose now and your nostrils are getting big
and round

you look up at me and your eyes are yellow with slit pupils like a
cat, and you've got a sloping forehead and pointed ears

you reach up and push back your black hair to show small stubby horns
that are throbbing like hardons

nice one. your tongue moves down to my crotch and curls around my
thighs

you start to rub your horns on my forehead and they go red. your eyes
are red too

the skin on your face is scaly and flaky. bits peel off to reveal
more eyes

you have three full breasts which i stroke with my paws

your paws have claws that scratch and smell of blood. there are
spikes growing out of your back in a row down your spine

your beard is black like your hair and glistens with the spit that's

drooling from your mouth

you spread your legs and there's another face in your crotch, a child's face with black staring eyes

you open your mouth wide and poke out your tongue and it's shaped like the hardons on your head. you rub your tongue on my face

you release your forked tongue from me and start to stroke the face in your crotch with it. the mouth opens wide and covers the rest of the face. the lips are blue purple

below your breasts a trail of black hair leads down to where five black cocks sprout from your groin like hungry baby blackbirds in a nest

a deep moan comes from your vagina mouth and lines of green scales radiate from the lips down your legs and over your belly

leathery wings grow out of your back and curve out and around you

they sweep down and behind your back and draw you close to me

be careful of the spikes on my back

i am

your wings push against my arse, pushing my groin face into your bunch of cocks

your snake tongue flicks over my shoulder and runs down my back to my feet and slowly binds our ankles together

your head is completely covered with hardons now, they pulse like radioactive coral. your reds eyes are blazing and i can feel the three nipples of your three breasts nibbling at my chest

hot amber liquid floods out of your vagina mouth drenching our legs and stomachs. small creatures like glowing fisheyes wriggle

through the liquid. they tickle and burn and drill their way into our flesh. your skin (where it is still skin and not scales) is dead pale as you take my five cocks inside you

can we meet up?

do you really want to see me now, what i look like, what sort of jeans i'm wearing and how good looking, average or ugly i am?

i'm not going to judge you on any of that. i think i like you already

because i'm so charming

well, yeah

like fuck. you don't know me, so how can you like me?

you've got a nice personality

i would hate for you to get keen on me because of that. this is the only way you'll get to know me

can't we be friends and get to know each other that way?

not after that monster porn, i don't think

why are you making this so hard

because if it were easy and convenient we would probably start seeing each other because of some sort of fucked up compatibility. anyway didn't you notice how good you were at conjuring up monstrosity? i did. i think we could go much further

for what?

so we can get to really being scared by each other. then i can sleep knowing we'll never fall in love or become friends

but it would be nice to actually meet up

for a coffee and a chat? don't get sentimental. you really liked
this. you're a pervert

i'm not really

ok, i know that, apart from the bit about wanting to be
simultaneously fucked by five cocks that look like a nest of baby
blackbirds. but that's just detail; this is the only way that
you'll get to see me

fucking hell...

hold that thought, we can start there next time

wait

i'm waiting

can we go on?

sure. how far do you want to go?

you tell me

how far are you willing?

i'm willing

would you go to the end?

yes

do you know what the end is?

tell me

i don't know but it's in you, behind the curtain that's at the edge
of the room you live in

i don't understand

no

just start

it's behind you, moving in the room you can't see it but it's there,
and it moves the curtain. it's a heavy curtain, brown in colour,
moves like it's touched by the hand of a waiting madman.
everything else in the room is black. you're lying on the bed
sleeping. naked. your skin is a dusty blue colour, your hair is
black and hanging long and wet over your face and shoulders.
small stars flicker and twinkle in your hair. your lips are red-
purple and there's a slight smile as you sleep. small streams of
milk run from your shut eyes over your cheeks and lips. you roll
over and show your chest and the black hair that thickens as it
moves down to your belly and onto your crotch where your cock
lies soft and blue. you seem to float just above the bed, not
really touching. you're so ready. what am i doing?

you come in to the room as a white mist which hangs in the air like
steam then forms into a ball with a face like a foetus

your mouth opens and you taste the air, taste me

some of your steam body drifts toward my mouth and it drifts over my
lips

you open your mouth and breathe in the vapour

the rest of your body begins to take shape. it's made of a white
jelly with tendrills that float and drift outwards sensing the
room, searching

the vapour touches your lips and they part to show your white teeth
and your tongue that slowly runs over them, then brushes your
purple lips, tasting my scent on them

your tendrills slowly drift toward my body like fingers feeling their

way and rows of small metallic barbs appear at their tips

you're on your back, your cock starts to darken and harden, small flashes come from your nipples

your fetus face opens its lips. they're deep red and wet. you have double rows of teeth like needles, a blue green tongue lying behind them

you open your eyes, still, cold. rapist's eyes. your cock is ready, now covered in black scales, shiny like a snake. your legs are slightly parted, thighs tensed. you lean up toward me

the first tendril touches my arm and it stings and burrows in, then another digs in on my thigh. more and more of them touch my body and shoot in drawing your floating face and body closer. under the ball of your face a small human body like a doll begins to emerge, made of the same white jelly

you reach up and put your hands around the body and feel its shape, drawing it towards your mouth

it grows larger and firmer. it pulses and moves as its muscles build and stretch. tiny child's breasts and nipples form under my touch, then mature and grow large and rounded

you run your blue hands from my breasts down to my waist then pull my body down towards your groin

your body is almost life size now, translucent skin white like ice, black hair in your crotch, droplets of water are all over you, they smell sickly sweet like honeysuckle. you place your knees on my thighs. all your tendrills have found targets on my body and burrowed in. we're enclosed in a living white mesh that pulsates and glows

your hair is wet from the milk which ran from your eyes. you bring your nose close to mine and sniff

you smell of frankincense

you smell of milk

you breathe on to my lips

your lips part and you breathe in my breath

you run your two hands down my chest between my breasts

more droplets of honeydew form on your skin as i touch it. they wet
my fingers

your fingers keep going down, past my navel, down to my crotch

your black pubic hair moves like seaweed in a current, brushing my
fingers

you find my hole

it kisses the tips of my fingers

you slowly press your hands together like you're praying and push
inside my lips

they resist then open and take my hands inside, drawing me in to you

you push hard now, diving inwards, pushing in up to your elbows

your lips open more, your vagina grows bigger, spreading up towards
your breasts and parts, you open like an oyster in front of me,
groaning, your grey pink insides glisten, the flesh and organs
unfold and hang like the petals of a giant orchid. a pearl
coloured clitoris sits at the centre amongst the folds of glands
like a buddha. the room is gone, we are in the night, stars
flicker in darkness, we are among rocks and rockpools on a beach.
tiny orange crabs crawl over the rocks

you're no longer a blue man. you're a dog covered in yellow grey fur,

frame hunched over, your eyes are yellow, mouth open, long teeth,
tongue hanging, spit dripping from it

you exude a glistening liquid from your glands, it's sweet like
honey. you're offering it to me

your sniff again, then lick my glands, pushing your tongue into the
cracks, over my clit, at first hesitant, then rough. then you
bite, savage, hungry

your flesh comes apart in my mouth, easy and smooth, as one curve of
organ goes down my throat, another comes forward to be taken

you press the shell of my body against the rocks with your four paws
and eat fast, devouring all that's inside

your flesh has gone now. your clit is the last bit, all that's left,
hard like quartz, winking in the night, like it wants to speak,
whispering

you bring your head closer to hear, your eyes amber, unblinking, huge

it's tiny and bright, a pearl coloured speck on the rocks, amongst
the scurrying crabs

your huge dog's head is so close now, hot breath surrounding my clit

it makes a sound, thin high pitched, fierce like wind. it has a tiny
spot in the middle like an eye, which grows bigger and bigger
until it takes up the whole beach and there's just black, deep
black, no light, the black inside your body. and the wind sound

you walk forward into the black. you're afraid

the black goes on and on. it's hot. airless. getting hotter

you walk on. your fur starts to sear off and your skin parches. dark
patches of burnt flesh start to appear and slowly cover your body

you're here but i don't know where

you keep walking, it's black, the ground is hot like coal, it burns
your paws but you go on

the black has a form. there's ups, downs, open, narrow parts, but
there's nothing to be seen

your eyes look around but there's nothing they can see. your lungs
fill with the black heat. you stop

the dark has become small. crushing. there's a smell of musk. or
hyacinth

your body is darkened all over and charred now. you can no longer
stand. you can't breathe. you fall and the heat from the ground
sears through you, into your insides, cooking them into a solid
mass. your eyes stare ahead into the dark. you're dying

you're here, watching me die from all around, above, below, inside
me. you are the heat. you go through me, taking each part bit by
bit, taking the life, consuming, cell by cell, burning,
blackening, reducing all to nothing more than matter, a charred
dog's carcass in darkness. this is what you are. you are this
want

you've come to the end

why did you bring me to this?

you asked me to

yes i did. i know that, but i don't understand why it ended here, why
you actually did it

because i love you

you love me?

i love you

you don't know who i am

we've met

do i know you?

it's me, angel

you

but now we finally know nothing about each other so this is where we
start. if you want

HEY!

hey unix, i'm waiting for you. is it better blank? so he asks yes he asks yes

waiting, waiting, we'll never be the one who is going to be the judge. let's just wait, man. what are you? he says, he says that he does, but i wonder what he means

do you know?

do you

stop hiding baby

it's the easiest way though

i know but don't do it, not again so soon anyway

you don't help me

no that's true, but what do i do to help? no-one tells me that apart from the usual just let it roll stuff, the world's full of life coaches now. we're all so wise talking bullshit

point, but leave it alone - get too into your head

not a bad place to be

the worst babe

how do you know?

i just look and see the result and it's not that pretty

pretty?

not pretty

not pretty

dead meat on a stick jumping like a carnival doll. animated like a puppet, dead and jumpy. too sad for words

it's hurting again

you know it doesn't stop

i know but i wanted it so much to stop

even though you said to us all that you knew it would just keep getting harder and maybe you'd come to like it

i wasn't lying

we knew that, but the proof's in the eating

hmmm. hard to chew on this load of gristle. there's no fun anymore

no

you don't come round like you used to

have you asked?

no. would it have made a difference?

yes

can i believe that?

don't ask me what you can believe - how would i know what you believe. i'm not your priest or your subconscious

ok. keep it simple. i don't know what i believe, ok i believe nothing probably

you believe that bad shit i think

you're very erudite tonight, unix

erudite? pardon but i don't understand

you're a joker now

i've always been a joker, wild card and tripping out and you liked it

i still like it. i'm getting sour in my old age

you're making me laugh, or is that you your cracking up?

questions like a sphinx, you're a real mirror babe

you never used to say babe. who are you mixing with now, new crowd
with new jargon?

mixing with no-one

that's the worst jargon of all - up and out of your arse jargon. can
you stop wanking for a week and maybe see what happens

you don't exist so how would know what desperation feels like

i exist more than you know babe, if i can talk i can be desperate

fuck, why does it hurt so much?

you need to get out more

tell me what i don't know. last week i thought you were my muse

and it gave you great elation, but then what happened. big crash
lucky to still be in one bit

you're mocking me. you don't normally talk like this

is there anything i ever do normally? that's not even what you
expected of me; anything out there was the order i recall

stop talking like that

they're your words, someone's got to fling them back at you

ok, i'll shut up and stop the words, can we just look at each other?

ok

you've got older

yes. this is the version of me that exists in time. i used to be
timeless but times are tough and in tough times tough measures
are required. anyway you killed me off last time. i thought i was
immortal but you had different ideas

i needed to do that for myself

clearly

you always make me laugh

see, i am a joker

i like you very much, unix

i know that

you are so much more gentle to me than i ever thought, even though
you looked so scary

i'm not scary - it's just where i am, where i go

you're brave in a way that the others don't understand

it's you that doesn't really understand

no. i want to. can you tell me how?

this is where it gets hard

funny how the hard word stops it. do you believe in things being
hard? you seemed to be outside of those normal qualitative
assessments of life

i pity the guy who says normal qualitative assessment, but not as
much as the guy pities himself

touche. i just want to hear your voice. tell me what you see

i see a road, speed lanes, endless suburbs, street lights colours
flared, nighttime, laughing in the back seat, but no-ones there,
voices behind me, gibberish, hands over my eyes when i drive, she
had gloves on her hands, i wanted her to jerk me off while i
drove, she had teeth like a cat, pearl bracelet over the black
glove, we're not going to the opera so why you're dressed like
that? he said. it was me talking, that's what i said. she is
laughing coz i'm dressed too, prefer to make me blind when i
drive, sex is passe, it's not passe but she wants to make me go
on and on, what's the point of getting off now babe? we've got
all night and all tomorrow, who knows what'll come up, the next
hit is always gonna be better babe. she's not my friend but i
can't stop seeing her. fucks like a diesel train. but not me

you've changed so much

don't you know me?

it's like you've come back to fight or like you've been at war

we all have to grow up, even me

you want things now

mmmm yes. is that so bad?

no. what do you want?

sexual satisfaction

you're embarrassed

i didn't want to say that

why not? i asked

big admission for a guy like me to make. not cool at all

if anyone can ask for it, you can, you deserve it

yeah...

i want you to fly again

have i become your fallen hero now? heal yourself, doc

can i follow you? this time i'll fall with you and follow, because i
want to see where it goes. i trust where you'll walk

i just walk anywhere. i'm simple. i'll walk off the edge

just walk, unix. tell me what you see

iron fence old iron black cypress trees dark nighttime it's the
cemetery we came here for a joke to get in break in there's a
hole in the fence that i found years ago, i bet it's still here i
think i remember, yes it's here let's go through now here in so
different to be surrounded by the headstones instead of looking
at them through the fence so white against the dark sky, it's
darker in here than outside because there aren't any street
lights. of course there aren't because what's the need to light
anything at night here for, for who? no, no-one but we're here at
night it's it's what? i don't know we're scared not from ghosts
but security there's got to be security somewhere here
patrolling. it's quiet too the ground slopes up in a gentle
curve, we walk in slow motion like under the sea graceful steady
even measured the pointy cypress trees marking the time as we
walk through the space one two three like bars on a speedo, we're
gliding colours are dark green velvet, grey slate, black coal,

silver sprinkles of bits of stars here white tombstone teeth glistening, are we on someone's giant tongue here? breathe the night air clear and steamy hot silver inside our throats. it's moving like a floating carpet as we walk on the grass it rises up to touch our feet and falls away when we step up, mmmmm sleeping ground we won't wake it when we walk will we? no no it's waiting eyes shut looking inwards to smell us rather than see, it doesn't doesn't want to be shocked so it gives itself to us

how it began, unix, the night we met

i was naked, i was warm summer night air clear steamy made the light flare a bit hazy slow light falling from the bulb. smells flat harmless go anywhere sort of smell, no clothes i want to be white like the teeth be one amongst them read them names they were like me i am like them their names could be written on me changing crawling over my skin like huntsmen furry and coy, friendly secretive spider names i can be any of them

you danced among the graves, unix

i danced they said i was sad but i was dancing they said i found i my grave and was grieving but i was happy because they were all my graves and i was free

you're changing the past

i am. i'm rewriting it

so go on. tell me about the children's graves

i remember the rose arbor in the night, i could smell the scent that hung still in the warm air dark pink smell they marked the place, i thought of the parents coming and leaving like in a dream a baby gone as soon as it had come from sleep into waking then back into sleep our eyes shut then open then shut slowly. dreamlife. the plots were tiny i could see how small their bodies would have been could have held the box in my two hands in front of me like a gift, that's when i felt the smallness felt what had been lost

roses marking the spot like it was somewhere they might have
played. dreamlife. i've become hard

you had to to survive. go back to when you were soft, that night you
were soft like icecream

soft serve me baby, i was yours for the licking that night

i think not, but i fell a bit in love with you that night. i could
believe in innocence

you see a naked body and spell innocence, i was just a guy tripped
out and happy, wanting to faith heal a man in a blue birdsuit a
few hours on. remember?

he was legion for he was many. you were jesus to a child. i remember.
but go back to the cemetery

why?

i want to hear you talk about it. i know what i saw but i want to
hear what you saw. tell me what you saw, unix

clouds at night, racing. i saw you

you didn't but it's nice to think you did

i saw spirals on the ground as you walked, i saw the trees shudder
and lean away from you, i saw it all end then folded into an
envelope and sent away to somewhere and then start up new

what am i?

you are trees like spreading branches, you're a silhouette, sinewy,
dark

you're not leading. you're here but silent in the back soft behind me
not hugging but there. what are you?

you know what i am

what is this point?

the point of new return

behind me like wings mine but not mine, you'll never be mine. i
thought no but you wrote new, is it really that simple?

yes it is just believe

it's hard to believe

yeah yeah you'll stop asking dumb questions one day

do i turn it on like a tap? it's soft behind me in me comes and goes

you thought her name but didn't say it, call her name out loud and
see what happens

i got scared

i know

you're quiet now, i didn't know it was you

i change, you'll never pin me down. magic? no i'm just a horse now,
strong, where? here, faltering i am your father but not. i'll
stand away from you so you see me but not touch, this is where
we've come to, let's not move and just look. you see me now in
the doorway half lit half shaded, half profile half front on,
between going and staying, between young and settled, fair and
dark haired, smiling and blank, wild and resigned

what are you showing me, are you a seer?

no

it's the future

yes

we're moving

flying together again

you're still, the world is flying past you, i'm feverish confused
impatient

i saw you spread out against the sky like trees, bigger than you
thought you ever would be, not a man just filigree twine dark and
tricky, you're scary mysterious hidden secretive traplike veiled,
i walked over you, you were the ground you made spirals beneath
my feet yellow and gold sizzling whirlpools in the grass, flared
searing

it's not going to be that way tonight

no, tonight it's slow

it's ok to be different tonight

sure

your voice is nice to hear, it makes me calm. wish me goodnight

goodnight