

I know that I have amazing powers, powers unheard of. If I use my skill. I can free myself from my persecutors. They have delayed plans for my advancement because they don't realize these powers that I possess. I will make it obvious to the,

The director has destroyed the organization. His mandate has been wasted, and he faces cutbacks in funding. All the divisions are suffering under his management. This is a total abuse of his leadership. Soon he will have to go away. And I will follow him.

Why I was passed up for the position eludes me. I had a better record than the director. I had more international experience. Associates claimed that he fit better with the political agenda of the administration. His lack of experience was actually for his benefit. He could more easily follow the dictates of his superiors because he had no personal information to contradict their assessments. He worked from the same briefing papers that they did.

I have seen a steady decay of all the services in recent years. Particularly, our international divisions have been seriously effected. In my tenure, I did everything that I could to resist this erosion. It is part of the new world. I have been told to accept it. Colleagues who can do excellent economic breakdowns but whose political savvy is limited. The operations are intensely efficient, but the effectiveness comes with a price. This is all part of the new bunker mentality. I have always seen it. International service employees who seldom leave the embassy compound and its surroundings. Who only interact with a small coterie of host countries. Who do very little leg work on their own part.

This insularity is frightening. I have done everything that I can to influence public policy. My record speaks for itself.

I think that is why I have been placed here. There have been the public claims that I am a risk to myself. I have been doing "weird" things. I have just been maintaining—maintaining, It is difficult when these interferences from the outside make their way inside a body. I can feel the success of their strategy. I point to their action. But they say that I am doing these things to myself. I am to blame.

I think that it goes back to an effort to influence behavior thirty years ago. We knew that particular substances could help us better control behavior among the members of the organization. We wanted to round off the sharp highs and lows of their emotions. These aids definitely did the trick. But in a few cases they made these lows get stored up in the body, They simply waited for the high to subside, and then they made their presence known.

This is what is being done to me. It's in the water. Or in my coffee. I know that I am being fed these mood altering chemicals. I am being poisoned. They are trying to bring me down.

This is my witness to all that they have done to manipulate. I need you help.

I need my help. That is why I have learned to transform myself. Powers that I never realized that I had before. This is a new weapon. We will revolutionize the balance of powers as we eliminate all the incompetents that have assumed their role in the organization. We can transform State and Defense as we change the whole world. For the betterment of mankind.

I have seen birds fly. I have observed their flight. I have analyzed their motion. At night, I have done the same. But the darkness has gone away. They are trying to keep me in this room. They are drugging me.

I will free myself. I will fly.

–I want to see how close you can come to knowing the end and then coming back to life.
She obliges me in my desire.

–This is not a fantasy.

Her face shows the exquisite intensity of her realization.

–Tell me what it's like.

–I can't. That would be too personal.

There are still marks on her neck from the experience. She looks at herself in the mirror as if she were brushing her hair. She can't rub them away.

–Do you want to go again.

–And again and again until you suck the life from me.

–Is that what you want?

–That's what you want. You think you can gain something for yourself by sucking the life from me.

–And I can't.

–You can only do what you can do. How can you sleep at night?

–Come closer, and I'll show you how.

She smiles.

–I still don't know.

–Nor do I.

–You can't sleep.

–I'm learning how.

–How?

–By watching others.

–What if they wake up?

–They never do.

She smiles.

–They never do.

She wonders what I am saying. We kiss. She wants more.

–If you go that far again, and you don't want to return.

–That's my decision.

–How will I know?

–You'll know.

–But then it's my decision.

–Never!

–Tell me what you know!

–I can't.

I feel that I am crossing through a long hallway, barely lit. I brace myself on the wall.

–Kiss me.

I brace myself on the wall. Yell out. No reply.

–Is this what it is like.

–You can't know because you are hollow.

–Then it is only emptiness that you have come to know.

–It is a burning rush. An ecstasy. What we are meant to feel every second of the day.

-I want you to do the same for me.
-I won't stop myself.
-Do you hate me?
-I hate what you have made of me.
-What is that?
-Someone who loves cruelty.
-Addicted to it?
-I don't know. How can **you** sleep at night?
-I can't. That's why I need you around.
-Who am I?
-My lover, my killer.

She laughed.

-Don't make fun of me! You know how it all starts. A reminder of something that I have known before. A desire to leave. Just quit it all. That vain imbalance. And then...

-Leave!

-That's when the taste holds me. I want more just to stay awake.

-Another sacrifice.

-Something like that. It's all about the sacrifice. Doing what you really hate, but loving it. Almost like I feel about you.

She turns to the wall.

-Almost.

-I want you to fuck me!

-What do you want?

-Isn't that what you want?

Her face submerged in the mess.

-If you're going to tease me, then I'll leave.

She is insistent. I don't want her to leave. She is already gone, long gone.

-You don't know who I really am. What really turns me on.

-That I look like all the rest. Why have you let me live?

-You're the one who likes these games with death. Don't make me into something that I'm not.

-You can't learn anything with cruelty that you don't already know.

-Then why do you go along with these games.

-For your sake. So you see what you've been doing.

-I know.

-No, you don't. You do it on your terms.

-And what terms are they?

-You make it seem like they want it. They make it happen to themselves. That your influence is next to nothing. But you are at the heart of what is happening here. You make it all happen. It is your fault.

She is reading my words back to me. My intimacy with the other side. I am the angel of retribution. She welcomes my presence. What she knows but cannot taste.

I give her the ability to get close to something that has been part of her all along. That bitterness has its sweet release. She realizes what an ally can do to release the power within her. We mix together, and it show her so much about herself.

I never had this desire for blood, that she shows in herself. She is this way...
–Fear is so much better than love. Then the soul can truly join with its equal.
–What does that mean?

I was told today that my opportunities for advancement in the organization are limited. This is ridiculous. I feel that my rivals are plotting against me. They realize that I have an understanding of systems analysis that will render them obsolete. Some are my age. But they are part of the old guard. I know that director looks favorably on my projects. And he will reward me when the time comes. Some of the employees look at their assignments to luxurious locales as their reward for good work. I look askance at such a view. Paradise is not a place on earth. We have to protect all that is right about the organization. And I know that I can carry on as I have been chosen to do. I cannot let myself give in to disparaging remarks. I will not.

There is a rumor around the office that I got arrested outside a bar in Alexandria. First, the story went that I was falling down drunk. Later, they changed it to suggest that I accosted someone and got into a melee. That is preposterous. But they say that this is evidence of my unstable nature. Why I am not really a company man.

I can only laugh at these rumors. I have met each of my assignments with persistence and an ardor without equal.

I am trying to track down the source of the rumors. I think that this is all part of a far-reaching plot. I am only the tip of this iceberg. Somewhere there are conspirators with designs on the whole operation. How can a few people conduct such marvelously plotted coup. I take this to be led by someone with a great deal of experience. The Assistant Director seems especially vulnerable to temptation. His record has distinguished him. But it is he who has to fear for his future. His time as a career bureaucrat has limited him. He grasps the full character of the organization. But he is singularly without imagination. I love it when I hear of his little schemes. His designs for efficiency. What a clown! Unlike him, I work out my best plans before I spring them on others. This way I can prevent others from stealing from me. I know that becomes an excuse that I am without a creative urge. Little do they know. That is why I am here. I see it all. I am the camera that records every minute change. I know what is behind it all. So in the recent changes I can detect the hand of the Assistant. He is my sworn enemy although I cannot let him know what I know. I cannot let him know a thing. Fortunately none of my assignments pass through him. They go directly to the Head. This is my luxury. How can anyone say that I am not destined for greatness when they do not even see my work.

Sure I had years of dissipation . Dark times when I never thought that I'd amount to anything. But I had vision on my side. And I still do. Vision and the right connections. They made sure that I would not fail They bought up the results of my disasters and sold it to others as success. That is past. My initial successes held me in good stead for life. It is not what we gain. What we hold. It is about what we know deep inside.

She had just moved into apartment S. It was to get away from Rudi. Rudi had been a total bastard to her and there were no signs in his behavior letting up.

--I didn't do anything. I just smiled at him. I really don't like you coming over here anymore. I moved her because we broke up, because I wanted to get away.

--We got a place together. I let you move in to my place.

--And it was no longer practical for me because of my job.

--This isn't any closer to where you work.

--But it is closer to the El

He gave her that weird face. The death mask.

--What are you looking at?

--It's just that I hate it when you look like that?

--Like what. I've cleaned up.

His insistence was already getting to her. She mumbled the words to herself, "I want you out."

--Did you say something?

--I got to get ready for bed. I've got an early day.

--I could stay the night.

--It really don't work like that. This is my place.

--I don't want to leave.

He could feel a door shutting in his face and he hated that feeling.

--Rudi, dear.

He hated it when she called him dear. He knew what was coming.

--I'm not going to leave.

--I don't know how you found this place, but I really don't want you here at all. I'm going to have to ask you to go.

--What? You can't say that.

He imagined some guy coming up here. He would watch outside the window. She never liked to close her window.

She had the feeling that he was always watching. And even now, she felt that she could not get rid of him. As if he would never leave. Just be camped outside her door like a sick dog. She didn't want to call the police. Knew that would only make him more aggressive.

--Just give me a little hug, and I'll leave.

She motioned towards him, but as she did, he pushed forward to give her a kiss. This was her sign that she had to get him out of here once and for all. She had her opening. With her free hand, she opened the door and pushed him out.

She quickly locked the door. And he started to bang as loud as hell.

--Bitch, I'm going to get back at you.

He banged through most of the night. She was so afraid. She put a chair to block the door and went to bed. She pulled the covers over her. Did he leave when he got too tired to bang anymore? Or did she just dream him away.

There was a gas station just behind the row of apartment buildings. The clerk said that Rudi had argued with him when he tried to put gas a milk jug. He made him buy a gas can.

The building burned that night and the one next to it. Angela never woke from her dreamscape.

They picked up Rudi drifting around the El stop.

--She said that she'd be here.

They traced him back to Apartment S. The investigation brought them to the gas station.

--If only you had left it alone. Just walked away. You never went back in, did you, did you?

MEMO

TO: The Director

FROM: Assistant to to the Undersecretary for International Aid

April, 16, 2003

RE: OFFICE NOISE LEVELS

Murmuring in the office can be interpreted as coming from only one source. Although such interchange was allowed under the former office manager, his decision was in error as evidenced by the input of the office during his tenure. There was some deeper significance in his tolerance of the situation. He no doubt hoped for transcendental consequences that could be associated with this activity. That the manager felt that there was some supernatural influence that could emanate from this office is no doubt a sign of his weakness. I hope this fact will be noted in his record, and this note will prevent his further promotion within the organization. His grasp of international policy was always extremely limited and attested by his failure to progress within the higher echelons of decision-making.

I hope that you can recognize my negative recommendation. But my focus is not personal. His actions were part of a deeper trend for which we must hold all those involved accountable. Religious invocation is to be frowned upon in this locale. Even though the aims of the described group are entirely part of our overall intent, the desire to demonstrate point of view in such an obvious manner is counter productive to our overall movement.

The spiritual solution must be seen as exactly that--a conclusion. It must appear to be the only logical and natural course for all participants. The premises must appear totally untainted by our final determination.

Silence or the closest thing to it must be our starting point. This collective murmuring must cease otherwise the observer will assume that we are not engaged in a truly investigative process.

--What is the possible meaning of that last memo.

--You know what has been going on with their meetings and readings. The office is becoming some kind of church.

--That has always been the intent of the Director.

--That's crazy.

--He's simply carrying out policy that was enunciated by the ascendancy of the Chief Executive.

--That's not true. Part of why I was appointed was to make sure that the Director carry out the wishes of the Chief Executive.

--And how were you put in this special position?

I am struck by a feeling of being ridiculously free. Where what I see only reminds me of

what I feel, as the gradual touch works its way into me and outside of me. Silly, as I note that I am salivating even as this scene works itself out. What I want, what I give is met by the tender replies.

–What are you giving me?

–Nothing less than you are giving back to me.

She smiles, but under the circumstances she can be giving nothing back to me.

I want to detail the scene but can sense the presence of someone eavesdropping on this moment of ecstasy.

My tongue sweeps up her leg. There is moment of utter detachment in the expanse of this gesture. I turn to a pleasure that I am offering so that it might reflect something that turns deep inside me.

–Can you feel that?

I am not asking her. I am asking myself. And as much as she folds over in extreme pleasure, I feel myself excluded from this explosion.

–Can you give something back to me.

The give and take, the back and forth of our exchanges is so incomplete. Attaining these peaks and then withdrawing before our attendant adjustments. Her turning back into herself. Or me trying to reach something in her that evades my touch.

–Do you like that?

She smiles. She cuddles closer to me as if I realized something about her. Something cherished. But it is only the onset of a more concentrated pleasure.

More concentrated as here she gives herself utterly to my caress. I am engorged by the sheer mass of the confrontation with the flesh, HERE. My tongue pushes its way into her. My lapping is rapid.

This is more than I intended, more than I wanted to allow

She has bent my dick around in a thousand ways. I can barely catch my breath. This is the interruption that I have always feared.

–Are you well.

I wonder to myself.

The intensity of the contact is overwhelming. For itself, not for herself. I want it for itself.

She is more than enough.

She is not enough.

From a random coupling to a successive coupling.

–This is too much for one person to bear.

–What?

–I need to share some of this pleasure. Sort of a pressure release.

Her smile gets wider. She lifts her skirt and begins to finger herself.

–This is a discipline. I want you to watch me.

I watch the pleasure work itself all over her body. The shaking. The cooing.

More intense than I can offer. The watching adds to the pleasure. A remembrance of what we did before.

–You can join me by yourself.

Already a blonde has entered the room. She wears these heels that make her legs go on forever. I am erect and immediately want to join in.

–This is not how we have it planned.

The blonde works her hand with a wide sweep. Her skirt flies up, and I watch her slide her hand along her fine tuft.

The two of them are involved in solitary pleasuring until the first starts to rub both her hands along the others smooth legs. She caresses all along the leg. I want to touch myself.

–Are you ready for me.

My friend is already licking the newcomer who is perched on a table. OI work my way over to the table and am kissing the butt cheeks of my lover. I bend her over and slide my hand insider. My caresses are wide and full. I embrace her sex as she opens wide and full.

–I want you inside me.

I am already seeping. The scene by itself is mind blowing. As I slide myself into my lover, I am on the verge. I can barely contain myself. I become lost in the continuity of my movements.

–Do you like that.

Who is saying this? I feel all of us merge together. The visitor is already cooing loudly. I surge into my lover, this wave passes over the other girl.

Massive waves of passion pass over all of us. Waves that pass out and bounce back in an even more profound excitement. I am frozen in this extreme.

While the newcomer slides on top of me, my lover lets me eat her out. She is so wet from our activity. At the same time, I slide so effortlessly in her friend. The intensity is so great, it is as if I project out and explode again and again. I still sustain myself.

This is no longer about the flesh. The paradise is enormous. Unable to contain it. But so far beyond that I do not drown in the turn. I leave my body. Just swirl with the three of them. So automatic is our contact. I have the friend bent over and I am pumping harder and harder. Just the physical reality of the sex. Dynamos.

My lover is on the ground, her legs spread wide open. One hand is deep inside her. The other stimulates her clit. She is showing herself and she seems to draw us both in.

I want to come in both of them.

I feel the room crack open. The girl is screaming. Not a short scream. Constant and piercing. While she starts to kiss my ass, I am inside my lover. I can feel the flow leave my body. The explosion rolls over itself. Over and over and over again.

My dick is in my lover's mouth, while I lick out her friend. I pump the friend from behind while she licks my lover.

The friend is on the couch and fingers herself. She climaxes over and over again. I submerge in the passion.

We all turn around together. Without flesh.

–This is too much.

I fade!

I'm all excited. Nothing could affect me more. I got a call that the Director is supposed to meet with our division. I have asked to give the foundation talk. Nothing could please me more.

Having served in a number of different capacities throughout the organization, I have some great ideas for the reorganization of the agency. I know that these clash with the intent of the Assistant. So be it. That is my role. I can't hold me tongue. This is a modern era. We need to stream line. Our former historical approach is doomed with the changing of the world order. It takes leaders who are not afraid to stand up for their convictions. Not useless bureaucrats.

We have to establish our own international policy. We are not at the beck and call of State. Only the Chief Executive has say over our operations. Even he must accede to our operational timetable.

This is my opportunity to show the Assistant up. In a very subtle way. We all want that chance, and I finally have mine. This is not about revenge. It is about the truth. Ending waste. We are not a private brothel for the pleasure of the Assistant. He will learn who is dealing with. I will finally emerge from the shadows.

"...so in keeping with the new look for the agency, the data gathering divisions must be reorganized. We must embrace the twenty first century."

I read the words over and over again. Hadn't I just spoken them to the director. With this opportunity, I can contact him next week and outline my complete plan: Intelligence 2010.

-We're going to have to postpone your talk.

-What?

-Not really postpone. It's up to the Assistant to chose the moderator of the session.

-What?

I am going crazy.

-That can't be right.

-I had you going.

I could see him dangling from a chain-his own. Nothing is going to stand in my way.

-It's a weakness in the organization when others know what makes you tick.

Those are my words exactly. How did he know?

-We all think that we're the next Machiavelli. The janitor knows more about everyday operations than we do.

That's what he thinks.

My talk goes well My supervisor congratulates me. Everyone crowds around the Director after the meeting.

-Success is reserved for those who don't want it.

-I shook his hand with a firm grip.

-Do you really believe that, sir.

-What?

-What you said about success.

-Had you going, didn't I.

I don't laugh. Was I supposed to?

But I feel that I have made a good impression.

-Call me about that idea of yours.

I call the Director the next Tuesday.

-Who may I say is calling.

I mumble my name.

-And what May I tell him is this about.

-I talked to him at a meeting last week and he wanted me to call him to review my report

on the Agency. Intelligence 2010.

–Sound a bit like science fiction. Give me a chance. I’ll talk to him

The wait seems endless. Who is he talking to. A critically long moment. I don’t know what to think about. I am feeling a bit nauseous.

–I’m sorry. But he doesn’t remember talking to you. He said if you’re really interested, you could send the report the Assistant. He handles suggestions from employees.

–I’m not just an employee. He needs to hear what I have to say.

–I’m very sorry. There’s nothing that I can do.

CLUB ENDEAVOR 319 E 40th St. Akron OH

	-25,000	

Looking for a missing balance, I discover twenty five thousand dollars that are not accounted for. This should be simple to resolve. I need to look through the receipts and find the ones that have not been added to the ledger.

I wish that things were so simple. They are not. The money is missing. It should be there. This is the basis for scandal. If the Assistant was going to make off with money, he would have taken more. Is this just the tip of the iceberg. Or is it a payoff to an agent. Spy money.

I don’t have all the details. If I let it go, will accounting turn up the missing amount. And if I do make a fuss about it, will I get blamed.

This is my revenge for the snub by the Director’s secretary. What I think happened is that she works for the Assistant. They are both blocking my access.

The gas main broke and caused fire in the C building of the complex.

–I wish that she had been in that fucking apartment. Just blow her to kingdom come.

–What are you wishing for?

–You know what. An act of providence.

–An act of privilege.

–Don’t laugh. None of this is very funny.

–HA!

–It’s not.

I am starting to put together the pattern. The 25,000 seems to be the amount that he skimmed off the overall deal. A small payout considering the actual numbers. The stock was failing. And he had interests in it. Government contracts to a tune of 46 million were assigned to the company. That boosted the stock. He took significant profits from that bubble. Then market blew. The contracts were overbidded. A nasty scandal. But he sold out before the company went bust. His uncle handled the public relations fall out.

Watch over me and over again.

ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE ME ANGRY?

She does look impressive.

Does it affect you?

-I feel the need to act it all out.

On that day the company sold a massive amount of stock and the purchase price went up. The balloon was supported by the initial bid that made the company solvent.

Why didn't they put the 25,000 back. The total deal was close to 2 billion. Someone had to be paid off. Some nobody. When he saw all that it was worth, did he want more.

Or was it a blackmail payment. It wouldn't have even covered a salary. Not even.

-They may move you permanently out of the Washington office.

-Should I take that as a promotion.

-Is it possible to make a murder look like a suicide?

-Are you trying to tell me something?

-I'd take the promotion.

-Is that a joke?

-No, seriously. Take the promotion.

-I'm thinking about it.

-There's no future here

-I am thinking about it.

Could they finance an operation with the money. Take out an apartment building with an electrical fire. Sparks near a gas main. It would be so easy.

-That's not enough money.

-We each did the other a little favor.

-I want more money.

-She's not going to walk around no more.

-I didn't want it that way.

-It's done. No one is going to suspect you.

-I'm the primary suspect. The cops came to my place.

-You had nothing to do with it..

-You can trace the 25,000 back to me.

He was involved with some call girls. They were going to take it to some higher ups. It wasn't personal. It was his future. The future of national security. The future of the country.

-It always starts that way.

-It's not really a cover up if everyone knows about it. If everyone wants it that way...they do.

-I don't understand.

-Keep the money.

What are you looking at over there?

-What?

-You're looking at something over there in the courtyard, and then you're writing things

down.

- What are you talking about?
- I'm talking about what you're up to?
- I'm not doing anything.
- You keep looking over there.
- I'm getting distracted. Distracted just looking here.
- Why? What's bothering you.
- Nothing.
- What do you have down there is that book of yours. What are you writing down?
- Things. Various things.
- Really. Who are you looking at?

I know what you've got.

- I can tell you what you've got there.
- If you know it, then you've seen it. Then I'm not hiding it.
- You've got rid of it.
- Yeah, then I don't have it anymore.
- See. There you have it.
- What are you saying?
- I'm not saying much of anything.
- The only thing that you understand is force.
- What kind of force.
- Something really forceful.
- A hot iron pressed into the skin.
- That doesn't sound very fun.
- But it make the point. It's forceful as hell.
- It hurts like hell.
- It makes the point.
- That it does.

Well if you don't have them. Then you had them.

- Had what.
- The force. You were very forceful.
- What?
- You left a trace.
- Look at me.
- I am.
- Do you see what you're looking for. Look at my eyes and tell me if you see what you are looking for.
- You make me frightened when I look in your eyes.
- Something that you see,
- What I don't see. I don't see what you've done.
- Look at me.

-No. Are you trying to take something from me.
-Nothing that's very important.
-It's the unimportant things that hurt most.
-There not around anymore.
-Where did you hide them.
-In plain sight. There are so many things to hide.
-They're just word.
-And the pain.
-I understand that only too well.
-That you do.
-This is something that you can't take away from me.
The only thing that you understand is force.
-You can't take it from me.
-So...
-I can give it freely.
-And...
-You can't care for anyone, can you.
-I try. But it's not enough.
-It never is.
-No. I do try.
What's the use?
-What's the use trying to explain it.
-You are taking the time.

-He's been doing this stupidity all his life
-Has he increased his stupidity.
-Whatever you call it.
stupidity, it's just words...

If the world is to be changed to his image and likeness. Then what is the image that he is like. Will he know? Can we know? Can we help.

He certainly can't.

What will the world look like. Frighteningly beautiful.

The world was quickly transformed to suit his wishes lest he was allowed to see what was really going on and be forced to flip his lid.

Now he could see it like it was.

Just sit there and wonder about your success. Don't you realize that something is really wrong?

Noone is going to suspect me. I just have to remember to be quick. Get in and out before anyone suspects. I want to be in close, close to the face. Close enough to do damage.

-You just want a doll. Someone who looks good for you. I'm not that doll. I'm going to

do all that I can to embarrass you. And I've got things on you so you try as you might, you won't be able to get rid of me.

Little pockets of memory remain. Pull it together.

-Is he free for dinner?

-We want more than dinner here.

-How does it taste.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD

I OWN IT. I CALL THE SHOTS.

FIRST SHOT: SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD.

FIST SHOT: SHOT HEARD 'ROUND THE HEART.

Just listen and do what we say.

-I want a perfect match.

-This one won't work.

-Are you free, or do you have to run home to HER?

FOLLOW OUR ADVICE

We've got our reasons. We're not telling. And you are. When you do, we'll want it too.

Soap suds.

-BANG.

-You can't put a band aid on it.

-It's waiting for your in an open field.

-OPEN UP!

This is where it gets really crazy.

IT'S ME AND YOU AGAINST THE WORLD.

It's gone too far. Give him an inch and he'll blow up the world!

We'll do it first.

Do it FIST, IRON FIST!

You don't have much heart!

I don't need much. I start small. Me and someone else. Just take it out and start over again.

-Are you fucking the world yet.

-This is my challenge to the world.

-Is that all you got.

-It gets bigger.

-OK, BIG BOY, IS THAT WHAT YOU GOT?

-I looked out my window and saw the whole thing.

-The part that you saw or the part before.

-Are you fucking with me?

They sent me to Cartagena today. I'm supposed to work in the district office. I'm in charge of trade. Something to do with an oil pipeline. That's what I've been told.

-There's lots of money to earn down here.

-I thought.

- Think nothing. You want to pick up a quick 25,00 dollars.
- I thought that's what I dropped.
- Nothing is worth too much around here. That includes people too.
- I thought that I was going to meet the Governor.
- More like the Chief of Police.
- We have to make the police work better down here.
- Down and up.
- You can keep the money.
- No, you can keep it. A down payment.
- Down and out.
- Over and out.

I am supposed to replace an oil executive. I'm going to be on some oil conference board. They think that I'm some sort of geologist. An oil executive who rose through his scientific knowledge.

- What if I don't meet my contact?
- You'll know who he is.
- But does he know.
- He's the only one who knows that you're with the agency.
- That's good.
- You can't let anyone know. Otherwise, they'll kill you then and there.
- Is it possible to make a murder look like a suicide.
- I've seen death before. You can't cover up that sort of thing.
- I never thought that you would go over to the other side.
- I didn't.
- Then what did you do?
- You just need to prepare for your meeting and leave the rest for me.
- The rest of what.
- Exactly.
- So where are you going?
- I've got to go back to Providence.
- Rhode Island?
- No, heaven.
- Watch out!
- What?
- Those things fly around everywhere here.
- And the twenty five thousand.
- Think nothing of it.
- I still don't.
- Then are you going to keep it.
- If I am, I can't tell you.
- Well that takes a load off of my mind.

I sort of felt guilty after it happened. The guilt drove my curiosity and I just couldn't help myself.

- You can get away with all sorts of things down here.

- And if you get caught.
- It's not a pretty sight.
- You just have to move fast.

The next step and we'd be holding up people with guns.
-I've gone too far with you. I'm going to have to kill you.
Light a fire and run around the house.

- Have you ever been arrested?
- I thought that the question was: "Have you ever been arrested before?"
- We're not arresting you. We just want to ask you a few questions.
- Why am I down here?
- We don't call it down. It's just here/
Changing the world already.

I've been sent of this hospitality mission to Cartagena. A couple of diplomatic people. A trade representative and an executive from a Florida waste management company. This last guy is a real winner. Either his cover is so deep that I don't know about it, or he's the worst excuse for hospitality that I've ever seen.

- We're all going to boil down there!
- What?

-I'm laughing about this mission. It's all an excuse to get my boy set up in the country.

The only wasting that he does is creating international incidents.

-We had someone talking with the Peruvian ambassador about the integrity of South America. I'm sure that he was repeating the same thing to his military chief. Some guy named Rafael.

>>He doesn't realize that I've got a direct line to the military.

The passing of the Director has left a definite gap in the organization. The reform of operations now seems impossible. We are condemned to years of inefficiency.

The new Director is part of the old guard. While I had the ear of the original Director, I am now more isolated than ever.

My greatest fear is that the new Director may have had something to do with the disappearance of his predecessor. The Director warned me of the interference.

The Director of Intelligence was a definite impediment to our establishment of a stable world order. He was overreaching his function. He needs to supply me with the information to effect our defined operations. He is not in the place to render judgement over these operations. The ultimate success of what we do depends on universal acceptance of our plans. That is the only way for success to feed on success. That is my challenge. My challenge to the world!

Everyone on this flight is drugged. I did see the communique beforehand. I thought that they were joking.

I don't want to lose my security clearance talking to this asshole even if he is a friend of my cousin's. Shit!

These are people condemned to a nether world, neither dead nor alive. They elude the finality of death and any crossing over. They remain with their bodies. But they are not alive in the standard sense.

Get them fucking, and they come alive.

It's not the act, it's the act I act afterwards!

–My friend stopped by,

–What friend.

–The one who transmitted the mission to me.

–No one came by.

–I want you to tell me about your friend.

–I don't know what I can say. He has his own way.

The best agents are the ones that you don't know if they're inside you or not.

–This has to stop.

–What has to stop?

–The talking to yourself.

–I'm not talking to myself. I'm talking to you.

–I'm not really here.

–You were.

I feel that I am becoming immeasurably lost. As I move along this street, I head closer to a destination that just veers away with my approach. It is as if the street is curving in its own direction entirely contrary to my direction.

This entity is drawing itself inside me. I can feel myself congest internally. I am overwhelmed. It is lodged in me. The cough echoes through my body, shakes my stomach, and rattles in intestines. As this thing emerges it holds all of me in its grip. I sense my body separate from me. Other than me. What is this?

I can feel that my whole chest has collapsed. When I lie down, it pushes itself deeper into me.

Can't extinguish the light. I have become this machine.

I am blacking out.

I write in blood on the wall, "I am coming for you." But it seems too late to write much of anything.

–I've got an idea.

–You've been working it.

–That I have.

–Turning 'round and 'round.

–Little by little. I like what I see.

- Couldn't like it better.
- It's about protecting it.
- To the death.
- Loyalty.
- Not letting it blow up in your hands.
- Sometimes happens that way.
- When you've got a good thing.
- Or just being had.
- All around that way.
- I see it in international terms.
- You need to locally first.
- I've tried. Then you miss things.
- Concentration is the key...
- You miss the chain.**
- Who's pushing the button.
- The one who pushes first.
- You can't let them all go down like that.
- Go down in a row. You need someone to blame.
- The one at the front of the row. But what if it is his fault.
- He got pushed.**
- He set fires.
- That's what it amounts to. Needed him to take the fall.
- We're in this together.
- On the short term.
- If you let him go, then you'd be saying it was OK.
- Supposing that he had nothing to do with the mass.
- He filled the graves.
- You could have stopped him.**
- He threw on the dirt.
- You could have done something more.
- Then we'd have to be stopped.
- A matter of conscience.
- Who ever remembers such a thing.
- They just remember the end.
- The bang bang.
- The going up in smoke.
- And the thing that burns.
- I can feel it inside.
- You could have stopped him.
- That's what I said to you.

-Going to have to build it up if I'm going to think about it everyday. Just to have something to think about.

-That's how it always works.

–That’s the size of it.

–I’ve got it in my sights.

–You do every time that you go down. Never looked so good, did it?

–It looks great.

–Just work with them.

–Tossing bodies everywhere.

What’s the loyalty test?

–The erection test. To see if she gives you an erection.

–I have to help myself out.

–That’s OK. No big deal. You just have to agree to protect her.

–Like offering a service.

–She needs it. What she stands for.

–That’s loyalty.

–I’m erect and I’m going to hang on until I come.

–To the realization!

IF NOT

What if I am not loyal, but I still get an erection.

–Then you’re a threat.

–She looks so good. I want her to rub against me.

–She know what you’re doing.

–I have to take what I can.

–That’s more than enough.

–I’m not taking what I don’t deserve.

–You have to pay for the service somehow.

–I just want to finish up.

–Make me happy.

CURSE

–I curse the day that I had you. That you came out like that to face me.

–Don’t tell anyone.

I am soaring as I realize the full consequence of my commitment. She is going along.

–I never thought that she would help out.

–If she believes in you.

–I believe without reservations.

–That’s really great.

–It doesn’t stop there.

–What?

–She does it just for itself.

–Then what’s bull shit about loyalty.

–Someone has to ease her of the burden of her everyday life.

–I hate how music has become the tax of the soul. You have to pay them just to get

yourselves back.

- I don't pay them.
- But then what about the artists.
- Give them what they deserve.
- When? How?
- There's your tax.
- We all need it.

Someone has to relieve her of your burden--her struggle to come to know her well deserved leisure.

- Are you willing to give her a little something?
- I only have so much for myself.
- It's more about sharing.
- We're getting off on a tangent.
- That what I said as I headed straight in.
- A landing.
- More of an explosion.
- Premature.
- No. Just a warning.
- A beginning.
- And in its own way, an ending.
- She's an exhibitionist.
- She shows a little something so that she can hide something else.
- But all the somethings aren't the same.
- Is this an anatomy lesson.?
- The role of the lesson is to turn all our dreams into one thing.
- Or maybe change our dreams for us. Crack open the shell that restricts you.
- She can bend back that far.
- Hold things in her mouth.
- Explosives.
- That's why they have he search.
- It's in the tooth.

A burning oil tanker balanced precipitously above a crowded highway.

- Close the highway.
- Or push the tanker.
- This is a rescue situation.
- It's a very explosive situation.
- Did it go over.
- Spill over.
- It's a matter of will.

I kiss her neck. She turns to me as she perks up. She motions to kiss me. But I turn my head.

–You want everything to be your way.
I stroke her back. She lightly pushes her body into mine. I embrace her.
–You turn me on.
She smiles.
–Give me your hand.
I surround her hand in mine.
–This is how it was meant to be.
I can feel that fire stir in me.
–You reach a point with someone that you love that you can't go any further. You just keep repeating the same things.
Is she hinting something about us.
–I really like you. But I wonder will it really go anywhere.
–What does anywhere mean?
–That same feeling over and over again. It stops meaning anything at all.
I move her face against the window until I can see her reflection. It gives me the sense that I am seeing something else about her.
–Do you mind if I spend the night?
–No. What?
–Nothing is going to happen. I don't want to be taken for granted.
She holds my hand tighter.
–Who am I really? What do I mean to you?
She puckers up as she smiles.
–You think you're irresistible.
I can't say anything.
–Does it matter?
–Does anyone ever say no to you.
–All the time.
–And?
–They end up giving in. I have patience. I have charm. I am charming, and I do know what I like.
–It's just too easy.
–What about your smile. I'm sure guys stop you on the street.
–They stop everyone. Always looking for favors.
–Will you oblige.
She smiles deeper.
–Don't think my smile is going to give me away.
–Wait for me, will you.
–You're the one who's trying to rush me.
–It's just that I know something good about both of us.
–Just don't break my heart in a thousand pieces.
–I'm not a heartbreaker.
–What?
–Things end before that.

The moment that I leave her place, I find myself following a girl wearing a tight belt. It

shows her midriff. Suggests a little mystery.

–Are you following me?

–What if I was?

–You’re not some sort of weirdo.

–You have to figure that out for yourself.

–How long do I have.

–A couple of blocks.

–And then, you break my heart.

–I break your heart.

–Do you get so intimate with girls that you don’t know.

–I’ve got to find my car.

–you need some help.

–You looked like you were in a hurry.

–I just was waiting for someone. Something. Oh nothing at all.

–you want to go some place.

–Some place and have a drink.

–Some place and get it on.

Her mouth sort of swells with his words. This is accentuated by line of thick lipstick.

She doesn’t want to let this get away.

–You want to fuck me.

–Those are your words.

She doesn’t want to let this get away. Another night alone.

–I’ve got some wine at home.

–I don’t want drink. I want you.

–I was just thinking.

I touch her hips. We walk together arm in arm.

–This is my place.

–Let’s go up there.

–You’re going to stay.

–I’ve told you what I’m here for. Do you think that you can make me stay.

She is wearing boot and tights. I pull up her skirt and work my hands under the elastic

band.

–What’s your name?

–I want you to grab my cock.

She obliges. I am getting really excited.

I crash in her bed afterwards. I get out before she wakes up. I can still feel myself inside her. I am turning around dizzy in the fullness of our coupling.

–I don’t like to wait around and think about how great it was.

–What if it was?

I’m on the phone to the other girl.

–What did you do last night.

–I tried to enjoy myself. Just got a little excited watching things.

–Things on TV. In your window.

–I just did what I had to so that I could get to sleep.

–You want to come over tonight.

–Is that an offer?

On my way over to her place, all that I can think about is the assignation from last night. Nothing could be better than that. Nothing!

As I pull her jeans down to reveal her bare ass, I feel something pop. Is this what I have become. Dying for that novelty. There's this one girl who pretends to care until I just slip it in and have it a go and disappear.

Then there's the girl with the upturned smile. And what are you doing tonight. Stop by for a drink after work.

I'm at the one's house getting a little light oral when I check my watch.

–Got to be up for work in the morning.

And the other girl is just getting off her job as a waitress. She has to close and makes it back to her place about one. I walk in and just pull the jeans off her. Then I bend her over and go to town.

–Do you really like me?

–I...I...

–You really made me think so.

This makes me feel like it's time to go.

–How about another round?

She starts to work her way under the sheets.

–I thought that was the idea.

–Do you really know who I am.

I could feel her on top of me. Her hair. Her thighs. The warmness. She eases me into her.

–This is what we all are made of.

She is intensely aggressive. Bobbing up and down.

–Tell me your name.

–I told you.

–I forgot.

–Do you like to talk while you fuck.

–Fuck? I'll show you what it is to fuck.

Like in a good meal when you rub your tongue along your teeth to taste any remnants of what remains.

–You can stay if you like.

–I have to...

–I make a mean omelette.

–You like to fuck in the morning.

–I give good head with breakfast.

–Are you on a diet?

–I just have to watch what I put in my mouth.

–You're a pig.

–I tried to reach you in the morning. Guess you really went into work early.

–Something like that.

–Is everything OK?

–Yeah, why?

–You seem sort of funny.

I would from fucking all the night and half the morning. I didn't get to work until 10:30.
Not much to do.

–I'll see you later. Maybe a late lunch.

–That would be nice.

–Where did you want to meet?

–The usual place.

–Really.

–No, I want to come over to your place and have passionate sex.

She feels that this is the moment. I haven't even showered. She'll smell that I've been doing something nasty.

–You smell great. You make me feel so comfortable. I go down on her. She smells so sweet. That overwhelming scent.

I fall asleep next to her.

I can't do this. Can't let her think that this is going to continue.

–We're perfect for each other. I can take care of you. After that last monster that you were with.

The one from last night. Or the night before. I look down at her while all three women merge in a swirl of desire.

I kiss her deep. I concentrate on the wetness. All around.

This isn't just an accident. I am messing up. I've got to end this. Got to clean up this mess.

She goes to the kitchen to get something. Her long legs. My hands running up them and opening her up.

–This is nothing unusual.

She looks at me with a weird smirk.

–Do you want to get some dinner?

–I want to snuggle with you.

I'm famished. I want to tell her everything at dinner. I get distracted by the waitress.
Wisps of hair. Her tight skirt tugging her thighs.

–Do you want to get together tonight?

–You're with that girl. She's hot.

–You want me to bring her along.

–She not that type. Do you like to party?

–You want me to bring some favors.

–I want you to fuck me up in every way.

–I can really blow you apart.

–Can you?

–You don't know.

–I don't?

I return to the table.

–I think that I've got food poisoning.

–You don't look good.

–I'm sick. Really sick.

–I can take care of you.

–Too much excitement.

I kiss her. Friendly. Affectionate.

All that I can think about on the way home is fucking the waitress. I have to get some things to make it right. Her thighs accentuated by those heels.

–How can you ever work in those heels?

–They have their pluses.

–And their minuses.

She seems to rise up as I move my hand along her legs and up her skirt.

–Not before dinner.

She purrs as I kiss her neck.

–Is this a game for you?

–What?

–It comes so easily for you.

Already she is manipulating my hand inside her.

–Ahh!

She is so wet.

This is automatic. And automatic again.

She pushes me against the wall. Bites my lip. I have my hand on her neck.

My dick seems larger than usual. Her breasts are already falling out of her blouse. Her curly tresses bounce all around. I pull her to me.

–Don't think that I'm going to fuck you without you getting me dinner.

–You got me dinner today. We're even.

She pulls my shirt out of my pants. Takes out my cock and licks the shaft. Pops her lips along the shaft.

–Are you touching yourself.

–Uh-huh!

I laugh. She slides my dick in and out.

Is this about her or about me.

–I want you to put it inside me.

We are still completely dressed.

We collapse in utter fatigue. Still in disarray.

Whoa.

Each new encounter is becoming more and more risky. They keep me returning to my lover. But they also create an immense distance from her. I thought that the others were of some extreme order.

The coke has made this one amazing. She cannot rest. Our collapse is after a most ferocious encounter.

–I didn't think that I was like this.

–Sometimes life just seems so cheap.

–Wasteful.

She sees things somewhat like I do.

Touched her: I thought that it would be for longer. I wanted him to stay.

her legs: he noticed me first. He stared at me.
her smile: I drew him closer to me
her ass: I thought that I could let myself go.
her neck: he made me feel right.
her lips: I thought about these things.
her back: I loved how he surprised me.
her hair: I let him lose himself in me, hoping that there I would find myself.
her hips: I wanted to let him know that I knew.
her thighs: I got jealous easily.
her feet: I didn't want him to have any doubts.
her heels: I wanted to drive him crazy. Make him think about nothing else.
her stomach: I worked on keeping him.
her tongue: I showed him part of myself.
her eyes: I hid from him.
her nose: He figured me out.
her insides: I never wanted him to leave.
her noises: I wanted him on the edge of delirium.
her aggressiveness: I couldn't hold back.
her anger: What did I have left.
her caress: He reassured me.
her hug: I thanked him for everything.
her amazement: I tried to anticipate his caress.
her curiosity: I wouldn't stop. I didn't want to feel degraded, but I couldn't stop.
her confusion: I was losing myself.
her surrender: I gave myself to him.

—You should have left me something. Something that let me be myself. You just hollowed me out, and now there is nothing.

—It wasn't me. I gave you everything too. I just need to escape. To get rid of myself.

—I can do that for you. You make me want to kill you.

—You're just saying that.

—Have you ever killed anyone?

—You don't know what you're saying.

—You betrayed me.

—I didn't mean to. Things happened.

—You're an asshole.

—I can't stay with you anymore. You're beauty disgusts me. It's too perfect.

—What does that mean?

—You're a saint. You're not part of this world.

—I wanted to make things perfect.

—They aren't. They can't be.

—Mother, I'm frightened.

—You have nothing to be frightened of. It's only rain.

—I'm afraid that the sky is going to open up and swallow us whole.

–If that’s going to happen, there’s nothing that you can do about it.

I need some protein.

–You need human flesh.

–We are living by the water together.

–I rots quicker there. Heat and eat!

–Sex is one hundred per cent mental. If a guy’s brain turns me on, I just get all wet.

–What difference does it make.

–See that girl at the end of the bar.

–Who’s pointing her out.

–I am.

–So.

–She’s so hot.

–What does that mean.

–She paralyzes me.

–She’s no different than the one facing us.

–Nice shape.

–Are you bored?

–Do I know you?

–I saw you sitting here. Do you play the numbers?

–Only the final ones.

Tina had this switchblade open. Right close to us. She was sharpening herself. Going to take us all down.

–That really isn’t funny.

–But it’s accurate.

–Didn’t someone tell her to cool it.

–Some guy tried. But she started going crazy.

You can’t miss it if you don’t see it.

–The final numbers.

–Are you looking in her direction.

–Are we in the bar again?

–I got to work tomorrow.

–Does that change things?

–It sort of put a time limit on everything.

–You know that you’re a sick fuck.

–I clean my nails.

I can’t take my eyes off the screen.

–She’s been playing with her hair all night long.

–Just nervous.

–Go say something to her.

–I like your smile.

- I'm not in a smiling mood.
- It looks different in here.
- Yes, it does.

He hid the ex in a matchbook. After he got his money.

- Is that how he made his money.
- Everyone knows that you are talking to him.
- She counts to seven with her fingers. Then she makes a cutting motion.
- Do you play the numbers?
- What number is that. Not just seven. Seven what?
- I'm fucked up, I feel great.
- Did you fall coming in here?
- There's too many people here to get to know all of them.
- You could meet just one.
- Which one?
- The pretty one.

- Work out a price by the hour. Do you want to pay by the hour?
- How much is an hour?
- Just to spend time with me, that would be \$200. Everything else is extra.

LUNCH	350
DINNER	700
THE WHOLE NIGHT/ THE WORKS	1400
A WEEKEND	3000
IN AND OUT	300
EXPERIMENT	400
KINK	600
PERVERSION	1200

- Do you do serious cruelty?
- Only political humor.
- What?
- Chains and the works. That's a thousand. A three way-that's two thousand. Three thousand for it all.

- I'm losing my grip.
- You can be replaced.
- Straight sex. Bondage. Up the ass.
- That the best that I can do.

-You are one sick little fuck.
-I have a few bills. Can you suck my dick.
-I'll lick the tip. That's where it stops.
-You won't take me to climax.

-Do you know who you are?
-I did this morning.
-Do you go all the way?

Terminal diagnosis.

-I passed out fucking. They revived me, and I came twice more. I thought that I was going to die.

-You like a guy to do you.
-I'll suck dick for drugs. But it's not like I'm some kind of fag.
-Won't you take drugs so you can get your dick sucked.
-It's late at night, and I don't look down.
-Your son.
-I'm not going to get moralistic. I do what I have to. We all do.
-I want you out of my life. Out of his life. I don't want him growing up with a pervert.
-I'm not a pervert. You like what I like.
-But it's not weird for me. And I know who I'm with.
-You've been with some weirdos.
-What's weird to you now. Hanging?
-I could never live up to your expectations.
-Are you boasting? You definitely could make some wild things happen.
-Were you satisfied.
-We didn't have any money.
-Did you like the sex.
-It's a little late to ask questions like that.

-What are you looking at?
-Who has the electricity tonight?
-The guy at the end of the bar.
-Fuck it if he looks good.
-He's sucked dick for drugs. He's also a mean mother fucker.
-What do you mean by mean.
-Live fast, die young, have a mean looking corpse.
-Beautiful.
-What?
-Have a beautiful corpse.
-What?
-Have a good life yourself.

I watch her walk in to the bar and I follow just behind her. Her hair has a dark red streak. Nice body to it. It seems that I know her. She's wearing black slings and her skirt accentuates

her legs.

–Are you looking at me?

–Nothing.

I move around her to see if she is my friend. Haven't seen her in a while.

It isn't.

She looks around. A little restless. She goes to the bar and order a drink. She sits on a bench. Is she waiting for someone.

I look around the room for some people that I know.

–We're just having some drinks. Want to join us.

–I do. I'll have a rye and ginger.

Her friend comes in and they sit down. I look over at the table, and she looks back.

She adjusts herself in her seat as I stare over her. We lock eye in eye for few minutes and then she looks back at her friend.

The friend notices none of this unless she is alerted by my love interest.

–Are you going to come over to the table or what.

I love the curl of her lips. She is hardly wearing any makeup. A clear, almost pale quality to her complexion. Sort of lively.

I watch her laugh with her friend. She seems to count to seven with her fingers.

–Do you like to play games?

–Do you?

–Are you busy for lunch.

–Lunch?

–Would you mind if we went back to your place.

–I've got a big dog. He doesn't like strangers.

–We don't have to be strangers.

–You're a stranger until I've gone on three dates with you.

–I'll buy you a drink here, we can stop for a hot dog at Mel's, and ice cream at Rose's.

–I don't eat hot dogs and ice cream.

I look down.

–What are you looking at? That girl over there.

–She's playing with her hair.

–Like playing with other things.

We both smile at each other.

–Aren't you going to say something?

–I've got to be at Rachel's.

–I thought that you weren't seeing her anymore.

–I left some things at the house.

–We're all getting a little distracted.

–This or that.

I have captured her by my looks. That carelessness in the dress. The sharpness to her attitude. A sense of loss.

–Do you ever want to escape your life.

–We all do. I use to think about it all the time. Five years ago. It just left me vulnerable to loser guys.

Find the motor and get her going
I am a machine to this line. This is what I am when she takes me over. When I see the
division.

LONG DIVISION.

This is what you want. I want you to show me what I want.

–It is immediate. It is everything. It is nothing.

–Are you looking at me?

–What you are. It mesmerizes.

–You can already feel yourself melt with me, in me.

The flow.

–And you give yourself to it?

–You can't hold back.

–Is that how you feel about it?

–It's what it is for me.

–That's not enough.

The lips, the lips.

–Are you touching yourself?

–In my mind.

–In your mind.

–I can make it all happen in my mind.

–You don't need me?.

–The interminable puzzle.

–There is a solution.

–That I have nothing to do with.

My hand gets lost inside. I am lost inside. I slither over the wall and fade.

–Are you here?

–Neither of us is.

–What do my lips remind you of?

–Your lips.

–That's a circle.

I am still paralyzed in this light.

–Weren't you my friend first?

–Something didn't belong.

–You can't own it. You can't hold it.

–I thought that those were my words.

There is a yelling inside of me.

Can't you stop it.

Kiss me back.

–It just makes it last. That's all I want. That feeling that you have when you look at me.

When the machine goes on... I want to feel the same thing and more.

–More.

–Do you feel yourself inside me.

–I am all inside.

–And more.

–I've got all the parts and I am working.
–I think that we want more than that.
–What could that possibly be?
–I think that we want something permanent.
The flowing halter looked a little baroque at first. Glitter on her breast. But that kiss in her lips as she talked.
–You do like my breasts.
–Lovely.
–They're real.
–Like your green eyes.
She smiled.
I felt myself die just by looking. Her flowing brown hair. She fits the type.
–Is there a type.
–There always is!
Poetry from her lips, sugary and dreamy. The tenderness of the lips.
–These are your words.
Doesn't this all seem too good to be true.
–It just seems to silly.
–Silly.
–Unrealistic.
I crystalize the gaze.
–You seem wonderful.
–Things like this never last.
She fits the type.
–Can you get away, maybe for the night.
–What can you offer me?
–I can get you drunk.
–I can do that at home.
–I can get you high.
–My neighbor can do that, and he's not going to come on to me.
–I can get you clever.
–I already am. That's how I can keep away from you.
–You seem impossible.
–I am for now, but everything grows old.
–You have to know who you are.
–You have to be perfect.
–I'm not too good at perfect.
–That's really what I'm looking for.
–I can remain perfectly still.
–That's not good enough.
–Well, how are you? Does a passionate embrace imply love.
–I'm not a machine.
–Sometimes I feel that I am.
–And you expect me to bring you back to life.
I reach to touch her hand, and she blocks me.

–That’s enough for now.

In another story.

–It’s just so hot.

–And all this seems so logical.

–You have been looking?

–And I have been tasting.

–You’re trying to be friends of my friend.

–He’s trying to be my friend.

–And you think that we can all be friends.

–Can we?

–I’ve seen how you look at me.

–How’s that?

–Those doe eyes.

–I’m not looking any way for you. That’s how I am.

–How’s that?

–I’ve caught you staring.

–Just trying to hold it all in.

–I try to do the same.

Is that why she’s stumbling around?

–Too much of a good thing. It was good when it started.

–You’re slurring your words.

–They’re mine to slur.

The muscles of her abdomen are pulled tight. My hand slides over them. The belly button pierced and beckoning like a trunk leads you to the roots. Burying the hand and the mind deep.

The is the curtain. Sliding through the curtain. The pointed quality of the revelation

–What do you want to see?

–What I am seeing. More than I want to see.

Concentration that can easily slip in a different direction. Not to hang on with such focus. She does maintain it. Here and now!

–You really do maintain it.

Not just the immediacy of coupling. Something that lasts. In praise of her.

–Do you sense how you are the locus of all energy.

–I do.

–I can give you what you want.

–What do you want?

–Anything that will keep you in the game.

–I’m already pretty zonked out.

–Does that mean that you’re in or out.

–I’m not really in the condition to answer question.

For a moment, my hand rests on her stomach. The warmth is engaging.

–What are you thinking about me?

MASS

THE MASSES

- We need to start one at a time.
- Sometimes it's so hard being myself.
- We have to start one at a time.
- How do you do it?
- Make them want to go to sleep.
- They all do.
- For long?
- For how long?
- Forever.
- That's a long kiss.
- Or a house.
- That's why you have to go in the houses.
- Invasion.

DO IT ONCE AND FOR ALL.

**THERE ARE MACHINES THAT CAN GET TO KNOW EVERYONE ONCE
AND FOR ALL!**

A SHOW OF FORCE!

The grimy reaper.

Can we get you to crack?

- Someone has to put me in bed at night.
- Everyone just wants to be nice.
- You can't keep it going with hate.
- LET THEM TRY.

-Mom, who are you talking to?

-I had a friend over.

-Where is he?

-He just went away.

-You have to start somewhere.

-Use the machines.

-Are you crazy

They've worked before.

There's a resting state. And pulling the chain state.

-That was his challenge to the world.

-Can you care for anyone?

-I can care for them all.

MASS LOVE

MASS HATE.

You have to start somewhere.

Why are you running away from me? I don't want to hurt you.

Hurt is a form of love. You need to accept it.

-I'm trying.

-Does it affect you?

-Only if I can really feel it.

-You can't cure everyone.

-If you leave your body for a while, they can get rid of the toxins and then give it back to you.

-We'll come back to that later.

-What do you want to deal with now.

-You only have one body. Don't lose it.

-When you give it to someone else, are you losing it.

-It depends how much you give.

If you hold back, then you are giving it all. If you give it all, then you have more in reserve.

-That makes no sense.

-If you hold back, you just explode and that's it. You were trying to control it.

IS THIS ABOUT BIG BOY.

Explode and in it.

I AM EVERYWHERE!

I want to the perfection that I didn't make.

-Can you draw a straight line.

-Yeah!

-Can you make out a check.

-Yeah!

-Is there money in the account.

-I have overdraft protection.

-To what amount.

This is going to be a 500 dollar job.

-That doesn't seem like enough.

When the crack in the earth opens you up, and swallows you in.

-You can't burn away that kind of pain.

-You can sure try!

-It's like throwing the baby out with the bathwater.

-I never understood that saying.

-It's not about the baby, it's about you.

-I'm trying to make sense of it. I just don't understand.

It engages me.

All so erect.

We know.

Standing tall, trying to touch the sky.

–We’ve gone beyond the sky.

–That’s why when we come back, we want to return to where we’ve been.

–The heavens.

–Providence.

–Get me a drink.

–We’ve been through this.

–I’ll show you something.

–Kiss me on the lips.

–That’s too special.

–Want to go smoke some pot?

–Is that the theme of the evening.

–Why?

–I get crazy when I smoke pot.

–Crazy how?

–I take off my clothes. Just to feel comfortable.

–I get all tender.

–You need it.

Then there is the assassin. He needs a little hash just to focus. It’s all about the frenzy. You have a mission, and you have to carry it out. No matter how personal. Just write your information on a card, and we’ll make it all happen.

Dot it once and for all.

–You can’t order in this sort of thing.

–Why?

–You have to be the right type.

–Looking for a match.

–You’ve got the right parts.

–I could fill in parts that you don’t have.

Any house, any time. The supply is inexhaustible.

–I don’t want you sleeping in this bed tonight. I’m going out to get fucked. And when I come home, I don’t want to see your stuff here.

Any house, any time.

–I’m going to need a ladder to get up there.

–Your heels are high enough.

–I’ll still need a ladder.

–Really!

–Can you see under my skirt?

–Yeah.

–What do you see.

–A place that I want to go.

–What are you thinking about?

–That I’m getting hard.

- Want me to get higher on the ladder.
- Just move a little lower and I can lick you.

- Are you a member of some organization that just does this freaky stuff.
- We just like to put things back the way that we found them.
- Good. I was worried. Thought that there was something that I was missing.
- Like paradise.
- You can kill your way there.

SAM'S ELEMENTS

I. WATER

- You mean that I'm supposed to drink this shit.
- What's wrong.
 - It's dirty.
 - It's not dirty. It's been tested.
 - Look. It's all dirty.
 - It's been tested. Drink it.
 - It's too dirty to put in me.
 - That's OK. It's one of the fundamental elements—earth.
 - Dirty mixed with water is dirty water.
 - It's not going to kill you.
 - What if the soil is toxic.
 - It's from the ground. Mother Earth. It's good.
 - It's poison.
 - It's not the end of the world.
 - I'm not going to.
 - Swallow. Take it in. Then you become fundamental.
 - Fundamentally dead.

I WANT IT THAT WAY!

Drink it up. There's nothing bad in the water. Splash it. It's wet. It's OK.

The drinking water of Cincinnati was tested today and there were higher than normal levels of lead and mercury in the water.

- It's all according to revised EPA standards.

Drink it up. It's the patriotic thing to do.

-Once we erode the fundamental purity of our drinking water supply, we erode democracy. Take the water and sell it back to the people at a higher price. This is one more way to rob public funds.

The public exists as an extension of the private.

**What if the private don't give the public all that it needs.
That's called publicity!**

This is your drinking water. Your essence. Drink it up.

You keep drinking that stuff, and you're never going to get an erection again.

-Don't worry. I can use my tongue.

-Lick it up.

-It's sweet.

-Something in the water.

-Tastes like shit.

That's a fundamental element.

II. AIR

Are gas masks in public a fashion accessory?

-Is a gas mask sufficient, or do we need a private oxygen supply?

I'm hungry thinking about it.

-Be sure to cover your food.

-Isn't the oxygen flammable?

-Just carry less. And don't breathe in.

-I'm trying not to. But it's sort of automatic.

-Don't worry! It won't be in the future.

-I feel a burning in my chest.

-That's just fire mixed with air.

-Is it something to worry about.

-It's too real to get worried about.

-That sets my mind at ease.

-I knew that it would.

-It doesn't set my chest at ease.

-Death is part of life.

-The final part.

-You can't have more than your years.

-But I can have more years. Unless you're going to interfere with me somehow.

-Interference is part of life.

-I just want a clean breath.

-It is clean. You just have to accept the cleanliness of things other than your air in the

air.

-Then that's a detriment.

-You don't know that.

-It's like swallowing a bug. You don't know when it's going to come alive in you.

-I feel like it's already alive.

-Like I said, this is not something that you can predict.

-It's not the predicting that I fear.

-Then what are you afraid of.

- The burning.
- Just breathe in deeper. Then you get past the burning part.
- Then I feel like passing out.
- See! Now you are getting away from the burning.
- That sounds like nonsense.
- Tell you what I'll do. Just quit breathing.
- Can't do.
- Or get used to it.
- That won't work.
- Or get past it.
- That's paralysis.
- Clean air is a myth.
- That's what I'm afraid of.

III. FIRE

Outside of Akron the fires burn. They will engulf us all in a conflagration never to be seen by man.

This is our punishment for wanting too much reassurance. Wanting what we cannot have. Wanting too much comfort. Wanting just to stay warm.

- That's nonsense. There are no fires in Akron.
- But there will be. The air will catch on fire. This is prophecy.
- How do you know?
- I've seen the future.
- Is that enough?

The evil ones will not be able to sustain themselves once the fires have made their way. They already feel the toxic fumes burn them inside. Now it will burn them outside. Vengeance.

-It starts by pissing on a former friend's tooth brush then it goes on to fire.

I saw her room go up in smoke yesterday. She yelled to no avail.

- There's always hope.
- This flame is for you. It is your last hope for salvation.
- Salvation. It's going to kill me.
- Take it lightly.
- How do I do that?
- Don't inhale.
- That's silly.

The edifice will crumble. The supports will give away. Nothing can rescue you from the eventual punishment.

-I don't want my air toxic.

-You can't stop it without upsetting too many people. To you it's fire, to them it's comfort. Reverse it, and you cause them discomfort. They go up in smoke.

This is not something that you should really worry about. It harms a few people. It's a risk. Just accept it. That's how life works.

--That sounds perverse.

THIS IS HOW IT IS!

I can't be perfect.

But I can be all right!

Does someone have a match.?

–Don't worry. It's in such small quantities.

Watching the world as it burns.

Will you play a tune. As the ring of fire moves to encircle the glove, there are already noticeable effects.

–This can all be reversed in time.

–We don't have time.

–You will eventually pass through the ring of fire.

–And beyond the ring.

–Is an encircling ring. This is the ring of self. Of liberation..

–Just set it off!

IV. EARTH

There is a special place reserved for those who have survived. It is the ground. You come from the dirt and into the dirt you go back.

Bathing in mud. Establishing that primal union.

–I cannot get clean.

–That's what we told you from the beginning. Only a new identity can get you truly clean.

–Wow!

–Close your eyes.

–They're already closed. I'm full of dirty.

–We're going to drill deeper and deeper into the dirt. Down to the rock. To the fire. You cannot escape us by hiding underground.

Once all the dirt passes through us, we all get sick. It is the only way to keep us regular. We cannot retain it in our system so it passes through and with it go all the poisons.

–It don't work like that.

–It could.

Let's start the process over again.

–Eat it, and you will shit!

Everything becomes one.

One thing. One element.

Elemental.

It's the clay. What you can form into everything else.

Everything.

Start with a little dirt and add water. Roll it all around for a while. Shape it. What do you need. You've got it.

And the sculptor's form is deep and profound. The hand reaches deep inside the twisting forms and twirls to offer direction. Moving in and out. The creative formation. A ridge. An edge. A boundary.

Stimulated.

The hand moves along the edge as if to inspire flesh. The hand squeezes together the sides. Retains support in the curves.

–Is this is what you want?.

More than that. You want the implication of life. You watch it come alive and then become frozen in a pose. It is the pose that brings the viewer to life. The viewer wants to participate. Wants to make himself rest with such fluidity. To imply action but staying rooted all the time.

–Can you appreciate such expression.

–This is really great.

And it is . Words do not fail. They are precise. This thing stopped dead in its tracks.

Give it more fire.

–The fire has baked it still.

Give it more life.

–We’re running out.

Light a match. Make the fire go!

V. SUPPLY

It’s all in the imagination. And this is where the imagination starts to run out. Where all the variations have been tried and retried.

The monster is dead and now is reincarnated.

Swallow this and you can see everything metamorphosize into everything else.

PROPHET.

Do you have what we need.

–It is bubbling beneath your feet.

What they need and what we have. This is the gold. Dark and primeval. It does not sparkle. It is the ultimate currency. Dark. From the earth. Pitch black.

The tar speaks. Death and renewal.

–We will burn our vision bright.

–Yes, we will.

This is the edge of folly.

–I can’t get out of bed. I have incredible pain in my gut. Can’t crap. I can’t eat.

Do you want that thing that makes it all burn bright. A thousand candles.

The tar reaching beneath the skin.

Before dirt, we walked on fire.

–I don’t understand.

White hot. Vision. Heat.

–I am feeling sick.

This is your miracle cure.

A river that you can tap into. It’ll run right through you.

–You are my kingdom.

On your knees in praise.

What if there is too much?

–We can burn off the excess.

That is why it is so hot. Why there are fires.

–Right.

The gates are made of fire. All ignited. To keep people in their place. To keep them out.

–What are you telling us.

–That fire has a mind of its own.

–And if you let it go.

–It just goes and goes.

–I really don't like to get burned.

–Nobody does.

–I really don't if you know what I mean.

–Explain yourself.

–I don't like to get burned. You're pissing me off.

–Put a muzzle on it.

–Put out bitch.

–I'm going to take your bitch.

–Bark, bark!

VI. ESSENCE

What's essential is what comes out. Pow!

–You like to...

–We all do!

–Let's

Let it flow!

We've got too much.

–If you can't make it float, they'll get really pissed.

–Just throw off the excess.

Or you could burn it all.

–That's why there are oil spills.

–Pretty soon we'll be swimming in an ocean of oil.

–Or piss.

–It's all the same.

–What we cast off. What we can't get rid of.

Giant cauldrons still burn. Molten metal.

–Don't fall in.

Here is the opening to the hell that is the city.

–Do you want to stay?

–I can't breathe.

–I've made myself pretty. Am I in the right light?

–This is the light that burns.

–It is the fire that is inside.

Can you make it clean.

- There is nothing clean here?
- I just thought.
- Thinking won't help with any of this.
- What's the solution?
- Louder screams.
- Look at me, dammit.

Here you find punishment. Between what you think that you need and what you really get. Mashed potatoes on a plate.

- These were solid.
- That's enough for me.
- You can always switch to rice.
- That's a story in itself.
- Rice dropping from the sky.
- The essence in you to get out.
- And it just pours out the ground. Gushes and gushes.
- Can you feel the frenzy in you.
- If you had any doubts.
- That the machine worked.
- It is you exploding out of yourself.
- I just wish that she'd shut her mouth.
- It's MOTHER EARTH!
- Wandering the planet, never feeling quite right.
- Do you hate me or something?

VII. SCREAMS

Are they screams of passion or screams of fear?

To the audience it is all the same. Screams of fear are temporary screams of passion. Screams of passion are temporary screams of fear until the lovers get caught.

-What a horror.

Not as bad as you thought.

-Live with it.

SCREAM

-I can make you enjoy it!

SCREAM

-You went back to him. I heard you screaming all night long.

-That was passion can't know what I've got when I really spread it for him.

-What are you saying?

-When he really fucks me.

-I thought that it was love.

-It is. But we have to get through to the first few layers.

-I'm going to collapse.

-I'm going to be sick too.

You inflict the pain to make yourself feel right about this.

–I can get you out of this mess.

–**I’ve heard that before.**

–It’s the only way out.

–Things spiral downward, and you can’t get back.

–If you could....

–I would...

–Why do you talk that way?

–Because when I go down, I don’t want to scream.

–I want to take the world with me.

–The last person who tried failed.

–That last person who tried still is taking it down.

–Can you put out of the fires?

–I’m still working on the screams.

–They could be screams of joy.

–I doubt it.

–They just have to change their outlook.

VIII. IDENTITY

I can feel the fissures already.

–Did you say that would be OK?

–I can’t really care what you say. It will be OK for you eventually

–I can’t stand how it is now. I just want the door to close.

–It already has.

–But there’s still a cold breeze from the outside.

–That’s just in your imagination.

–For my sake, will you close the door.

–Your sake. I feel claustrophobic.

–This is a terrible beginning.

–They always are. What do you think that the audience would like to see.

–I don’t care.

–They want to see you happy. They want to see us both happy.

–I’m having trouble getting to that level.

–What do you need to hear to make you happy.

–It’s not about what I want to hear. It’s just feeling right with myself. Maybe it about being somewhere else.

–Where do you want to be?

–Somewhere outside. Looking down from a high place. Looking down and not being afraid. That’s who I really am.

–We can end it like that.

–Maybe.

–They want to see you jump. Then they want to feel bad about it. Bring you back as someone else.

–There’s an infinite supply.

–That’s what I always say.
–So it doesn’t really make any difference what I do.
–Just for the time being.
–But my identity.
–It gives you a chance to become someone else. Just close your eyes. You’re with a savior.
–I am.
–Do you want it to be that way?
–Can you pass through walls.
–I can pass through open windows.
–Don’t get any ideas.
–I’m going to open some more windows.

Just don’t burn any bridges.

IX. AUDIENCE

If you push us, we’ll push back—**HARDER!**
You always promise but you never deliver.
Not feeling like myself, I turn on to find out.
–This is what you have to do. So just do it.
–I will. And I do it over and over again.
–Perform on CUE.

The victim is the house. Who can do it first? The viewer or the peeper.
–I’m going to make it in there first.
–Quit complaining and deal with it.
–I’m trying to swallow.
–Just take more. You’re bound to get some in you.
–That feels good.

–Who are you talking to?
–Some guy I met in a bar last night.
–Do you trust him enough to let him in the house.
–I had sex with him last night.
–What?
–He’s a friend of a friend.
–It’s never like that in the movies.
–In real life, we give in too easy.
–Or we never give in at all.
–Whatever the audience wants to see.
–They want blood.
–They want to see the murderer’s house.
–To see where he hides things.
–Where he plays games.

-Where he sleeps.
-What do you want to see?
I want to see it all in color.
-Where are you going?
-I'm going out.
-Out again. Are you queer?
-What?
-You're going to meet your little friends.
-What?
-You like fucking men.
-I'm just going out for a drink.
-You're going to meet some men.
-I'm going to meet some friends.
-You like to look at women naked.
-Huh?
-Take little peeks.
-Not really.
-You like looking through windows.
-I sometimes see people moving. But I don't stare.
-You like to watch and touch yourself.
-That's not really me.
-But if it was you.
-It's not.
-Are you queer. You can't touch a woman. You can't be with one. You hang around with your men friends, and you suck each other off while you pretend that you're with women.
-That's silly.
-No, you like it that way.
-You're putting words in my mouth.
-That's the least of your worries.
-What are you saying?
-I'm going to call the police on your. Don't look at me like that. I'm going to call on you.

-Do you like to beat up women?
-You're implying this is something that I actually do.
-And you enjoy it.
What?
-You know that's what you want to do. You want to hit me now.
-That's preposterous.
-I see that glint in your eye.
-You're crazy.
-If I'm so crazy, why don't you just walk away. You think that you have your next victim. That's what you see in my eye.
-I'm not looking at your eyes.
-You like my ass. Don't you? What are you going to do about it? You've started

looking at me and now you can't take your eyes off me. You know that you're on to something. Wondering if I still have enough left. And I do. And you know that. That's what you see. And that feeling won't let go. That I'm yours. Your hands grabbing at my flesh.

–What are you trying to say? That I can't have you.

–You already have me. That's what you feel. You can sense that power and you won't let go, will you.

My fear is that if we don't deal with this it could result in a disaster.

–What kind of disaster? An earthquake?

–You could call it that.

The visible presence is gone.

–What about the invisible hand of memory that has written a record of all the crimes on the mind?

–They are not crimes; they are simply responses.

–I like such responses.

Just cast off into the desert.

Momma does he still talk to you

–I hear him all the time.

I listened but all that I could hear was a dog barking.

–You still spend your time in bars drinking with your queer friends. What are you going to do about it? You're going to beat me up like you like to beat women up. You can't even get hard anymore.

>>You want to fuck me. But you can't. You can't even get it hard. Even if you stroke it over and over again. It won't do any good. Unless some guy is sucking on it. Come on you little fuck.

>>Let's see it. Show it to me. That useless thing. There's nothing that you can do to stop yourself. Once you get crazy, it just takes over you. That temper of yours is going to be the death of you.

>>You've thought about it while on the bridge. Just pushing the burning truck over on all those cars.

–That's why they have the barrier.

–It can't hold you can it?

–What are you trying to say?

–I'm going to report you to the police.,

–For what?

–What have you been doing downstairs.

–What have you been doing upstairs?

–Watching TV. Getting forgiveness. I feel it. And now I’m sorry.

Where did he hide the instruments of death?