

MALGORZATA KUBIAK



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for Sun

THE EGO TRIP

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HOT PRAY- HOT PREY - HOT STRICKEN EARTH

motto:

I had to leave immediately from here if I didn't want to die forever. Galleon, but no boat. Ganglions turned me inside out, crowned with golden galleon. I left my port. Where to ?

My intestines held it secret from my head. It was my guts who made my decisions, my head was lost and my bloody cry wouldn't save my skin. In pieces I was going to return. Shield was dirty. I 've been scuffling my God, what could I have expect? Mercy?

I knew it, I had no heart as I had no home...

Prologue

We are on the boat, the waters are deep. I see diamonds sparkling in his green eyes when he looks aside at a suger pink whore, her cheeks, lips, clothes pink, slant and blue eyed; and Black Soul we share, shining emeralds. Not once even he looks into my eyes. I'm of worthless kind. And now I am following a shot fox escaping into dark woods, I follow blood traces visible on the old snow; silent years begin. December.

I wonder round in white snow landscape, start to dig. I dig through to the blood, muddy and thick, I warm up my hands.

I am in the open land of frozen fields and single and lonely black trees with frost covered twigs. And a white milky moon above. At last I find the burrow which is my size. I rest inside, I cut all my veins. Finally I am not alone anymore. My own blood surrounds me, it keeps me warm and soft, caressing me to sleep.

I know I am going to bite the dust. Our putrid face. Bless me hard. I see the sea endlessly horrible, and scarlet moon leads me lost. Won't you copy these failures?

Cirrrosis of cirrus; stigma and scars;

- Come here, come here; she said. And when you did what she asked for, she flung a big kitchen knife in your face. Pain mixed with blood, shame and tears. Hurt, hurt, hurt. The night came. Wounded.

The night came forth like a scar. I weep along the hotel's empty corridor, bye-bye-babe song, string my pearl-tears into my bloodless wound. It's only the earth which wants my blood, which wants my body and my dirty heart and my dress. The sky turns rapidly dark. The sky swells with blood.

-Did you come to Heaven?

Lugubrious turned my earth.

A man masturbates in a silent room. Hot seeds of sperm rest and die on his stomach.

It all bathes in blood however. The lines of dreams lay in narrow spiral; obstacles oracles and signs, different segregated boxes of a due of life. Supporters gather together to expel the word - unbroken silence.

I want small devils toys, monsters figures, I look through

all of them and make my choice. It is Sarin I'll love first. He is the demon himself and he kiss me on my lips, lips which turn visibly scarlet and hot. It is also his younger brother. We dance, we know each other so god damn well. Devilsh angel, he truly turns from man to woman, and her blue green eyes shine. I search through her big hands. She holds her womb in front of me, pubic hair are dark and soft. She speaks of magic, my eys follow adventures. She is a dirty jig. Day bright light dispose, we are on the moon. The odd is here to take me into possession, it all baths in blood and my mind plays tricks with me. I hide my hands. I shiver of cold, I go up into my house alone and sit down.

Today nothing is going to happened. Not at least untill I'll close my eyes.

Without rising my eyes, I knew I was going along the river. I know which river and why but this is nothing for you. All my eyes saw were my bare and frozen feet stumbling on clods of frozen earth.

PART I

PLAGUE

Retain, it's not what I wished for.

Moldy landscape and time.

Spasm.

You fade away. I debase, stain,
bungle. Clasp.

1.

I can't catch my breath as I would run 3 days and 3 nights. Oil lamps give warm light to the town which sun had have heated up before. I am thinking about the people we have met, during the breakfast, lunch and dinner and in between.

So, at breakfast - A man with golden teeth speaking fluent and bad English, selling iron tools, openers, chains, penknives, all his stuff hung on him as on the christmas tree, he is thin and toll, his eager smile full of gold. He wants to sell and he wants to talk and he wants to sell and he wants to talk. He has good political orientation but kind of peculiar speech makes him to the figure of fun. His shining golden mouth is raping the same on and on. I make an appointment for an interview with him but he doesn't turn up.

Then lunch - a very short old man and his two very small grand sons begging. He sacrifices small violin, boys cup to two white, large plastic cups they hold by the rim of our dining table's fresh cloth, trying to keep the heads away from the food, below the table their

eyes - sick, big, stoned, hungry - darken and shine. Their dusty rugs say ...coming from far hem of 22 million peoples town. I put some coins in being aware of temporality of my act. By the next table 3 young Mexico City boys stoned high and madly laughing; one of them - his hair combed up sleek and big pretty mouth... Waitress, a girl with big smile on cunt looking lips, big eyes, her tits moving rhythmically as her bums. She carries in fruits and serves them to the young men. She looks at the sleek one.

After the lunch -

A little boy begging, juggling in front of the cars at the stop lights, with 3 coloured balls, green, yellow, and red, his clown painted face, the eyes which gave no shine but sorrow. Might be hard to grow old, might be hard to grow at all. Pollution eating up the town and eating up the town's children. And coins, coins, coins, and their promising sound, coins insistent as a pray. Hot pray & hot prey. The clasp stained, bungled, debased. The clasp, stain, bungle, debase. No spasm, only cool walk, cool walk to the gates. Saints. And the sun hot and obstructive burning it all.

I hear somebody's black breath in the dark, a sinister one.

- Who's that? A devil? A friend? I am afraid.

2.

I am so endlessly alone. The night is dark and warm, and I am so endlessly alone. This time is going to be the founding out. What are my illusions, what's my odds, and illusions have to be killed, I don't have more time to destroy. Don't I? Is my loneliness real and is my longing about what? Then who are these people?

In my solitude I lean on his arm, we measure the streets, we have done it in years. But on the contrary it is the strangers eyes which are close. The love is sick adventure and I still want to win. And I want you. I crown your head with an olive chaplet so I could see you in the crowd, you - the winner.

The girl I look at is sitting on the footpath, she holds a girl-child in her arms, begrimed faced child with dirty little hands trying to get into mother's small breasts, a little bigger boy sits next to her leaning also at the wall of the house, a babe sleeps in the cartoon box.

Aims. Boy immediately runs off to buy food pulling a little girl with him. The mother puts her hand into the box touching babe softly and then she LOOKS into my eyes. Her mamillas swell and babe peeps felling smell of the milk.

- What is the life about? Can I really see it? The sense of it? Can You? Cognition, recognition; a field of seeing develops from day to day to a sudden stop when everything is as usual; a habit, a normality, as long as my life is O.K... it's O.K. Fucking shame, shitty dirty business, the fucking ego of such ones as me drives the whole rest of the world to the brink.

Difference and similarity between the cultures are actually very interesting. Could it solve my suffering?

- I don't know yet, but truly, I don't think so, there is nothing on earth, I lost my God...

Small girls pregnant, small girls with babes; their thin legs, small

breasts and tired eyes; poor women faces, men sticking together - short legged and high heeled and tough. The whole nation, some of them have faces as faces, but some faces look as masks. Indian faces of kings and queens, or dolls, or unready made creatures.

I pass a couple in the hotel's lobby - tiny man, definitely an adult holding a family's whole luggage, a plastic transparent sack filled with clothes, his wife, still very much in the girls age; on her thin knees hangs a little girl in pretty yellow doll like dress, and in her arms sleeps baby. The girl herself is more then tiny, with short brown hair and plain clothes. They take a room. It's a middle of the day. They take a key and walk upstairs.

- Why are these men falling for the small girls, it mustn't be too much fun for either side. - Fertility and rush and quantity, or?

They enter the room, she puts the babe on the floor, father sits down on the only chair, saying

- Put the TV on.

She does. Small girl sits beside a baby on the floor.

- Good room - says the man comfortably - Give me some tequila. - She does.

- Curtain the room and put the fan on, it's hot. - Speaks the man.

Heavy, red curtains separate the room from the rest of the world, the warmth of the drink fills the man's throat, he scratches his chest. She refills his glass. Baby starts to cry and she moves it into the big double bed. Small girl follows them. She breast feeds the baby.

- Change the chanel - says the man, and while she is doing it standing in front of him, he turns up her skirt and sits her down on his knees, saying - o, her ass is great - looking at the TV screen's donna.

They both now sit in front of the big mirror which doubles the room, on the bed behind them babe girl trying to take off her dress; he's holding her tight, rises up the other hand with a rest of a tequila in a tumbler and salutes to his own reflection bringing most of it to his mouth, bluntly takes his cock out and manipulates into her cunt. The girl with babe in her arms turns her head away. She hasn't speak a word since they entered a room. She absently let him come. He finishes a drink and takes out a cigaret.

- Light it up - he says. After few draws he finally starts to move around. He puts his hand under the shirt and take out a little bundle and unfolds it, she watches him heedfully and she watches white powder which he softly frets through his fingers.

- Common now - he says into the room without taking off his eyes from the dope.

- Please, not now - she more moves her mouth than whispers.

- This is the very last delivery, we did agree to stop the business, woman, from now on you are going to feed and amuse me, Pedro's coming soon. - He says laying out the white lines for himself. He inhales all the lines. She's silently taking off her clothes. She is taking off his clothes. Babe girl nursing a babe. Him looking very comfortable and more pleased now, his body rather muscular in the nice tune of gold, hers thin with traces of motherhood. She lays down on the bed, he smiling deeps the hand into her womb, she squeezes her thin and pale lips, he's smiling, enjoying and keeps on making her twist on the sheets. He pulls his wet hand and reaches the bundle of cocaine, he puts some of it at the top of his stiff cock and shivers in joy, he spreads powder carefully over girl's clitoris, he rubbs it in, now he watches her, she hides her face in her hands, her cunt turning purple and softly pleased and cocking slow. She slowly let her hands fall, her lips still dry but turning red, the eyes full black turning to desire, her arms

stretching out for him, her arms caressing her naked god, her god,
her caressing the penis, licking it, sucking, she needles his rose up
stick with her cunt full of scars from previous births, again, again,
again. Two human bodies forcing, beating, fighting united in love,
love, love.

- Call it love. - If you can.

3.

- Whom am I trying to convince about "my" world, it's qualities and values? Why am I feeble-minded when I need to discover at the most? I backbite backbone, you and you do the same in return. Are we possibly the same? A mirror picture. I don't recognize you as I don't know my face. Irrational thinking, ...

During the dinner, Marcel, my son said - I would like to save rain forests, save the air, I would like to give money to the poor. If I had... But reaching people it won't, I guess they are very proud of having the money, as the only power and very distinction from others who do not have.

We walk, passing rows and rows of tired and small street people, sitting there since and forever, offering lots of chewing gum and other small coloured and useless products placed straight on the gutter in various patterns.

Are we all human, are everybody's tasks as useless? Is the only difference that we present them more firmly? Are we just bigger fakes than them? Many girls are pretty here, wild, they do look as they could suck few dicks at the same time, smiling biggest ever mexican smile.

- What do you say, how can you say that?

- I am walking, judging, thinking, I am a robot, a camera eye, I am taking it in and letting nothing out.

Down from my hotel's window lays a hugging park, kissing park and I spy on couples and pairs. The girls coming there are these who for some kind of a miracle succeeded to keep themselves away from men till now, and aren't surrounded with kids yet. They are the hot prey here, they paint the nails extra red and extra sharp for the rendezvous, they accept very few kisses and shine and secretly

show the breasts, they accept presents and promises, they are a lucky ones, the town surrounds them overtop with smoke.

She is looking from above into the love garden. The leafs are soft and meaty, various kinds of trees, few grass carpets around the pool of the fountain only on the very bottom filled with so little water that pigeons walk through without getting wet, the grass carpets shaped as hearts among which circle big, hungry, homeless dogs. Misty light fills it all, playing among palms and thin grey leafless branches in Mexican winter. Evenings are chilly but they aren't cold. Sometimes they are really warm and then she dreams of love very much.

Love which would be as real, as a fresh slew meat cut, as blood pouring out of the cut veins, love soft as meadows full of flowers smelling heaven, sharp grass smelling grass and spiders crawling there; love as thunder and love as sky.

She crushes her hand through the glass window and watches her blood rush out. Out into the love park, reaching ground soaking hedge into the heart of grass, feeding the spiders, little vampires living hearts.

- Love, love, love be good to me!!!

The old man in the wheel chair roles in and says - give me some money, boy. He has a funny hat on. Near by the fountain sits the old nazi, the war looser, he is bold by now, but he holds himself straight up, and his clasped hands with his fingers interlaced, right leg crossed on the other and green-grey extremely worn out jacket, he has nothing to give and nothing to loose except his decent hold, to be soon gone with a time pushing us all down and down. He looks at small boys with pale decent smile. And a cripple he gives not a glance.

- Carnivore - a flesh eater - I fall at your feet, I stay at your heel, see me, see my wounds. The cripple learned to use his miss-

shaping for his own advantage.

- O, what a world. What a master piece of expo- pain. And who's watching? - Me? - You? - Us?

The mild expression on the nazis face is unlike these men who while kissing their fat fiancées watch small girls, these girls who on the turn from child to woman softly craze out, who amazingly enough play games with small boys while exploring their own bodies, looking at their just "started to grow" breasts under the blouses more often than enough, driving home made cars, little wagons eagerly kneeling on, crouching, glancing round as they came into the paradise, falling off, giggling, throwing the legs up under white or pink, long and very clean dresses. The same as always, young cherries. Beeing so damn strongly on the line which we all follow, until we suddenly say - Stop! Stop to everything what human and turn against the mountains.

Against the dark mountains of the forgotten words. Words never pronounced yet by man on earth.

- Come - Earth - Mother Earth, so tired now by caring us on her laps, nursing us into her womb. All the time, again and again.

I shove him off . A black and dead bird has fallen to my feet. It was not that's why I came here. I kicked him off.

Plague stricken city. Plague stricken earth.

I am alone again, I would like to see a good strip, with a real girl, dancing to tunes of cheap and bad music, moving, undressing, actually this is the best what can be done; to undress. The people watching her, tensed and sweaty and sweet of desires. Drums, dreams, drums, I hold a banana peel in my hand and twirl it around, and I twist my hips, and throw it all away. And run through the streets,

the same reddish oil lamps, sweet, soft evening. The people are here but it feels as they aren't, some slimy loneliness touches me all around. My dirty heart is longing again.

- He will contact you, if he will wants to. Said the nurse. They were far too many nurses around.

It was you who cut all the rose bushes down around me, you slain them and bathed my love not in blood, but a dirty shit water, you washed yourself in my tears, you, you, you. You didn't believe I could cry. I watched full moon coated in silver ring and I wished it was blood, my blood. I wanted to read my heart. Would I blush? I wasn't able to forget, I tried to twirl your mirror in my heart.

Pain.

- God, what have I done wrong? Did I ? Well, let me know...

...it all looks the same on the inside and outside, she wears the same clothes, the same perfumes, eats the same food and drinks the same coffee. They lay in bed at nights and before she falls asleep she has to squeeze her lips; conditions, circumstances, perquisite; and clutch her teeth. Endlessly, interminable... prerequisite.

- If I weight every word, and take it for what it actually means, will I blush?

She is fed up with cheap hotels, they all look the same, travel illusion, moving among different points on earth is like not moving at all. Not moving inside the head at all. It all looks the same, street dirty, sometimes half dirty and half poor, small shops, restaurants, coffees, bars, people, their poor and tired faces, we are in the same kind of ambush, and the sun is hitting from above. What really counts here,

it's getting food and roof over the head. The food and roof are the only qualities, prerequisite conditions.

The girls in their early teenage years sit in groups in the love park and smoke cigarets, paint their eyes, brush hair during school breaks. This is nothing new. They wear white knee socks, bobby socks, white blouses and so on, typical and proper. They laugh a lot from inside of the uniforms. Boys act tough in girl's company. Lunch time breaks stained by the sun which could boil many heads. I embrace my carpus, sadly and thoughtfully

- shit! I am fed up with myself, this is such an boring and sentimental look, to see my own past in others, - shit! In Europe it's hardly possible, as everything goes too fast there, and these pictures are really gone. But that's not why I came here. My past can't matter. It's the present and future I want to meet. - Shit! - Pathetic shit.

When the school kids have gone the lovers return. All turns as in the time clock, click, click, clack. Hop. They sit putting their knees together, she places her hands on his knees, she is blond and surely a gringo, as offensive she is. He doesn't really hug her back, her foot dandles between his steady legs; they go away, she's hanging on him in tight embrace.

We are flesh eaters and we twirl and twirl the earth.

The boy takes over now, he drenches his face in her blond, long and thick hair. They kiss. What can their life look like is no use to speculate - we are all slaves. We all believe a lie, a lie about the life about our importance here, and about a score going constantly up. Am I the only one to debase down?

The umbrella of pollution hangs over the afternoon town; a woman eagerly going for family food; big bags of carrots, bananas, melons and avocados became luxury products of earth after several inflations. Women looking tired and they laugh a lot showing up

millions of wrinkles and bad teeth, standing in narrow passage of the grocery. I haven't even notice when I started to adore them. They aren't strangers anymore, we aren't different anymore...

Long awaited peace agreement between East and West somehow made people only more poor, more greedy, the consciousness of more safe tomorrows, made them want more money, more money, more everything; somehow it looks as we are going to destroy the earth anyway, with our own hands. Our own hands, our own hearts, our own choices and our needs. And we are doing it really good and fast. - True.

A little girl in white dress, sitting in the middle of the street crowd alone, with skilled, fast movements of her thin fingers fills with peanuts tiny plastic bags, her hair carefully done in the pony tail are waist long and shiny and black, her black eyes intently watch. We are all fix on the income of the money, a fucking bore.

More - is the word - more! Toll of cancer deaths rises up constantly. But who knows, it might be a fake. People were always bad off, however tried, they were burnt, tortured, played with and killed; in every era, century, year, day, culture, religion. Yes might be the most religion; I kill for my god. And always hungry, too hungry to think, to think clearly enough. They carried and carry shining knives hidden and they do hide their thoughts well.

I want! I want! I want! Belongs more to the thought then out spoken words, after we leave the childhood away, we watch each other, taxing, counting, comparing, calculating, envying, imagining, our eyes burn. We undress each other with eyes which seldom contain lust, we search failures, the ugly ones, the ones who are more bad then oneself. I do, I do triumphal watch this very small and fat woman in ugly dress, but don't dare to rise my eyes on the young and pretty girl facing me with a curious eye. Childrens eyes are soft,

even in darkness.

In the love park already drunk man takes another swig from his bottle, he belched and made himself comfortable on the bench. He didn't watch his foul toes anymore, he went to sleep, the eyes of by-passers went cold. Night was and stayed as nothing at all.

When he woke up the sun was already there, he got up and tried to tie up his trousers with a rope slipping out through his fingers several times, his trousers hanging down by his knees. He finally won, he did it, then he set down again as he had nowhere to go to.

We decided to see corrida, a real bull fight, it goes on every Sunday.

First we went to the wrong Plaza, it was a circus show to be there. We had to catch a taxi and drive across the town, interesting spectacle on Sunday, everybody outside. Somehow great nation, I guess I fall for that town, a lot to look at, beautiful renaissance architecture, in business parts great modern designed houses - monuments in black glass and silver; everywhere people full of life, and much more happy than we in Europe, not so principal, no, not at all, not down back at all, it took me some time to see lots of dynamic life behind poverty, behind dirt. I guess we are wrong, we just don't see what they really have, they are much more happy than me and we and you.

Arriving at the corrida; lots of people going into the stadium, the girls, lots of girls, and woman, dressed to kill, dressed up maximal and the men truly guarding them. Inside is already full, we take places highest up, the sun shines, the ceremony starts, the bull runs in and show off, running, flexing, swinging his flesh and his tail, rather happy beast, not really angry; the matador comes in, the crowd receiving him with an ovation of special sounds and names, rituals, everybody

seems to know very well what to sing, scream, call, punish and love. The crowd is as one. Comes all the proceeding step by step, different range people coming, driving in, and teasing a beast, humiliating the beast. The animal which from time to time stands peacefully by side hoping that they, this nice people let him live and leave, go back home, and walk again on his meadows, the utopian thought, utopian speculation, he is here to be slay; there are six bulls slain at each show.

This isn't any use to tell you how I feel about this, it is known for the uninitiated to feel pity for the bull, the crowd scream cover my expression, it's interesting anyhow to draw the lines about the human man, the gladiators, the power, and who is at the top, who is the king and a traitor and who is weak and who is the power; the bull has never any chance and the man is going to show how great, how brave, how courageous he is. Sometimes he fails, that's all. It is all about a man.

It doesn't hurt us anymore... There people wear pale, worn out masks, they call faces. The fuckers, the suckers, and the fools. I have seen it all - the life isn't an eternity. I won't return.

- No one is going to look into your eyes without abomination. No one can lift up stripes of your sliced, ugly, polluted and over exposed soul. Only hot love or extreme pain temporarily kills the solitude. Another heap of dead meat in the corner, it'll soon rot and fill with worms. Blue threshold, lumps of sugar, unpacked boxes, stunk of poisonous flowers - dying God put his precious fingers through all of that junk, softly caressing us. How could we have survived? To be punished or? We who used to take out of each table and glance

through. We whose power of possession was strongest of all. Our cold eyes are going to travel over the landscape and cross the river soon.

Behind my back burns the fire in the open fire place. He sleeps. I untie leather sling fixed on my thigh, blood starts to circulate freely. First, a white zigzag pattern turns bluish; I place my wooden shin on the floor. Slowly looking into the mirror I unbutton my green blouse. The breasts pressed before, protrude up with their big and pink nipples. The curtains talk. Suddenly I hear him fly. He spreads big and black wings rising cold wind. He flies straight to me and flung claws into my hair viciously. I have forgotten to feed him... I scream loud and try to disentangle him out of my hair. As I squeeze his tiny body he shrills and bites me. His sharp, small teeth burn my fingers and skull, streams of blood run down my face. The taste of it is strangely change. The breasts coloured with red strings, blood dribbling on my thighs and to the floor. Cockroaches smelling blood surround my only foot with a thick black ring. Finally I make myself free from him. Is it true that nobody loves me anymore? The cockroaches are climbing my leg. They are going to lick off the gore. They are going to enjoy it. And gorge and slumber too.

I wonder why people use to enter their bodies when they make sex? What makes them do that? It feels so absurd. What makes them eat? Put things, various objects into their mouths and swallow them? It seems so absurd. Small figures run after me and scream: you stinky bloody bitch! What makes them do that? Everything people do seem so unmotivated. I dip my handpalm into my womb, it's cosy and warm.

Dark green veils blow all over the house. I go inside. Darkness, thick and tender holds me tight. My eyes are wet and shine in the dark. I scratch my arm above hand palm. I feel warm string of a blood and tiny legs of a spider who's coming to drink.

Woe, woe, woooe, what's self pity tune and look, at the ominous landscape of my heart burying you, my Love, your name I drink on as air...stir. Fall into sickly sweat much too often, sacrifice you, my Love. Sacrifice you my Love with my foul mouthed speech, my thoughts and words, ordinary dreams. Acrid taste, even you so sweet, my Love.

4.

Bus station at the end of town, crowds of people, crowds of ants, thousands and thousands of creatures with unknown tasks, except a move from one place to another. They press and we press through. The sun heats and hits a frying pan. Hundreds of busses in the heat, some of them look as animals and some as out of a Brazilian film, roads show more then you can expect. A beautiful girl with arm long, brown, heavy hair, caring a usual luggage - big cartoon box, a mother to at least 2 kids carried now by the man she belongs to. It's simple as road. Anyone can fall for her beauty, I can't take my eyes off. You wouldn't either if you were here. The bus leaves.

Killed dogs left on the roads sides, bloody offal, which no one wants. Unprovoked, unnecessary love. Not love at all.

- Heart, stay silent, please.

All happens outside, father teaching his first born to walk, while my soul keeps on dying, and my cold eye - that untouched by love and the other eye - are here too and my greedy hand. Buildings, the kind of hand made, extremely simple, walls - roof - door shacks, cabins, milliards of little buildings, human race, some agriculture as fields and plantations; after 3 hours in the bus we arrive at the pyramids at Teotihuacan. The ancient kings's monumental tombs, dominant - carefully designed and build by thousands and thousands serfs, place of an ancient rituals but also place of the power - pathetic and secret traces of the civilized nation who once left or got terminated; steep scareful steps to the top of the pyramid, space, winds, up in the sky - we are up in the sky and native people want to sell very much. Plague. Money, money, money, the wind blows from the West. Stinky Wind.

Up in the sky I enjoy my loneliness, back down here, a dog and me - we fall for each other, I know - a bitch mainly wants food but

I know she wants love and devotion too, we keep on walking until the dark falls, she stubbornly follows me out to the road, I try to get read of her, I escape but she crawls under the fence and follows me again, I chase her away throwing stones which I think is less bad then a car driving over a sweet heart. - I loose - her eyes chase me and she keeps on returning and at last I leave her down at my bus steps. Night, crowds of cars, everybody seems going to town. Saturday night, some young girls giggling of the excitement, grown women with heads band down, nothing more can happened. In front of me sits a boy, who just got new hair cut, he is very busy with it, he brushes it, combs it up with his fingers, watching his reflection in the bus window, he smells very much of plain cologne water, he fixes it up all the time viciously; I watch him go out, straighten up the body with proudness of the poor youth, he almost reaches the sky when he reaches a group expecting him. There is very many car crashes on the way to town, veins sucking up people and cars, veins swallow up, we are far too many on earth, we all want to get in, excitement, town's veins, pulsing heart, it's hard to get through with the buss, the exciting darkness, I want in.

The night goes out for nothing at least for me.

Morning in the love park, I sit down, the benches are muchtoo low - suddenly I feel big. As my head would touch the clouds in my alienation; I feel a present of the macho here, a stranger, I don't like it, I don't rise my eyes, I can hear his breath, heavy, foul, getting out of the layers of fat. Yes, shit, he speaks to me, he asks me if I am alone, alone? Am I? Alone? What means alone, while he is asking...

- No I am not alone right now. I am disturbed.

Unanswered, he gives dissatisfy sigh and walks away whistling

for himself.

I have to eat my pain alone. Last night I looked into your eyes. They were green-brown with small black pupils, and amazingly they had a blood red spot - dropped on the right side of the iris, Love, unbelievable, so close to me. And it talk to me, looked right into thee, looked right into me, my very middle. And it spoke, slow and straight

- I love you somehow, but not enough to mess it up, no worth trouble, - it said silently, o, it said

- the best to avoid unnecessary mistakes;

- o sweet mistakes - went through my mind.

- What did you say? You asked.

- Nothing, Love.. It was all just a vision about your eyes, about your eye, bloody dream, with a spot of blood in the eye. Are you safe?

I discovered it right in the moment of awake. I wanted to be a rope dancer, I could have try now, would love to, my body burns the cage stuffs me up, it shrinks, the brain shrinks, and skull. Dark cave tempting me saying - come in - come in - come.

I feel, I can't play game anymore, I can't play the game alone. Lord help, I don't want to think about myself all the time, how can I think about you, Love, how can I? The words are empty and unsaid.

Streets, posters, passers-by, beggars, cars, dogs. Printed on paper hero carry helpless girl in his Big Arms. Her dress is white and virgin. Near by at distance of 1 cm. plate of the hot soup, poor people's food and dirty wrinkled hand lifting spoon towards a mouth; I see everything in close ups. Don't know why. Am I that near? Coffees, taverns, filled up with miscellaneous food products. Fat girl in the cashier thoughtlessly stars forward, with lips made into round snout blows out balloon of pink chewing gum. All is vanishing. That's life. But who's?

Train of pain and expectation leaves for it's destination. Train of pain and destination leaves for it's expectation.

It's hard to be happy, to approach the Land of happiness; is there such a land at all?

- I don't know baby, I don't know, at all.

I slept, if one can call it sleep while moving deathly scared upon the tracks. Rail tracks, blue train in the first light. The morning was blue and train was blue and blue was my mood. It was already in the night I stared at black sky pined with stars shining as hell, dominating me, spreading me up and showing me my pain. Babe, pain. Pain, pain, pain. Knocking it down and on, train, train, train of pain. Train rimes-cho- chuck-cho-chuck-cho-pain. Only day light showed the beauty of earth, earth bathed in blue light, blue fields, blue jungle, plants, horses, blue mountains and rocks, and first blue morning people, blue children getting up to work.

Simple and blue life, through it moved blue snake, iron train, which didn't look as iron at this moment at all. It still looked as a dream, as a spirit spinning through a dream blue landscape. A blue snake. Is that the earth we are going to waste so soon?

- Can't be.

- O, yes, it can. O, yes it is. O, yes it is. Cho-chuck, it is. Cho-chuck, it is.

The morning was blue and train was blue and blue was my mood. And my naked body traveling with, laying stretched on the bed, floating above and upon the earth, traveling with, visiting all these ancient magic gorgeous places to be. I could see my naked and white hip and dark cloud of the womb melting into the wild and changing

landscape, eaten up by the ambush of bushes in deep brown.

The town down south is strange, tourists as pests, they don't look sane: The money makers, the money mangers, they walk as in pale dream, stare ahead. Days are hot. My tasks were too check some facts, to look, to take drugs and write kind of own document, can't buy others news, but I start to fall out of frame. Drugs don't really attract me enough, may be just as extra add amusement to a nice lover, writing is a offal thing to do, one becomes that wearied perspective eye, no heart, no love, o babe no love. I do start to fall out of my plan. Also as I see all these woman writing, white gringo women writing their judgement, they want to be so smart, fat, thin, ugly, pretty, young and old, they want to be so intellectual and so free, they want to show their stable sensitive opinions. I don't really have any opinions, or yes, I have, some somehow, but it is no big deal about. Shit what am I saying? Shit, bigger shit, what shall I do? On whose knees may I sit? To whose laps can I cry? Shit. Shit. Shit. My plan was a ridiculous disgust, traitors spending time. Shit. A spy. Really a spy. A bar tender asked me if I was a spy, as he finally understood I wasn't a hooker, he truly thought I was a spy, otherwise, how could I have money and a wish to travel so much around the world, without doing a simple work for my bread. How?

I already wheel around, served as one of the dishes, being a dish, my heels sticks out of the soup, I am still alive, my body is bruised, my lids are glued, stucked, I can't see, what shall I write? I can't see upon my own pain, time is nay, I am one among other bloated citizens, I am going on cords, one for everyone, snare, mocking each other, each one laughs loud but I see tears coming out, I see them inside myself as I cant see out, can't look out, the sun burns earth, hopefully to the end, beautiful end dry and black, time is

nay, are you awake? We are not safe.

"... so, listen, it's secret, it's only to you. Yes, you.

Being here in Mexico - I only saw towns yet - except the trip-space-ghost-like train. I see people being fucked up by business, by trying to reach western ideas about life; homeless boys, young girls pregnant with babies, begging food, right in the middle of the worst pollution putting their small kids out on the torch or stake.

They are all screaming: help, help, here I am, this is what I have done, help, help!!!

This is rather humiliating doings, this is as hump on the prettiest back, this isn't true, this isn't necessary doings, this is what I think, one bad man and we are all bad, one man poor and we are all poor, but why? What's happened to me? I haven't tested these drugs yet? Where from my thoughts coming this way? Out space? Can't be, I might be ate chilli, red chilli it cooks, boils my brain, it fries my eye, I am afraid I never want to go home again, I never want to go back, only onward. O, god, what have you done to me? A spell? A bound? Charms? Begging old woman charms, the one with biggest hump on her back I ever saw, she is kneeling down for all the human men on world and earth, and she begs, o, god, what have you done to the earth? I see the earth which don't want to carry us anymore, earth which revolts against human men, feverish earth, I am sick, sick of myself, the love would be an excess, o baby, baby, baby, I guess I have been carried away, I have to tie my cords, and hopes, specially hopes, reel them down again. I kiss the shadow of you. I don't want to tell you, but I think bad about myself, mountains are far, the spots possessed by human man are black, time is nay, it seems as I can do nothing about nothing.

Except one more walk over the mountain, walk in burning sun,
I can lay down on earth listening to her spell and her still beating heart,
I can press my ear against the ground hard and listen, what she has
to say. And she has. I can lay upon my back and watch the clouds -
the clouds as longings, watch the shapes, faces they take and loose.
Take and loose.

Monte Alban, Zapothecks pyramids, ancient stones on our
ancient earth, we walk around, we walk around and walk. The stones
are watching us carefully, they are taxing us, are we good enough,
innocent enough, are we only the liars and sellers as others. I am
playing a queen stepping down the ancient steps, a fake.

6.

LIMBO

I drew a circle around myself with rusty, brown blood. The circle grew with flesh, living flesh which became more real than myself.

The sparks from your world are teasing my senses, you're calling me. You're calling me day and night, I can't bear it, it has grown over my head, you're calling me without wanting me, you want my soul, it has grown over my head, it has grown over myself, my old dreams are gone, sepulcher, relic, you crumble me while you walk, you spoil, loose me when you breath, what can we do? Where are you? Is the world too big ?

Tart taste; you mortify my tardy limbs, the sun burns and open my breasts, you dazzle me. You daze and dazzle me. Me, me, you said you are my friend, how? How do you imagine our friendship? Can anything be done? Or is it simply all? In that case it's bullshit. A film like version of world and life disappeared. A real moon hangs upon me, I lay on earth amazed by the reality which finally reaches me here and now. Listen, I am, I know I have said this before, but it bothers me again, the fact - a moon being the real thing, and skeleton, the one I just saw, it carried real man before, some time before you and me, you ask why I bother, no I don't, but it bothers me, that I also have real bones, real veins with running blood, real heart muscle which one could hold in the hand as an expo, size of the hand fist, pumping on, all red blood, flesh, and a one I love too, he also has all that, we are fragile pieces, a part of something else something very wanted and much bigger than I expected, chuck talks, yes I know, don't chuck me up, don't, you chuckle, and I chuckle; god, save me or kill. I can't wait any longer, please. I can hear you also now. we are chuckle heads and no more, we aren't worth love.

Love you so good and so sick.

My family and me, we drove over a mountains, it's so good to think-of it now.

- We drive over mountains of Sierra Madre, the land stands for its name in full Glory, big, not big - great red worm mother heart and laps, red hills, and rain forests in the valleys as in the womb, Madre, Madre, Madre, can you feel my lonely heart? Shall you feed me with honey and milk and love? Also me ? I am also your child, even a stranger, show me your breast, mother, take me to your heart, let me play, you rising higher and redder with every turn and every curve of every next hill, you so shamelessly intoxicating with your beauty, you are craze mother, mother you are craze, you are beautiful !

At every miserable stop in the smallest, poorest towns I have ever seen, lots of people trying to sell everything, many and dusty wasted people, children dark and small, everybody yell at it's top, crush, Santa Maria and Jesus there is not much place left for you here. The dogs are the thinness dogs on earth. People and dogs fighting over a bone, aims and stuff, they snick and they press, push on, their eyes accusing hard. People and walls as One. Walls of the houses supported by leaning on the walls people, as both would fall down if one of the halves steps away. A girl, thin, dusty and dark in cotton, pink with touch of grey dress too big for her tiny limbs, she stands leaning on the old house, it kind of frames her in wooden eaten by borers old frame, she burns me with her eyes. Rapid misery, more then misery, no, I don't need drugs to see the world. I feed dogs, but don't know how to feed the people.

Another stop far away at the mountain top, sound of horror brings me to panic,

- have a child been run over by the bus ?

They seem to be attacking, women screaming hyena's yell; I rise in panic, and jump up for to look, - they are selling water to drink, they are calling the customers: Aquuuuuuuuuua! Aqqquuuuuuaaa! There are hordes of them. They are more then all of us in the bus.

business and Poverty.

We and they.

And all of us.

On earth.

6.

In old days the prayers brought people together, and other words too and songs. Nova days the pressure on news rather unbearable, I shrink when I see, feel as a traitor, as walking on a stolen field, covering my back with stolen dress or a blanket, o.k. I don't steal luxury things, I don't need them, I steal rugs or rests of diamonds - as much shame on me. Don't tell me. How to avoid, not to think, not to feel, I have to forget all you have said before, God, let me forget, and find my world, I too walk on earth, I too have eyes, my eyes, wish sometimes I wouldn't have them at all. Stealing thoughts is a rotten thing, but seeing this people here, being forced to leave them after 10 minutes it's a torture, o.k. I fed one dog, what's that? I am as good as useless. Little girl with big eyes, selling her eyes, not selling sandwiches which none will want at all. It's not much to do, or is it? But what? They are always the same place, days, weeks, years after, only death removes them from the picture, nothing else, I could always go back there, but to do what? What can be done with miserable part of the world, what can be done? Talking pictures... - taking pictures seems a rotten thing, I can't do that, even if I need them for my film, my film, world of pain, the master piece, undone, I have no guts, I take them to my heart, and what then? What to do then? Why? You know I can't answer. I have no answer. There is no answer. We should share all.

It is hard talking about the trouble, sneaking away, pretending blind, absent minded, chuckle-head. I am chuckle-head together with the wealthy part of the world, you know which part I talk about, no not them, but You, I mean You, I mean really You.

The bus has to tuck itself through to force a street. The bus carries us away to the mountains again, consoling the hearts with heartily-earthly landscapes, great mountains, great clouds, everything

for gods, seems like. Bus circling as having wings to fly, loosing breath; children in these few top villages sit, for own security inside wooden boxes, these for vegetables transportation, to avoid sure death if fallen from steep sides of the hills, on which tops and slopes they are born and live; parents work forcing Sierra Madre to give out all she is able to give and a little more. The view landscape is marvelous, the sky more and more clear, and finally cloudless, when we drive into the rain forest. The air becomes more then comfortable, it goes straight into the lungs and blood, it removes my tired skin, it peels me off. And my eyes eat every plant and every tree, every greens, my eyes close sometimes and carry me to sleep, green sleep, with your green eyes staring stoned at me, and your voice, and your thoughts telling me...

- Who created the earth?

You say, the crocodile. He also created the sky and human man. There is a village, were they keep cult of crocodile alive, the chosen men carry the cult on. Every year 3 men on the turn from boy to manhood are sacrificed. At the special night people in the village do the dance; full moon light drows palm shadows, torch lights, fires, eyes; 3 young men chosen for the ceremony rest all night, the other dancers form huge human crocodile who goes around the sacred temple house tambaran, they dance around 5 times in flames into the ecstasy. The chosen ones with heads shaved, the other men gather around them, children and women going away, the day light coming, the omen, 3 young men join the tail of the crocodile, they enter the tambaran by left door and others enter by the right door; 3 men go through the fire, flutes and drums start playing, the 3 man naked and ready leave the temple, chew on analgesic sticks, they sit down on

turned up canoe in the rising sun, an old man begins the cutting their skin with a razor blade, blood bursting out. He cuts a zigzag through the whole body, carefully, tenderly, painfully, the young men turning to men, only a men, the men, blood, blood before the pain or pain before the blood, blood, pain, eternity, human men. Compassion, and the other unspoken side of it, house tambaran and the rest. Silently, painfully starts process of healing and lecturing ancient traditions to the chosen ones by the chosen ones, secrets and stories, knowledge - now it lays in their hands to continue the world of the crocodile, earth and man.

7. the sea.

...it's hard to continue these thoughts when interrupt by occasional family talks, interrupt by dreams so unlike the day life.

The other night I dreamed about the snake who finally attacked me, huge snake who jumped over my head, and Micki saved my life by pulling my head down to my chest, so the snake would have nothing to turn around, as my sticking up neck.

Last night I dreamed about war, airplane raids, we were in the house, a high up house, my son slept, I was thinking fast through alternatives, shall I take him up and run downstairs, causing his panic, but might be saving his life, or shall let him sleep, just let him sleep, I laid under his cover, touched his feet with mine, and thought if we die now, he will never be afraid, and I can comfort him, I saw pointed in plough airplanes in the window coming closer. The chance of reaching the cellar was very small. I imagined staircase in the avalanche over our heads and under our feet. Should I let him die in peace? I woke up, covered with sickly sweat. I didn't have to make a choice anylonger, it was reliving

And now I am watching azure of the sea, the coast, ocean licking the sides of earth, kissing it ; why so much about the earth, so much love to the earth, no other gods, it's beauty melts the hearts, all the hearts, melts my heart. Is it too late? To late for Your love?

Small fishermen boats adding charm to the foolish tourist town, atrophy. Coconut palm trees, - paradise on earth, earth again, the sun hurting my burnt skin, what's skin? I am Polish and I am in Mexico, thinking ophthalmic I still have a time, so much is already a history, my country doesn't exist anymore the way I saw it in the childhood, the destruction turned the land, a beautiful land, rich in

fields, woods, meadows, rivers, lakes, forests into the waste earth. Fishermen villages are gone, the fishes are dead, water spoiled and poisonous, dead rivers and wasted dead lakes. Oil covering sea, seaside and beaches.

I remember a golden coast, my first, second and third love. Golden sand and sand hills, on which we slept in hot sun and each other arms hiding in the sea cane for to dream, to hug and kiss, sharp cane, cane, cane, drifting away in heat. I remember the forest which is gone, a shore forest, tall trees listening to winds and waves, I remember seagulls screaming, smells of the fish, stunk of the fish, and people, a men dried with salt and wind, wrinkled and swarthy; their women who always worked with house, fish or the net, and fair-haired and ruddy kids, they spoke other language than mine. I remember old, portly woman in black, straight as a block, black proud rock, sitting there on the chair outside of her door cleaning fish or binding the nets; I remember her steel-grey eyes softly surrounded with silver hair. She lost all her sons in the sea, she used to rent her rooms, sometimes I lived there, in comfortable darkness of her house experienced many good summer thoughts. I remember the first rumour about oil discovery down at the beach. The land betrayed by men, hills gone, forest gone, graves gone, men gone too. Oil fields came.

I have to confess, I expected exotic culture shock to drain me through and lift me up, ancient dreams. It didn't really do, the smells, simplicity, small town's architectonic and social structure remained me of the early childhood, my past years, as farther I go, as closer I come.

A bridge over dried up river from the village to town, day of the market, rotten smell from post-river breath, yellow and tired earth, heaps of the rubbish, dogs, smells, I am suddenly 3 years old going

with a house maid for shopping, holding her hand, I am small and I see everything from down and all looks down at me. I feel horrible smell which makes me dizzy, I pass, I go back, I have to know what it is, I search, between thick tree and the house wall, there is something monstrous, dog's snout, dog's skull, legs, nails, chops, his teeth, a dog who fall apart for a long time ago, half of him walks away now on worms's legs. The dog's smelly fate.

The people here are devoted to money as everywhere else, they go on. All is for sale. The whole world for sail.

My rotten family life has to face the bottom, my mind will not fly, only watch the horizons, I am as others, the eaters, the suckers, the money runners, tourists, customers, gringos and other shit. Lonely bloody drunk gringos, searching for the paradise, buying paradise, buying it all, buying it in the sack and with bound eyes.

Dog's stinky fate.

8.

If the stone could talk.

Zapothecs stones, Mayan stones, the old Mayans gods people worshiped here as, rain, sun, moon, wind - they were all asked to bring fortune to the people, more fortune, mamona-money and power. But the people are able to destroy the earth. The heat is momentary hard to stand and is increasing. Watching the landscape and thinking about past is the only possible occupation. People, they are only passing by, meat, flesh, they either betray or they are betrayed. Some are temporary in love. The moon is full, the sea is breezy, insects sing, and fish jump. A man and a woman walking through the dark, holding hands, soft sand under feet, the breeze. One could believe in life, one could trust.

I observe them from the restaurant, we eat 4th time today, we eat and we eat. Slowly walking through the village, my heavy food-belly, I have understood it shall not be some dancing this time and a mexican out put to love and so on. I went up and down ancient pyramids, ancient steps and they wouldn't change our very present. My heart is heavy and surrounded with iron coat, and layer of tears and fat. The weeks go by, the sea is singing. I have watched big flocks of crabs hiding, each one in small hole on the shore, coming out and running in, out and in, playing games. I have fed dogs on the beach as all the sentimental, soft hearted gringos do - I truly like them, all of them - the dogs I mean. I love their eyes and devotion. My dogs beg for food all day long, they love tourists as we feed them, they hate Mexicans as rivals, the Mexicans beat the dogs, kick and chase them away - to gain is a motto for every one. They bite each other. The dogs eyes are true, the ears full of scabs, tormented bodies, cracked bones, they posses the perfect technics of the sneaking spy, they play invisible, they truly charm me. - That's my gain.

People - sellers carry not a true face, not now anyway, not in my gringo present . - Cheap is their ultimatum and - buy, and - a friend, and again merry - go round and round goes Mary. Women pregnant or too old for it walk around the beach selling beads, corals, turquoises, pomegranate, necklaces, bracelets, small girls doing it too, a one small mini couple a girl of 4 and a boy of 3 doing the same successfully, the sun burns on, there is no force for going to school, woman and small girls walking with baskets on their heads, proud, straight, selling, selling, selling or rather offering for sail baskets of lemons, bananas, pineapples, mangos, bread, sandwiches, tacos, tortillas, with a smile, without the smile, in pretty dress, bare feet, in the shoes, women going round with heads wired in hammocks as giant hats which even prettier draw their ancient faces as stones, men walking with carpets hanging on them, knives, beers, cigarets, small boys selling chewing gum and cigarets from the paper cartoons, they go round and round the beach coming back to the same people trying, or not even putting our faces on mind, going round and round, not being able to read or write but being able to count and talk about numbers, amounts of money in few languages, polyglots, martyrs, the sun burns on being figure of fun. What have we done to the earth's men? Everything is for sail. Everything for sail. Small girls coming back with trays full of the cakes, wearing proudly their pretty dresses of the sweet little girls, sweet cakes, the sun burning on. Line of small kids caring, selling wooden toys painted in sharp colours, made by their grandfather, the master himself is coming with at the end of the line, old, smiling and lame, life goes on fast, lots of dead fish comes up the shore, silver shining but already stinky fish rises the odor from the sea, the sun burns on. Stinky fish as stinky cunt, the sun burns all.

Corruption is the most visible and luck of love too, as you move through the life, as I move

- do I move at all?

You might be gaining some respect - but what's respect?

- bounds and chains. Bounds and chains if you compare with sparkling, tickling feeling of coming love, how did it start? We are all in chains. The love is blind - people say, may be true, you crawl and you fly, actually you fly more, much more then crawl, you are scared and you are blessed. You are black and white, scarlet and red, are you more colours then that? Your blood keeps on rush, a true rush, a true love, a true you, no need to lie, love is blind, and now, after years of the struggle you relax, you take a woman you want, and you take a man, a man you truly desire, I truly desire, o what a dream, it blows my head mad and off, off with my head, don't blow darling, not yet, might be never.

And what you see next is horrible summa summarum of human life, always ON The Go.

- And you know, on the go, it's down we go, o God, protect the last lovers in the world, the last remaining love, protect them, because we can't, we mustn't, I can't. As trees stuck with heavy roots, chains, release me God now, I can't bear it anymore, God, as down I go. Heavy roots, heavy chains of the previous doings, emotions, all, ups, extreme ups and downs, let me feel. It's closed and a front door ain't for you, ain't for you babe, baby, my.

From dust thou are and unto dust thou shall return.

9.

She, looked with dreamy eye into the space of the sea and sky.

The sea was angry, and it wasn't just some tenth of dead fishes it threw out today, it threw all it's power of waves and wills against the coast, and killed her babe and made her free - she dreamed. She was far too young to compete, she was somewhere in the middle of her childhood, o God, You merciless, for your servants, followers and believers. The waves which grew few meters tall and splashed down with predisposed consequence - ate the earth, ate the land, ate her land and ate her heart. Forces... She looked, stared forward, she was very young, formless in her ugly clothes, a man she lived with was thin, helpless and not anylonger young or human. Her stomach bulked up a little under her skirt. She wouldn't look down, she knew it was there, she felt it, today was first day of the rest of her life.

- She is going to stay here forever, delivering, delivering, and delivering, the earth.

Her eyes follows now 3 silhouettes, a man, a woman and a child, they go towards the sea, they quarrel, woman is screaming, they just ate here,

- here?, - she finally looks around herself - is not much, few wooden tables and chairs with bleached prints under palm roof, a long table behind which she use to spend her days, never waiting, just being there as it would be for some reason, people don't pass here willingly, only accidental by-passers happen to be here. Few cabins stand empty with a rusty key holes.

She knows, she would give all for to change with the other woman and leave the place, walk away. It isn't woman's pretty clothes, or her handsome man, that's not what she fastens her eye on, but a steps they take, feet walking away along the coast, free steps to somewhere else, almost as spirits, tempting.

She has nothing to give, nothing to pay with, but a god she was learned to fear, and sisters and brothers she doesn't remember at all, except seldom in dreams, o yes, she would love to give away all her past, all her history, fate, memory and more.

She tried not to think about the day she came here, bungled woe, picture molded by hit on the roads, she walked through, by and in.

She works here now, she is the only one here who wears skirt, or has a cunt, except until short before - a bitch - but now also she is dead. She is the only one who works here, she cooks day soup, every hot day, potatoes, macaronis, a dead dogs bone, a dead fish sometimes, salt, she dishes clean, she washes, she brushes, she serves as wife - the abominable duty in her case.

Her mother told her about coming blood when they parted, a girl walked scared to death, she checked all the time, it came only ones, for what she thanked a god, as painful it was, she had to lay with abdomen pressed against the earth - pain control of the poor, she tried not to breath, as it seemed to tease the pain, a blood soaked between her legs, shy legs, ashamed legs, it excited a dogs, their sense of smell, and it excited a man too, as nothing at the beginning could escape his control. Things were finally going on here, he thought, licking her and drinking it up, preparing, and after he did it to her that, she didn't want to remember, sometime after her breasts started to itch, swell and hurt, bloated up, and now she felt it moved inside her, as a little wave, not hurting but reminding, or something... she couldn't name it but she knew it.

A man went on doing it to her. Entering her body, the hidden parts, fast, row and painfully, and she started to hate him more and more. She wasn't certain what he was doing to her and why, she never seen man doing it, her father was dead since she was very

small and there were no men left in her village since dry season came some year earlier. But there was nothing she could do to change his doings and all the other facts. As god.

Her eye slips on the dog, two of them, black and bony, they are that thin they almost can't walk, they mostly lay down and follow a lethargic life of the whole place by looking with one or another eye. And now she starts a day dreaming... getting out, following steps of unknown woman, with her eyes, only.

She realizes her thoughts fade away as by-passers and disappear from hers side, her eyes follow a spectrum as she gets out of her hatred body and walks along the shore with the gringos.

She is a fan of trickery, she lives on nothing, cooks out of nothing, she dishes with nothing, she has no one, and she is nobody, she starts to sweat, no good sickly sweat, the dogs rise their heads, they know everything, they know more then she, her both eyes - they turn first wet, then cold, as the ocean at night, cold and glassy, and shining with touch of an evil.

She holds her words tight behind teeth and mouth, the thinner dog tries to put his head on her stained skirt, inhaling acrid smell, rising his nose, and cramps his nose, she pushes him away much harder then necessary. The man walks in proudly, stretching and growing his thin limbs, his hands mostly lay between his legs, pressing his crouch, or between her legs sometimes, feeling it; she listens deeply to herself, she has made her mind up, enough is enough, she has discovered there are many ways leading from here.

Blood red moon looked upon the village and pictured itself in the sea. Blood red moon charmed my heart and said: do not give up, there is hope, do not give up. Tears rolling down my face were hot and hot were my dreams, it all tasted salt and blood, steaming as the

beginning of the earth, boiling as the beginning of everything. My dreams turned a scarlet blood.

Money was hardly anything new for this people. That motion, they followed ancient Aztecs, their forth comers - the gold was the goal. And all the rites were just the shelter to hide their demanding hearts. Clasp for gold, clasp for wealth - hardly a good heritage, the gold with its magnificent magnetic for the minds power blinded millions of us before, and now. They used to stare at it in the temples and prey to it, and we, well, you know, don't you? It was still a very big disappointment and it proved how naive my world or life orientation was. What did I expected to find? Saints? Not myself.

The sun is hot and burning, the air is dry, all people search money and few search love. It's Saturday and school children don't sing marches as everyday, I have seen them in Oaxaca too, in front of the cathedral, standing on the straight lines with right hands placed on the hearts, singing hard, soldiers playing brass, various war picture, images hunting me, not from my life, but anyway memories. No angels involved at all, here by the sea children kissed black by the sun marching on lines from the age of 5 - looking much younger, sweet little girls in white party dresses going, marching for death.

I been suddenly thinking to you, but words escaped first then thought escaped too. It was something about how distant you are and how light and heavy my heart is about it in the same time. I have to stop trying to save these lines from melting in the sun. Listening to Sierra Madre, mountains, hearing women screaming : aguuuu! I protected, ...no I can't, yes I can, wasted time to return, lost never lost,

returning, burning, loving you again, reminded of it, loving you, you and nobody else, it makes me see sparkles, my life falling apart, flashing in blood red in front of my eyes, it makes me see a spectrum, and flashes, flashes in the room and space, in sound, makes me listen to the sound to all the sounds, it comes and goes, goes and comes, comes, I am weak for love, weak for love, sick of love, lovelorn, gestures and dreams, you. Dreams fill me up, my heart with your soul, when I think of you and words are words just out a space? Aren't my words my? I bless the love wherever it lays it's hand. Every few words, spoken, said by you, I have to close my eyes and drift away as far I can. Nonsense, mess.

She sits in darkness, they already played an act one, the act of love, and Jackal left her alone, as usual for to take a piss first, and then to take care of his belongings, go watching his stuff all night long. He used to sleep in the bar, behind long table, she used to spent her days at, him guarding some tenths of beers tins and some bottles, potato heap, some boxes with corn, one beg of the macaronis, tomatoes, and big can of chilli still unopened. 2 thin dogs keeping him company on the commando.

She stares a dark in the eye. She knows he is here - a snake, had come already during last 3 nights, came as solution. She can feel its very presence. The snake resilient and ready to jump, ready for everything. It's first time she doesn't fight her thoughts. When she was younger she was afraid to think of the snakes, it was forbidden for the girl, she has been punished by god before, but now the god is not important anylonger, and she knows she is not alone about it, other people have started to turn their backs on god and they make it pretty well, much better then her, she has heard of it.

She sees in coal black darkness pick shining eyes of the snake,

hypnotizing her, her body shrugs from the desire she has never knew before, her womb's levitating, becoming bigger and bigger and more and more open, she pulls her clothes slowly off, imagines her golden and worm body awaiting a snake, lips of her womb are wet, she spreads her legs and lifts up the hips, o the hips, she is now a triumph bow, she stays like that motionless with an emotion still growing and growing rapidly, with her right toe she lifts up the mosquito net and he snakes in. He snakes in and snakes in, he is much longer that she could have imagine, she can hear his body brushing her bed, a pallet, then silence, none of them moves first, her mind drifts away, the eyes close and open slowly heavy leads, she sees her womb, feels her womb rise un- proportionally up pulled up by not known power, up, she sees the snake erected upon her, up to the dance, still, she whispers:

- come.
- Are you sure? - He asks her.
- Come, come, come! - She hears herself scream.

First soft touch on her mouth killing her voice, now her chest, something is playing with her breasts, and slippy, black body of the snake touching the bosom delicately, pushing through, opening gates, all the doors at the same time, time, time, time, sliding in and in an in sliding in.

She is breathing rapidly, she is bumping the ass against the floor, she is screaming:

- more, more, more!

In the blue and misty light of the morning, she thought of her snake, and about her God, she asked herself, if they have something to do with each other, do they know each other?

The snake was gone; it felt as she was in love, soft, sweet and strong, actually it was nothing wrong with the God either, actually she never heard God talking about her snake, or talking at all, all she could hear when she really tried to listen was ugly and hatred voice of her dry tired ugly mother which sold her for few sacks of the corn to Jackal, so all of them, mother and sisters and little brothers would made through the very winter time save. But that also was in the past now, so may be it was not true after all.

The blood loose might be your death. The man passing looked between my legs, ungentle eyes. Bitterness sweeten by blood, tomato red, whine, red bloody Marry, rose red, Rosy, Rosy, Rosey Sweet, Roesy love me to the death, sweet death, Rosey.

Other people talking about worlds misery, destruction of woods, dying woods, northern woods, salmon's bad destiny, mud coming forth at the virgin rivers, mud and heat which moulds their eggs so they'll won't try again. Salmon fish doesn't fall in love anymore.

How about? How about you?

Where about do you live?

10.

Watching a man, a gardener at our hotel watering plants, rose bushes, grass, systematic and thoroughly - brings me somehow beyond, it's nice, it's too nice, it brings back a shadow picture of my grandfather watering his garden, his rose bushes and peonies; but now he is standing between me and the pacific ocean, a grandfather in his white suit, white summer hat, and white shoes, I can see how he moves, I can see his hands who once loved me, but I can't see his face. He rise up his hand in gesture to me and brings it down again - does he greet me? I would want his eyes to talk to me. Seeing - brings the dreams and chase the dreams away, in and out.

It is may be true that I was destroyed already at the beginning, my father - the man who was loved by the whole nation for this peculiar job as art of telling them how they infect felt in their hearts - taught me to talk, taught me about the love - the most important teachings as he said, the judgment of the emotion and how it fills, and how to select; he taught me about the life and world - a mondo-cane - and how to love them.

- Whom was I going to fight when growing up ? The master? ...must be joking. It didn't make my life easier to be ready made, I didn't want to hurt anyone - it made my life clearer, I had to destroy myself.

Hard on for pain, hard on for love, hard on for life, I could go for every emotion - I thought - every motor emotion and skip only the most horrifying fears.

- Why? Why didn't you let me live in darkness?

I guess I was afraid to see the blood. I know I was afraid of seeing blood, and I was going crazy of seeing blood, I had to run.

And now after all this years, do I hate love and does love hate me?

- You didn't tell me what to do!

I was in the kitchen in my grandfathers house standing between two big gardens, 2-floors high and big wooden house with big verandas shades with rampant vine and balconies, with big back yard on which two sides were placed shed, roost, pigsty, stable, byre, wood shed, coach house, and some more, I was 4 years old, my mother who was his youngest daughter brought me there on the long slow train trip first, then changing to slower and smaller train at dawn on the small station and then taking horses and coach for hours. And then she left; my parents spent the summer in Warsaw and came only sometime to see me.

Grandfather lived in a small industrial town, surrounded by fields and deep woods, the town laid at the edge of the old magic Saint-Cross Mountains where lots of spirits lived.

It rained a lot this Summer, night rains and thunder storms scared a hell out of me, I laid counting seconds between lightning and the thunder bolt, I knew it to divide in three to know the distance, I watched the sky landscape open with sharp zigzag of the light and children's room walls ablaze, my eyes pined and sword through the darkness, sometimes there was a fire at the horizon, a burning house or a burning tree; rain beaten and beaten and beaten me to sleep about greying lonely dawn.

Day time I set in different windows and watched the rain, mostly grey-silver and peaceful, sometimes more dynamic, most powerful; from the dining room I could see the yard, I watched strings of pouring rain on the background, I liked it best when the gates of the shed stood open framing it black and in its deep black hole drew scar lines

of the rain harder and very concrete. I watched fast rapid rivers of rain on the ground, drawing patterns and whirls in earth for the ducks and geese to swim in, a little pools for quacking and gagging.

The rain almost ceased. Mary, the kitchen maid, coming out in big galoshes through the back door, walking over the yard in slow heavy steps, she opened staple to the roost and went in. Clucking, cackling excitement inside, and she let the hens out, even more joyful chuckling and careful glazes and steps over wet ground lifting high thin legs; she fad them calling hers - cip - cip - cip - cip; she was going now to pigsty - I thought as I watched her every day - but she didn't, she went instead to the wood shed, and carried out an ax and put it down near the stump.

Now she followed a cock, the one we all liked a lot, with big red always shaky and thick comb, with green, scarlet, golden and brown feathers in his tail. He started to walk faster away, pulling strongly his thin, long legs in long steps and finally run as he couldn't get her out of his back, she was running after him too for a while chasing him round the yard - making a very comic scene. All other poultry running aside and hiding.

I glued my nose against the window pane, Mary flapping into big water pools - splashing them - calling, screaming, yelling, swearing, her face turning red, and winded; each time she was about to catch his tail he made another jump and escaped freely screaming loud, gurgling - in the best case she was left with some of his feathers in the hand; we were laughing as mad ones, my cousins and me.

She called us out, inviting to the game. We joined gladly splashing water pools to a great fun, screaming to each other and calling the cock. We helped her to get him into the corner, she grabbed him fast with big, firm and heavy hand, he screamed and tussled, she run to the stump with screaming cock in her hand, she

laid him down on the stump, grabbed the ax and beat still screaming animal across his neck, let her hands go off and let the headless animal run some few more steps, the blood in high collar exploding from the place where his head was before, drawing a biggest red comb he ever had, and now it kept on coming from his laying on the ground body, the head laid down by the slaughter stump, the nub open and an eye slowly covered with white cataract, I felt soundless and dumb, and I heard my scream bursting my own ears. I heard my cousins laugh, and then pictures, when a veil ceased - blood - blood - blood, calling my parents, the desperate taste of iron in my mouth, I run...

I had to run. I had to use the energy which intervals would have burst me into pieces other wise. I run through the wet garden, run and fall, get up and run and fall again. I hide for the long time in currant bushes - red and white, I was all wet, first I only sat there, covering my eyes and ears and a mouth with hands and arms, I didn't want nobody to find me, I started to play with red berries smashing them against the inside of my handpalm, they looked as bursted up little bodies of something immortal. And it was exactly what they were not - they were mortal and I was killing them. All was wounded around me. I pressed my mouth against wet earth so nobody could hear my cry. At last the earth cooled me off.

Slowly I started to make my way back home, I crawled behind the bushes first, drawing a line in the wet grass, then I walked on all four legs through the apple orchard trying to be invisible, now I could see the house again, so I chosen the other way, I went through the hole in the fence to the neighbors garden.

The garden and another house owned by an old man, a friend to my grandfather, the man who was small and always wore a hat on and decent suits under his long coat, he used to pull my leg at the

ankle from behind with his walking stick and lough happy-crude at my fall and screatched knees; sometimes in the future I was going to steal his plums climbing a small plum tree - dry and grey with green dry moss - branch was going to break under me and I was going to tell that sin at my first confession before the first Holy Communion.

So now I slowly walked through his garden to the next hole, through which when I passed I was just outside of the kitchen window in our house. The kitchen window was open, I climbed up and in - straight on the table covered with range, there was blood, must have been chicken blood - I thought terrified, I jumped down to the floor, blood was coming out of my leg, in front of my eyes I saw cocks headless neck, run and blood and blood and run, I had to run, for to free the fearful wind away, away, away.

The children traced my doings and let the adults know. Mary got me and I tried to bite her, also the revenge for the cock; I tossed as much I could but I got nowhere, she sat me down on white marble staircase, she opened a little bottle and poured yellow liquid over my sour, it burnt and I was going to die in flames from her hideous big hand, I screamed, and to scream loud I was really best on in this family, they always said - I screamed like a devil.

The next day my mother came and I pretended I did not recognized her. I was asking her whom she was and why did she wore my mother's skirt. We had chicken for dinner, I was served piece of his breast, as all the children used to get - white meat for the innocent ones. In the moment when nobody looked at me I took him carefully in two fingers and placed in my pocket; everybody sat there, I could see all of them now, grandfather sat at the top of the table which was his place, his daughters - on his both sides, all four of them, and their children sat there too, I was my grandpa's shining

starlet, his little gold, yes I know I was spoiled with tender love.

The aunts didn't really like me much, I was too sweet and too bad, I was overdressed, maybe I wasn't nice at all, I don't know, I had opinions with which speaking out I was spoiling their children - they said, they used to scream and call me names, I was a mutiny on the ship, I was bad.

After the dinner I sneaked to grandfathers room, the windows were curtained and shaded with vain, room was in dusk, there was Stainway grandpiano, two beds - one was grandmothers who died 24 years ago and big brown writing desk and his big armed chair. Grandfather was taking a nap and didn't hear me come in at all, it was whistling in his nose and mouth was open deep in, I opened his desk quietly, in the top drawer lied boxes with soldiers buttons from the past wars, grand father lived through the few, the first world's war, then hiding in Taiga during russian revolution, the war with Russia and a second world's war; I empty the box as quiet I could and it wasn't easy as the metal buttons rolled into my hand and pocket.

I put the cock in, the box was perfect - wooden, long with metal rims around, and a little lock on the top, I left the room fast, I went straight to the front garden through a corridor and a little lobby where grandfather used to keep garden tools and clothes and big tomatoes at the top of the shells for raping into deep raspberry red; I went through the veranda, it was raining again, which was good as it guaranteed that I shall not be disturbed. I went down the staircase to the rose garden, I run fast on the straight path and hide behind and under the biggest cherry tree, I was all drenched but rain was hot now, I opened the box, he didn't look comfortable, he didn't look peaceful; I looked down at my knee and started to roll off the bandage, it was stuck at the bottom to my wound with gore already black, I ripped it off - fresh, single drop of the blood showed up at the

top first and a little string of blood run down making me shiver and shrug but it was too late. The rain singing. I lined the bandage around his roasted chest, he looked like a little mummy now, like a babe bundle, and my blood made him look as a hero - ...fighting until the last drop of blood... I knew many war stories my mother told me, I loved the horrible one - about small girl whose abdomen was cut open, she was going to die - she saved her little brother by laying on him during the air raid when they both were helping their perrents with harvest. She was thirsty but wasn't allowed to drink. My mother nursed her in hours to death. She was a hero. I had no chance to save my brother, he was already gone. - I was afraid of death very much - . I rimmed a boundle with crowned eaggle bottens in colour of gold. I closed the coffin slowly and carefully. I lied it on the ground and covered with some big leaves to protect it from the pouring rain, I dug a little hole into which I put him and covered with earth again, clapped around with hand palms, I run back to the rose bush, picked some flowers, run back and stuck the roses into the soft earth of the grave, I sat there praying until I went through all the prayers I knew, and I knew four: - Our Father God, - Mother of God Maryja, - Angel Guardian Mine, and one more. It was rather dark now in the rain, the sun went already to sleep and it was time to go inside... And if I cried the rain took my tears. When I came close to the house I saw my grandfather cutting lilacs, white, blue, violet, I supposed he should be angry that I was all wet but he smiled and gave me big bouquet of the lilacs in which wet smell I drenched my face when I walked through the door.

That night when we - all children together with nanny pried on the floor beside each one bed - the colours were more intense.

My mother was gone back home. On the late morning I stood in

the kitchen alone cutting white sweet croissant, I used big kitchen knife I wasn't allowed to use for my mother, I placed a bread between thumb and pointing finger and I cut - the bread soaked with blood - I looked terrified, I thought I was crazy - a bleeding bread? I said 2 and 2 is 4 as I used to - but this time it wouldn't help, 2 times 2 is 4 - I tried another spell - it was for nothing; I lifted the bread up against my eyes - there was a deep cut in my hand palm, open wound, I couldn't feel the pain, I almost wasn't there, I couldn't believe. everything was slow, very slow and crystal clear, realizing what I have done I threw the knife away running out squeezing the bloody croissant in my hand, a river of blood followed me; I hid in the fields alone, I sat in the sun thinking, dreaming, discovering real life, I hid for the whole day until the wound was intact, black and dry.

Today in my grown up life we went to see the cocks fights in the village, my son turned 9 years old and we were celebrating him. He got presents, we had a cake and the guests, we swam in the pool watching the sky, sun and Pacific Ocean. I may be plaid too much a sweetie that day, I loved him but I loved and longed for someone else too. Stupid me.

At evening we went to see cocks fight, I took my smashy red dress on, in which I put on the game with the local ladies - specially one wearing red dress as well but looking much more sexy raw native than me, worthless acts of play, the cocks they were killing each other fast, the beloved ones were coming into the area in the middle with his most devoted owners who fixed them up with strokes, soft touches, magic, spell words and a little cognac splash on the genitals and the ass holes. They run them round first holding them by the tails. When free, the fighters cocks took up the battle immediately, they had small needles-knives tied up to the killing - right leg with which

they were punching and ripping the rival, - at last punctured thoroughly to death. The winner coming mostly from above in high jumps, it was very good, very convenient to jump highest; except the tricky ones who already laid down stretched his knifed legs up cutting through the winners veins and hearts - killing them immediately, sometimes trapped by rivals suddenly motionless and heavy body. Often both died. Some of them died when back on the hands of the vulnerable and very touched owners who not always could keep tears away, some of the cock raisers were fat and old and experienced men and some just a virgin and pretty boys with a demonic black eyes. And even their cocks were fighting so sturdy but fighting to death they were loosing pride, beloved ones and loosing money.

It was a money game. One had to bat with each other 1 to 1 except the ones in the first row around the fence - the fattest and richest ones who had some more sophisticated deals going on, more winning and more loosing, it was also two different small towns, pictured as "red" and "green" against each other.

My son plaid on red and red was winning, he almost fainted when "his cock" suddenly lost and bled out totally just a meter away from him. He wouldn't even try to keep the tears away.

The scene became far too cruel and we set down on the fallen tree in the dark corner for pissing and we took it easy under the stars.

Hot night of missing.

She sat there scratching her face, down and up, down and up, deep red rippers covered her face, this is what they were - rippers of blood, blood which eagerly wanted to get out, get out, at first only her eyes stared, shone from the bloody mess, and then after few more down and up, down and up, they were gone too. She was my twin mad soul, my twin mad soul was on retreat, my twin mad soul

was in full retreat. And my face turned as a whirl.

Another one who isn't me sits there too by the coast, she sits by the shore at evenings following the sun set, an hours later in deep dark she use to lay down to sleep at the same place, always hundred tiny feet from the ocean, she doesn't use to get up when she wakes up, she lays staring at the sky, with the sun progress up she uses to lift up one leg and bend in the knee, after some time the other one, some time later her arm rises up and covers face in the manner that she still is able to watch the sky, then she uses to place her head a little more up so the water surface comes into the schema of her vista. Her retreat is intercepted. She is never going home. She is young, people have said she has been here at least since 2 years - doing the same - nothing, her body is starved, but her face and messed up and ugly hair - the whole head has the power and expression of virago, her eyes vituperate everything and everybody, she is viscous, she watches, she spies, she hates, her mouth - virulent, her viscera is so obviously, virtually virulent. Viperous little girl. Lost.

She enjoys looking at my madness, my decisive pain, she watches. In the moment when the sun is about to collapse into the sea and all is red, scarlet, crimson blood - she walks towards me and stands there covering a view and towering as black mountain in front of me and she says

- Cigaret, give me a cigaret; and she moves her hand forward and towards me.

Native young couple lays comfortably in the hammock towards each other and holding hands; looking at each other intensely; ignoring all wildly blooming roses and magnolia bushes. They are inside a patio under a palm leaves roof and are planing the future. Sometimes giving a glance at the sea in the landscape with always high waves at this spot. The world belongs to them. I continue walking on a sandy road, a red sand and a dust which probably makes people living here just a little more hot.

The next family oasis in the hit spreads sweet smell of death and shit, the mother and the child sit at the patio of the very small house, the father is pulling a barbed wire around his small parcel already fourth time. The wire is brain new and silver-white with no trace of the rust or time - very unusual here. The parcel is filled with straight empty furrows of beds - still before the sprouts show up. I climb the hot road.

The first I see at the top is something horrible - a horrible monster - after a recognition it looks also as a dog. He is one big open wound, it is a dog - rotten, smeared in black and brownish gore around an open red and black wounds with traces of a blue sick skin and some whitish fair molded into it all. He sits - a big bloody wound covered by the rotten and molded scabs. He sits turned towards the sea, his head, heavy, almost too heavy to be hold up, he has a big goiter on the right side of his throat.

- O, m y G o d... I whisper... O, my God.

He sits at the top of the rubbish, he stinks death, he looks as death, he scrapes himself softly; he must be here looking for food - so he is apparently alive. The hunger is his master - he finds nothing eatable at the heap, he walks away South.

- O, my God. - I whisper again. There are no other words coming.

- He should have been shot - says a woman who sees him short after.

Already before the sunset clouds have gathered in the mountains above the village, cumulus black clouds - sinister; the sea billows in the colour of dark steel - with strips of silver and light where pink zones used to be before - now diminished almost completely by the sinister dark light.

We take some pictures in the sea - I want to film the dog - he has become important for me - a pure pain. I play or try to play death, or more exactly - play the moment before the death - scene in the rolling sea, I'm coming in and don't dare to throw myself under the waves, they are tricky here and I don't swim good, I wear black plastic jacket and plastic skirt - it looks good in colours, it's spooky and I don't want to know why the highest I can reach lately - infect since long time is to act a dead or dying. - I don't want to know. - Seem to be my thing, my myth.

The scabies dog moves on South.

After a first one since I arrived in Mexico cold sunset the light game starts, thunderstorm is coming, still clouds. It looks as someone lights up the sky showing forms of rapidly changing clouds, monster clouds and constant line of the horizon, the line between the sea and the sky and the deep dark shore, not single zigzag lightnings but the light on and off, on and off. The tension in people is growing, tension tearing them to tears, waking the enemies, aggressions, wasting time. Finally the thunderstorm comes, thunder bolts and a perfect now lightnings drawing vertical sharp zigzag through the whole huge sky and diagonal space of water, the frequency speeds up, on and off, lightnings on and off, on and off.

Rain . Family crept into the only bed they had, fathers chest was

steady at this moment shelter. Every lightning drew their faces against the dark walls of the house, picked up shiny eyes out of the darkness, fear, a soft knocking rain became stronger as thrown small stones, then bigger stones, pouring as an avalanche - it started to soak from the roof, first small drops, then drops everywhere, then small cascades of water splashing down. The people, they all sat as chickens, with knees under the chin, with some pieces of cloth over arms, shoulders and heads, then squatting - moving trying to find rainless place, it become very cold and impossible to find a dry place anylonger, it was showering everywhere, small rivers of rain drew through the floor, collected there and stayed. The room stunk mould and mosquitos were in full onset, single strong thunder bolts shook whole little cabin.

The dog continue his purifying trip. Floods of rain console his burning body, finally someone is taking care, rinsing his wounds, taking off burning and infected scabs, lightning his road all the time, and thundering over his head, by the morning he shall be healed or dead - but clean.

The thunderstorm have circled around many times between ocean and mountains and at last slipped off, and last single drops of the rain too.

Floods of tears showering my face, breasts rising up and down in thunder, spasm, weeping spasms rising growing to a scowling scream. I can't bear it anylonger, the lie I hide in my womb, the secret I hide in my heart... You. You. You. You. Tears licking my face but not your lips, tongue and kisses, tears washing shades of rain, my song of despair, more quiet now, again shall it sink into the earth, buried

alive? Pale sunrise and I had weep myself to sleep, wet heavy odor, scorpions creeping - not intending to bite or sting, only rest - searching for dry spot under the roof.

Pale sun growing harder, blue and clean body of the dead dog and line of fresh teenage mothers walking home from the delivery, walking onward home with babies in the arms, in blue dresses, in white dresses and in the red, the wind blowing in, their tired, thin faces blowing through, thin legs and thin arms holding tiny new born onus babies wrapped as a bundles - each one in one piece of cloth. Straight, resting lines of the lips finding a peace after the night of a final scream.

One of them gives me a smile - future hanging upon our heads - ready to serve - sweet smell of the rubbish and death, a hordes of homeless, hungry and wet dogs.

We were all awaiting the nourishment, the rain bound earth together, no sand and no dust. Red Clean Earth. And opaque ocean.

The air was pretty annoying, filled with moldly and a determined smells which made you hold your fingers crossed on Your nose all the time. It stunk death in here.

My angel stung me again. Saying: - You may not forget! You may not!

I sat now at the top of the rubbish heap taking his place, thinking about him - the dog. Strangely, suddenly seeing him come towards me.

- He is cured! - I thought. - You are healed! - I cried.

I called and jumped. All wet from the rain he runs towards me, he looks as burnt by fire, he looks at me with an desperate eye, I rise

up, look closely, he's escaping as he use to when one gets too near him, poor beast running off, my eyes looking after, him turning towards the road.

I thought back to the night - If I would have been in love, here and now, that could have been the greatest night bursting, seeing loved face time by time in demon dark and demon light against the fear, winning forever making love to the storms onrush frequency, it would have been greatest love greatest night... And now it was harder and harder to hope for the miracle, the nature, the time, the world, the others, myself, the facts and events went ON. And now in the morning light coming up stronger and hotter to discover fast drying landscape and lines of drying clothes, all clean - I whispered my secret to my companion ear provoked by the nature's out burst.

- Your thoughts are dirty - he said.

We continued walking, I watched clouds gathering again in the mountains and grey spread through the sky. On my left side, laid cartoon flat shadow of the dog.

- What's that?

He was pressed, the intestines drew patterns of rebel, the bones cracked, head flat as a pancake, the eyes were intact balls, jaws and teeth pressed, a relief underlined with colour of a dark red, sweet smell of death. The scabs covering bluish parts of the skin.

- My dog! This is my dog! The healed beast! Why ? This is simply too bad, too cruel, as true use to... He did it in time...

My anger, tears, sobs - this time he was not coming up as the miracle, this time he was dead for good, now I could stop to dream us getting friends, me feeding him and comforting wounds of his soul, winning the heart of the beast. Him winning my heart. He was over. It was over.

- It must been several big tracks - my collocutor said correctly

seeing me stare at the death shadow.

I wept. I was still able to love but I was hardening. Hardening in the sun; hardening in the wind and time. The red road carried us South. The Beast's unfulfilled direction.

He carry her on his hands, he carry her in his arms, he carry her. Her eyes smile under closed eyelids, her lips smile under red cover of paint and flat mimic of sex exposure. He carry her into happy land. Carefully he lays her down on the sand shore, just by the lane of the first breeze break, it feels as they both have flown, the water touching her feet, he kissing her cheeks, chin, closed eyes, cheek bones, neck, clavicles, breasts, nipples, the waves behind them grow toll, violent. Slowly kissing line up her brown tend body he returns to her lips; them kissing each other, the waves rise, the sea's hum and buzz of a heart beat creates an avalanche..

Then tumbling down she opens her eyes out of the blue, the sky and sea is true-blue. In the perspective she sees unknown dog's wet snout, healthy snout caring a stick and silhouette of the muscular girl coming closer, she sees girls stubborn face, the girl pulls out the stick out of the dogs snout, she throws the stick into the deep water and shouts -

- Joe, get it!

Joe hesitates a moment but at last follows the command he swims in and brings the stick out, the girl repeats the pattern, and so they go on along the shore. She shouting -

- Joe, get it!

Joe gets it, more and more quiet as the distance grows between us.

She turns her eyes over man's golden brown body into grey golden sand, thousands of crabs coming out of thousands holes and going in hiding again, she watches them closely but they are that transparent that she isn't sure if they are real at all, she rises up slightly and then she sees all of them run into their holes, and then coming out again - they are scared of her, they must have been watching; this thought makes her laugh madly, she watches the world which watches her.

The crabs didn't see the man kissing her, was he an illusion - undangerous vision ?

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The burden of sorrow covers me next to tide, the burden of sorrow is killing my soul already so killed, the burden of sorrow fills my eyes with green lakes and it waves my heart to sleep.

I watched sunset after the sunset, I have filmed them all, the sky and the sea in the colour of blood waved black panaches of palms.

That beauty makes every dog cry love songs to life.

- How about me? Do you believe ? My heart jumping for love
- jumping for love - jumping for love - hard.

My dream remained blue - colour of unreal, but not necessary colour of sorrow - unspoken into the blue - untouched privy parts - sweet irony - after all it is may be wrong choice, I do bang my head against the wall - the world is ignorant even beautiful, the people are ignorant too even ugly, or beautiful, or... so what?

I don't like my film. I want you to go home and I want to get out.
I want your love.

I had a vision - my Father's Death - his blood on the marble floor in the church, his last living particles. I miss and I missed and I miss and now the dreams and seizures have taken over.

Gone.

A thought hit me all of the sudden, there was something strange with my grandfather's yard.

- There was no dog, and no cats, was there love? There must have been cats, or?

- What's wrong with me?

His wife died a quarter of the century before I was there as his sweet heart, there was no other woman, there was a grandmother's empty bed in his room, a grandpiano on which nobody plaid and curtains.

Heavy curtains, I remember very little out of my childhood.

PART 2

I HATE LOVE & LOVE HATES ME

It was the same world which was a paradise for some and hell for the others, it was the same world who born milk and blood and pain and hate.

She knelt down her head to the earth and did thank for the pain she received. She caressed clods of the earth as the only belongings, she looked upon long line of the crosses rising from the earth and leading through and beyond the horizon. She looked upon dying country. She stopped counting victims, and she stopped counting days which she still had left.

1

- I had to do it.

Not ask anymore: - please, please, please do it for me.

I had to kill the devil, I had to chase the death out of my skin and out of my spine and out of my head and out of me.

And if you didn't want, well, - you didn't.

I drunk big glass of mescal, I liked mescal for many occasions, but this was a full shot alleviation. Piercing pain allayed. It did. The world lately so distant came closer from every side, and it wasn't really for the girl I danced with or a man, it was more... It was the warmth's secure darkness, the rhythm and pulse, cosy as in the womb, mother's womb, sweet and wet. The neck simply carried my head free for charms, pleasure and love.

- I'm in love to LIFE. And life is when I stop thinking about death. The dark sides of dazzling light were gone, there was light glowing in the dark. Searching word's true meaning, the word's spine - cactus alkaloid. Intoxicated, more and more drunk I was taking the world to my companion.

The hips were doing these things together with my legs and breasts, chest and arms, and stomach too, my blood on-rushing, tempting, tempting, haxing the world. The ears were hot ocean shells, lips were a thirsty dragons, the heart was a calm cannibal - I can't get more far, I'm a human flash and desires; my father's hot blood licking me in the ear, tickling a soft and drunk thoughts.

- I am alive, I am alive, mescal, darkness and touch.

* * * * *

Face in the dark.

My head is going to crack if I don't LET IT OUT. Face in the dark
- don't shine.

- O, golden coin of an ancient God in the blood red moon don't
shine.

Cried a voice, was it my voice? I was looser one more time. I
destroyed the barrier, I destroyed love. Yes, I destroyed the love.

- Fuck the world! Girl, you are good. You are too good to stay
with the beasts kind. - Said the man. The girl, looking around,
whispered

- Please, don't shame me out.

They stood in the middle of the small street, the only street in
town where everybody, except the day new comers, knew each
other. She was high hill- chick. Babe doll.

- Don't shame me out, I gave you no reason. - She said.

The face in the dark - don't shine. Don't cheat my eyes with the
colour of blood.

- Sure said the man, you did of course, yesterday, you came out
of your home wrapped only in the towel and sat next to me, I gave you
a good-bye burning kiss.

- A kiss? - She was trying to remember; - yesterday? A kiss?
A towel?

The face in the dark - don't shine - don't cheat my eyes with the
colour of gold the boy said.

- You can be 10.000 times beautiful, but you are a fucking
trouble, fucking crazy woman, I couldn't handle now, I am too weak

at the moment. You wanted to hold my hand, and you beaten me with your offal shoes, you can't do that, everybody knows me here.

- Don't cheat me god - the girl prayed.

The face in the dark - don't shine. A kid, wild kid threw her on the bathroom floor, he pulled down her clothes, he took her on the bathroom floor. The moon shone, and face in the dark, rubbing her, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Bad spell, the chaos already much advanced, increased. The heart of revenge is always unsatisfy. The gaping mouth, screamed on, shortest frequency of a breath.

- I want M-O-R-E !

The sun went up red as in the blood and rose high and hot upon.

Hands of lovers grasped each other tight. Their fingers cracking bones. The bones breaking veins and sinews. Water of azure colour. She begged for pain, more pain to purify...

- Why? why? - he asked. I don't think she answered - Why?... she closed her eyes. Carried away in ecstasy.

The dust of the road followed his steps. Dust was through and dominated a world. The earth was much more at present in that part of the world.

- Were there any other parts at all? At that moment it was impossible anylonger to distinguish who was he, who was who at all; one could still make a difference between men, women and animals. They all moved upon the earth, bathed in dust, golden dust possessing it all, more and more. The tropic latitudes and attitudes. The earth was at present and people, native people lived as animals. Small girls with extremely pretty eyes which shone of pain and revealing

happiness. Babies as dirty as earth, the earth red as blood, small girls faces shone, bodies of old people shrugged by time licked the earth before the enterings.

He took her hand and led her out first and then in. They took off their clothes, the room shone in morning sun through the slits in the walls, the chinks between bamboos. Soft shelter, and now not watched by anyone anymore, they could do the exorcisms, and they did it.

An offal heat woke her up. She looked at the boys body, golden, naked, she stroked his chest, she watched him smile. She knew it was his smile and his madness that brought them together, she stepped out of the house guarded by several scorpions and big white sited animals, - they let her go, she was a goddess of their young god, she became their goddess too, and her every wish became their proud duty.

The dog was coming closer, he didn't look good, he was bigger then a middle size, white fur with few darker spots, his eyes had the same weird expression, specially left, his left side, his left eye was a devil's eye, his legs stepped carefully, shaky, the way he hold his shaky head pictured pain. Pain was the only thing he has known for the long time, as long he remembered, pain, pain, pain, pain, burning hunger and scabs covering his back and others hands throwing stones and others feet kicking; the scab hold him tight, the eyes were red as on the man who carried too much pain for too long time. Pain was visible on the every inch of him, the eyes seemed to hang out and beg, the shallow steps - driven me mad, pulling my tears out, bringing out all the helplessness, the wounded man was beyond help; people went by and days too hot pressed on, I sat motionless

watching, I still had my babe doll skin on, the eyes I used to cover with sun glasses, it would have been unbearable for the surrounding if I would have uncover them, two burning red balls. I saw him walk in my film in my head - the very last steps, always the very last steps, and he pushing all his control for always just a few more. Steps.

Sick dog controlling the world of pain, knowing it all.

It surely was a human hand which send him there not a god's finger - a human spiteful paw.

She banged on the closed door, he let her in. She was endlessly soft and hot and soft and unfulfilled. She was as made of the sweetest love, flowers hung down from her lips, he let her in and turned her off. She laid on his bed trembling of love. All she wanted to do was to touch, first... He was naked under the cover, the room was white, the walls were more reachable then a man. The room was hot. She was hot. Someone laughed outside and spoke loud, some spanish talk, now she recognized a laugh, it was a kid, she layed in hot, white room and drifted away, she fade away in the origin sense of the heat, covered with silver spots of sweat and desire. Desire which was destroying her so deliberately. She seemed to kill the love.

- A-G-A-I-N

The sun went down and lighted the whole sea with hot blood, her heart boiled and she hold it in her hands, first soft as to pray, then to beg, now hardening and reaching the tools, ready to eat it up.

Amnesia.

Now, her shining body laid under mosquito tent, all in the proper gold, the heart placed in the little holder number 1, the liver in a little holder number 2, and then the brain in the holder number 3, the holder number 4 still empty and waiting for the embryo to be taken out.

Behind them French man filming the seen.

I have a funny feeling that I met them before. I knew them well enough. I could hear what she said without hearing their voices.

This people, their problems - they took away some of the sun's shine intensity; - fools. - Fucking fools... I was fed up.

2.

Crazy luny said

- I am the power, I am the one, I am going to take you there, I show you, I am the ONE.

His talk was ignorant bull-shit, but his face was beautiful, of this kind of lost and dangerous beauty only very young man can have. He lived under the boat. There was also dusty girl with white insane eyes of the jealousy for all, who lived on the beach. They somehow run in my mind together even it didn't show. She was much more a victim than he was. They were both native people.

My eyes followed a white couple, they were going in circles and didn't know how to enjoy, their faces, oh, their faces, it was hard to keep oneself from laugh, their faces already slipped down and rolled behind them in the sand as footless worn out shoes.

The girl was green on her face, she was preaching -

- What's wrong with you, what's wrong with us, what's wrong with me, phhhhhh, I have to be a man, when I lay on top of you waiting to be fucked, I have to feel your virgin thighs, white and smooth, I have to kiss your closed and unwilling lips of a shy girl, kiss your closed eyes and smooth cheeks, I have to press on with my pubic bone and spread you as a bride, I have to have my penis penetrate your viscera, exploding, giving you ecstasy; - before... you laid there on white, soft pillows looking at me with your big and innocent eyes of a weak prince, at the beginning it was very touchy, I used to roll over you, deepen in sweet sweat; I can't, I can't always play a leading role, the type of sex makes me sick in a long run - you don't even sweat, what kind of a man you are... You don't even sweat. - and besides - she took a breath - besides I want you do this to me! I want you do this to me! I want you do this to me! - she kept on shouting as she has lost control of the arguments.

3.

I drunk a lot of mescal, people started to leave the restaurant, the dogs - Blanka and Marylin came by as every evening looking for food. I started to run with the dogs under the tables, I had to rise because a waiter wanted me to pay the bill and then my heart went bad - shit!

I can't play anymore and I need a injection, shit! I can't breath, my heart running as a fast motor boat, I don't know where to find a doctor and I don't speak Spanish, shit!

- Don't care for her , she is just a junky. - Says a girl to her man, who is on his way to bring me to a doctor. Andreas shall not take me there either. It hurts. I go... I take taxi with my son. I take him to the cabin, leave him with his father. The situation is the same. I need a doctor, I need an injection, I need to slow down, I don't know where to. I go back "to town", I crawl down the beach, the sea water is black, shiny and motherly and near my face, the moon shines strong as hell, my heart pumping as hell, not for love but anyway...

I think, I know you'll help me. I have to walk straight on two legs. My head turns towards the ending sky. The stars, my steps, the sand, it all carry me on and on until I finely reach the same place, they take me to the village to the doctor, he is angry to be waken up, sits there in his morning gown, he doesn't believe my story or he doesn't have a right drug and wants to get read of me fast. He gives me nitroglycerin, a funny sensation, I can feel how the heart slows down, he tell the boys not to worry and that I'm perhaps stressed or just acting and so on, he tells us to pay and to leave. We go to the last open bar - a really strange place, tiny kitchen and booz, I don't drink anymore, my heart is as bad as before, it all turns round, I can't play - shit! The sky is made of stars. The light comes, and first gold before

the sun.

I am home, in the little cabin, I lay now under mosquito net, try to breath slow and deep, my heart keeps on pounding hard. I need a doctor, - I get one, and he also gives me a wrong stuff, - digitalis, a down cooler, we go for breakfast. We have eaten breakfast, I stand up from the table, and fly through "the room", I can't walk, can't keep to the ground, I see everything in yellow, the whole world, someone helps me to the sofa, I fall a dream, sometimes I open my eyes, Johan a bar tender sleeps on the other easy chair. Sometimes he serves me fresh orange juice. His big white dog Blanka is here too, I sleep the day through.

Another time I drunk mescal I lost a film and lost my film. The picture was darker then normal, viewer narrower but more intense. In my red dress. I had fire in my head, I went for dancing and drinking so totally, I had fire in my hips and it burnt in my womb, it moved my body violently throwing mescal, vodka, Bloody Mary, Tequila Sun Rise, Margarita, vodka, mescal into my mouth and let it boil there coming out steaming down my breasts, flaming, getting me closer to the state of the greatness but I ended up without great end, it is hard getting there.

And I guess I didn't make it. I am sure I didn't.

I woke up alone, naked, dressed only in my bracelets, in my bed.

- How did I get there? - I couldn't even say if I had hang over, my boys came and I was suddenly humble, lovable, loving, caring, satisfy, happy, all was all right; helped, surrounded, carried by many angels's wings, the day of love, hours of love, love. And then I was speeding it all up, states, statements, events, people, move to dance, I couldn't move now, I couldn't walk, I had enormous big and black blisters under my feet, dancing black madness wounds, speeding it

all up, speeding it all up, tropic, mexican, carnival, a true-blue to love,
proud of my wounded feet I let others carry me around the paradise,
but we didn't get there.

- " Listen to the ship song and her yelling cry when she presses
her side against the coast, can you feel her longing? The world is still
alive - so, love me! Take off my red dress in the corner of dark room
and come closer. You and me tonight? Why not? Forget all, take me
out, take me up and do whatever you want with me.

Secrets, you hide, hide, hide, hide, as more You hide it turns
against you more and more. It's strange but it does specially love
areas, why? I hide and it turns against me, snake in my heart tells me

- more, more, more, but your eyes keep me cool, your eyes keep
me cold.

Fucking dreams they don't leave me in peace, fucking dreams
and fucking reality they don't say the same thing! Fucking dreams I
am getting mad!"

The mountains walking towards the sea, shading the landscape
in soft grey-violets. The grass talking and the earth crying. Single
palms gourd the landscape with tired but open arms. The earth cries
of heat. Waiting for the darkness to cover her within calm sheets as
a mother putting her baby to sleep.

She sits in the moon shine. The wild kid comes out of the
darkness, he bents down to her knees, he whispers:

- I want you now, you're so beautiful, I like You, I like you now,
come with me;

his words, very quiet, as wind breeze, soft. He touches her leg, strokes her knee. She says:

- No, no, no, no.

No one cloud covering silver shade of the moon.

She said no to love, she said no to love. The star falling down then as endlessly good spell.

- Where? - She whispers,

- WHERE ARE YOU ?

The man comes by and says - Fuck the world, you are great, I liked to see you dance, girl you are right, fuck the world! I would love you to be my woman but I would be afraid.

She is thinking, what's he saying and why,

- I gave him no reasons, or did I, what have I done?

The eyes of the small girls going to sleep right on the hot pavement among the dogs already sleeping as mountains warm and cosy.

The stars shine at nights as the eyes of small girls by day.

- God, she whispers, keep on being generous, don't terminate the human man.

Peoples eyes, peoples mouth gape and wheeze. Their eyes saying -

- You are bad, as dark is your mind and dark are your thoughts, you are a bad spell. You are a bad film. You are dark shit.

And she dreaming the dualism again, alone, relieved from all human desires.

- What's that ? - No more.

She orders flowers for her grave, and she lays down. Pathetic

doings. Sweet irony, she doesn't die, of course she doesn't die. It should be also pointless for the film which still did not culminate.

The world's most magnificent landscape with two moons watching her. Darkness more soft than sharp, where one can feel palms rugged trunks and cold leaves. Two big eyes of silver stare at you, - one up in the sky softly held, and the other much lower and spreading small moving lights around itself and long line reminding her of witches silver zigzag knife reaching her feet, dancing - it says cool

- stay relatively calm, it's only yet the reflection. Warning.
- Will it take my heart first, - she thinks, questioning, - or shall he take my heart?

The day after I am forced to leave her, I use to leave her often, on and off, her company is too queer for me, she wants too much. I have things to do; I leave her for to ride a horse with native bartender on the beach, that sounds dry, let's take it again, I should ride a horse on the beach with Johan, pronounce Huan, - that's much better, - his eyes are heavy even young, his heritage lay in Indian tribes, - other worlds. We suppose to film that scene, my son have got a job as a camera man.

Johan and Patricia, the sweetest - fat, they are just ready with love making when we fetch him. I am surprised of his decent look, I need him to play wild kid, half naked, dirty, dusty, free - down to earth, well - it is definitely too late to introduce to him my idea, I fall by my own mistake, - expecting other people to read my thoughts; I can't disappoint him now, so I answer with a smile and a compliment for his clothing, - his best silk black shirt and long dark blue trousers.

I rent a horse on the beach, the thinnest, weakest and most

miserable creature for the tourist entertainment. Johan settles on, first alone, then with my son, and then finally is my turn too. I love it, all of the sudden I love it, the horse back is warm and stable, we ride along the shore, the blood red sunset far away, warm light plying, entertaining, Johan's friends screaming with joy at the scenery, I wear my nicest red dress and he asks me to put my arms tight around him, we ride away into the burning sun.

4.

I remember about the girl which I wanted to film, the girl set by the door of the church. Her smile was flat, pale and pleasing. It was something strange with her legs, she wouldn't walk. The legs wouldn't walk, they were short swollen and drained with long needles and ampoules with white liquid stuck to the legs sides down from her knees, her skirt was rolled up a little above her knees for to show off. Next to her a bowl standing for aims collecting.

The girl wouldn't walk, and money wouldn't talk to me. I wanted to know her history. The miserable existence I didn't dare to film. As I didn't dare to look into the little girl's eyes longer then a moment of giving a coin. I found no guts. I walked around few days making the reasonable for myself stories how to approach her. She wasn't there at the final moment when I made my decision. She was somewhere else, and where I didn't know. It was much easier to film blind beggars as they couldn't see me.

Dog's body laid on the side of the road filled with worms and filled with flies. Flies buzzing, worms moving, crawling taking it over.

A miserable existence. What are we to take over? Whose corps? We have become definitely too many on earth. Baby doll walking the streets of the small town which has changed face since her arrival, - a little extra shine. Stupid Baby Doll, she also has a miserable existence.

Thoughts mixing and mingling with ocean high frequency rhythm give impression of the gale storm. The waves of withdrawn existence still forcing and bumping on. The waves growing high.

- It's soooooo gooooood, says John. He comes here every year, he is one of the lonely figures, he looks as Don Kichote a lot, always talks about his Dulcimea and nobody ever seen her.

He invites us for chicken barbecue. We sit here outside of his cabin listening to his thrilling stories about scorpions biting people, making them crazy, about him being an atheist, about Christmas time when lots of Mexicans is coming down here to the ocean to drown; they can't swim John says, they drown easily, lots of them, the sea is very tricky here, the waves are high and sucking in near the shore and they always try to get straight back - the only way out is to swim along the wave and to search the opening and sneak in - I have done it to sometimes... - he says.

We sit there into the late hot night shivering, listening.

After that he disappeared. He got to prison, he didn't do anything criminal, but his documents were unvalid and he was arguing with police. He was sentenced. One way doors opened, he entered. The "room" was about 4 x 4m., it stunk dead corps and he regretted he didn't take deeper breath outside and he regretted his stubbornness. It was hot and stuffy, when his eyes got used to almost darkness, slowly watching shapes coming out of the stuff.

- They are at least 20 people in here - he thinks. They are all Mexicans. I am too white and too clean - he recognizes the situation. - Too toll and too visible; - he trys to shrink, he shrugs his arms and everything else. They sit here, stand, talk, sleep, everything happens on the floor, in the middle is a hole; he understands the stunk which doesn't come from people, comes from the hole; human too. Also cockroaches, mice, rats hunting each other. - O,God. - that's all he thinks, - o, God - there are no other words reaching, passing his brain, - o, God. Suddenly he sees beautiful girl in front of him, she is smiling showing her exceptionally white teeth, she grabs a tin from the floor, brakes off the top of it, he watches her, and watches her shining eyes. she rises rapidly.

- Rapido! - All you have is my! - . She says in broken English

through her clenched teeth, staring hard, rising the metal tool to his eyes turning its sharp side towards his eyes as close as possible. He keeps his breath, his heart knocking and pumping; she turns to a fat and filthy fellow beside and cuts through his face, his pig scream and his blood showering, streaming out. She laughs and makes her way through the crowd to the middle, she urinates as a man do, her victim rattles.

John trying to be invisible, thinking abruptly, - Thank's God it's a lad, I couldn't have to do with a woman like that.

Lad's victim dies before the evening, they don't move him out before the morning, prisoners pull him towards the hole, they piss and shit on him. There are many more arguments and extra shows for the gringo sake.

Gringo thinking terrified - God, God, God, please...;

It rains inside and it rains outside too, he watches red bloody pool grow - mixed with blood and shit and urine. The stunk stops bothering him, the orgy at night proves that there are some real women too, as they do breathe different while fucking.

- O. God... - he can't come to more specific or articulated conclusions. He spends here 3 days and 3 nights, - an eternity. On the outside he sees a lot of women, waiting, sitting, crying, holding babies, children, bundles of unknown closer contains. They all are crying, worrying, longing, starving; all for the USA, as Mexico's government promised - there is money in the deal in form of small percentage of huge debts by the state to U.S banks - to destroy all existing coca fields. An extremely painful operation in the country where big groups of people are already on the verge to the total poverty and their existence's depending on absolutely every single income.

5.

She has a funny little ribbon in her black flat hanging down her back. She has a funny sticking out ass and very funny gentle movements. She feels watched and she checks her looks. She looks at the muscular man and drifts behind him into the ocean still looking behind her bra. What she doesn't know is that Alex is giving show for Jimmy. Jimmy sits on the shore on a little pink blanket admiring Alex's every movement.

- Alex is a perfect beef boy, they have had a great time last night and it all looks even more promising for tonight, Jimmy doesn't like all this boring talk about save sex but he doesn't really have a choice.
- Alex is born a leader. And now he is asking Jim's forgiveness in every soft turn. - We are a perfect mach... thinks Jimmy. He watches Alex's perfect triangle above the waves.

She turns her little sweet ass, flirting, playing with the waves, she continue walking in. May be she shouldn't been thinking that but she does, she is thinking about Joana left on the beach far away, she is thinking about fact that she, Mary is much more pretty and delicate and keeps all the eyes on her and that all makes her feel very convenient. Mary's bathe suit shines in bright colours, wet shine. The other guys are surfing near by, Alex have swam away, an old couple dabbing in the shallow water, four flying in pairs pelicans are completing a view. The wave comes from behind and knocks her down, she laughs first but doesn't manage to rise, the next faster wave holds her in the same position, she has hard to breath - positions change. she is fighting, Alex is swimming towards the shore's bar already far away, Jimmy running the same direction seeing a topless chick, watching her purple nipples moving slushy up and down wondering surprised - What other guys see in women?

Mary shrinks. Mary is panicking, struggling, starts to realize

damn seriousness; phrenetic she tries to get back to the shore, she can't see it well, she disappears in the foam. More female looking part of the old couple is screaming, - Can't anybody do anything? Her other half runs towards, and she standing across screaming, - No, not you putsien, you don't make it!

He goes in to the water up to the knees, coming wave turns him down. It's barely any use of him trying to become one more victim. Mary watches a light, light filling her, blushing her insane ecstasy, watches the rising light of blue, light of blue which fills her without the rest and thin string of a golden desire leading up. She let it go. She is no more. It is useless now to struggle for her beautiful body which none have wanted anyway; the sea took it and beheld.

Two, now topless chicks sit down, one of them wearing a tiny black string tanga pants and a big straw hat, the other one, sweeter but smaller, with bosom draped in a pink scarf lays down. Coming by a jewellery seller kneels down. He opens his magic box, the girls immediately rise up. The smaller girl walks on her knees across the blanket with breasts hanging down as on the wolf mother, the seller enjoying best moment of his life, three of them giggling and treasurers shining in the hot sun. The girls trying on rings, earrings, corals, glancing into Pedro's mirror, smiling sweetly and admiringly gazing. And then, just here, in this very moment of their sweetness and joy, comes me - sour, dissatisfy, unhappy, bothering with the same again existential and basic question,

- To be, or to be not ?

I am a real shame, denying, sorrowing, asking always for more, I am a rotten piece of earth, rotten piece of a banana pill to slide on, the stinky piece, my mind stinks, asking wind to be involved in my life more then it already does, more then giving a blow, asking an ocean

to love me more than the others, more than it already does, asking

- where are you, and if you exist?

I am ridiculous, in all this years, dreaming perfect surface of love, with a perfect depth, of love which I know nothing about, and may be nobody has. The image which keeps on destroying me on and on. I have lost a common sense of the life itself - to live simple and to live at all.

- what's that?

To live without kisses, how? To live without, how? Saying - I have seen You, I have met You, it is You I want. You must love me a little at least. You must love me more sometimes... soon.

I watch the other people surface of life. It is all, more I don't know. My name is Priss.

I am a bloody painer, fucking chicken shit, useless pale of a bad skin, bad meat, sick bread, sick flesh and sick blood, sick desires, sick needs, I am a bad spell, a black hole, fucking black hole.

You were right.

You are right.

The ego trip. Bad spell. I hate him for loving me that way...

No way.

- God, the love don't make sense. - She whispered.

White little face of my dead brother still alive and his eyes shining diamonds, shone in the dark and showed me the way, my big babe brother, there was nobody to close his eyes, I grew my snake alone...

Practice art to die in the right place as dying art or simply die wherever... what is it to die in the right way?

It's no matter of time; it's matter of hopes, illusions which no longer last.

- Fuck, Priss I don't care. Listen I am entertaining now.

- Shit, Priss, no you can't come Priss, I am already gone...

And now Priss turns for the dark.

- I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I,... into the sea, into the ocean, let the waves bury
... mè - I can't breath, under the water blue - head is going to crack;
surrounded, transparent kingdom of blue. True-blue - yours, in water
as in the air, harder, eyes joy - lungs cracking, jumping, lips open and
drinking salt - catch air, water, catch nothing but pain, what's nothing
- the lungs bubbling, firing, the brain boiling up, cocking, my heavy
trouble body, the bumps of painfully boiling harm - lungs cracking up,
my soul lost, blue, blue, blue, kingdom in peace seperated from the
sun kingdom with thin but growing space, my desperate fear destroying
view of the blue, my brain and lungs cracking now instantly, all the
time pain, in vain - body struggling against the will to die - no will
to die, the passage, where to sneak - to sneak - unable - loosing
film, control and observation ability into the peaceful blue.

Patric, a stranger saved me.

He laid me down on the shore hot earth me breathing hard and deep breathing, only breathing, thanking him, thanking God for giving me life, me caressing hot earth, melting sand, thanking God for my miserable existence, thanking for earth, consciousness, the words going through my mind, annoying, people saying - what? - an allergy on alcohol, my liver making me dull and desperate fool, me watching blue sky in emphasis, thanking God, and again, thought, words, crosses and graves, them saying, - me unable to drink mescal, crazing out far too far, checking other humans too much, watching, catching for the death-vertigo-dance, - me? Is it true?, ecstatic dance, why isn't it good?, checking men? - bull shit. - did I kiss him?, a painter, o shit, did I hold his hands?, did I push him against the wall with my hips, I have done it before, bull shit; I

remember short fragments in dark, me insane? not him! I don't remember that, I remember writing a note to someone else and sending it with cigarettes boy, but that's fun, I saw him after standing in the bar, that's all, but others seem to see more - wait, he also told me that I beaten him, darkness, I don't know. - I like to seduce the life, but not men particularly. If it looks different to others, to you ? - I can't help. - The alcohol, may be, I love being wild, catching the absolute of wilderness, being alive, I remember moving my hips. - I was a bloody beast but what you didn't know — and my dead brother knew - there were not many men on earth I wanted to posses, not many at all.

- O, God, I love the life, - I keep on whispering, grabbing the send shore, letting my fingers play, as I am still not ready to get up.

I look and listen to the sea. Thank You God, and thank you stranger for saving me, I love You and I love the life and I'll be...

The loneliness didn't bother me now as i laid on wet and sweet earth, earth was all I needed, then I came upon a thinking about union of nature and all the universe, pathetic otherwise thoughts were so simple now . I survived.

- God, thank You for Your Love.

6.

What she was thinking about - on and in return - were their naked bodes kneeling each other in embrace, his cock still pointing against her womb and fainting away and the soft light dying into the darkness. ...and he saying:

- GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED, GET DRESSED, THE TRAIN, THE TRAIN, THE TRAIN, YOUR TRAIN, GET, GET THE TRAIN.

... that was the end and end of the decade.

* * *

*

I knocked at the open door of his cabin blinded by sun and sun glasses, I heard a voice calling, I pushed the door and came inside, at first I saw nothing, then par of eyes shone in the dark and watched me close. Half naked boy laid across the bed, big white dog laid on the floor and watched me too. On the two walls out of four, in 2 x 2 m. room hang big pictures of myself, the house was build of palm leafs and bamboo. I had about 15 sec. to say good bye, to pick up my forgotten stuff and go. I felt wired, I wasn't myself, I was someone else, I was in sort of wrong film. I was as in between the pages of the book...

Isabel, a little native girl selling beads waited for me, leaning on the bay of the door in gesture of working, tired and experienced woman at the age of 6, she really looked me down. I guess I kissed him goodbye. I hope I kissed him goodbye.

A little girl and me walked together, hot sand burning my feet with a shoes on, I felt as I had to entertain her so I was trying to hold a

conversation; she wouldn't, all she was here for was to sell her beads, I wanted to buy a bracelet for my sweet heart son and I didn't have money on me. I bought him some bracelets before - they were beautiful, one made of black coral and other with a little silver demon, the one with a demon I lost when I was drunk and the other a silly giggolo forced him to give away to, it was bitchy done, that's also why I wanted to buy the same one before we would leave, and we were finally about to leave, the day was the hottest day since we came here, it was beginning of March and hit was increasing all the time. I had to force Isabel to wait. In the same time I was thinking intensively, I would love to film this scene in the cabin, it's exactly what I need for my film, I didn't have camera with me, the boys took it with to the taxi, I knew it was not even use to try, they were pretty annoyed of my filming, they were mad at me, I thought that it was stupid of me to give camera to them just some minutes before, I hate last moments, I felt if we don't leave now - we don't leave at all, I also wanted to film Majka, a singer - she is great, I supposed to film Andreas, I wanted him to sing "my" bossanova - "she comes out of the sea"; did it matter at all? Soon we will be gone.

I felt I had to cut all the bounds, even my dreams to you; now increasing heat, no shade at all, I supposed to wait at one place where road comes close to the beach but none showed up as agreed, Isabel was getting annoyed and not really willing to wait anymore, I was forcing her, I wanted this bracelet, the time was chopping me, it was only 300 m back to the little cabin were a young lad laid watching my faces... A painter came, a talker - and took my time, he said that it was a pity I haven't made love to him... my eyes standing still in astonishment,

- was he craze?

I was too stressed to be angry, It wouldn't beside make any

sense, we were about to leave, I was thirsty like hell and he bought me coca-cola, he was still talking about an potential orgasm, he was a fucking dummy, what did he really think he was? The sun kept on burning my head, I decided to run, and I pulled Isabel with me, I had to buy this bracelets, I know she was scared at this point, I took her hand and run. I stopped a car, a fat buddy smoking cigar - yes - I thought, I would love to film... that too. I was a nut. And my life wasn't real.

I decided to fly.

Mountains looked like a bald heads with few grey hair laying flat, dead and crushed hair. The light was soft. Spread softly over dry meadows, dry fields and dry woods. From time to time crowded group of fresh green palms pined. The sky was soft - pale pink. Mountains's ranges far away laid down and fall softly down - getting up, rising up, in more delicate shades, undertones, tunes of violets. The sorrow of this deep endless landscape continued. Very seldom placed huts wheeled with enormous variety of rubbish plaid the rhythm of men kind spread in other wise so perfectly solitary Indian country dead nature. Cactuses drew sharp peaked arms on bluish part of heaven where the moon growing again shone now as silver coin, silver slightly bitten off coin - a broken silver's piece. Tiny silhouettes of children round the shacks did not do anything what would remain of play. Our buss circled wildly and there was no single even corn of the fear in my usually so coward perception. I ate the Earthly and dry landscape with the eyes of the hungry man. We left sea side village where I did play Baby Doll. And now I was purifying my soul and my thoughts getting onto real Earth, not necessary that I would enjoy poverty and misery of the native people, right here - but there was a great consciousness of the satisfaction to leave the lie,

to leave commercial shit of the town which had developed far too fast and now laid depraved and destroyed, stinking shit - rinsing its cloaks into raped sea. I left the Pacific and left dirty paradise. The night slowly laid the blanket over the world pulling soft spread round, round on-round. We were going south and I liked that direction, the moon shone strong, dramatic shapes of clouds slowly disappeared into the darkness. In many hours we passed may be two houses with lighted oil lamps and people laying in the hammocks one could easily see as the front wall is often missing in Mexican shacks. If there were any more cabins, homes they were already bathed into a Total Black. The stars shone and also some few fire places burnt outside with few sited silhouettes round. It all draped in stable peace of the beauty.

Civil police's riot stopped the bus at the mountain col. They checked for drugs - the result of the same american drown agreement. They looked into the bags, and bags were everywhere, they looked into my son's school bag too, and into the sack which just happened to lay underneath us, it contained 2 living hens, the woman - owner slept somewhere at the beginning of the bus, the action looked spooky and film like in the black night with gunned soldiers standing outside, sure I wanted to film, but I promised to my boys not to show off the camera for both reasons : soldiers and thieves's tempting.

They found nothing.

My actual tasks with coming here was taking drugs, specially mescaline and peyote, and mushrooms, testing it, filming, writing. I don't really have the guts to do it, my head is exploding with only few mescal drinks, even with Bloody Mary I catch on vertigo too fast and too deliberately, climb up and slide down, fly up and fall down and

again, here we go... I don't really want to search drugs and to research I don't have a company for, I think, or - I know. Yes I know.

Really capricious girl, he, she, me, us, him, You.

We pass moon like landscape called dead sea, which bus traverse with an extreme ups and downs.

At night we arrive at Salina Cruz, all the girls out are whores including me. The room at the hotel is windowless and I hate such. We sleep heavy. Wake up to already hot morning and uniformed children going to school, we take taxi to the next bus, we pass through wonderful village in the high mountains - Tehuantepec, at the stop I watch men selling oranges specially prepared - piled off and rolled in salt and placed in glass case of the wheel barrow. It's the whole ritual to make such. I would love to get out and stay, I don't do.

7.

My childhood was...

...well, I wasn't a potential killer, I was a potential little girl, my face was sweet, golden curls, eyes big, coloured with honey and gold, scream loud and crimson bright and impatient, sometimes raspy and very said. Summer sorrows I use to hide at the top of the grandfather's sycamine tree, watch people and listen to birds. There were steps of death behind me, years of war which bathed my land in suffer just passed; tried to efface scabies, scab and sore. The new lie grew. My sisters and brothers were dead. I was going to grow alone. I was going to grow single and spoiled by love, and hurt.

I used to watch with a lump in my throat the young boy playing harmonica, standing in the barrow on wheels, he had no hands, no legs, no ass, he plied beautiful war songs for aims, or may be for togetherness, under hanging house's wall. I used to go slow forward and lay a coin in his tin, it knocked as metallic fear, I saw war in peoples eyes and reflections, after I used to go and drink some hot chocolate or cocoa cola, and then I would puke. A silence when I locked the door behind me, and frequent scream raised its head from the corner, irrational fear; how irrational? I was not afraid of darkness, I was not afraid to jump from heights, not afraid to climb, not afraid to run over footbridge across deep and running river even if I couldn't swim, not afraid to take up spiders and frogs, my favorite shock games - for others. I was a nut. I had to shine all the time.

I was afraid very much of something and I didn't know what it was.

I am 6 years old - Christmas visiting my grandfather, my cousins and me go to the wood, we have sleighes, the world is white, the wood is silent, white and frozen. Crystal hard air hurt the lungs, I look

at the ground, as the wind cease and I look down because here is something... A black crow,

- dead?

- Yes! Dead!

He is all stiff, with claws up stretched, we kneel down; rising my head I see next one, and next and next, from compassion, through horror we get into the state of excitement, we run from one to another, screaming,

- one more! One more! One more Dead!

The death is looking at us enraptured afflicted, crystal sharp black and white and colourless. And so soundless among our fierce screams. Some are under the snow or in the clench of it, I poke up each one, watch in a flurry, they also hang on trees, frozen into IT, stucked and stone dead. Big black birds, thousands of crows, with open or dimmed with cataracts eyes diamonds, frozen through with wings open or closed, ready to fly or not, they who all gave in. We are the only ones alive here; and now our colourful hats going home; Christmas is over.

I can still feel the touch, icy stiffness and my ugly stir. - Death's excitement.

I was afraid of fear, afraid of needles, afraid of medical treatments I was afraid of death. Mother was afraid of snakes, knives, guns, toy guns, dreams, people, friends, enemies, virus, germs and destiny. She forbade me to eat by family as she saw it possible someone poisoning me. She dreamed of motherhood to at least five. Fate and me, the only one alive out of her children, destroyed her myth. I plaid tricks, I plaid dead, absent and all that shit . I didn't find my god and everlasting friends. I been trying to run away from myself on and on

catching favorite seem to be state of vertigo cry, I run, fall, smash; the ego trip. The hashish discovery made me at last more social, it was my cure, my dada, it made me laugh and talk, and see that there were other people but me, until I didn't become immune and then vivid death trips started, agony disease, blood froze isolation and sometimes fun or a sensation.

I had a brother, he died as a babe before I came, I loved him so, and the sisters love was my lonely cave. We had a dry piece of his umbilical cord at home. And I looked like him - they said. When I grew up I had a dream that I was going to meet him if I searched. I had to go. I love him so... and I'm looking for his face.

His grave is gone.

It was something wrong with me, I wouldn't take my mother side; I would want her place. I had a father I loved so much but he left me, and I had to go through the hell alone. When I grew up I had to pay it back, my misfortune of revenge - I left but he didn't make it through the hell and more - he died. I lost the man I love...

I was sick in the scarlet fever when the mother kicked the father out. I was seven years old. On the day before Christmas Eve, we cried, on each and own side of the door, she held a key. He went and wouldn't return, he ate my heart with another, woman, And I cried over my fate, and I cried pity myself.

No, nobody raped my hymen; I did it myself; an act of love; but many raped my brain. My brain that fragile and wired instrument, my raped brain.

I met a boy, he is my son, he is afraid of vermin.

8.

9th of March Tapachula, the last Mexican town before Guatemala's border.

¿ My Father is not here, he is truly gone. He is dead and it hurts. It hurts as hell, the consciousness of his absence. The town is taken over by the rats, defended by the rats, possessed by the rats. The population here is very busy, extremely busy, lots of work has to be done. Everybody does something all the time to gain the money, more and more all the time, they truly want to be as wealthy as we're or more, of course more - to be the best is the best! We have all forgotten mediocrity, we have forgotten modesty. We have all forgotten modesty. I guess that's the general mistake, that's mistake number one. We can never go back to the previous state of human man, as previous and simple as love to the sun. The gods admiration, we have other gods these days, the very commercialize gods, the material goals. Its all about it. They are all fucked up, we are. Some have no teeth, no toes, no smile, no look, no happiness, but they do something to gain money, they try anyway. They, we are fucking productive all the time, shit, it really looks bad, for us and bad for the earth. Small towns are just full of shit, full of people who want to get more and more reach all the time, they move and move and move in disorganized chaos. They are much lower doing communities then the ants for example. They don't have queen, no god. They don't have themselves. I thought the Mexicans carried on great ancient culture. I didn't really believe, didn't want to believe that general Cortez destroyed it all so well and so long ago... Well, nope. As nation they are pretty lost, they did replant their eggs too fast, they are cured from dying too fast, they emptied too fast, and used too fast, they are as bad as we are. The people are full of shit, the people on the earth are full of shit. Well I am not talking about nice individuals, and only

because there aren't such ones;- who would for example give up, so called comfort and wealth, only for to save the earth, only for to save man-kind, only for to save arts of animals? - No body is an answer. No body. And nobody is no body. Not me either, of course not me, not me and not you. We are full of shit. I'm just walking around. But lets talk about them, that's easier, much easier, coming here I supposed to see and enjoy, the exotic land of wine, love, mescal, god, sun, blood, going on... They drive their big cars in tiny streets, its so useless and destructive, it would take may be 30 min. to run the town from edge to edge. They drive, and drive, bumping, vomiting, buying, selling, dying, farthing, loving, pissing, shiting, shifting, fucking, they are driving, no they aren't just walking, they are driving pompous through. They expose their polluted brains for the hot sun and infinity. They show off. They are just full of shit. They only do what we have already done it. We were before. We were a bad spell. A bad sample. We have already killed a beast queen - Earth. We are so bloody full of shit. You know, and I know it too, love is a bull shit in that world, o yes, you know it. And You never going to love me.

The girl about 10 years of age comes by, she is small size, about 6 th. I would think; she is begging, in revealing moment she snakes her body, showing first centimeters of her breasts. Who's she? A hungry one? A little whore? Is she in desperate need of nourishment or is she simply doing her job? She does gestures, we do refuse to understand, on the very fine Plaza, the houses are beautiful, people less, both are falling down, she continues. She is scratching her head, black and dusty hair, she is scratching between her legs, her finger nails are dirty, her hands are dirty, her legs are dirty, her dress is dirty, but there isn't the misery which is the shock number one as it also looks too done - too fitting, - but her corruption, she is

expecting her money, she looks tired and arrogant at us and the rest of the world, she is waiting for her money, waiting her fee, scratching her head again. Finally she walks away, she is pretending to be slightly lame which should be good enough as a prove of her doings, she kneels down by an old man, sitting on the ground in the shady passage, it's middle of the day, hot day, Plaza is cooking, boiling, she lays down, and put her head on his knees, she turns and snakes around, she is teasing him, tempting him, as she was his grand daughter, but she is not, she rips his woolen bag to herself, fumble in it, takes out the coin, they joke, fight for it, she throws the coin away, she wants more, she wants paper money, she snakes her body more and more determine, the cheeks of the old man turn bright red, she touches his crouch and his legs, finally he takes out the banknote which she catches fast, she stretches her thin child's legs and doesn't go away, waiting him off, he has to leave first, it's her ground, and she shall wait for the next chance. We leave too, the eyes follow us, we are gringos.

My son says " we are all gringos in the world" .

If I could choose I would get out.

Its not much to belong to.

Exhalations, memphitises, waste, men, animals.

That would be about all.

I love You.

Of course You don't want my love. We are all full of shit. We are in chains.

Last night we drove in the bus through a dead land - Mare Morte - white landscape, at night white moon, dead trees, broken viaducts, crushed roads, the bus walks up and down and spider crawls my leg. Piss world. In the first hotel room cockroaches as big as hand chase

us out, I sit on the street, five o'clock in the morning guarding our lots of belongings while I watch single people, single bars, single drinkers, and single whores, single world. Cold morning air.

It used to be that way with me, first repulsion to people, the way they live, and then sometime after, some days after, getting used, getting around, getting flattered and in, getting pleased and fed, I start to agree, I start to relax, and I start to like it too...

I'm just walking...

Sometimes I could love.

All of the country remains me often about my childhood; places in Poland, places I have seen, places I been to, small Polish towns; the way they build the streets, narrow with round gutter stones who seen the time, houses low with big, long windows covered with wooden shutters - inside the same kitchen tolls and pots, porcelain jugs and an 100 years old looking couple living now in the corner of their empire - a windowless kitchen behind small hotel restaurant hold now by their children; the way they sell things in small pretentious shops. or at the market, the way they keep children, the principle of hierarchy of power between parents and children, the roles, the way they dress children on holidays, small girls in sweet dresses, full of fiounces and ribbons, covering knees, sweet colours, little sweet collars around girls necks. All this forgotten memories from earliest childhood reveals again. Also the dirt of towns, smells, stunk, hairless necks of many dead hens, ducks, turkeys, small pigs running at the market, women arguing the price, snooty children they hold by hand.

My beautiful country has turn a waste land now.

9.

The last month I did spent by the sea, an ocean - magic being; it gives company by walking, playing, singing, nursing, breathing, caressing, washing, comforting, loving, fighting and killing. I was sitting by, thinking, laying and coming in and then leaving, missing and loving again. The Ocean Queen.

He took my hand softly and lead me away. The house was beautiful and old; clear witness of an old good times with a magnificent entrance, a broad staircase supported by a big mirrors on the dish. He put his arm around me while we walked up, I see us coming up in one of the crystal and dusty mirrors. He turned the key in the door, screech. Reek. His room is rotten with pink walls eaten by mould. The whole corner of the ceiling is black of mould, in this case very old mildew. Over a bed covered with white blanket patterns of mildew make horrifying drawings - some faces, there is a little bared window which don't lead anywhere. - This room is windowless - I think fast with fear. Big cockroaches walk the walls, I can hear the rats too, and I can smell them. He threw me on the bed...

...we laid naked together on the bathroom floor. The floor was stained with urine and all possible dirt, my head hit against the toilet when we finally came, the ecstasy was complete it totally removed us from the place.

He washed me in the sink as the bath was occupied by cockroach family and waterless; he carried me to bed. I was his Baby Doll. He was my Baby Cockroach.

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*

To the institution of the research came monkeys transport from Brazil; they were all dead, it was too hot on the way, no ventilation at all, and no water to drink. Some of them swallowed their tongues while suffocating, a horrible, hideous scene of 60 besmirched bodies. They were all full grown and mostly female. No baby girls.

She laid in the sterile, clinical clean room. And she laid there alone. The bed was exactly her size about 10 cm extension on each side, she was nailed into the bed with needles, ropes and belts. A tall Silhouette in white shadow entered the room.

walked towards her and lift the scalpel...

I was a dead meat.

My desire was destroying me.

His room was all white, he said something as, - why don't you leave me in peace?-. He let me come in, the bed was big double bed, with blue mosquito net. He let me in and went back to sleep. He had beautiful, gentle, slender body, a little too thin, he wore his pants on, his gestures weren't beautiful, I guess he didn't like me to be there, but it all wasn't clear enough, anyway not clear enough for me. He did something with his hand as: - fuck, you! But he was maybe simply asleep. I laid on his bed, he was very near, and I was afraid to move, I didn't move, I felt tension in his muscles, and I knew, I still didn't loose, I might still win if I act, I wasn't quite sure what to do. to act and be refused would be worst, so I did nothing, I did not move. after long time he went up, and left the room. He came back. Took on his long pants. took out his wallet, checked if I haven't take his money.

I watched and he left the room again.

I stayed in the heat, first waiting, then boiling my intestines and my brain, specially my brain, I still did not move as it was someone in the room watching me. I stunk sweat, ugly sweat and shit, I had to get up and I did, I walked around the room slowly as having snail house upon my back, I watched the room, the floor, table - lots of pills on the table, the poster on the wall, with a bacchante dancer sited now, the wall, a letter, I red last line:

- "I hope now you know your road",

it was hand written, with round feminine characters in blue ink; there was a window, going into the street, over the toilets, then I understood the smell, I was somehow relieved, it wasn't me smelling shit yet. The room was hot, and I was trapped. It was more white and more hot now. I realized how to leave.

I walked through the door.

He opened my body with a scalpel. He opened my body with a knife. Black turned the night and purple blood - Black turned my blood and purple night. He pulled my bleeding skin off and made into the drum - bleeding, singing drum.

The moon stayed full forever, as in the very moment of an error, as for the world-round-runner who approached the same tempo as the earth itself. .. The moon is full the whole life through if you are at the right place in the right time - simple. Madleine was following me so we are going to go there together.

The sea and ocean, great water is a great company, we left the sea, I left all.

I feel lonely.

It's just so stupid to believe that ocean is blue, it's only a surface mirroring the surface of the sky. I don't break anybody roles, by following mine, I am not just a skin, many people's life is a disaster. I have sympathy for the homeless dogs. I hate devil, but don't see devil the same place as the other do, are we really different? I always thought that we are quiet the same, have the same opinions and tasks, but I was wrong. Your devil is not mine. You seem not to know mine at all. It is so.

God , I don't know, it somehow escapes my control. Where am I?

Do I only whirl?

A little whore begging at the main square took her little sister for the evening's pass.

10.

Rhythm of the town's "natural birth control" Tapachula 12th to 13th of March. Carlos's struggling - 12 o'clock. at noon one leg guys come out on their tour for the money. Pedro's is working - 1 o'clock. - 13 years old girls beg with one babe on the back and second one rounding the stomach. Johan's struggling - 2 o'clock. the uniformed children walk home from none obligatory school for the break. Johanita's working - 3 o'clock. siesta on the street, the mothers and the babys take a nap over the tables crowded with plastic kitsch for sale. Fat girls stick the asses correcting pine apples, bananas and mangos on the stand. The heat. Jauvier's working - 4 o'clock. still too hot to be outside and chilli makes me mad and unable to cross the street, the gutter showers off. Mary LU's struggling - 5 o'clock. one eyed women an oldest in the world with skin as dark brown shining and broken pergamine-parchment come by begging. I photograph and they get very pleased. Jose's working - 6 o'clock. sun goes down and all the people come out. Margarita is struggling - 7 o'clock. the gigolos and rabies come out, dogs wake up. Gonzales's struggling - 8 o'clock. darkness falls over the town bringing young lovers out. Carlos covering his wife with 7th child - 9 o'clock. the odd, the rich and the fat old men take their young wives nr.2 and nr.3 and nr.4 and lots of kids out for dinner to the Plaza's show. Juarez's struggling - 10 o'clock. small girls go round begging. Octavio's working - 11 o'clock. cockroaches come out to join up. Anita's crying - 12 o'clock. night time everybody cries for money and some for love. 1 o'clock. volcano cracks and all the hopes lay in slamy mud, buried.

Sunday - we are hot. Swimming pool in town is too dirty and soupy to come in. - We don't. We travel to Puerto Madre. The

Mother's Port. Black Ocean attacks the shore. People bath in shit, follow their track to remain an animal, bad animal. Lots of small "taverns" at the same spot above the "beach". Terrible stunk forcing us to leave and stopping my observations of an incredible gallery of types. Walking along black and oily sea we are finely finding very small cosy place run by little fat man accompanied by his wife and their children. She dog, a bitch hangs out her breasts. Black eyes of the child watching us constantly and forceful. The breeze, a man sleeping in the babe size hammock about 1,5 m. from us, his legs hang out, his arms hang down, next to him stands a chair with half waiting for him beer and still burning cigaret. About 5 m. to the high ocean, my eyes burn, the dog forces herself to walk on her three good legs. Rota's like circus music puts craze shine on it all. Other children come out of the small kitchen cabin, they are at least four, also four puppy dogs who all run after the bitch's duties, sometimes she has to give in and feed the small ones and then she tries to escape again. We are of course a gringos, we order fish, bread, beer. They watch us close, the ocean is black in the burning sun. A ship rinses her oil tanks many times, we just went away from the public beach which is placed where the river comes from Tapachula, carrying a lot of exhalations, chemicals stuff, poison, and human cloaks countless shit of the town in a rapid progress, it stinks there as in the lu, and they all bath in it in their clothes and joy. I have to stop reporting, yes also worth mentioning biggest grey pigs, with lots of small pig babes, biggest I ever saw walking free in the Coca-cola Bar - huge pig family and a little sweet girl watching my son, her mother looking very tired but taking good care of all the thirsty people around, I have to stop reporting as I got very sick, I run to the toilet with about 2.5 min intervals, I drunk coco milk to the fish, I couldn't have done it better. I have been in the bathroom about 7 times by now. my very own body

is exploding out. And soon feel very completely flashed and ready to fly. Dizzy and satisfied.

•
Evening, town - back to life, a policeman following us slowly with eyes like pearl necklace licking us up. He conducts the traffic and the cross of street as narrow as 2m to 3. The comic paradoxes, he acts with a great importance. He wears white gloves. The pictures nailed to the walls, as stars, starlets, movie stars, pop stars, rock stars, Jesus, Holy Madonna colorful and powerful animals - mostly tigers, everything in one shot for sale, small crowd of chatting women who sit down squatting on the street, the life is hard and happy as it is. I watch the earth which we all are destroying by unprotected love, birth control, dirt control, escaped my control if I was a god, Earthly desires, God God God, why don't You listen to us, o God God God, why don't we listen to You ?

11.

The body of the rat filled up with flies. - No, I am not dirty, I don't have a predisposition for dirt - no - I just use my eyes.

The global true - everything is interesting. A mother with a nit dressed daughter passes by, I photograph dead rat laying among all the other shit and rubbish and almost dry leaves on the walking part of the street. The streets are narrow and houses low, I can see the girl's white socks and black little pumps, going close, almost stepping on that fat blown up with death and flies body of the rat. She holds her mother's hand. I do remember, when one is a child, life makes different kind of sense, - which is more true? Mine or hers?

I am luckily receiving my visa at last and finally we can leave this hot town - no I wouldn't want to come back here - we take a taxi to the bus, the bus looks like a joke, it's full of hen, pigs, chickens, and has door on the back hanging out. We decide to take taxi the whole way to the Guatemalan border. Already outside of the town starts rain forest, revelling with rich nature and air - palms - and all the other trees I can't name, but I can see and admire, it is amazingly beautiful, my eyes are popping out, crying :

- why didn't I know about it before? I would have felt more happy in the ugly town if I knew it was surrounded with such explicit rich nature, it surprises me again as before, the world is that beautiful, so unbelievably beautiful, why do I keep on forgetting it ?

Why I'm not just happy to be here on Earth?

We have to stay for the night at the border, there is no bus anymore tonight, there are few hotels, few restaurants between passport and luggage control but we are already in Guatemala, we pay with quetzales - Guatemalan money, everything is cheaper and

people are nicer, cooler and kinder.

The night is dark and they chase dogs away as much as Mexicans. I easily come in a quarrel with hotel owner old chap; a young girl, a maid or his daughter who shows me a room which scenery almost makes me puke - a windowless stinky trap - good we still have choice, at this moment I dash to few young guys playing cards, one comes and says: - You are beautiful, me Honduras, I live in Los Angeles, me Honduras, You beautiful, I show You my ID, American, me Honduras, Honduras - beautiful.

- Ok, Ok; I say and walk away through the darkness to another hotel followed by dogs and small boys who want to help because they want to be paid. We meet again that nice and very big family, at least 15 members, going to Salvador, they live in Texas and the oldest of them were born in Salvador. They are going to meet grand parents, they travel in 3 vans loaded with everything. They say they go only for two weeks. The night is soft, the air is humid, we are in the valley which goes through the jungle. The jungle excites me and the first thing in the morning after getting through the luggage control I take a walk. I am a true sentimental, first time in the jungle is as the first time in bed with a man, there is connection, the trees are very tall but what makes the strongest impression is the sound, instant and constant sound of Jungle heart, it suits my heart, it suits my desires, I could have stay here. I really could. The green colour is soft and deep and strong, it's all so amazingly alive, much more than me, I could stay here and feel so very small and satisfied and fulfilled. Talisman is a name.

Then starts many hours trip by bus to Guatemala City. Bus driver makes double money by taking far too many people, they all stand in the middle, in certain moments of control points he gives them a

sine with a special gesture and they all sit down to the floor, it looks true comic, no guerrilla or any other danger, on the stops small girls and boys selling cocacola begs, fanta begs, seven up begs, oranges prepared with sugar or salt, sandwiches and other "home specialties". That part of the country we pass don't look poor at all, all is very clean and much in order, it shows after that this road which leads to capitol city is still an exception. We pass one crushed bridge which has been blown off as a Christmas greetings from guerillas to the government. It builds long waiting line used by native people for to sell even more fruits, drinks, and foods.

We hit the town at early evening.

It's a mountain's town, much colder then tropic towns of course, and it brings unpleasant feeling of picking out warmer clothes; people here on the first look behave and dress very European. We run around, walk, eat, live and so on. The shocking part is money changers, the whole crowds of them standing on certain streets and corners, also women and women with children and babies in bundles hanging on them also going into money changing business, that I have never seen before, that's true emancipation. But they are very disturbing, extremely pushy and I easily come into the fight. Something exploding checking up my mood, would like to have a gun hanging on the belt round my hips as all the soldiers here and policemen, men and women wear, they are all my- which means small - size. This are strange moments when I feel as having a gun on me, very determinant aggressions... It's in my steps, spine, hips. I push a guy who is too eager to discuss money with me, the money which nobody of us has. I run away and he screams after me. Darkness falls over the town, we walk through small streets, full of the restaurants and lighted up shops, it remains me somehow of France, people's world

is small and comparable. We go to the main square with magnificent light up cathedral. People are singing the evening mess, I press my heart to rest. The night is dark and cloudy. It's a long time since I saw clouds.

With the morning series of deja-vows start rapidly and hold me in the grip about 3 days, have I been here before, what's wrong with me, what's so special about the past, it holds me in the grip of dream, what's up Babe, what's happening? - Nothing, simply nothing, the dream runs into the sand and I get used to the town as I get used to everything. We are going to see a lots of American movies and actually nothing more, ok. we are watching streets, people, shops, etc. I start to think - soon we are going home - and I hate the idea of it; but before that we are going to go to Tikal, Mayan pyramids in the jungle. We are going to go to Antigua, an old capitol, to Panachachel - the volcanic lakes and then back to Mexico to Chiapas, old areas in high mountains known also for the mushrooms and peyote so perhaps I'll do it anyway.

I am also reading Nick Cave's book - And the Ass Saw the Angel. Yes, it does make me think. It does make me think. It all goes round in my head. Yes, it is incredibly great book in itself, but also the polemics, my polemics, it somehow asks me, it wants my answers all the time, it wants my offerings, it wants its price, it wants my everything, it somehow roles my mind as it can't role my past, it stretches its hand for my future. It wants my soul. O, yes, it does.

12.

We go by bus through the mountains to Antigua, an ancient capitol of Guatemala, it's picturesque, a little too beautiful and unreal, too full of one kind of Germans - intellectual but rough and loud hippies - but still bewitchingly charming place, a town small as the nest, renaissance buildings, churches, ruins of monasteries, surrounded with few volcanos which did destroy the whole town many times few hundred years before. Native people here are sweet, kind, so embarrassing friendly that mostly I would like to be invisible as I can't answer to their kindness. The landlord of our pension is a cripple, he has hard to talk, he is very small and moves like a puppet, I would love to film him, he has something very strange with his legs, very stagy theatrical state, very moody, - I don't dare. He likes me a lot and I don't dare to hurt him. Why must I think in this uncomfortable way? Uncomfortable for myself, why don't I just go for it? I need his - such appearance very much. I could for example pay him. I'm sure he needs money.

All is picturesque, clouds are pretty, volcanos are magnificent, houses are very pretty. streets are pretty, trees in spring flowers, paradise - but we are only going round, round, watching - somehow, I don't find a strengts in it. What would I want? - O, don't ask me. The carnival is over.

We are going to go to the village, where Mayan Indian people leave, it has this inspireing name: Santa Maria De Jesus. The bus crawls up into the tops of the lower mountains. A long hot time, we finally are getting out. Surrounded with something else than our boring lives. At the top of the village is a big square, a big white church closed now at the time of a siesta, and a whole wooden town of closed at that moment shopping-stands; at the square soldiers are chatting and guarding the town from the guerillas - I understood they are all

good friends; the soldiers and village people, and village people and the guerrilla. Then there are the men building new gutter cover on the square and lots of small girls coming with big vases for the water, the vases all have the same shape, they are made of plastic but they look ancient in the form, the girls carry them on the heads, they keep the heads toll and proud, there is really big group of them as 40, 50 small girls talking and giggling while waiting for the water. Face in the bright sun smiles, face of the little girl caring her babe sister tied on her back; at me she looks with a serious eyes, - I am a stranger. The girls, they all have similar clothes, hand made clothes, colorful blouses mostly with flowers patterns embroidered in bright colours and very long and straight skirts, not sewn but wired around the bodies, material is rather thick, always in striped pattern and just few colours characteristic for the different villages, in this one mostly dark blue shades with the thinner lines of red and light blue, their hair are always long, black but whirled round with one big or lots of the small kerchiefs, they are a sweet little girls.

The village is organized that way that everybody works all the time practically to hold it alive. The women are washing clothes now, all together a beat below the square, in the place build specially for it. The water system collects them together, a little girl standing in the middle and pulling out the bucket. Joyful talks, songs and smiles. It looks as great and simple life, there are no sounds of complaints or arguments or frustration, the men work with houses, roads, seem to be building water system through the village, they also work in the fields on the slopes of the volcanos mountain, flock of green parrots flies by reminding me the exotics. The men walk down with donkey loaded with some kind of plant, they smile friendly and greet us. I am fully amazed of these people, the simplicity of life and being, washing, cleaning, cooking, praying, rising children, making schools,

growing fields, rising few animals they need, eating, loving, dying. We pass small cemetery above the village caressed peacefully with few smaller hills. This people here they are unable to destroy the world. This people here are the honorable citizens of the world. These people here are the Citizens Number One. And we used to call them a third world. I almost can't believe size of our mistake, I mean we can count at least as far as one, two, three, I can't believe how much wrong we are, and how possibly we could have come to these conclusions?

- Who are we ?
- The gods?
- The bunch of ignorant destructive devils?
- The money makers?
- Bandits?

Little girl comes to us and say: - gringo - gringo - please - photo - gringo...

She hides her face when I rise the camera and then she tries again accompanied this time by two other sweets.

- Well, what do we do? We take pictures and pay them with small coins which they want and they go to the candy store and buy chewing gum....

That's again place where I wish to stay, we don't. It's surely place where I'll try to come back. It's, so close to heaven... free and high.

I understood we have come to learn. And in the next, to cool down from the discovery moment, I know it is an utopia. All we can do to them, is to destroy them. Destroy them with our lives and with our money, we can never change to better, it will never work. And I see these people are the victims, these are the last to be human and to carry proud name of man, whom our world already have

changed to BEAST - these are the beauties. Well, I can't just start crying, I can do nothing but looking and thinking, the sun generously shine over volcanos ridges, who still sleet. I stand watching the simplicity we have forgot, I stand watching with picturesque amazement, I am a dummy, a picturesque dummy, we are all figures of laugh, but I can't laugh, these are dreadful things going on in my head, happening in my head, I don't need no mescaline, I don't need anything, no downers, no uppers, I only need my eyes to see, we are figures of fun, we are hopeless and helpless figures of speech we are the BEASTS WE ARE THE PLAGUE.

She came against me waving her hips. She was dressed in necklaces made of beans, painted beans, she was dressed in love and peace I knew nothing about and never had a chance to know, she gave peculiar sound of dry, colourful fields. She came against me singing and turning her hips. I stood amazed, imagining I was dreaming, day dreaming her naked body...

- 3 of them for 1 quecal, - she said stretching her hand to me.

I was ready to buy them all, and have them with me all the time from now on, the magic beads from my dream and my dream tiny queen. I bought 6, he and another said that I can't spoil them too much. We may be have another day in this town and I want to look around, to be true, I don't think I'll be coming back, even I would love to; the world is so amazingly beautiful and I want to see much more before it all goes to hell or before I'll go there.

The ruins in Antiqua, they scare, threat, decorate, play with ones emotions, few times the town was buried under volcanic magma, ruins of the renaissance churches dominate the towns architecture and structure, the architecture has that decadent beauty of the place

where men fall in love to the men. But on the contrary town is inhabited by simple life loving people, men, women and their very many children. Most of them, also here in town wear hand made and colorful clothes, the trees stand in white, violet and red blossom, it start to look, or ends to look as paradise on earth, where are the apples? and the snakes? Or is it enough with just one snake for all of us? One tempting beast... getting it done...

I watched a girl, she looked as 8 years old, she was breast feeding a babe? It couldn't be true but it was, I could see it with my own eyes, she was possibly playing to keep the babe cool; I saw her tired eyes, it was not much of the play, I gave up speculating. There were many small children who carried their sisters and brothers tied up to their backs. Children really work here, it was only the babies who slept in the dark of their blankets who were spending their first 2 years irresponsible for others, at 3 duty-life use to start; the girl carried her mother's bag graciously on her head as she was truly pleased to do it. They were magic people to my eyes. And among them, saint like beings I already have seen effects of our being here. The women who wanted to sell their carpets, dresses, cloth to the tourist because our money was better then their money, some small girls wanted to sell very much, they would come to the town from the mountains and stay as long as necessary, sometimes very long, the days they would wait the chance, the nights they would sleep on the street under the blankets - few of them together to keep worm. Then they would share the devil eye with us, they would look so very tired and sick, sick in the eyes and sick in the soul, sick of the money before even having it and planing how to spend it and planing their wealth, they would be so eager and pushy, they would be so ugly determinant as we are. They would hate us and we would hate them.

13.

We returned to Guatemala City where I learned to love town's people, also these who asked me for money change, I lost my aggressions or I learned to understand theirs. I don't know, it just happened.

We have seen some more movies, some good, some o.k., some really shit; the movies like that - shit, always surprised me, how possible that they were made at all?

We were planning trip to Tikal, it was impossible for us to fly as we didn't have enough money, we had to be taking bus which everybody worn us from. But it was because of Tikal we were here so we had to get there.

The trip on the dirt road took 14 hours, it began at night, we left about 11 PM after big dinner in cheap chinese restaurant. The bus looked row and not at all comfortable as they announced selling tickets. It was Friday night and lots of people on the streets, we left the town. First tire cracked soon after and it kept on doing it very many times, the bus kept on stopping and all the crew're getting out, struggling with a damn tire and damn bus, each time running outside to the back of the bus, all of them on one line, all a little too fat except the one much too fat, the one with trousers hanging down showing off the hams; first running - looking, then running back inside the bus to the motor head, getting from there big mysterious iron tolls; all this guys very roughly dressed seemed to be following with only for to fix the wracked machine; the road was so bad that it would be insane to send out better cars, so they used the people instead. There were, I was told, some German money to build new road, but too many different people were involved in the project and interested to build only for to get into these money, also Germans themselves, so far there was no road.

The passengers sited by the door travelled with small babe, they practically set in the open door, the night was cold and a very cold as we drove over the mountains, the babies started to cry and our son started to throw up each time the bus stopped, the sits became even harder and legs heavier and thoughts crazier. Last few hours road circled and wheeled through the jungle hills, up and down, the air in the bus became stuffy, some people snored, some stunk, the tire kept on breaking, the crew swearing and working very hard, our son vomiting, the light came, the colours, jungle gorgeous views and soldiers who stopped us looking for the guerrillas, everybody had to get out of the bus and lined up and with certain add of panic show the documents, it was only a few of us the tourist who stood there relaxed, my son puking. Poor child becoming more and more sick, and more weak with every next time. Me trying to comfort him by holding round with my arms, trying to protect him from bumps of the car, totally impossible tasks, the day came special after sleepless night, the trees with an out put into the heart, into the soul and into the mind, the eyes were God's mirrors.

I saw shapes I never thought of seeing, I saw hills grown with bushes and hills grown with palms, high hills shaped strange as a fairy-tales, I saw trees as brides, I saw palms as widows. I saw crying flowers and praying birds, I saw wilde horses and big fire birds. I heard the jungle, it's sounds, her sounds, Silvana's sounds, increasing of sounds, cicadas, birds, trees, kind of trees, I heard the trees talking to each other, I heard them talk louder and louder, I heard them scream, I heard the battles of insects and sound of the dripping water growing into cascades of songs, I heard the prayers and warnings I heard:

- don't go too far, don't go too far. don't go. don't go don't hurt. don't hurt don't hurt...

I saw Life in slow motion, people standing in the grass as cattle animals, waiting, for what? Jungle coming by, almost eating up the road, eating up the road. Spirits standing there outside of their simplest, poorest shacks I have ever seen, the shacks which have nothing more inside but the hanging mat, wooden peels of homes, children standing there, watching;

- children?,

- so people living there they had to have a sex. A sex? It all was very absurd, they were too poor to be alive, I was too tired to think but not to tired to fly, to spy, to watch, to take the pictures with me into my world, keep them inside my head, the whole 14 hours of the trip through this exciting and strange land and now I saw women standing outside their homes, watching the bus, watching the people inside as we were a miracle, as we were coming to change their entire life, as we were coming and not just passing, I saw them waiting, waiting for the miracle, waiting for the salvation, or were they just curious? Standing there, bewitched, I'll take them with me home in my flying head? Where were these mushrooms to intoxicate me and make me see the miracles of their earth?

And then the jungle without human man at all, only the broken bus, broken hero, pushing through sand and dust, hot, the day was on, and the day was hot, was hot as hell, my son still kept on throwing up, the bus boiled us up and boiled up itself.

After 14 hours the very bus trip was over, we learned that to reach Tikal we had 2 more hours left by another bus. Our son wouldn't make it, we had to stop, we took at a road hotel and he kept on vomiting, this time with an extremely scaring cramps, so he thought he was going to die, then he fainted and fainted away. We spent some lethargic hours in hot fanless room, listening to flies. Me listening to child's breath.

Et evening we went out and started to walk towards Flores, a small town on the island on the big lake surrounded by jungle.

We had to wait in one place, kind of a market with everything, full of small wooden stands, full of small and incredible poor looking people, poor dogs and eyes everywhere; we leaned on small wooden stand which looked closed, we were too tired to stand and then he, I saw eyes inside burning, I looked in, I scared him, he came out, came out is not right to say. He started to appear outside, he somehow got through the door, through the opening, he was bend down, twisted in half about 90 degree forward, it was a boy or a man, he was a disaster, he was one of the most troubled, confused, lost and unhappy human creature - if he was a human creature - there was no guarantee, in his eyes there was no guarantee for anything, he was scared to death, we were scared too, we were terrified, he was burning of pain, it was as his intestines burnt in flames, he caressed his open bloodless wound, his feet burnt - there was no other words to describe what was happening, he was all the pain of fire, fire of pain, flames of pain, he somehow moved forth, diagonal, and sneaked, crawled under the truck.

My mind making exercises and steps, and calling: it was him Priss, it was him, you can't miss, it was Jesus, or what was his name, he was the one in biggest need, Priss it was him, You don't need to look anymore, it was him, you need not to search.

We stood there bewitched, me thinking about the spirit, the destiny and at last the camera all of the sudden, yes, it's him, I should film, and I knew it was my mind just playing around with, I would never, never in the world, scare this boy, this human more then he already was scared, threaten him more then he already was, humiliate him more then he already was humiliated. We stood there shivering, my son and me.

That's why we came here, all this way - or? .

We went to town to have a dinner, next morning we took a bus to Tikal and took at Jungle Hotel, the real jungle in, simple and old fashioned, no electricity at all after 9 PM, time have been standing still since they discovered the temples and pyramids here. Yes, I do love Jungle, after the mountains, desert, ocean; the jungle has got place in my heart forever. Forever love. The jungle make sense.

The jungle hollowed, Night was dark as end. I read Your book, the birds barked as lovers in spasm, cicadas breathed and sang, The jungle hollowed, And the last candle was soon going to die. My thoughts mingled with Your words. I wanted moment to last and thoughts and words to vanish NOT. The thoughts of Past, future, present were carelessly shifting through. That last night in the jungle I wanted to stay... I wanted the moment to last, the jungle hollowed, last candle was going to die. The time was nearly lost. I wanted it to last.

A man grown around with colourful feathers, looking as bird, runs out of the jungle on light steps. A girl he pushes in front of him has white, soft rabbit ears on her head, her naked body is partly covered with fresh slain white rabbit fur. She carries her advanced pregnancy

protruded out of her fell. Her first one and almost born pushes on and dances inside, she twists in throes, she rolls in pains. Her back is covered with black jackal skin. Now, she has a jackal's head over her face. Her female beauty is next to burst. The skin on her stomach is stretched to maximum, it shows off shapes of two feet and a babies little ass moving inside. She is a jackal queen - a jackal witch. What have happened to sweet rabbit maid and what have happened with her sweet, white pearl-teeth? - I see her fangs and I shiver. She is caressing her unborn baby with paw's long and strong claws.

These two - they are doing some kind of magic, they are doing a magic dance. Above them rises up magnificent temple of the Jaguar. It rises 150 meters in the form of a sharp, precipitous taper build in light stone painted with giant figures in bright colours. I crawl in the high grass, so they won't see me, I look up the steep stair-case - there are other birdmen coming down. They carry a torches and water in the stone jars. Tarantula creeps next to me watching the rites too. As they are the rites.

They take off jackal-witch-black skin from her back - her body is soft and virgin now. Breasts big and heavy, with big and dark pregnant nipples. Another and huge and loud group of birdmen with longer and darker feathers and bigger and redder beaks comes closer. They are scanning:

- Lord of the Sun we want a miracle ! Lord of the Sun we waited long enough! O, Lord of the Sun haven't we proved to You our devotion? O, Lord of the Sun haven't we been denying our own needs good enough? Lord of the Sun give us a miracle! Lord of the Sun whom we obey, admire and love - show us your caressing hands and fingers! Show us that we are an Earth's animals and men!

They are backed by even bigger group of the extremely colourful toucan-men playing drums: chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-

cha! Chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-cha! Chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-chu-cha!

The sun's slowly going down.

- O, Lord stay, stay with us! O, Lord stay, stay with us! We beg You our Lord!

Their painful song rises out from all the mouths, lungs and abdomens, one wounding wounded cry.

- O Lord do not deny us!

Taller then others birdman calling:

- Fast! Fast! Let the fire through! Let the darkness go! Kill the darkness! Kill the mad queen of the dark!

All the birdmen caring fire step forward. They continue coming forth.

- We are going to try to get You back, - o Lord! We shall do all we can and can not to please You - Lord!

A woman, undressed now is rolling in a birth pains. Surrounded with big crowd of the birdmen in circles which fill up Great Plaza completely. Each circle singing it's own buzzing tune. They all sound as the beginning of earth. The woman ties herself against the stone, the stone which is only a bit taller then herself and covered with ornaments, creating an ornaments and dark lines around her head.

The men praying now.

- Lord show us a miracle. Lord show us a miracle. Lord show us the miracle.

The birdmen playing drums, flutes and rattles all together. After while the sounds separate into just a dizzy rattles, only sinister drums and then at the end crying flutes.

- Lord show us a miracle.

Sings the woman with her angel-voice - interrupted by hyena's scream as the pain penetrates her soul. Another scream answering

maskless man untie the dead now woman. All the birdmen standing up, with right leg forward and waving their wings.

- Temple of The Inscriptions - says the Jaguar with a demanding voice still holding the babe and showing them a direction.

He steps forward first, followed by maskless man caring woman's body. The crowd following them. The Jungle and it's already awoke day time fauna and vegetation rises upon them. All the birds are singing and all the monkeys are screaming, and spider-monkeys watching them close hanging down from the trees branches on their tails and throwing down small gifts as fruits, nuts, and leaves. And all the spiders going to sleep. The hope shining on the maskless man's face.

Temple of the Inscriptions.

There are no inscriptions.

- Lord are You leading us lost?

The sun's rising up, coming up as a red and burning ball above the Jungle.

- Lord, Lord You are coming. You haven't abandon us, Lord. You have listened to us Lord, You are coming back! We are Your children - yours lambs. We love You Lord! Show us the miracle! Show us the miracle Lord! - the crowd scanning again, staring into the red ball of The Sun.

The maskless man and the Jaguar leaning over the corp of the dead woman laying down on the ground. Leaning over hers chest. Waiting to hear her heart beat again. The whole crowd waiting for the only sign up...

- Dark is a Heart and black be a night. You do not love us Lord. Or do You wait for more? You want a babe too? Say the Lord, give us a sign.

The Jaguar laying babe on the thank's giving round stone with

several drawings and marks and dark lines on. A maskless man with skilled hand deeps the clutch into the babies chest. He cuts a skin which breaks as silk, he cuts the little boys ribs on the left side and he takes out still beating heart. He cuts through woman's left breast opening it with straight cut through the middle carefully, he cuts her ribs and cuts out her heart.

- These hearts are not going to beat again, Lord unless You wish to; they are all Yours, Lord. - Sings The Jaguar sadly and beautiful, in whistling purr of the crowed.

- They are all Yours Lord! - scans the crowed.

They all move towards Plaza of the Lost World, now. Their steps are heavy now. They pass seven temples. Their steps are heavier. Del Mundo Perdido - The Lost World. They all squat. They all bury their hopes and hearts awaiting new coming year of hunger, a thin year, a dark year, they bury faces awaiting their pain, disaster and punishment to come. The Jaguar holds both hearts in his closed as a temple hand palms. Two bleeding pieces of flesh. One in the size of closed fist and the other much smaller. They aren't cat's hearts. He has given away all he owned when he was a human, all he cared for and loved, his own flesh and blood. He prays soundlessly first and walks away up on the Last World Pyramid, he steps up to it's crest without turning back to look at the worthless crowed, in one short moment he is covering the sun into which he melts in the next steps. The Sun - The Lord - burning right above in zenith.

her. All the heads and beaks turning into this direction. He is standing there at the top yelling, screaming, begging and promising - he isn't using words; what's he actually doing - it is s-i-n-g-i-n-g-p-a-i-n. But he is not a man at all as the torches light paints him up. Wild Jaguarman is coming slowly down from the crest of the temple stepping down steep staircase with all possible grace - received by the crowd of human, who all bent down their heads in penance as he comes closer.

They know, they haven't been worth their Lord's love. Dark sky is a prove. A black sky is the undeniable prove. They feel a great guilt.

The Jaguar is speaking now in their tongue, pronouncing words slowly and emphatically as they were bunch of naughty children; opening his big snout, showing his grandiose teeth and big pink tongue.

- You have been bad. You have been bad again. You have been bad as always. Therefore the Lord of the Sun had to leave. An animal and a man kneel your heads down, kneel your heads down - now. I am sent to teach you. An animal and a man - rise your head. An animal and a man - rise your head toll. An animal and a man rise your head high - you are received.

The sigh of propitiation, purr-buzz applause rolls over gathered crowd and over many fires. Some of the men burning as their feathers set on fire. The Jaguar reaching the bottom of the stair-case, walking on the grass... The crowd on it's knees - soundless. The Jaguar tearing woman's skin apart along thick wale of abdomen with his claws; woman's scream and a babe - small bloody creature in his claws screaming - a boy.

- Lord You have listen to us. Lord You have created. Lord we obey you. Lord we belong to you. Lord show us a miracle - save what we are wasting. We're playing a joy of our love to You. We're singing

our love to You. We are making our love to you. Lord we obey you. Lord we belong to you. Lord we sacrifice for you. Lord save what we are wasting.

Her open wound bleeding out less rapidly now then in the first moments. Milk soaking out her belched and swollen breasts. She stretching hands and begging:

- Give me my baby, please, give me my babe.

Soft whispering voice walking out her mouth with difficulties. She almost hanging in her ropes. Milk mingling with earth and blood into the cake.

Crowd scanning:

- Lord show us a miracle! Give her life which we are wasting! Give her life which we are wasting for You! Save dirty bitch! Show us the miracle! Show your unlimited power and good will! Lord we obey You!

The woman dying now, collapsing in her bonds, the blood which came out of her, down by her feet sinking into the Earth. And gore.

- Lord show us the miracle! Give us back the woman we have wasted! Take the blood back from the Earth! God clean the Earth of bitch's blood which we spilled! Lord show the Earth that it is You who has The Last Word! The Last Word is Your's Lord!

The torches burn out, night animals call, the jungle howls and barks, a baby cries. Earth winning the rites and Darkness. Total darkness. Thick darkness. The men scared. The men motionless. The jungle howls and barks.

With a first sines of dawn coming through. The men rising their heads in hope - is it possible - their Lord coming back anyway? The

HOT PREY - THE EPITAPH

"... from Africa":

- 50 000 parentless children living alone in their huts, their parents are dead in aids.

IT'S BLOOD WHO IS SICK.

They call them Sugar Daddys. Sugar Daddys are these who carry death to their little girls nests. They give sweets to the girls for every little rape. Sick sweet fuckers. Sugar daddys contaminate. Sugar daddys contamination.

Sugar daddys and their dead girls...

1.

Guatemala City, 4th. of 4th. 1990.

4 is a good number, unfortunately it is my number.

I was pretty out of mind last days, my son was very sick, we returned from Tikal, also by bus, but I don't remember anything, except dry - omen - cactus - cross fields in colour of white dry and dead dust, where I wanted to film death scenes. The doctor suspected amebas or hepatitis but today the doctor said my son shall be probably o.k. - Was the trip a probation?

On the same street where we stay at the moment is "refugio para ninios" - a home for the homeless boys. Most of the time they spend outside, walking, running, eating, stealing, they hang around often sitting across the street right on the gutter sniffing from the plastic bags, it drives them dull and stoned, their eyes the saddest

thing I have seen in the world. Fucking world, shit world. - Why can we do nothing about nothing?

- Children... I gave them some money and stupidly a sausage I had in my pocket, the money was cool but sausage they fought for, they were at least five and they all jumped and rushed on, they torn a little bag and it's contain to a bloody nothing - pure nothing - bloody staunch. - I was an ass hole.

The first thing I heard today in the morning was stoned, drunk voices calling: - hey man! - and I supposed, I was sure they were some young boys who stayed over the night drinking and smoking and getting rebellious; they went on doing something very strange for me for the very long time, it was impossible to sleep and we went down for the breakfast.

Then I saw them, occupying 2 tables, men and woman set apart, the men looked sick, an overdosed milk resulted in completely relaxed - hanging down skin, looking too young and too old "to fuck" - baby faced creatures, I wouldn't be surprise if they would be a castrates all of them. Women were either lame either going to be lame, with that ageless, sexless appearance - that was their thing, but they hated us and we hated them. They started to pray loud as soon as we entered the room.

- God, I thought, - is it true that You belong to such ones? Then I don't want to be with... They were Americans. A woman was a leader, she red most of the lines and all of them only a refrain - Amen! Amen! - She held them short. So it was "amen" they said the whole morning not an "hey man"!

That was a boring discovery about human man and his God.

The most lame of the women was a leader and she was also the one who held the money and paid for them all.

O Lord. You have lots of dirty job down here and up there.

It was soon before I have turned six years old, summer time, I was in grandfather's garden, standing close to the street, I saw crowd of people gathering there for the ceremony, I saw them standing, dressed in black, man wearing heavy and smelling naphthaline suits, women wearing big tailored female suits, with their hair combed sleek behind the ears, then a golden equipage arrived pulled by 4 horses also dressed in black but only in feathers and ribbons - a glass couch on wheels, a corners and edges of the glass were hooped with golden frames and a little golden painted plaster angels sat, cried and plaid here and there, the sides decorated with a black wax paper garlands; a six men eminently carried the swollen coffin on their shoulders out of the low house and they slipped it into the equipage.

The burial has began, I didn't know the dead one but unwatched, I climbed over the fence and accompanied mourning suite who sang painfully together with a priest, soon we were all walking, following mourning caravan, we sang and we walked and we cried, it was at least 1 hour walk to the cemetery, the weeping increased when after the priest's speech and prayer they slid the coffin into the earth, the earth steaming of the excitement; I did not go back when the others left, I hid first, and after went searching around, among the graves, I did find a grave of my grand-grand parents. I did my prayers, cleaned the old moss grown grey stone tomb and imagined I could see them through the earth, two very old white haired couple laying there and smiling pleased to me.

About the same time I became suddenly very religious, I can't remember the reason why but can imagine a few. I found out I wasn't baptized and insisted to be, me and my cousins should be baptized together in my grandfathers town in the same church where my parents got married during the war. All big family was there, it was June, my grandmother - my father's mother came from Warsaw and brought for me modest long white frock for the ceremony, so now I had two dresses, one long and one short, with lots of flounces, small white drops and roses and with rich petticoat from my mother, both very beautiful. The walls of the church inside were very high, ended with gothic bow and crown, the incense spread from censer by little boys in white surplices smelled wonderful giddy, the priest standing back to us by the altar prayed in latin first and then standing in front of us dipped his finger in holy water, rised his finger up saying the holy words and drew wet cross on my forehead, we - three children stood there on the row, I wore the long frock. Then home was a big dining party, I was too excited to eat or to even stay inside, I changed to the short white frock, I took my jumping rope and went into the garden, I looked through the window into the dining room and saw a family crowd and a priest in long black soutane sitting behind table sat full, eating, joking, red on his face, I saw his earthly face, he looked ugly and funny, I run off.

Out of the garden was a little hillock towards the same street as the funeral procession left from, a new roadbed was getting to be done; from the hillock I run hopping on the skipping rope - it got entangled round my legs, I fall on the street covered with grit, the blood streaming from my knee, I didn't really want to look but I did after a while, I saw a little stone in the wound, I was afraid too touch it, I wouldn't touch, the grit stone grew into my flesh, it was one of the very few times when I succeeded to hide a bleeding wound and

avoided burning liquid, the grown ups were pretty drunk this afternoon and very busy. The stone inside my knee became my Secret. I went to the Holy Communion the same week, and also went strewing flowers in the procession for the Mother of God, through the whole little town. It was few days party at my Grandpa's home.

My cousin, he was 10 years old, he used to play on my grandfather's piano. With a time he insisted on my company, we used to sit together on the piano chair, he would play all the classical repertory, Chopin, Schubert, Schuman, Debussy, Berlioz, Mozart, Bach, Beethoven - he played good, possibly very good, but with every tune end he would look deep into my eyes and say

- I do play very good, I do play with feeling, don't I ? - his voice was shaky - and I would look at his blue- grey eyes covered with glasses, and I would feel so damn awkward looking at his red glowing ears.

He kissed me on my lips when we played sick and hide, and we both were hiding in the dark and wet caller, it was too dark that I could have noticed what he was up to, so the kiss fall on my lips as dark and wet cloud.

He also wrote a little ticket that he loved me.

I didn't think love was fun. But I was proud of it.

When we returned home to Warsaw I kept on sneaking away to the church alone, everyday. Sat there for myself, pray and think. I have turned fanatic.

Was I blessed, or scared or both? Something was going to happened.

I lost my home.

I was 7 years old and I lived in boarding school, I lived at the boarding school already for some months. I walked to school one morning, I was going to cross a first street along which stood villas surrounded with small gardens whos fences grew with thick bush, wealthy and calm, I heard pepping sound, I stopped walking - listening. Big and toll woman carried a bucket and a shovel and I was just next to her so I looked in - there were dogs, small puppies inside, 4 of them, they float in the water. Woman put the bucket down, started to dig, it took time until I understood what was going on and she seemed not to care for me at all; she was going to bury the dogs, I started to fight her, she held me easily back, she flashed them into the hole she dug, threw the earth in, clapped it and went away.

I could still hear them pep, I dug them out, I turned them in my aunt's neck-scarf which I had on me; puppies were still alive, I carried them in my arms and we went back to my room which I shared with three other girls, at this time they were in school. When I came in two of the puppies were already dead, third died soon after but the last one I saved, it was a little boy, he was a mix of brown, white and ochre colour. I washed him, fed with milk and kept him warm and cosy, he laid wired in my yellow woolen scarf and tight hidden in my arms, from time to time I unwrapped him and fed him with milk, he was warm and soft to touch; at evening he was bleeding from his sweet, little nose and he died.

There was a Christmas show at the boarding school prepared by children for the parents. It was my second year at the school. My

mother and father set together in the public. We danced, me and three other girls danced a little waltz, we were snowflakes and we wore a white little dresses, white stockings and black lack-shoes. my hair were waist long and golden in big locks. My white dress was the same as from the holly communion day, my parents looked very happy, they were elegant and beautiful and we all smiled sweetly as it was necessary to the dance. Jean was singing Edith Piaf's song Que sera-sera in French, he was French, he also lived at the school but he was older - about 14th, his all face was covered with pimples and blushed purple, he was an orphan, he came to Poland by himself, he hid under the train and crossed the borders, I heard talking that his father was Polish. His sang heart breaking sad and beautiful.

I was 10 years old and my grandfather died, I spent with him the last evening.

We sat in the hospital's garden, it was still warm September, we sat and ate chocolate, that means I ate the whole bonbonniere which he got from his friends. We talked, he has been sick for some time and was just getting better, we had fun. In the morning they called my mother from the hospital.

I lived only with my mother, his youngest daughter and my home was a weeping disaster the morning following his death and many mornings in the row. My mother would mostly cry in the shower. But I wouldn't cry. My aunt and me went to the hospital to look at the grandfather, he was already at the charnel house, he had his dark blue-grey suit, calm and blessed peaceful face, closed eyes, white hair combed back and a distant smile, he wore his shoes on. he laid in the middle of the chamber, there were more bodies but covered with cloth but to the side there was uncovered young man in black

suit, almost bald and with one eye open, he just kept checking us all the time.

From the testament my mother got some money and we bought a stone tomb for my brother who was buried in another town, we have chosen the stone and everything together. A white stone, kind of a frame, a plate standing up with his name and a cross sculptured, a stone vase for flowers and some sweet plants, it was a babe size grave. I remember I insisted, my mother buying me a red and reveling swimming suit on the same day and from the same money, finally she gave in and I got my suit. It was puckered with elastics and I looked in it as I already had a breasts and much more female forms then I had - I loved it. Brother's grave soon got stolen, and years after I walked between babies graves searching, trying to remember, trying to feel, watching trees, and then I found the place, there was no doubt. I sat down touching earth with my hand palms regreting.

We had a Christmas party in the school, I lived at home again, I was 11 years old, I wore a white short princess dress the same one as at the communion and as a snowflake. I danced with a boy I liked a lot, he also plaid piano but he plaid jazz, his name was Jack, we were both very shy and wouldn't look at each other, he was blond, toll and beautiful, with big blue-grey eyes, I went to the bathroom, it was only few meters through the corridor, when I was on the way out, few boys older then myself - these who use to repet the clas after the class - waiting there caught me up, they pushed me in tight ring into the classroom, they threw me on the teacher's table, the ugliest one with the head big and round as a night mere pawed me with his big killer hand, the other boys held me down to the table and held my mouth. Soon after they let me go. I went back to the ball room, I never

talked about that, I watched other pupils dresses, it was a masquerade, one girl wore a Mimmy Mouse dress, I knew that Jack knew what have happened but he didn't speak neither did I. We did not dance anymore. A year after we stood in bushes by the river and kissed and touched in the dark but we never danced again. Again a year after we laid naked in the bed and we played. I wanted him to take me, he wouldn't know how, I was possessed many days after, I was somehow afraid of my desire, I was turned on and pressed myself, against things and against his legs.

I have been very much in the past lately but we are still in Guatemala City, we got really stuck here, my son can't travel by buss anymore, he simply wouldn't make it. We don't have enough money for the flights between different places, we have seen more movies and learned to know more children beggars, it is soon Easter and town people do lots of preparations for the funeral procession. We met some people at the hotel mostly because we don't have a money to rush around. We met an American guy, he is got a Salvador's tiny girl friend, she is shy and often crying, she would like to get married and taken away, he bought her sweater and shoes. He says he loves spending money on girls, she is working here in town, owning ridiculous little money working 7 days a week. She went to meet her grandmother in Salvador and then he got robbed at the brothel. He is a nice guy and a carpenter and already married in US.

I became sixteen and met a boy who in about two years should become father of my daughter and my husband. We used to spent lot of time together but one evening my friends took me out alone for a small party. It was home by the man whom my parents knew, an artist, we all got drunk, they left me there; I fell a sleep; suddenly I saw a big naked belly above me in the dark, I tried to understand what was

going on, at last I found out, his dick was inside me, I was struggling to push him away, he was 4 times bigger and I had no chance, he vibrated, vibrated and came, then moved off. I puked, the light came and a phone rung, it was my father on the line promising to kill the man, I don't know how he found out where I was and what have happened. I took a phone and I said to him that nothing happened.

I finally got home, I sat in the bathtub showering, I felt awful, I wanted to die, I decided to go and live in monastery, with a time I cooled down. A years after I read in Polanski's biography that the rapper was known jerk.

Guatemala City.

We went and bought more toys for our son, he still wasn't all right. We went in Jesus's funeral procession several times, it was very theatrical for the eyes but people's feelings and tears were true. I have learned to know a young chinese couple with a baby who had a chinese restaurant open late at night, few women selling postcards outside of post office with babies sleeping in cartoon boxes under the postcard tables, they would give me a special good price, I have learned an old rags-couple who slept in big cartoons on the crossing street, always the same place - they lived there. Also another and dirtiest, the most stinky wreck of little man living on the streets - forever drugged, sleeping almost all the time, his dirt in the colour of gutter - street chameleon. And white haired big, thin Niger who begged outside of the computer shop on the main street, blind with white eyes and strangely destroyed dry legs, his song was a painful,

molesting cry, which grew together with the sound of the street. And an invalid, young boy beggar with totally deformed legs, who sat everyday outside of the fancy shoe shop, across from our favorite lunch place, he seldom got any money and he had very peculiar song, I think he couldn't talk, we learned couple of men who came to eat and read newspaper in the same place as we everyday too. Nobody treats us as tourists anymore, the town is good and good to us.

For the Easter we flew back to Mexico City, I planed to film the beggars but they all disappeared from their usual places for the time of Easter to a better place. Big rains came, it showered the streets and rushing people. I talked bull-shit. I talked about lack of love all the time, I talked about other lacks, I didn't want to get drenched, my tales becoming more and more frantic, more and more stupid and dull. I didn't like anything I had. The night fall dark. We were forced to run in showering rain if we ever wanted to get back to the hotel. I packed all our bags, 5 o'cl. in the morning my bad heart woke me up. I was sick again. I was scared, I needed an injection, it was no way to arrange, the taxi came to take us to the airport, I was sick, I was put into the airport hospital, I crawled the bathroom floor vomiting, I was scared in panic. They didn't have my medicine, they held me in the oxygen tent, my boys went to town and after many hours came back with a needed injection, it took about 15 minutes from the shot an I was cured. we had to leave for the plain. Perfect timing. We were flying back to the U.S.

2.

I was in a small shack in the woods since some time. I had plans. I wanted it so much... I have seen a token, an omen; turned scared as shit and pried to the Wall of A Black Madonna touching bark of a tree - begging.

- Please, please don't let me die yet.

... brain's licks and interruptions...impossible concentration...hue and cry...new links all the time... - The state I was in I couldn't forecast howling and homicidal ensue of my deed. You wouldn't snuggle me to Your heart, it was certainly none of Your business that I stood at the hem. I didn't wear a slip, I laid naked on the bed, the air was sultry; it was a slope, a declivity, my head was kneeling down. Sobriety. I wasn't drunk; I had one single drink but I talked too much, I talked about You, and now stirry and groaning - gasped for air - I did deny Your existence - that's why all the chaos of hornets over my poor head - funky breath - nerve code. Scared like shit, I kept on turning febrile, I saw a token. I was not going to make it, I was not going to be born out of my body, I was going to die soon if I did nothing about that NOW.

- But what? Who am I and why can't I breath, why am I scared to death, and why death?

I did lay down in the hoops of fear - the fear oozed on from everywhere closer and closer to me, it moved slow on - walls of fear, world of fear, damn hexahedron called home.

- Evocation
- Euthanasia
- Escapism -
- what a hell is escapism? I don't know.
- What do You want?
- What do I suppose to do? Go or stay?

- Go!

I slowly turned a key in the key-hole, it screeched, I slowly pushed the door out into a murky wet air, the grass outside of the door was toll and dressed in silver drops of the dew unlighted with gelid shine. Something hustled my arm from behind and suddenly I stood with my both and bare feet in the wet grass.

- where were my shoes, did I loose my shoes?

The jungle sipped, ululated, hooted, brayed, howled, calling and enticing in the rhythm of it's heart, unabating, unalloyed. I made few steps forward, was I still at the hem?

- Can I put my hands under the rim?

Kneeling down I felt humid grass tickling my stomach, hips, breasts, - were were my clothes? - I thought picking sweet violets and gathered a huge tuft. And then I saw his white feet and delicate hocks, I wouldn't dare to rise my eyes observing only a rim of dazzling light - I knew it was You. I moved my eyes slowly through area of grass in the glade, I watched Your feet making rings of sweet violets around You. I did deify You with all my being. I saw my hair growing and making soft carpets for You to walk on. Once before You touched my hair and said - your hair is so soft... Once we danced, you suddenly held me in your arms tight, I let my fingertips run by your arms, hair, thighs and you kissed me - and now slowly and with trudge I rose my eyes upon You, no human creature was there, some light, a hive, a hollow place, a nick in the cedar tree, scarlet knar, a dent and a knoll of fresh, steaming earth. My eyes continued straight forward and came across purple cusp of a moon.

* * *

In the debris, young man laid on the death bed of a gored nasturtium. His pale face covered with respiratory stuff, eyes closed.

a gaping wound in the abdomen covered with tampons filled with blood, the crows hovering at the smell of blood - a death warrant. In the nidus, hornets waiting to come over; - it's the boys end. - Death. The process has begun. There are no stops-over. The hunch back preparing for the holocaust. Gardenias smell; at dead of night, - dream ...

* * *

There is the shiny blackness, a love darkness over the town, there is the darkness upon her and dark is her heart. She finally plaid. She has lost. Her eyes were a wide angle camera eye on the ground when she saw you two walk away. She saw a black stones of the street, a black gutter bathed in black fallen sky, and then she saw your feet and up your knees, the lightest steps in the world and then she saw hers, she saw you took a girl's hand and pull her closer while your steps, feet, shoes plaid with the gutter all your love so tender, then you put your arms around the girl. She saw dark walls of the houses and no end of the street in dark, then a girl put her arm around your waist. You two turned towards the staircase leading down into the love town. Feerries of lights, fire works, rusty angels's triumph songs and their raspy wings fast, fast, fast around me, calling:

- Priss, Priss, Priss GIVE IN !

The distance between three of you stretched.

You turned right, then left - or?

* * *

Today! Today! Today! Cover your head, cover your ears, come in, Babe come in

and read the structure, read the structure for me, read the structure for us. I'm giving it up. Giving up from the wrong end, my memory collapses, my vocabulary shrinks. ability to hear numbers to write words, numbers, spell letters, ability to repeat what I just heard. And to remember at all...

- All I got is your name written on a piece of the paper, the line cuts off.

- who's she?

Babe's paper, the street is dark, it's Earth, it's night...

- Love. Love. Love. Love. Love. Love. Babe's Love.

* * *

They put a rope over my fat pimpled nape. A nit can't see it, but the louse does. They are expelling me out. They dress me up in my silly white wedding dress, they're saying -

- You looking great, you looking great!

I see nimbus clouds coming before they bind my eyes with thick binder which makes the light go down.

- I'm walking - I try to think crawling on plough earth getting into my mouth; gardenias smelling very strong but mixed now with smell of roses feces human blood ichor and gore. They are pressing on I'm crawling the Acropolis.

- O, God I shouldn't have come here. I shouldn't have come, I shouldn't come. shouldn't come. shouldn't, should come. come. come. should.

WASTE LAND - THE

END

The girl laid in the horizontal position, her face was catching colour of green. There was undeniable touch of the death around and no motivations, no tasks. She was beautiful. There was no reason for her to be where she was, there was no reason for her to be dead - what she was. On the ground, down from her pedestal laid cuddled up miserable figure of the little boy, almost darkness surrounding him; the boy slept, his blouse pulled down above his knees girded up his chin, his colour was of dark dust. The way he slept, he personified pain, pain, and pain as he was the most forgotten thing in the world, the most voiceless pain ever heard. - Does "it" need to be an active germ created out of two passive generators to create a new life? Or does he just dropped out of the sky? The waste land, fucking waste land. Repetitive, throaty, suit, constant song coming out of the blind, black beggar. The legs he exposed were old, dry and bony, as wood sticks, as wooden shines, but real ones with Christ's nodes and tumors. He was silver haired. White and endless pain in stigma of two moons in his face. These were no eyes,

- vov, woe, vov, woe, vov, woe, vov... as dog he cried, a small bowl with one small coin in, reflected face of round and saddest moon in the world. No shine.

Earth bred enormous amount of weeds and plants but people seemed not to have a share. Jungle of Talisman sung and puked in euphory. The insects ecstasy puking centrically out, against the earth itself, against the sky and across close-ranked, compact wall of the great bush. The people weren't worth anything, people were

waste, rubbish, dirt. - We haven't any choice left, we just had to give back the Earth.

The walls of cars rising rapidly, getting closer stopped by signal lights

- Shlack! The immediate pyramid build of small dirty boys. Their faces, painted clowns of sorrow and pain. Beg, beg, beg, beg. Their pain, pain counted in given coins, clutch, clench, clutch, clutch, and sound of rushing, passing cars, and clutter, and again, and again, and again; red light's sound, green light's sound, yellow light's sound, red light's sound, green light's sound, yellow light's sound, and again, the world of sounds of the silver haired homeless Niger, and the boys puking hard, dying hard, puking harder after hours of work, counting; it gave them money necessary to do it the same thing again and again the same, no more but the same. The verge of surviving... the most senseless part of the game. To continue, nothing's changed. But the dirt, dirt, dirt, dirt, dirt, dirt aroused for every day. The faces in on-rush are milliards. One more and one more and one more and many, many more all the time.

Narrow, hot street; in it's comfortable shade cosy restaurant. High pregnant black bitch with ribs sticking out through her thin fair crouching the street and asking for food. Meaty bone thrown flying straight to her open snout and a big stone hits her head. Old humpback-woman hasten up alertly voraciously catching the meat; bitch raving loud slowly dies.

I met her, she wasn't afraid anymore of getting that far. She was

already here. Walking alone with small parcel wrapped in white paper crossed by red paper rope hanging on the button of her coat; with white eye, slowly bolster up on the stick, moving forward.

* - The world is round, small, rotten and beautiful... - she sung.

She was taking her morning walk and as usual hung her parcel with cakes on the coat's button. She couldn't see well but it didn't bother her at all. The sky was suddenly cold blue and far away. Down here was black and grey inside the tunnel, it was different outside, crystallized silver-white snow chasing the dirt away. She jumped on her stick and jumped on her leg. She was forced to jump to get forward and she truly enjoyed it. She had it good. Dotard old woman - amazing how long she had to be waiting to become herself. The cakes crumbled inside and yellow cream trickled through the paper and over her coat to the piece of dirty snow drowning. She stopped as she suddenly remembered ...

- a little girl turning with red stream of the blood rushing down her back. Someone rushing through the door laying a little boy in convulsions on the floor - the only motion - stroke of convulsion. A man rapidly lifts him up, top of the boys head is bleeding with thick and hot blood and gore on his black hair. A man throws boy on the bed, the boys chest is naked, eyes black looking up, the man press little chest, press boys heart down and loosens it up, again, stronger, and again. The boys eyes shine, big, pitch black, and then - standing, loosing shine - standing still - tarnish to lack - luster. The boy is no more. The boy is dead and his silent death observed.

She was talking loud about what she had seen on TV last night. She had seen the Middle East war, a religious war on the direct transmission to her godless and consumptive reality and loneliness. And now with time and room confusion so typical for single old people she froze motionless, strings of hot tears washing her face

and dirty human body.

This was cheap and pathetic but suddenly we were standing there at the spot, on the Time Square under the ground and against the stream of human flesh human meat, in rush, rush on, seeing faces fall apart, rush out of the picture, falling out of the frame. The camera hanging on my side,

... the trip was over.

My "exotic" trip was over.

I got an answer.

It was not the one I expected in the depths of my hoping heart, but it was an answer.

A definite one.

We ate up the earth.

Nothing to await.

One more time I stood there in the crowd of animals. I understood I had to get out. My soul was surrounded with pain and corporal clod finally completely empty. My face became pale, then red, violet, blue black - simple colours; I swallowed the tongue. I fall over on the pavement's cobbles. The animals trod on the threshold, cloven hoofs trampled but wouldn't touch my bleeding and dying meat mingling with earth - nice sensation. The stars blasted insane. Mind blazed away.

- God You were taking me in. And You weren't a traitor.

The salvation was complete. And blood red moon flew down and covered my face and closed my eyes.

from a private letter from Poul Borum

"I have been looking at your exciting travel book, which should easily find an publisher in the US interested in a female continuation of Artaud's and Burroughs' Mexican trips."

Tkanks to SWEDISH **CANON**

Thanks to **Mac Rent AB**

Cover by Sun M.K. Zachrison

THE EGO TRIP BOOKS