14 Dreams of Death

Ken Baumann, Blake Butler & M Kitchell
BEFORE WAKING I SEE DEATH it is not an event anymore it is a color, stretching sickly yellow infested in one thick knot of clouds, in all directions for ever, a hurting yellow covered in chromatic film, all whole bodies ache because of it and its buried sound, recording and preceding all places names and things so you have to ask. There is no guarantee if you continue forward you will be let out wake up keep awake, so. A gate, behind it the man who said the true story is the history of desire, he came by throwing himself out the window of his home. Small and feinting in his eyes is a picture the silk of color, sick, and clouds run quiet in front with aching wretched chrome. It runs through him like film and his open mouth projects a silent tack of light, beaming. You are
beyond the gate. Beyond the gate there is a narrative. Unthreaded, lost. Zones of difference between the beginning and end, linearity lost to space. This time you will meet yourself after death instead of before. The body you confront is colored in shades that range from earth to dirt with black and white in between. A collapsible question is about to be asked, but the room you are standing in loses its ground and walls bellow like camera. The, a, sour taste in your mouth. I ask the question anyway and find light at the end of the air. “This is like the top of a mountain a room in a building without any windows.” I know I already died wait that wasn't a question. No. *i am sitting next to a woman in a car. i ask if she is going on a trip, she laughs and says, “yes, that’s what you normally do on a honeymoon,” and i say “oh, so when are you going?” and she tells me when she is getting married and where she is going on her honeymoon.* You are outside when the sun crashes into the earth but your body was already too warm. All there is are images. All there are is images. When I think about the first dream of death I think specifically of the word “zone” and how it covers the landscape with topographic markings and symbols that I can’t discern. The sky hovers above until there is crashing white light and it is now below us, but we do not float.
We do not hover. Load bodies onto a cart and push them along an abandoned line into the empty forest. The lake is a landmine is a swimming pool is the reminder of the. Climbs through tunnels until the. Facing the body of another who proclaims that the. Before waking you see death it is not an event it is a pile of rocks hiding beneath snow. Our face. The second to last place before the road ends. We took the all the light that had folded, and squeezed, and awoke to a screen. Blank, or a felt silver. Red beneath, and we felt it stretch out and extend to an impossibly distant horizon. You stood up first. We coughed, both at once. A movie theatre. The screen held something back, beyond, projecting light out his mouth. You couldn’t keep falling down, completely limp. Your eyes would roll and in the white beneath the circle of color was a soft code. I had to wait and watch you faint like that for hours. Sussing another letter each time. As I read the last letter and felt the phrase coalesce:
do not wake up
The screen lit. The color in the screen wore dog. The dog had on a mask that made it look less like a dog but ten dogs revolving around a dog at the center of itself. A birthmark on the dog’s nape lolled among the flesh opening windows in the flesh so one (we)(I) could see into it, through the bubbling graft. Inside the dog there were several hundred, at least, other dogs. In the light the screen gave the dogs were chewing on something about the dog around them that made the dog around them, the screen itself, flood with a light, which in this instance was the machine behind the screen’s face opening a program. The face of the program was all whirring. I watched the blue box inside the whirring rise and unfold itself to become still and show a dais, a little altar in the machinebody. There were no words there. I don’t know what to say about the space where there where words were not as when I went to say into the screen the words I’d like to see inside the screen the screen exploded in my face. Where it hit made more explosion in my teeth screaming pianos and the rigor of my blood’s daddy. I felt the urge to want to fuck you (one)(not we) as I had once before the words we smeared on ass-bread and handed back and forth came out but where you had been then there where just beside the screen inside the color of it there
were the dogs. The dogs weren’t speaking either. They were exploding. Each time one exploded I woke up in a different place, though always right there in the whir again the words again inside the machine again.

The night was gone.

The whole machine was kept caged, but when seen it went, not grew or stretched, both out and in. Disappearing into itself in a clean centered line. Four of us watched this. Healed. Before we woke up. when did i Looking up into what was deemed black from some back call, and pulling so hard down into your chin, straining your neck, hair caught rubbed and against dark rubber, until finally you are popped out, it. Along the wall in one row are six. All being sucked headly by thick vats. From an impossibly snared distance: THIS IS TWO.

This is undiscovered, you hear. Four of us turned into eight of us turned into sixteen of us turned into something like four-hundred and thirty-two of us but we were not entire us’s we were just disembodied body parts and I saw the dicks hov-
ering in the air together they were plotting to overthrow heads and the heads were laughing saying jokes like “hey this is basically naropa naropa is the school of disembodied poetics right” BUT WAIT WAIT WAIT

the heads were actually rolling on the ground for some reason they were the only body parts that could not float, and if you consider that four people were split into something like four-hundred and thirty-two parts WAIT so the body parts are more like little mounds of flesh floating in the air and the mounds are all shouting to one another there is no silence in the room because fourhundredthirtytwo parts all have tiny mouths but since they are disconnected and there are only certain parts that have parts of the brain parts imparted within them most of the sounds are the sounds of terror and the sounds of suffering because the parts are in pain they are disconnected every living thing needs air and without lungs how can you even

so then a disruption you decided that this zone of hover covered by the parts of the bodies of
the place of the float of the regret and then the screams and the white noise of pain you decided that this zone was a place you wanted to visit because you want the secret of the float and the secret was that you simply remain falling and manipulate the way the ground is and if you just move the earth so you never hit the ground you never stop falling and then you float forever and the way gravity works you just say fuck gravity and the space of the gravity can be held i guess because you decide no FUCK GRAVITY it's a thing that doesn't need to enter this because the weight of the place you sit at right now is a bed and the bed has gravity and

the night is gone
the night is gone
the night is gone
the night is gone
the night is gone
the night is gone
the night is gone
but still you wake up and find the dark the black the air quiet except for the low hum of the body parts i mean the floating parts i mean the air conditioner that anchors the corner of your room to reality or at least to a place where right now there is a narrative sense and outside a dog barks but it's not a dog it's

really just a map. There’s a map on the ground and you walk over it and the representation of the hills are covering hills and there might be a one to one ratio but it cannot be understood. How is this a map. How can I follow this, use this to plan trips, use this to make sense of the landscape. The map is a map is the land. There are no longer any buildings.
A massive clipped click. The windows snipped out. Here were the grays. Underneath all the pilings beneath the layers of human mold were prayers that went out like dog eyes. It could be intuited. They wept. Here hung the huge influence. They confined themselves to weeping rooms, windows frosted, boys birthed other boys. It was like a dream. So he coughed, and all of the families left at once at an excess speed: they smeared themselves into fine light. Like powder. Be it death or days, so it came. Low bells. [ x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x x ] of having spent a month, almost, nearly, in the deep REM of dreamless sleep, waking, no, moving (floating) into that realm where images could hold, again, more, the dogs running in an endless loop, over that hill, black and white, smudged into the blur of xerox, the deterioration of the images. Of the head images. Of the head image. S. Here we find body in room, space. Hold the room, wait. There are no windows so it is night, and so it is night so I will sleep. And so I will have slept the next time I can voice.
Touching.
[ x x x x x x x ] errant body.
What happened in that month, the dogs cried to me when I walked up to them, the endless loop, they could not stop moving, and through my eyes I could not touch them but just stand in front of the screen. And this is how I realized it was a film, and a projection, and that if I just turned around and lit the lamp I mean screwed in the light bulb then turned the projector off the loop would stop. But I did not want the loop to stop. So instead I watched the dogs run again repeated over that hill, a perfect loop that leads to the perpetuation of the infinite. I know these dogs are howling in the pain of their repeated actions, but they are only image and I am only sleep so no: you cannot stop, I say. I laugh at the dogs. The movement becomes more of a blur and I can see dust building up. The air lights the film on fire and still I refuse, so the projector continues. The image holds but only as it has been burnt into my eyes. The room is very warm from the flames, the screen is now ash. My body sweats. I loop and circle because I am flexible. My contortions remind someone of either the sun or a seizure. It is light you can hold. I want to dream of a high-rise with an endless number of stories and overflowing fauna on each. This is abandoned. On the bottom floor I will cover everything with black sand and swim through the dry sea.
a wet sky of dark floating about the heavy room & everyone who can see inside through glass wants to scream out and hold their gasping lust for the dead

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

no no no no no no no no

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]
lies
the dead dog
on the floor
in a pile of
his own spit
and tears
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no
no no no no

headache, the pulse of none.
but there’s someone whose laughter is the night.
but wait

there's someone

whose laughter is the night.
Brief pause
then coda:
Instead, I saw sugar. Wept among the paws. It was like a dune, staring forth and upright, blent, reamed, sawed. Over a strict instruction there was PLACE YOURSELF INSIDE IT, THEN SIT. I tried it, sat down, opened my eyes, raised my right arm out straight, felt a tap on the back of my hand, opened my left eye, felt a leak of sugar blast up my nose, snorted, felt awake, lifted my left arm, felt a tap on my right cheek, opened both eyes, saw the pile of sugar, closed both eyes, lifted my left hand now pointing to some sense, maybe stars, closed my right eye, felt a tap on my left eyelid, opened my mouth, felt a snort of sugar up my left nostril, closed both eyes, felt sugar drift down my throat, woke up.

...
In the line of the screen was a life comprised of formerly recollected abjections, placed all flat on a wide matrix, reclaimed after each bit of identifying eye (slogan, name, time, warning) was catalogue was finally felt. A process abandoned during each phase of it. The fog of soft lights. Moths, only crushed and straightened out. It felt like mewling. It looked like life. It smelled like wet dog or burnt sugar or clipped and scorched ends of film. That said: it could only be seen. Hung up and forever present inside an inside of the eyes of breath, every Sunday. Natural patterns all formed a ghost in this plane. Death was not a door, a door amid the door that went out, all places, all once.

“What once, where?” “Where dad was. With his fist up the bigger dad. Eternal skirt of skin off of an orb shat out of god’s mouth.” “Remember when dad cut his dick off with the split end of the oven tongs?” “It took hours. I caught the runoff blood and poured it back into his butt.” “Good job. You kept him alive then.” “I helped him swallow come. My come. Yours. The father’s. The neighbors’ father’s. The dads.” “He would fuck the come into our mom. The come would fill mom through the meatus to affix itself into the eggs, which in her ripe age had turned a baker’s dozen.” “Thirteen.” “Eat me. I know. He knows. They know. Shut your eyes.”
“The eyes are shut. The false dozen eggs would fill up. They would turn purple and be gay. They would fuck each other in the blood of our mother and make for each egg another thirteen eggs.” “The dogs.” “How could we have gone on without them. The screen inside the house was gluing up. It was too warm to come anywhere near without becoming black.” “Who is the blackest?” “We are.”

The dogs screamed in our eyes. In the eternal rub of manure and sandwiches spilled inside the false year the dads had resurrected into columns in a text inside a machine, the dogs rolled around and ejaculated the wire we would use to tie the backbone of the nation to the pizzle of His Eye, the Wounded Fart of Saturn Where He Is Unholy In The Brightest Grease of Leather Dad, the Nexus Rasp. I don't want to have to be the one to tell you so there are three of us.

“M., put Dad’s skull down. Hold me against you and transfer in some evening. Let us praise.” “Ken won't stop shitting over every bass drum I've ever dreamed.” “Fuck Ken. Ken, what is the password to your email.” [sound of America being trumped by fourteen lardheads getting popped with a pin the size of Her] “Fuck yeah. Logging in now... pass the skull.”
INBOX(1)

(FROM: DADCDAD.DAD
 TO: KENNYBTHETFUCKLORDCLATHERCENTURY.ORG
 BCC: MKILLCHILLCOSALADMORMONS.COM; BLAKEFUCKFACE@QFAOEURY.ME

SUBJECT: ///////////////////////////////////////////////////

BODY: THIS IS THE BODY. SHE IS PURRING. I CAN'T GET MY DICK HARD NEAR YOU GUYS. I HAVE MOVED THE HOUSE AWAY FROM THE HOLE BENEATH IT. WHAT EMERGES IS MY GIFT. CALL IT WHATEVER YOU WANT: YOUR MOTHER ALWAYS CALLED OUR HELL. I LOVE YOU, KENNY. NO, EACH OF YOU: THE BLIND, THE REACHAROUND FUCKMACHINE CORDHEADS, THE NOWHERE OF YOU, THE BACON YOU ATE OUT OF MY WIFE TO LIVE AND BECOME YOU AND WALK IN THE CITIES AND SEE THE GROUND GO CURLED WHERE YOU WOULD WANT TO BE AND ALL THE BUT-
Tons you pressed saying nothing to anyone again and again and sometimes in the name of money and pretending it was architecture or arbitrary and that you weren't at all times pressed hot and hard against the flat eternal pig suit where all sing in shit like bubbles of the organ donor god killed to piss our organs full of whining. It is ours. Listen, be a champ. Get a football. Fuck your sister. Wake up early and go fishing and enjoy friends and invest in jargon and cash and candy and keep your hands to yourself unless you're fisting someone you really really care about like me or god. I love you like my dad did: in liquid missiles, eternally and for none.

Eat me,
Hallelujah,

Dad]
“Ok, let's fuck.”

White night again.
Fourteen paid white men came up with that number and wrote it accordingly on white sheets called white sheets, then put it into the machine that fed it through light and out light back into the roaming white eyes of white sheets, who sat in the white coats all paid and kept white nights alive by breathing white light through the light machines that kept white sheets alive and white, all paid. All paid then, then stared hard enough into blank white so that the blank white went blank night and felt white and nice so the white light writing lights night white while white nights another light, all fed. Fuck fed. B said: FUCK DOGS. M said: FUCK MEN. M said: FUCK GHOSTS. B said: FUCK LIGHT. M said: FUCK CUBES. B said: FUCK ROOMS. K said: FUCK CUBES. M said: FUCK LIGHT. K said: FUCK LIGHT. K said: FUCK GHOSTS. B said: FUCK GHOSTS. B, M, K said: FUCK
So that transient sheet fed up into the town's dogs, right?
No, the welt dogs kept nulling up, so they had to—
Right, belt loops for pulling, big sacks.
Riiiiight.
What about the talk light, its fill?
Ahh yes, no, well there's none of that left.
None of that?
The gorge suck meated up the gum, so it's—
Riiiiight.
So it's skrunt litter had to bum up through the guts.
I heard it gunted up the skunks, pumped pimples hungered.
Only tren pumphles.
None.
Dimples.
Riiiiight.

They talked about fire as if they had a vigil, but smoke kept gassing up their mouths.
They smoked their own body parts and when they did it they realized that they already were gods.

Put a dog and a man in a cube and closed the cube and insulated the cube and you couldn’t hear the man in the cube screaming.

“JKJFJE KLSDK YOUS HNKIJWE OUT OSN” was a desperate scream

no it wasn’t
no it wasn't
no it wasn't

 fuck ghosts
 [i do]
 fuck ghosts

the ghosts call and i come and they enter and

 i come

come ectoplasm
light splash
ass stretched
If the light were to turn or fade at least you could vomit the come into the sea and the come would form new life and swim into dark. Creatures glowing white, fading in the foam of the surf, sucking on salt. In the depth of the sea new life holds lines of paste. Paste of meddled sight lost to dark. Wait. Paste of new life, come. Hold. No love loaned to the lost. There is a new room down here.

↓
And inside the room we circle. And inside the room we hold our breath. And inside the room we light the body into flame. And inside the room we forget about the dark and fuck light. And inside the room there is tree, floating in air of water of n. And inside the room we flame the body into light. And inside the room we bare our teeth. And inside the room we die more.

↑
Where are we going. He said.

We're following the curve of the hallway. He said.

We're moving up, I think. He said.

But why are we going in this direction. He said.

This is the direction we're supposed to be going in. He said.

What are we headed towards. He said.

Death, desire, I don't know. He said.

Ok, I guess everything is Ok. He said.
The hallways reverberate with sound, a floating sound, one after another he walks, one after the other. I am following him who is following you. They are all walking in a line. The other I am standing at the end of the hallway with a video camera. They all look the same. We all look the same. I look the same as you. I have created a feedback loop. A monitor is at the other end of the hallway where you and I and we are walking from. When I stand in front with the video camera our bodies walk the opposite direction at the same time but only half of us go anywhere. We endlessly loop into the white walls. Our feelings forget that we are here. Can our feet hold or do we need more leather wrapped and strapped and bound. Nails stick up through the floor we walk on. We bleed a red that colors our hall. The intensity of the bright.
bought a clip art collection and set everything on fire

replaced my belongings with cheap signifiers that scream exclamation points

my room laid out in microsoft word
I am inside
I am inside
I am not
there
here
wait
.
..
...
....
.....
.......
i've forgotten our spaces

where what

hrm

of anything, really

↓

I spent the money, all of it.
lights

could be

froth ocean sea rocks

bittuant ackphrall lagosys.
let’s see the light of the light

↓
I fell off the balcony, body gone again.
moments of [silence].
Lighting up.

selling points; trumped.
The man with the money stared into the glass in front of the glass in front of the wires in front of the circuits in front of the board in front of the magnet in front of the chip in front of the plastic in front of the fan in front of the plastic cube in front of the exit in front of the air and said: HEY. WHERE’S MONEY. The blinding sheet suddenly ruptured in the inner air of each’s ears and they bled into a solid coned pool in the center of the shag, molding out in synced waves of skinly destruction, so each of the bodies would fall apart a little more with each boom, the exact portion and affect of a sonic boom from some forty year old encyclopedia, the blood in a grobbling pile now taking on its own face in mut and sputtered, lips, brows, a tongue, each other, until finally the bones were gone and the safes in each wall of every wall opened up and pilfered diamonds reeked out in tiny gurgled streams for hours, and in days they could sometimes come into the offices and open up the face in the blood and speak into it by way of their open breathers until the diamonds came together in fat streams, not just puddles or trickles anymore, and they let their hands flap out and touch the running diamonds as they kept their mouth open to the gourgéd up fuzzy blood face in the center of the shag carpet,
all waiting for something in the diamonds to signal a time to grab and release the face, even although the myth still circulated around the office about the face's teeth, their hidden teeth, their never release, but the men flopped out their fingers and ruined their ties in the now browning faced blood pools while their mouths made the sucker and and the faces sometimes tilted and dilated their little old meated blood lips into certain symbols like O and A and commands like LIEQUEESHIOUS NORFELLEMUS, or TARGET THE EYES.
time stopped

•

each did