

There is the night chill in the air. A light peers through the fog. I am not cold. There are still the remnants of daylight. And I move quickly. The statues around me are on the verge of coming alive. But they stay frozen. I move towards the radiance. As I follow, I am being pulled back. Things left undone. More to write. The descent. A ball of light. Dusk weighs heavy on me. The sun descending in back of me. And in front of me this immense searing light!

–Do you know who he was?

–What?

Another descent. Spun around a crowd of merchants. Circling. I try to hang on to my wallet. Bargains too good to pass up. Rancid butter. Fat burning on grills. Meat cooking. Hungry eyes all around. I need to escape. I find a restaurant off the beaten path. My meal takes too long. The server disappears. She is eating.

–Do you like the women here?

I smile. I get out. What did he want to tell me. He doesn't know where I am going. The lights warm the night. Traffic everywhere. Still that chill. I can feel it in my lungs. This is the first stop. The well to do. On the edges of an underworld. But too guarded in their dress and their means. I know where I am going. I can feel how I am descending further and further.

–Is there anything that you want?

I want to go inside. I want to sit down.

–Have you ever been here before?

–I have to be somewhere.

I hold tighter to my money. I make a note of something. An unusual painting. A carving on the door. The eaves.

Then a long expanse of road. Immense buildings all around. Buy. Giant department stores. Come in tomorrow.

This is how it could be. If I stopped here for good.

–What can I do to help?

I know where I am going. I have to escape this neighborhood. The luxury cars. I pass a train station. I move along.

The more that I wind my way along, the closer that I approach the underground river. I am touched by the dampness. Even more than that I am overwhelmed by a sense of wonderland that surrounds me. Monuments that suggest threat and imprisonment. Palaces that exclude and sequester. I am spun around reflecting pools. Flowers too laden with dew.

The boulevards engulfing me in their vastness. Surrounded by these massive squares. Turned around these circles and coming around having lost my sense of direction.

As I descend the stairs to the underground rive, there is a crowd trying to get my attention.

–You know these messengers.

–What are you talking about?

–They are long gone. But now they have returned to you. You have to answer for their fate.

–You're not blocking my way.

–Worse. We are your way.

–What do you want?

–Justice.

–That's a flimsy connection between us. It's your perception. And a false one at that.

Everything that I did was in defense of liberty.

–That’s what you say. But no one believes you anymore.

–I’ve stated my case to the final authorities. I’ve received approval.

–This is the final authority.

–Don’t be funny.

–It’s not funny.

This place is built on bones. The spirits still entangled in the bones. Diseases intermingled over the millennia in the night air. I soak in the putrefaction. My form melts into this mix.

–Welcome.

The cries are still assertive.

–If I lost it here. The complaint of what really has occurred.

–All that has been quelled.

–Memory is short.

I wander the region of the ghosts. I am trying to make my way to the river. That its flow will give me the protection from the encroaching mass.

–What we did was not to shock. It was to remind us of our origins.

–We are creating our own origins. We are remaking time.

–You still get lost in the night air.

–There is no longer day nor night. We have conquered the distinction.

–You still need to sleep.

I come up from my journey along the river to face a clock tower. The reminder of what I have tried to escape. The midnight hour.

–Even this tower is built on bones.

Those who have remained sequestered in this place.

–Liberation awaits.

–Really?

The vision from inside spreading out.

–How does that make you feel?

–Much better than before. Are you my guardian on this journey.

A shadow emerges from the mass.

–You know where we are. This is where time begins and ends. It is now crafted to meet our ends.

–That is what I have been saying all along.

–And now you are face to face with exactly that.

Once you are condemned to this place, you will never get out. Never!

Who is this talking now? The Saras?

–I need a miracle. Can you put through my cure now.

–What cure? You have already gone way to far to ever be cured.

–Too far how? Is it my body or my mind.

I descend further in my passage to liberation.

- Will you admit your faults.
- Is this time for a confession. Where do I sign.
- Sign. You can't sign a general confession. You have to admit your specific faults.
- I'm here. What more do you want from me?
- No cheering.
- Quiet, everyone.

Night crawlers pass me. They are lost in their revelry, the illusions of sophistication. I am isolated from them. Abandoned on these shores.

This is where the river bubbles up. The place from where life flows.

- And where they hide the bodies.
- What do you know about that?
- Only that I feel like one of them.

-You bumped my car, motherfucker.

He starts to bang on the other car when the occupants do not come out.

- If we leave the car, he's going to kill us.
- He bumped our car, not vice versa.
- If I had a gun, I'd shoot him right now.
- We never should have come out tonight.

Can I escape? I am slipping down the hollow.

The clock strikes midnight. No one else is around. The dampness shakes through me.

- It was a beautiful day today.
- Sara, work your miracle.
- I can only comfort you. I cannot reverse events. We do have some drugs to make things seem better for now. But they're only going to feel much worse later on.

-If you realized what you have to do immediately, we wouldn't have to go through this struggle.

- I don't know what I'm supposed to do.
- Do you want to live?
- Are you offering me life?
- Cross through the waters, and you can receive.
- Kill myself so I can live?
- It's not treacherous here. Pass through the waters.
- Not treacherous for you.

I have come too far to turn back. And the Saras are inviting me to a place of rest.

- I am not ready.
- You're going to take a miracle to keep going.
- I'm going to have to hold my breath. The damp air is bringing me down. I can't shake the cough.

-Why don't you turn yourself in?

Who is speaking to me. I see the lights that had illuminated the dusk sky. Their clarity is lost on this infinite night. In the end, they are only a desire contrary to an overwhelming darkness. A twinkle forgotten in the updated struggle of a confident night. My crisis. If I can't return to the daytime, what kind of compromise can I make with these specters. I have already ridden the shadows of myself to this point. Even the counsel of the Saras cannot offer me the rescue that I seek.

–You should have taken the miracle when we offered it.

–I thought that you were working with the other side. My assassin.

–We were working with you. And you lost your chance.

–Maybe we can work out a deal.

–You expect me to deal. What do you have to deal.

–I have my technique. The knowledge that I've got from battling the darkness.

–And you have allied yourself with the darkness. You have become the new monster.

–If I can just keep walking, there's got to be a door out of here.

And I am treated to a festival of lights. Out of the glare, I see the palace.

–Alas, it's just a big house.

I am surrounded by this prison. More worried about me getting in. I want to enter the garden.

–If you could just pass through the walls, you would arrive at a garden where it is daylight all the time.

–I am in a place where it is night time all the time.

For the moment I can neither see nor hear. Is this the end.

–I am blind.

–You are not getting in here for a miracle.

I imagine the queen's physician raising her from the dead.

–Take off your glasses, and you can see again.

And I am here sensing the poison pulse through my veins. The sentence of so many days ago now taking shape.

–Who can help you now?

–Elizabeth, Libby, the Saras.

–Elizabeth, Libby. Aren't they one and the same?

–Perhaps that was my initial mistake.

–Listen to the words, not the voices. The words can assume any shape that they want.

–I thought that it was the voices that find whatever words that they need.

–That's your problem. You always get lulled by the voices.

–I don't think it's a problem. You just have arranged the universe to punish me for my realization. In the voices, I hear a primal music. You want me to hear the effects. The poison of your words.

–This is all that you can hope for. Try to disentangle the meaning.

–You disentangle, you lose the meaning.

–Are you coming on to me?

–I'm trying to escape. I want to distract you.

–At this point, where are you going to go?

–I hear voices behind the walls. I hear there's a party going on.

–You only hear it that way because of the wall. It's too late for you.

–I don't like your definition of late.

I want to awaken from this long night. But I need to sleep first. To feel my disease with all its clarity so I can figure out the antidote.

–Take this.

–No, take this.

I pass by a hotel. In the secluded bar the tables contain empty glasses and the drugs to keep the night going. I want to go inside. But I fear that the place is already empty. That I will get held by a promise too far along.

–Do you want this to be your life or your death.

–I thought that we were doing a cross-word puzzle.

–No, it's a double-cross puzzle.

–How does that work?

–We only kill what we love?

–And the more that we kill the more that we find love.

–That's Sam's little riddle.

–And what's the big riddle.

–We need to codify the big riddle. That's where he kisses her and puts her to sleep.

–That's where his kiss puts her to sleep.

–The poison is on the lips.

–But he claims that he is immune from the poison.

–So we create a poison for him.

–And then you give it to me.

–One and the same.

–It's in the air.

–I can tell.

–No, it's really in the air. But the more that you breathe, the more you feel immortal.

–That is the trick. To pass off your mortality.

–But it comes to the same thing. The walk by the river.

–But you are even passing the walk by the river to someone else.

–There is no other way out of this puzzle. Eternity is just a word in the puzzle.

–And when you're in it, you're not out of it.

–It's about passing annihilation around.

–BOOM! BOOM!

–Fireworks to someone.

–Close your eyes, and plug your ears.

–You know that it's making us sick.

–That's what you notice. Run away now.

DON'T SHUT ME OFF!

I am pulled along into a cavernous tunnel.

[You know what this is!]

–I feel good going along with the flow.

–I'm losing myself.

–Give me your hand. Hold tighter.

Washed in the excitement.

–I can't concentrate.

–Follow the current.

–What are you doing down there?

–I'm having fun for once in my life.

I want to remember.

–Just hang on–RELAX.

I feel that I can do whatever I want–**NO RESTRAINTS!**

–I want to remember