

He had all these clocks in his room. By the confluence of their forces, they came to focus on a particular point, a place of crossing over.

–We’ve found a wallet.

–You have. I misplaced mine.

–Trying to misplace your identity again.

–Nothing so banal as that.

–What then.

–A stretch of forgetfulness and a desire to give away all my money.

–I watched your trial with some anxiousness. I wanted them to put you away forever. I can only say that I have gotten my wish.

–Have you ever thought about what I see? What you are afraid of? That I can see the whole world as emanating from my consciousness. Each little variation ticking inside of my head. You can put me away. But you can’t put away my vision. I regenerate somewhere else. You know what that means.

–I have an idea. And that’s all it is. An idea in my head. And that’s where it ends with you in here.

–Were you ever afraid of me?

–You know that you are the prime suspect.

–But you never gave it a second thought.

–I knew that you were angry at something or some one.

–I was just protecting myself.

–You were so mean. Just plain mean.

–That’s not my story. I’ve just got in this place that really isn’t of my making.

I’d like to invite everyone here to my press conference. I want to denounce the injustice of my incarceration. The absolute brutality of the attending officials. Finally, special disapprobation goes for the police used to subdue me. I am in a state of transcendence. Nothing could be more contrary to my elevated state of being than this physical manhandling to which I have been subject. Even where force was averred, the implied threat had a chilling effect. This is no way to treat a citizen. Even worse, such treatment cannot be tolerated to government official. This is a scandal of the highest order and must be dealt with legally. I appeal to all my allies to end this indignity.

I am the representative of a new age. A union of physical and spiritual. My body accepts the transformation. As such I offer the only means to escape the binding contradictions that assail our physical being. The displeasure of spirit is attempting to overcome our new unity. I am being impaled by these evils.

Look at me. Bear witness to what is going on. My skin has been penetrated by their instruments of pain. I nurse these stigmata. I am blessed. I am visited. The signs of my visitation. I am not just an angel of change. I am part of the passing over to a new realm. Even as parts of the body appear to resist these transformations.

Do not persecute me. Accept my message. Permit my transfiguration. Let me again walk among the chosen few. Let us increase our ranks as surely we must. As you listen, be instilled with my mission. Do not let them make me into a martyr. Free me from my

imprisonment.

–He’s complaining about stigmata.

–What is it?

–Common bruises.

–He just bruises easily.

–Why are you whispering over there? I know what went on. Those farms. The drug parties. What seemed to be a liberation of the soul. The new enslavement. What are you afraid of? That I’m telling the truth. Let me up from this bed.

–You have to be quiet.

–You’re hurting me.

Drugs administered with the intention of alleviating pain are actually increasing my burden. Their sole interest is to disrupt my mental faculties. I try to resist their interferences. Their strategy is to wear down my resistance. To break apart the consistency of my thought. To render me helpless. Once entirely powerless, I will have to rely on them for all sustenance.

I want to be myself. Not subject to their probing. Their stripping of my identity.

I have to keep inventing things. Keep the story going. Delay the imposition of the sentence. All time to prevent Mr. Smart Genius from catching me.

–There’s a police car here for you.

–I don’t think I want to get in it. All I did was throw a glass.

–Just go with them. We’ll all forget about all of this in a few days.

–You’re saying that for now.

–But we will. We’ll pretend like nothing happened. You can go back to making your mall deal. We won’t say anything about the incident.

–Is this some kind of coup? Do you know who I am? What is going on? I need to speak to the press.

–You’ve had your time in the sun.

–I need my shoes shined. My jacket pressed. I need a starched and laundered shirt.

–That’ll come in time. Just get in the car.

–I really don’t want to get in.

–You don’t have a choice.

–You’re trying to shut me up. I know about the secret operation.

–Everyone does. That’s how the secret works. You know it’s going to happen. But you can’t do a thing about it.

–That sounds ridiculous.

–And it feel even worse when it hits.

–I’ve got the deer in my sights. The perfect unity between will and action. Everything within the circumference of my view is mine. The reality of this power. Nothing can disturb my reign.

>>People trying to tame the river. I do not worry if it is wild or tame. It is all under my dominion. I am!

At night it gets especially scary. These women wandering the halls. And they find men, and just sit on them. It is so vulgar. Bringing the peepee's of the comatose to arousal. Just banging away in the night.

The orderlies do nothing. It is almost as if they find a perverse enjoyment in the goings on. If anyone really knew. The extent of satisfaction. Of dissatisfaction.

Personalities just spread out trying to avoid erasure. Trying to end exhaustion by a more committed fatigue. It swings to the bone. Out of my room. Risking exposure every second.

-I want to put that in my mouth and suck on it.

-Let me put myself inside you.

It sounds so brutal. So random. Groping in the dark. This haphazard contact.

-I want another fuck before I go down for good.

-There is no affection. Just a pretense.

-It's not really in my control. I like it too. Just heading so far.

-What is going on here? I'm not participating.

The flow. Waterfall.

-You wet yourself.

-Really.

-Don't touch me like that?

-How do you want to be touched? Let me put a towel down, and you can lie on that.

-Get the hell out of my room.

-We're all so smooth. We can give you what you want.

-Whatever you have to give, I don't want. You exist in a place too deep for me. To beset by chaos. I have escaped such drastic influences. Begone.

-You may try to derail my affection. But this is only the best for you.

-Get the hell out!

I hope a reputation for being ill-tempered causes them not to penetrate this wall that protects my world. There is something about their habits which indicates an acquiescence to this place. It is the morgue of the mind. Desire is imperial and shows no restraint. Sucking on a lemon rind. The embrace of pain. Everything that is repulsive to me

I hear their wailing all night. They want rescue from the world of monsters that they have created for themselves. The attendants humor them. Sometimes they even become the goblins that they fear. Holding them down, poisoning them.

I know these things because I feel that pain. I am sickened by how I have been deprived my independence. What disgusts me, what secures me in this imprisonment is the utter delight that staff and inmate take in this brouhaha. The screaming of those interned only adds to the overall sense of oppression that fills the facility. Grotesque. Look at me in the face. Each face now a mask. You cannot look in. All that can be seen is the infernal machine cranking away. Naked in its utter expression. You will yield. And they all do.

Their frustrations give way to false ecstasies. Glimpses of a liberation that only keep them in here permanently. No one comes to see them. They have been warehoused here. And the orderlies are only their coconspirators with false reports of a world that no longer exists. We have all passed over. There is nowhere to return. The journey has its eternal terminus. The romance with the physical has been replaced by an enslavement to a fractured vision. The will is triumphant in submission to this new ritual.

Why do they not have locks on the door?

–We don't want you to hurt yourself?
–How can I feel anything other than hurt here?

The walls close in mercilessly.

A few are on to the gig. They mimic what is expected of them. But they try to resist the flow. The snitches. The riff raff. These few remain loyal to their fellows. They sense betrayal. A pointed hand gesture is our rallying cry. Our brush with independence. Our taste of a world outside. Escape.

We compatriots look to each other as if we were never imprisoned in this morass. We hang together. We respect the isolation of the other.

My old friend across the hall. We used to go sailing together. He was a navy man. Moved in intelligence circles. How did we ever end up together in this place. Both waiting on that boat to take us out of here.

–You have to quit bothering the other patients.

–He's my friend.

–He complains about how you won't shut up. How you are fomenting rebellion.

–I do nothing of the sort. I simply tell it like it is. You can't take it.

I am always thirsty in this place. I want sweets. When are they going to bring me my treat. Days when I was wandering the halls looking for doughnuts. Now what do I get.

–Do you think that you deserve special treatment?

–The hell I do. I want to live. They bring people here to die.

Another story. Some maniac in the woods. And a camping party goes wild trying to elude him.

–Why do they want us?

–It's someone that one of us knows.

–It's someone that all of us knows.

–I was in the water, and he almost got me.

–This is not some kind of contest.

–No, that's just what it is. He followed us here because we wanted him here. This is our ultimate challenge.

–That's crazy.

–No, the games weren't enough. We wanted more than that.

–We're not holding our own here.

I want the vantage point. To see, but not be seen.

–He has an advantage over us. He's been watching us.

–But now it's our turn.

–We don't even know what he looks like.

–It may not even be a he.

–It is a guy. I can feel it.

I am on the ridge, sure that they are talking about me. I am sure. They live in my canyon. They have been trying to overcome the rapids. That playful nipping with death. Not they face it in its full form.

–What are you talking about?

–This is some kind of sick game. Why did you bring us here?

–You said that you were bored. You longed for excitement. This is it.

–This is not excitement. This is psychotic. I've come out here to get away from that.

Not to have it follow me around.

–It is who you are.

The funny thing is that they think that they can run from me. They are running right into my target.. Welcome to reality.

–That’s enough TV for now.

–What TV? There’s no TV in here.

I’ve got way beyond TV. I can adjust my world. How are they ever going to stop me?

It is the ultimate indignity to be kept in this place. For the life of me, I cannot understand why I am being held here. I feel deserted by all who are close to me.

Nothing that I do seems to extricate me from this predicament. This only adds to my confusion. If it was something that I did, could I do something different to get away? No. I am simply being kept here. My desire to leave is interpreted as my aggressiveness. Any assertion of that desire becomes further evidence why I need to be sequestered here. There is an entire cyclical nature to my treatment here. I am encouraged to rebel. Then my resistance serves as more reason why I need to be held here. There is no insight at all to what is going on. I can never make any progress because I can discern no thought behind by internment.

They continue to prescribe drugs that have become the contributing factor in sustaining my conditions. This is hopeless. I will never be provided what I need to live as long as I am kept in this place.

–I didn’t mean to lead you on that wild-goose chase. Why did you have the police sent after me, just for that.

–It wasn’t that.

–OK, Mr. Smart Genius, what was it.

–It wasn’t me.

–So sign the order to let me out.

–It’s not in my hands. Do what they say and they’ll get you out.

–Do what they say. Eat their food, and you can get out.

–They’re trying to poison me.

–Commander, I’ve been assigned to take care of you.

I looked up at her. Her crystal green eyes. Indeed, what does taking care of mean. I hope that they are not floating a story about a crack up. I am being sequestered in this place. This is not about my own good. I am not being protected, and it’s unlikely that they would ever let me walk out of here of my own will.

I feebly reached my hand out and she met mine.

–I’m going to give you something to sleep. You tossed and turned all night.

Something to sleep. That’s all I am doing in here. That’s all they’ll ever let me do in here. As if I’ll forget what I know. That’s what they hope. That the secrets will be buried with me.

I want to tell her why I am here. Maybe have her lead me out. A pungent rose perfume fills the air. As I start to drift to sleep, she tell me about her home town. A fishing town. And the sun bakes down on a incisive summer day. She takes my hand and leads me to the beach. I

manage a smile, an evil smile. I remember my days in my teens. Feeling the surf and sand penetrate my wonder and melancholy. Giving me a sense of purpose.

She feeds me. A spicy salmon sandwich. I embrace her in the water as I fade to sleep.

–We put her on him so that he’d tell us what he knows.

–He knows nothing. At least nothing of use. We just have to get him out of the way.

–But there are things that if he tells reporters could prove embarrassing.

–He still thinks that he has a place in the organization. He’s not going to jeopardize his career. Even if he understands what we’re up to.

–And that’s where she comes in.

The haze of the midday heat turns me around dizzy. Shifted by the waves splashing on the shore.

–You remind me of my father.

–Don’t say that. Never say that.

She smiled.

–This is our time together. To remember.

She again took my hand.

–Our time.

She repeated my words. I could feel her lips waft mine.

The summer breeze refreshes and spins me around.

–You were never like this before. You always hated the sea.

Who is that talking to me. I hear a voice. But I don’t see anything.

–What are you giving him.

–We’ve put him on some psychotropic drugs. There’s information that he knows that we need to get out of him.

I fall asleep on the beach as the day drifts into a somber dusk. She is at my side. I love a potent sun. But it has scooped out all my insides and I am so tired.

–You heard about the Commander who went out the window.

–Do you want to give him ideas

–Things happen.

He smiles.

She melts with me in my dreams. I smile. A deep smile that fills me with the heat of the day. I feel so alive.

–Time for your medicine.

I don’t want to take that shit. I just took it.

–What are you giving me?

–Something to get you going.

–Going out of here.

When am I getting out of this place. Maybe later today. If not, I have my ways. I can leave on my own. I don’t have to move. I am hardly here anymore.

–Have they got him to say anything.

–Nothing that he says really makes any sense.

–We can’t let it go on indefinitely.

–No, that’s precisely the intention. Make it go on forever. That way he can’t do any

more harm.

–But I thought that we had to get the information out of him.

–We’ve got our people going through his stuff.

–You knew that I was from Vienna. At least my family was. I really shouldn’t tell you this. But I did secret things in the sixties. I was a spy.

–I thought that you taught physics.

–That’s why I was the best spy.

What has she given me. I wasn’t supposed to tell her anything. The sixties. What nonsense. Who is she?

–Who are you working for?

–I work for the clinic. I told you that. I told you how I came to the city after college. How I grew up in Bel Eau, a fishing village.

–You said that you’d take me there some day.

–Indeed I did.

She never expects me to leave here. That’s why she tells me things. Anything and everything.

–We’ve got a great meal for you. You better eat your lunch.

–What do we have.

–Lamb and mint jelly.

I’ll do anything that she wants me to do. I am content. It is midday, and I am again tired.

–So you told me that I’d be out of here.

His face was very stern.

–You’re not cooperating.

–Cooperating. I lie in a bed all day. What more do you want me to do?

–Count for me.

–What?

–How many fingers am I holding up?

–You’re not holding up any. What kind of game is this? I’m not crazy.

–We have to test your reflexes.

–I need to get out of here. I want to go to a special place. Bel Eau.

–What?

–It’s a small fishing village.

–The puzzle is rather bizarre. We have to get him to travel in his mind. To a place that we know, a place that we have created according to his needs. Once he is there, he will tell us everything that we need to know.

–Is she working with us?

–Whether she knows it or not. I think that she has come to believe the scenario.

–You ate for me. That was great. Now you need to take a nap.

I want her to lie next to me. I am agitated, I feel that she can calm me down. Her head resting on my chest.

She smiles.

–I need you to take this.

–What is it?

–Just drink up.

–It tastes funny.

I twist up as I swallow.

I am in a place that is all too familiar, familiar from when I was a kid. My memory becomes more and more piercing almost like a siren.

–No, don't do that to me anymore.

He is behind it all. It's his game. I don't want to go along but he forces me. It is a spy game. If I can hid well enough, he will not hurt me.

–This is a little treat that I learned in Berlin.

I imagine that he has a candy for me. A nugget-filled chocolate. Hazelnuts. I bite down. Only the taste of blood.

–I told you that you couldn't escape. Now tell me what you know.

–I know that I am very bad.

–Bad–worse.

He knows what my laugh means. It is his laugh from Berlin.

–We weren't playing over there. I had to complete many a mission over there.

It is obvious what he meant by complete. I could fill him including me in his fantasy.

–You don't hate your father do you? You love your country?

–Yes, I do.

–And if your country asked you to do something. You would oblige.

If I didn't.

The room smells of decay. Is it me, or is this another reminder of what has been going on here.

–What you have learned to me. The sacrifice. You have learned to sacrifice from me.

How bear the burden of the world on your shoulders.

I can feel it heavy and pressing down on me.

–When you feel the sun bearing down on you, you will feel that it is an illusion because you have felt a thousand suns that burn brighter.

–Once he feels that he has betrayed us, he won't have anywhere to go. He'll still have his mission. And he hates them. So he has no choice. He will make our mission his mission. And he will commit the rest of his life to it. He will be ours eternally.

Time feels the kiss, and I fuse with it. She is in danger, and I need to get her out of here.

–That was always my favorite novel. My father first gave it to me.

–That wasn't the story that he really wanted to tell. The real story was about a man who felt betrayed by his society. That the system had betrayed humanity. He was the only one who could save the world. That was his mission. To bring down the government. To destroy life as we know it.

–I liked the spy part. The risk. It made sense of his life. And in a certain way my life. It brought death closer. It made the boring mundane work of everyday into something exciting.

–And you couldn't wait to get to the end.

–I didn't want it to end.

–So you made it your life. You tried to live the story. To learn their codes in the hope

that one day you could reveal them. But then they became the world, and then you felt obsolete. You had no one to tell your secret to. That's where she came in. Who is she working for? The North Koreans.

–You're the one who's still trying to act out the spy novel. It's not like it was. It never will again.

–But you feel betrayed.

–Betrayal's part of our lives. It is who we are. Our race with time.

–Who's she working with?

–She's working with you. Isn't everyone these days?

He gives me that weird smirk. He holds the book in his hands. Figures that I'm using it to map out some code. It would all make sense if she was working with them. I know how this plot is supposed to unfold. He could tell me more. He doesn't realize how they are using him. Why did they send him? He knows about his orders. About the organization. He doesn't understand the formulas. He only knows a little math. Basically he is expendable.

Is that my new mission. Am I supposed to retire him? Assassination is not part of my dossier. But plans change. New requirements.

Does he realize how his time is limited? He has such plans, but they are all wrapped up with the organization. He needs someone to set him at ease. To give him back to himself. This would be the perfect solution. I could free him, and I could free myself.

–I would have to do this quick.

–What?

–Very quick.

–The faster, the better.

–Are you going back to the office today?

–I need to make a report.

His last report—last report of the week.

–You look strange, old boy. What are you thinking?

I hope that he cannot read my thoughts. I was taught that skill. But he is one of the new breed. They seem to be so much more human than we were. We were taught to forget ourselves. All he feel is the sameness of who he is. He is so attached to this world. Maybe, that was the message of the book. That they had created a man who no longer felt the attachment to his world. He couldn't even make love and not feel like someone else. It was all over for him if he didn't defect. It all feels so queer. Maybe everything would make sense to me in another time. But for now, this time, the only thing that makes any sense is my mission. I need a cigarette. Too bad I've quit. They won't let me smoke in here anyway.

–You need to tell the director something.

I bend over to whisper in his ear.

–It's all too late.

When you see such tragedy, such a searing reality, you can't accept it. Can't excuse. You have to become someone else. I am torn up from the inside. They've done this to me. They want me to turn back to them. To embrace the organization and just spill my guts. It is not going to happen. I have an assignment. I am aware of the real chain of command. I need to commit myself.

The book is a code. We used that technique when everything else got too hot. It was the only way to protect our lives. What was she trying to tell me. If she really knows something,

there is little doubt that I will not see her again. I am sure that I said something that I shouldn't have. I can't figure out what—I just can't.

She's tied up and I'm near collapse on the floor.

—There's nothing much you can do about it now.

—You killed my wife.

—And now...

—I figure you're going to kill both of us. Why did you do it?

—I was trying to protect her. Protect her from you. But then she found out about the mission. She said that she wouldn't say anything. But I couldn't let her tell you.

—She was sleeping with you.

—And that why **you** killed her.

—You just confessed.

—I never said anything. You said that I killed her. You had the motive. You wanted her dead. And now you're making this extravagant scenario to pretend that you weren't involved.

Why doesn't she say anything.

—You think I'm guilty too.

—Why am I tied up?

—You told me that you didn't want to hurt yourself.

—Hurt myself how...

—We'd like to bring you downtown for some questioning.

—Are you charging me with something?

—You're a material witness in your wife's murder.

—What?

—Let's just say it doesn't make sense how you're reacting given that we found her shot in her apartment. It'd just make sense that you'd want to give us all the help that you can.

—That's just the point,. I had nothing to do with this, and I sort of resent your tone. Sure I'd like to help. But I really don't know what I can tell you.

—Let's just say that's our job. We'd just like to verify a few things about what she has been doing recently.

—You said that you found her shot.

—We already told you that.

—Well, I'd like to help. But I can't. I had nothing to do with it. Nothing to do with her.

—The owner of the building said that you were there. You own a gun, don't you.

—I don't own any gun, and I wasn't near the building. I was never there. I didn't know that she had an apartment.

—We have a lot of questions. It would be more comfortable if you came down to the station.

—I really don't want to.

—You don't have a choice.

—Are you charging me with something? Let's see your warrant.

—We can get one. We just thought that you'd be more cooperative.

—I'm trying to. You're not giving me much to work with.

For about an hour a van has been parked across the street. I really don't know what it is doing there. Maybe it's just maintenance on the house. I ignore it. What do they want with me? Have they placed me here to understand something about myself-- an absurd moment of conscience.

As issued by the NSA

It is apparent that there is a secret cabal that poses a threat to the operations of government. This group not only has aspirations towards deposing the active regime but is also involved in plotting physical harm against the inner circle of advisers. Though these plans do not directly include the Chief Executive, the intent is to neutralize his efficiency and make him totally subject to the dictates of the cabal.

Up to this point, this threat has not been taken seriously. The group was not suspected even to offer significant opposition to the director's plans. But evidence is emerging within the past weeks of the rising power of these individuals. Their influence is now apparent and is no longer manifesting itself only on the level of advice. Key positions in all governmental agencies are occupied by members of this conspiracy.

Since they represent such a visible force, it might cause an observer to wonder why their influence would take a hidden form. But the extent of their plans are so massive that opposition would be significant. It would be apparent that their desire is to contravene the legal operations of the agency.

This group must be treated in exactly the same way that it has determined for its enemies. Just as the group has not ruled out assassination in its pursuit, so we must commit ourselves to the elimination of any individual who intends physical harm to the members of the Agency.

-What is this bull shit?

-What are you talking about?

-This is total crap. Have you gone nuts. Secret cabal. Where are you getting this shit from. I'm trying to be kind, but this sort of stuff is definitely jeopardizing your association with the Agency. You really believe that you occupy a more significant role than you do.

-What are you trying to tell me?

-You were brought in only in an associative capacity. Do you know what you are doing?

-I'm doing exactly what I was hired for. To prepare a report.

-What report? This is a matter of utter speculation. You are not only suggesting that there are high level Cabinet members involved in murder plots, but that the way of dealing with them is to engage in our own plan of systematic termination. Do you have any idea of what you are doing? Exactly what you accuse this cabal of doing. There is no cabal. Are you insane?

-I know if members of the Executive's family knew of what was happening, they would totally agree with me.

-If he sees this, not only will you be out of a job, but he'll replace everyone in our section. You are accusing people who are near and dear to him. People that he trusts in a way that he would never permit for us.

-Don't you realize that is part of the problem. It's almost as if they have gained control of his brain. Like a cancer growing on the Executive.

-You are the only germ in this organism.

- If you don't listen to me now, we're all going to get caught up in this conflagration.
- Describing it in dramatic terms hardly makes it any more real.
- I have the evidence.
- Your job is going to depend on producing that evidence. I don't want you to tell anybody about any of this until I see that evidence on my desk.
- They're trying to limit access to the evidence.
- You know what I'm expecting from you.

They've changed the dosage for the Chief Executive.

"I only feel good if I see someone die on the screen."

"Sir, that's just a movie."

"No, it's a closed-circuit hook up."

"What the fuck is going on?"

"Someone is wandering the halls, looking for the director."

"I've got a bullet with his name on it. He tried to drug me and kill me."

"We need to report that to the director."

Behind it all is my GHOST FATHER. He taught me patriotism.

-Now those words are counter to the betterment of the planet.

-It's more like a game. Whatever you do is OK. It's all part of the entertainment.

-No. You squandering your good will.

-Good will. We're just showing that they're monsters. We see their true face. They hate us. I'm tired of bull shit idealism.

Her father died, and we grew up together. Later on she started the program.

-We can't stop them now. It's a force that has grown in the government.

-You're going down the same paths of aggression. We're going to have to send you back.

-Back? I haven't left here yet.

I can't play the same role all day. This is exhausting. I wish the name of this tragedy could show on my face. I could reveal it all at a press conference.

-Whatever happens, don't let him talk to the press.

-I told them that I was fighting with my son.

-You heard him say nasty things to the person in charge, and you didn't restart him. Do you agree with him?

-You've been drinking.

-Are you insulting me?

-There is Elizabeth.

–Why are you doing this?

–Doing what?

–You won't eat. You're not trying to get better.

–I'm doing it to get back at her. For taking me away from Elizabeth.

–Is that why?

–Yes!

–He can't come home. He's in there to die. There's nothing that you can do about it.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.

–You know what that drawer is called.

–No.

–The drawer of remedies. And the other is a drawer of comedies. They say it is night time. But the sun is shining.

–Really.

–There's a thief in here. He's been wandering in the rooms and taking the jewels of the other patients. He's even in contact with secret agents from other governments.

I am lost in the collective absurdity of this place. I even sound like them. I have invented a plausible family to appear to give me a way out. It does not. They affirm the terms of my imprisonment.

–The thief took my cake.

–That's silly.

–No, he did.

–God told me that what I do is OK. He tells me every week.

–Does he talk to you directly.

–You're acting stupid now.

–They've been following him all over the country. The man with the long legs. You'll read about it in the paper tonight.

–I will?

Here's your threat. The one who has been after you. Who put you in this monster place.

THE LONG WAIT!

–They just come in with a bowl of soup—hot soup—and spill it on top of you.

–You need to stop those thoughts. They are causing you pain.

–You don't know what is causing pain.

–They were going to bring the Navy in to arrest the thief. National security. He has sharp eyes.

–I'll get the nurse for you.

–That's the wrong nurse. She works with them.

–You're being mean.

–No. It's true.

–that’s silly.

–What happened to your clothes.

–Somebody wanted to make them fit. So they took scissors and cut them all.

–We buy the CD and learn it. We know it. It’s just hard remembering since yesterday. It’s 2 o’clock. But in my time, it’s 3 o’clock. That’s the way it works.

–No one is listening to the warnings.

–That’s part of the cover. You’ll emerge when the need your for deniability.

–It wasn’t me. I wasn’t around.

Everyone will return to their rightful identity.

–The drugs come in by plane from Chicago. You know about it. That’s why you go up there.

–The dog is not real. You’ve made it up.

–I hear the barking all night long. I always do.

–That’s not true.

–He doesn’t feel it. And it barks all night long.

The drug stays in the system. And it marks the skin with this strange mark. That tells them that he is the one.

–He bears the mark?

–Yes.

–Are we almost finished?

–We’re almost moist.

–I would have called the police to escort him out.

So now BIG BOY rumbles through the hospital only wearing a blazer and cowboy boots and he grabs at everyone. Come on BIG BOY ride him.

THE BIG BIG BIG is getting BIGGER. It will have the whole world in its sights–BOOM!

–We have job for you.

–What?

He’s two people. One is so mean. The other is meaner still.

–I was about to eat when I was told to get ready to go to the hospital.

–You have to go!

–There’s the drug in out. And the feeling good.

–He needs to stop the spending sprees without any goal.

–Sounds like us all.

And he is always erect. He is the world aroused. I will BOOM! Come to me. I am the BOOM!

Bunny, the body.

Wait, I'll be with you.

-I want you inside me.

-I am inside the WORLD!

The beacons. I can gauge what is happening by the beacons.

-Like a maraschino cherry—devastating!

Chained in the basement.

-You're going to eventually get rid of me.

-That's what you want. I've been watching you.

-I remember you from the mall. I thought that you were sort of cute.

-Do you want to do it before I kill you?

-Did he actually ask that question?

Impaired cognitive abilities

general disorientation

aggression

manic buying

gross distortion

hallucination

-What sometimes appears as distortion or delusion is actually a linguistic confusion. Then he pursues actions to support the confusion.

-Late at night, he comes to me and ties me down.

-The Commander has been beating this kid.

-We really can't act on that information.

-But it's a scandal.

-It's his pleasure. He gives us what we want. It keep the world stable.

-For whom.

-I know the drill. They break into his place and the find a bathtub full of blood—human blood. And all over his place are these voodoo dolls and shit. And Communist literature. And communiques from different governments. Torture and treason.

-They're going to shut the place down, and send everyone home.

-If there was something going on, how would we know about it?

-I'm being made to suffer constantly for my stupidity. I'm sorry.

-That's not good enough. You have to show us that you've changed.

–I would. But you keep sending this man to me. Med man. And now he is inside the TV. I'll confess. What do you want me to sign.

–It's not like that.

**I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your world down!
WORLD WIDE DOMINATION.
FROM THE MIND DEEP INSIDE!**

I lack for a voice. I want words. I want to speak. Give me a body so that these words can come to life. What I have lost and cannot get back. Give me that thing. Here where I remember you the best. But you did not know. Let me come to you. Let me take you over. ME!

It is becoming too long since my last breath. Give me more. I want to suck it up!

My hands are pressed against this wall of flesh. Hands. I have no hands to press. My will presses as if to touch, to get hands, to come to life. Hands extended to take in as much as I can.

I am!

Help me. Take me in. Let me move on the earth once more. Don't you hear my whispers. My cries to become alive again. My breath is so deep that I take in all the earth. Let the wind move with my emotion. I burst through the barrier that separates me from the life that I so deserve.

I want to reach further. That effort that will convince you that I am still here. ME! YOU! Do you hear the least ripple of my voice. The currents of air focused for you. Kissed by the breeze. That is me.

Have you not picked up on the signs that I offer. You do not. How loud must I be to shake you up. Is there nothing that I can do to let you know that I am there for you. I am there!

Remember our times together. The charm of our will. That we would surrender to nothing. If you let me come back, I will.

It all hits home when I start to receive postcards from his brother looking for him. That someone was really concerned where he was. And I try to contact his brother. And then it all flips around. He is this brother who we are trying to contact. We receive our own letters. And the cycle deepens. His disappearance means nothing less than he is no longer with us. He is with us as having disappeared.

We send a long inquiry regarding the brother. And this time it is addressed to us. It asks about us now. I feel that they are catching up with us. Time is making a mockery of our independence. The vague question about myself. Am I slipping under? Why don't I hear from anyone on the phone. I digress. I wonder. Have they forgotten about me.

I can't stay awake during the daytime. Even during most of the night, I am sleeping. I get up for these rare moments. A few words down on paper. A protest against my demise. I am addressing all this to myself.

I do not want to go. I have already long gone.

The dream, that dream when he might say something to me, the remnant of his consciousness. But in the dream it is the brother. And awake it is no one. I have been betrayed.

A close relative of the same name as mine becomes sick. It is me, my reflection being betrayed by some distant post office. I can hear the freight train about a mile away, or is it closer.

I time the sounds. Note the direction. There must be a world beyond that separate from me. And that world in turn bears witness to my existence. Except the train gets closer. I can feel myself on the track. Just unable to get off. What of the world two miles away. Can't they hear my screams. No one will come out to rescue me. Not even later. No one will discover my body. No one.

I try to mimic his sleep patterns. To discover the truth that he discovered. This is the source of my insomnia.

One of the attendants at the clinic appears to be attached to my well being. I distrust her immensely. What does she really want but to extract information from me. I can tell what is going on. I could destroy their whole world if I wanted.

I can't wait to get out of here and resume my career. The director needs my input. After all, I am next in line. Nothing can prevent my rise in the company. Nothing can prevent my political destiny. Sure I may have been involved in some operations that went awry. But it was all due to improper training by subordinates whom I have since terminated. Nothing will stand in the way of the smooth function of the organization. That is why I was hired. This is why they need me more than ever.

I have no doubt that my confinement is due to an attempted coup d'etat run by some rogues. They will eventually be isolated and punished. That is my firm belief. They have tried to hijack our basic freedoms. Even traditional forms of discipline will not be sufficient for these rogues. They must disappear completely. They are a threat to our very way of life.

I am well known by the indelible mark I can leave on the faces of those who fear me the most.

For whom I am their greatest fear
Those whom I most fear.
Their bodies fade out as their passions become the most intense. They blend into each other.

I feel as if they are touching, but if they doubt...

I become him I am in his clothes.

—When I told you to take two Xanax a day, I didn't mean for you to take both of them at night.

If I finish the book, they'll let me out of here. I'll tell them what really happened.

—**Just make it look like a suicide.**

—**You smell like a sewer. You've lost the will to eat.**

—**Are you telling me this?**

Outside the window, I can see them bringing in bodies. Stretchers pulled from the ambulance.

–He’s being a perfect little angel.

They’re going to kill me in my sleep.

–I need to lie down.

–There’s no second chance. You’re on your last legs.

There is no change

–Why am I in here? I’m completely healthy.

–He’s going downhill.

–Now that we’ve got you back, we don’t want to lose you.

–It’s a little late for that.

Baby wants some sweets.

If I took a shower, it would destroy the whole floor. All these people are wearing pressure clothing. To hold it all in. Are you making notes?

–What are you talking about?

–The noises at night. It’s daylight but sometimes it’s night time at this time. I’m the orchestra leader. Can you hear the tune? It’s a big crime.

–I don’t understand.

–You wouldn’t. They got the jewels from the rich patients. They can get you to do anything in here. The boats are going to come and pick them up. Look outside at the docks.

–There’s no water.

–There is when they need it. You’re writing down everything that I say. It is liberating. It will make sense in the future. It will set you free. Follow my story!

–There’s a clown that wanders from room to room. He gives blessings. Then he hides on the stairs.

What do I see when I look at myself—a pile of shit!

Someone’s been sleeping in my head. The whole world will collapse. Don’t move!

–Shit–fucker—who are you mad at?

–You have this rage in you. You want to kill someone. There’s just a point when you start that you can’t stop. It’s a game that criminals play, and you are going along with it. It is gross.

I don’t want to stop. I don’t want them controlling me.

–If you say or do anything that they don’t like, they report you. It’s ugly in here.

–What are you wearing to the party?

–You’ve got it all wrong.

–What party?

–The underground party.

They took me for more x-rays. They can’t find out why I am the way I am.

I feel like something permanent is about to happen. A holy war! Eternity through

**death. It's the only way to escape the dripping down. The death. Beyond that door.
The son confesses his grand design:**

–Please don't do it.

–Why not?

–Let me do it in your place.

–I can't help it. I try to stop, but I can't.

I pray that I can leave this place soon.

–The time is near.

I am surrounded by these evangelicals. Their ugly whispers. Their desire to convert me.
They are trying to hijack the mission of the agency.

–What will life be like after their vision has come to pass.

They are sending someone who will make it OK.

I am getting out of here.

–They put labels on all the costumes just to know who they are.

–Let's not fight anymore.

–I just can't go along with what you say.

–There are going to be photographers outside taking my picture. I am the admiral. I have
received a promotion. And he is my commodore.

–What are you talking about?

–The great flood is coming. We need to be prepared.

–He may be right. There has been some weird paranormal activity here.

–I just don't want you to get reported again. You need to get out of here.

–They said I'm getting out of here tomorrow.

–The only way to get out of here is to check out for good.

–We won't need to spend any more money. But I do have a check for ten million.

–Quit talking silly. That won't amount to much.

–Not if the bank cashes it, and they take their cut.

–What do you hear in the music.

–I hear the Bishop.

–What?

–I would take it by injection, but I'm not supposed to know what it is. I want a witness to
the injection. I'm going report them to the higher authorities. Have another press conference. I
need to get ready.

–Swallow the medicine, or take an injection. It's all the same.

–I want a government witness. I've contacted the Director.

–He's no longer at the agency.

–I've got documentation on these injections. What they do to humans.

–Do you want to spend the rest of your life in here?

–There isn't much life.

–He’s going to eat it whether he wants to or not.

–Eat your meals. Don’t eat sweets. You’ll love it in here.

–Just walk away. Your hands are dirty. But just walk away.

–We all help in our own fashion.

–We are all guilty.

–Is that what is going on here? Some grand punishment scheme. I took it. Put it in. And it melted in that short period of time.

He used an icicle to kill.

I need to stay asleep during the day so that they cannot get inside of me.

–I don’t want to be put to sleep. Don’t leave me in here. I’m crying.

–It only gets worse when you don’t do what they say.

–I want to kill them all.

I need to get to Elizabeth. I need to warn the Director.

–That man. He’s the one who’s been persecuting me.

–He’s with High Command.

Do or die

hold on for dear life

we did

–You and I look at things differently.

–You embrace death. You’re all Nazis. It’s the grand procession. And you’re in total denial about your participation And when it gets too close, you hide behind mystical mumbo jumbo.

–I hate the smell of this soap.

–You get used to it. It does the job.

–You know where it comes from. From the bones.

–It cleans me up!

–What about the smell of burning flesh.

–You learn to get used to it.

–I can’t get used to it.

–Now who’s acting crazy?

I write everything down. **I DON’T WANT TO STAY IN HERE FOREVER!**

I loathe the sharing! The common procession to death!

–They cannot use their sensors unless they are in the middle of the room. They’ve been telling people that it’s for the flu. But it just makes us all nuts.

–I want her for a wife.

–You have a wife.

–I mean a wife that I choose for myself.

As a side effect, I am totally paralyzed. Good by!

–I thought that you were sorry for what you did. Sorry for what you did to the world.
–I was. But I'm still after the bubbly bear.

–Papa bear has his target in sights.
–So many worlds have been destroyed. This is just one.
I'm good with razors and spectacles.
–What are you speculating?
–Who are you?
–I'm going to get you good.
–You just got like that to hurt me more.

Their research. A DA. Trying to stop your visits.
–It's official.

I'm not happy.
–There's no way out.
–Can you smell that?
–No, I can't.

–He's out there targeting kids.
–Those were the coordinates.
–I can get to him. Take him out for good.

–He's just trying to piss you off.
His hatred did away with him.