

*"Sometimes it takes a little pain
to make the brain smarter."*

--DMX

Here is Depression the Slut. She's a real bitch and she's been sleeping around with the children of the city. Pulls out her tv dinner and it's plastic inside and out. She's coughing. Serves the bitter bitch right.

Skimpiness. Funny to think Depression the Slut would be skimpy. She lays it on me so thick, so tepid. I'm weak in the arms (sugar deficit and I've not been eating, and today I watched a film and there were starving kids and I shivered like I was alone in the dark and ready to go ahead back to my maker) and she's weak in the arms and the legs. She's a *hungry* bitch. And God do I want to pity her but her face is so sopping ugly I can't bear to touch her.

There's a pit of abstraction (pain and the laugh *Haha* at the attempt to call it pain, that word--let me say Pain and it's as much ether as Love. What a syllable) toiling in my cheeks. Red ones and white in this weather we're having. Maybe it's the shadows on them. I want to hear voices. Then I could pretend all the dead people I knew (back when they weren't dead and their chests were very warm and their smiles were very warm) were still alive, even if dead. Their memories and what made them into them.

I can't pretend anything. I've been thinking lately. About hell and how pleasant it would be. I could see my family there and I could get back all the abstraction. But I'm stuck here and if I weren't stuck here, I'd be floating free and I'd not be an I but a Nothing along with all the other indescribable Nothings. Like detritus but quite a bit less.

The Slut's being evicted. There's a red rex note on the outside of the flimsy (no other word for it, really. It protects her meager from the outside maw of destruction but she owns the door no more than she owns her clothes or her skin or her self) door. She read it. She left it there. Some warning.

Coughing. What a hag, what a bitch. Coughing again. I'm weak again.

Her voice. It's tender.

Eat it all.

It's shitty.

Eat it all or you'll be in the gutter.

I'll be dead in the gutter.

Yes, you'll be a dead piece of shit.

You know misery. It never follows past the last breath.

You want to fucking starve?

Starve my stomach. Look at my heart. It's empty. The sides have cloyed in a panic. Eat it yourself.

You'll be a corpse.

I'll follow and haunt you.

I know you will, you demented bastard.

Laugh at me.

Go swallow shit.

I'm not eating that shit.

Go swallow shit. Leave me alone.

You are alone, hag.

Shut the fuck up.

Yeah, you're alone.

You are too.

No shit. I'm alone. I'm a corpse, you sorry fucking slut.

Shut the fuck up. I'm through.

Heathen slut.

Look at you. Deranged motherfucker, picking my bruises.

The cold outside's going to gnaw on your feet.

Shut up.

All by your lonesome in the dark and what fun company is that.

Please.

The bums are going to cough blood on you and you'll fall asleep in your own blood and all your fury will be as good as my heart.

Shut up.

You'll see that spotty little pool too dark for a reflection and really, I can't guess at what your thoughts will be.

They'll be without you, at least.

Really can't guess. Maybe you'll realize the cold grip of the gutter won't let go until it's pulled you apart. But you'll have company. You'll have the world over to suffer with and they won't care. They won't succor. Not a bitch like you.

Shut the fuck up! Why are you even here? Why won't you leave?

I'll have to leave soon because of you, don't count your blessings and bleed on mine. You're coughing again. You got it all over your chest. Use a rag to wipe it up.

I don't have a rag.

You sweat like a pig bitch. Go shower.

I don't have a shower.

You've perfectly good porcelain and water in the bathroom.

I don't have anything.

Pity pity pity. It's all you want. Let me shove pity up that cunt and see if it gives anything back.

I don't have anything.

Stop chanting, you tongueless bitch. You're a starving little girl and you've no one to touch you on the cheek and cry on. You've driven them all away.

I know. I'm destitute.

A word! What a fraudulent little ploy! You've everything needed to survive, you've feet. The others around you have a bucket to carry their feet in. They burn the flesh of their heels and find delicious all the black skin of their siblings. Eat themselves from the ground up!

Shut up.

Oh, I digress such complexities. Do break the matter--you are all alone and even the ghosts won't caress. Hateful little girl. You've not even hate now, you've only the concrete under your feet and no imagination. That's what living brings you; there's your answer.

I'm her bleeding red pimp and she's going to live in a bucket of water and flowers if I can control her. I'm so thin. The skin on the tips of my fingers is like ash and rubber. Run your tongue around a hole in the ground.

She says she'll live with her sister.

That cunt will eat you alive.

She's all I have left.

You burned her too.

No I didn't.

Stick your finger in the gruel and tell me it's ginger.

Living the Feeble Monster --J

I SMILE all the glories and tell her in my child's voice, *All alone the merry round goes, all around the dead corpse eyes that look and look but never focus*, oh and what a marsh mother bitch she is. All alone!

She'll take me in.

You little gremlin, you really don't see it.

She will.

Die on the sidewalk.

She bundles a thick brown piece of shit over her and calls it a coat.

Knocks something over. Clumsy slut. Talks to herself: *nerves, my nerves*.

They've all been severed. You knocked their little heads off with a matchstick.

Shut up right now, please please shut up.

I've little choice but to allow her beckon.

Shiver shiver shiver.

Cold knocks on the door and answers the old gal:

Here we've who?

Your old sis.

Fuck you.

Please. It's cold out here.

You've found your womb, slut.

And closes the door.

Life summed:

Don't fuck about

Don't fuck about

Don't fuck about

Don't give--charity

Don't give--a hug

Life summed is a vacuum that voids itself. Who taught me this but the cowering nights I shivered through and suffered? Life told me this. Summed, it's nothing.

Here she is asleep in a gutter above ground and the grave. She's weakest yet and my arms are rails. Looking all the corners in a giant glass circle. So hungry. I creep to her and smell. Her empty guts and the pods of nothing under her socks. Black yet?

A man nearest another alcove makes for pleasant conversation.

Look at you.

Who?

You.

Who are you?

I am me and not you.

What the fuck do you want?

I want to stop a want.

What?

I want to stop a what.

What the fuck?

Fuck the what! Now, gentle tramp, that is an answer.

The man child gets up. I pull a lovely .45 from a side pocket. He mutters some nonsense and I point it at the air.

I can pull it here, (thence I direct it toward his emaciation) or I can

push it there. Do figure. Which?

At the air.

You didn't beg. Look at that. You didn't beg. I expected a beg.

I'll beg. Just don't.

And look at you again. Lost all respect, really.

Please.

I hear a city of Please but this city isn't Please. Please does nothing but reach for charity, something I've fondly dispatched.

Look, I don't know what the fuck is going on, but just don't hurt me.

You've done such a fine job of that.

What?

You built a house and took it down. Now, (and here waves again) you've a thousand tons of brick and carelessness to wash you asleep.

The fuck runs off. I don't have any bullets. The slut still sleeps. I want to haunt her inside and out.

Are your thoughts tired yet? Mine are dead tired. My arms are dead tired. You would cook up a ribbon of sweetened smoke. I'd let feast all the city's deading children. Wouldn't you have such charity then.

She doesn't answer. She moans. Hardly an answer.

Dead bitch. You're worthless. You're cold as a dead bitch can be.

I remember she has an aunt. That bitch lost all her marbles. She's no logic left and maybe she'll let haunt Depression the Slut. Can't let the warmth of a sofa find her. I'm such a feeble monster.

Aunt has all the crack burns on her fingertips and lips. She's a clown. Eyes are slitted.

Hello?

Hello.

Who are you?

Really a famous question.

Are you Bill?

I really doubt I'm Bill.

Who the fuck (and this is ever the image) are you?

A variant. Anyhow, your niece.

My niece?

Yes. She's near death.

Oh God.

Well, yes, but she's near death. She may come for you.

What?

She wants to cut you.

What?

I do believe I just said she wants to cut you.

How do you know?

She told me. Now. If you see her, I want you to defend yourself.

I don't think she wants to hurt me.

If you believe that and she seeks you out, you're already dead.

Understand?

Well fuck.

You curse a lot for an old bitch.

Did you just call me a bitch?

I really would like to pistol whip her or something, but the bridge has been burned and the Slut may be waking up. I bid the Aunt Goodbye.