

Tales of the City

Chronicles of blood

Chronicles of shit

Hear me, o Lord, in the desert this battlefield, where there are grapes. I can no longer do it alone. I have lost my way. I have lost you and without you, I'm just material, quivering from one pain to the other, there is no energy and only suffering. Without you there is neither joy nor sun. I cannot bear it. My body has gone crazy. Shit lies over everything, the counterspace, the windowsill. Dripping down. Dreams have been gone now for a long time. Dreams that are my eyes. My body bereft of your streams, your tears, the pools that lie at its base in the back burn with small but unbearable fires all over. I am eating myself up looking for you. I can no longer eat, I no longer want sustenance: nothing is anything without your cooling sweetness. I am far from good, from sleep.

I have so lost you. How much longer can I plead? Will I die before you come? That cannot be. You are all sweetness and gentleness. I remember. In your arms, like those of a father, I safely sleep and dream. Dante called for help and then he went through pain and reached joy. I am burning up without waters. Please calm me. I am asking you for help.

Dear Lord, you are my lord and my salvation. Whatever has brought me to your feet is good. Though it has felt like pain that I did not think I could bear; sharp burning needles all over me, a stomach burned away and gone hunting for some food it no longer recognized, muscles that once loved bending and flexing and exercising; cowering, trembling, in whatever corner they could find. The whole body trying to hide. Burning itself up as slowly as possible. The whole body no longer believing there was any joy in the world. Not believing that love and kindness and gentleness could exist. Believing all there could be was betrayal. Come and make love to me. One kiss from your lips and all the animals will again appear. Why do you deprive the body? The body wants sex, that is its joy, not namby pamby little holier-than-thou -but joy, full and in the face. The kind that overturns consciousness – what we think is the soul.

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