

THE POWERFUL MASKS & OILS OF MIDNIGHT MIDGETS (Part1)

The touch of tofu totems triggers avalanches of morbid veggie vibrations - begging for Mercury. Arthropod invasions are feared, but not yet manifest. If only we could speak out the plainclothes truth of undercover subcontinental currents alternative worlds to be hidden from the public eye. Scaled beings ask themselves the existential quiz questions pinpointing the haystack needle where all was lost. This is not a night to contemplate the calculus of karmic steaks - all cows are mad burgers in a crazy millennium Halloween party. Share masks with the outcasts, taste the fear of the outlaws, breed new species of peanuts to butter Shiva's penis in and out of the flowering black hole, in and out of the tofu totems. Return to the first line.

The midnight repair man comes in, a midget in old German overalls.

"You have a semantic problem, mister?"

"Sure, share my consoling crusade missiles to be sent across the Atlantic to make peace with the dead Indians, you sun of a female dog star Titand shipwreck. My bleeding Broca bits are in pieces and no one 's gonna stop us from grooming the 'gator in his lair".

"Mister, let me help you. Please allow me to attach electrodes to your temples".

"Be my guess, smack my skull with hollow straws full of cerebrospinal liquidity problems, ooze in whatever it is that you use to cure the gullible".

The gnome takes out an old leather bag like doctors used to carry before they were all wired to computers and hooked up with spectral analysis magnetic resonance scanners. He takes out a golden box with inscriptions from a magical past, maybe Maya or Inca or even older, an Atlantean piece of magic they used to allow us monkeys freedom of speech as long as we didn't really start thinking. Two pieces of amber attached to strings of pearls fit my temples like he knew my skull in advance. Slowly, he staggers towards me. In my mind's eye I can see how his brain would make nauseating stains on the marble floor, but I refuse to become anything but the morbid veggie so I take another bite of IQ-cumber and let him fulfil his duties.

The next morning I wake up slightly sore. There is no evidence of past crimes against reason or sanity, so my boss will have to accept my presence. I observe the many masks falling to pieces, bit by bit, but I pretend that nothing's wrong with me or them. In the men's room mirror I see no flaws in my own, but that may be a trick of the mind to keep the world in its state of primordial paranoia. Cognitive dissonance reduction. Tonight I will have to cross the Rubicon river and force the prophet to eat gator flash and propagate his visions into DNA-dance rhythms, reprogramming ourselves to get out of the maelstrom of manmade madness. As I ponder my destiny (magician posing as a poet posing as a wage slave hiding in Suburbian anonymity), the bloated totem of tofu authority blunders in, eager to pee all over the floor because he owns the damn place. In the men's room again!, he yells and he fires me into freedom, finally escaping the gravity of his sad Jell-O pyramid of power. So I am home now and I do not have to use the men's room anymore. In short: In orbit. Over and out.

Meanwhile the moth is on the move again, a big arthropod shadow beating his body against my books and my ceiling. I am afraid of his touch and yet I write on, allowing him to find the window of opportunity still open on the other, dark side of the room.