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excerpt from *Does the Moon Ever Shine In Heaven? A Tale of the Bardo Plane*

21.

We came together the way an electron collides with a positive node that, putting up a certain scale of resistance, sets off sparks through realms where resistances give way...becoming small causes to unforeseen yet great effects...coming together like a butterfly's beating wings and the air it flies through, vibrating into a panting, cosmic shudder...

...rippling in the pleasure of causing a pain that's equating its throbbing emission to each scream...enchanted by unfettering tenderness with every throb...climaxing undulations of excitement in tautened, constricting genitals emitting tingling waves of pleasurable sensations throughout the body...all as a means to distract one from the fundamental truth that the creation of organisms also multiplies death for everything must die...one way or the other...some time...intentionally or not...aware or not...or at least opening oneself up to the possibility...it could happen to you or me someday...depending on the terms of how I'm thinking about my self today...I am you over there, now; You are me, here, now...You and me are somewhere if not everywhere, elsewhere, leaving now...

Lara...Margaret...Angel...I'll drink from your skull bowls...wrap your lovin logs around me.....make my heart break at our mere possibility...that pain of knowing there's no chance of there being a chance of inflicting the same pain on you or them in the same way again or again...though one might boldly try...that that time had, redundantly, passed...entered into past tense like Raymond Federman...who used to say...

...word-beings...

...another Frenchman, a Jew without qualms about sex, regardless of yet perhaps regarding what he knew of its exterminating qualities...killing it off every day with laughtrature...by being, representing whatnot...moisnous...the unnameable quality of a twofold vibration...that moment of spanking when the pleasure of the hand meets the pleasure of the ass...the sound of one hand clapping...each according to its own arrangement, a firm pleasure, come hell or highwater...god damn it...

Entering Uncle Don Atien of Minneapolis' world [and remember he's not really my uncle, but a Voodoo Doctor leading a desolate line of imaginary hipsters on a muckrack evolution beyond America], we learn by observing [in this groove] termination's awful perimeter seaming an eruption beyond itself, some fucker aiming at the fucked, that victimizing indulgence of brutality aiming at the *other*—and, contradictorily, Uncle Don's "lover," the target-prey-consumer, also reveals the other with the masochist being the "other" extreme of an exceedingly lovely idiom of seeming.

Man, I don't even understand myself anymore. I'm supposed to stop thinking by letting my thoughts go...but they just keep going...if one's in a dream that never wakes up... "that" seems an odd way of dehumanizing *it*...blow...

It's exactly because of this liquid sort of cheating and deceit, this quaint exploitation of words that feels so absolutely essential, that the anti-libertines are correct about eroticism...its gratifying attractiveness is a trap set by the Fiend...only a certain voluptuosity dismisses and makes tolerable the necessity of disorder and operating chaos of the vulgar transplantation of dubious mayhems of love forever re-burying the root...acts caught in their hiding...re-planted...yet spilling

...and everything swimming or drowning in that dreaming stare...an extensive cock...thick fingers forcing open delicate tissue...my agony...and the memory of foam spotted labia...everything aching, contributing to the blind death of extinction...echoes of a long lost whistle past a graveyard...

Ayn Rand's head...a hologram...floats before me in the clear light of blackness...

Native angel of the Noble One! Anima! Come out! Get out of C—! Get out here and talk to me.

The glowing white ball re-emerges from my stomach...I re-cognize It, this time kicking it into the living room...

Ayn Rand rolls her eyes...a droll gesture...

Hey, Demon! C—'s animus! Come on out! Exit his body! The time has come to tell me what he's done...What you made him do...

I crap a black hole out my ass...its void seems repelled by the floor...ambivalent about gravity...bouncing and floating and sinking and rising through the clear light of night...

Begin the count, says Ayn Rand, rather bored, looking straight at me. She reminds me of Bette Davis with a Russian accent. She's dressed in black, smoking a cigarillo in her iconic dollar symbol cigarette holder...her bling-studded ears, neck, chest, wrists and fingers sparkle the night with stars, somewhat clouding the clear light...emitting beams of ruffling anxiety...

The white ball tosses a white stone into the space among us where it expands into the moment in another time and place when I nakedly refused to kick said white ball into the living room from the bathroom...how instead I tenderly caressed it and returned it to my stomach.

Good, says Ayn Rand, and now looks at my black hole, my animus, which can't seem to float still...it isn't so much that it's black as it is unimaginably blurry...imagine something so blurry it causes a migraine just thinking about it...drawing near it...

Tossing a pearl of infinite blurriness onto our shared membrane, it implodes...its blurriness sucking our consciousnesses into it...so we can feel how it feels to have felt the feeling of having a bullet explode from us now, here, then tearing into our heads over there...and after the first drop imploded a second drop remained to implode into a third drop that imploded...all-pervading blurriness with each bullet exploding from the imploding drop tearing through our heads...first over there, then here, now over there...my spirit can't seem to sit still...writhing in ambivalence...

I'm just trying to make some sense of this...just like you...I'm not different than you...honest...

How DARE you LIE to ME! says Ayn Rand, like a drunk Bette Davis puffing through a dress rehearsal...having a little fun with it. *There's nothing worse than a liar, because a liar pollutes objective reality with the poisons of subjectivity, uncertainty, introversion, systems...It's sheer, unadulterated communism... socialism...sexy, drum-beating negroes...*

Ayn Rand now pulls a blackberry out from behind my left ear...a simple magician's trick...

You deny your sins to no avail, she says. *This blackberry,* says Ayn Rand, waving it, *is the Mirror of Evolution, and I can see everything you've ever done or thought...*

She turns it on, gasps at what she sees right away, tosses it, coughing and spitting, lassos me and drags me into a dimmer darkness...diffusing light...tightening the noose around my neck until my head pops off...the rope forming a blurry knot at the rope's falling end...keeping somewhat aloft from the geyser of blood spewing upward from my body where my beloved heart's still pumping on pure adrenaline...absolutely precious...what our precious bodily fluids can do...I suppose...I don't know...none of this makes sense...I'm trying to make it make sense...I'm still in my head...held in Ayn Rand's left hand...she's holding me upright so I can see...watching her reach down into my torso with her right hand...not only watching but still empathizing enough with my body that I can still feel it as she tears out my heart and guts...feel it as she fingers my brain stem with her middle fuck finger with which she's undoubtedly doodled her twat, unthinkingly dreaming of John Gault or, God forbid, Roark...she keeps squeezing my left cheek with her bicep, pressing my right cheek into her small yet drooping left breast as she licks my brain juice, drained from its stem, the one she rubbed and fondled, from her left fuck finger...mmmmmmmmmm, she says, closing those round anime eyes under the blockish forehead...opening them half-

way to see what's coming in her mouth next...lung, heart, intestine, gall bladder...organ by organ she scoops them out...gnoshing away...and I not only see but feel, taste and smell each scrape, bite and chew...intuiting what comes next...eating myself thanks to my empathy...simultaneously exploding with pleasure and imploding with revulsion...hearing my bones erode under her teeth, their splinter pricking her tongue, hurting me...

...then I realize something that should have killed me didn't...death is the only impossibility...

Hey, Chi! Lichen to me cloach. Ahm only goingch to chay dich one tab: Dee only ting youch gotch to do eech re-cognije deech eech a not mare an wake ope, man...

But I can't wake up, Motherfucker! Ayn Rand's licking her lips and going for my eyes with a fondu fork!

Hey, Noble One! It's me Diane! Diane Sawyer, C—? C—? Can you still hear me?

Ayn Rand's chewing on my right ear...panting in such a way that makes the wax start running...it tickles, but the pain's excruciating...I'd scream Stop but I have no throat and my tongue has been severed and is clamped to my bangs hanging low over my long, sloping forehead...

If you submit to diversion, C—, the thread of empathy will be severed and you'll fall into the habitats regulated by impulse—the brute and ravenous spirit realms—so be careful.

So I resisted. Something powerful inside me preserved the glowing white ball...again...somehow I found the strength to preserve my self...It was something Ayn Rand couldn't pull out... something that couldn't be mounted next to her dollar sign...it proved an unconcretizably ineffable savage...thank...

Uncle Don: *Distress can't trash a severe contentment, but can only succeed in making it more relentless in this infinite sphere into*

which I had furtively slithered alone and today live without trepidation or lament...That same pious alarm I had at the beginning, I now use as a covert incitement to secret pleasure...

I feel the complaint of my irremedial impotence resulting from the dissolute amusements that attracted me...which still lure me into their languid dun...

Uncle Don, listening, responds: *Your mistake is laziness, favoring ease over perversity...seeking the identity between being and non-being, between the living and the death-stricken being, between the knowledge which brings one before this dazzling realization and definitive, concluding darkness...our laughter here is absolute...vibrating among the betweens...or you can kiss my fat white ass...!...*

I'm nauseated. For as long as I can remember I've been disgusted by that which digs deeply under my skin...or this—our common surface...and, perhaps, Uncle Don...and Al Pacino...and...yes, even the extremely beautiful and pleasant blonde, that flaming cosmic cougar, Diane Sawyer...all quite nauseating...