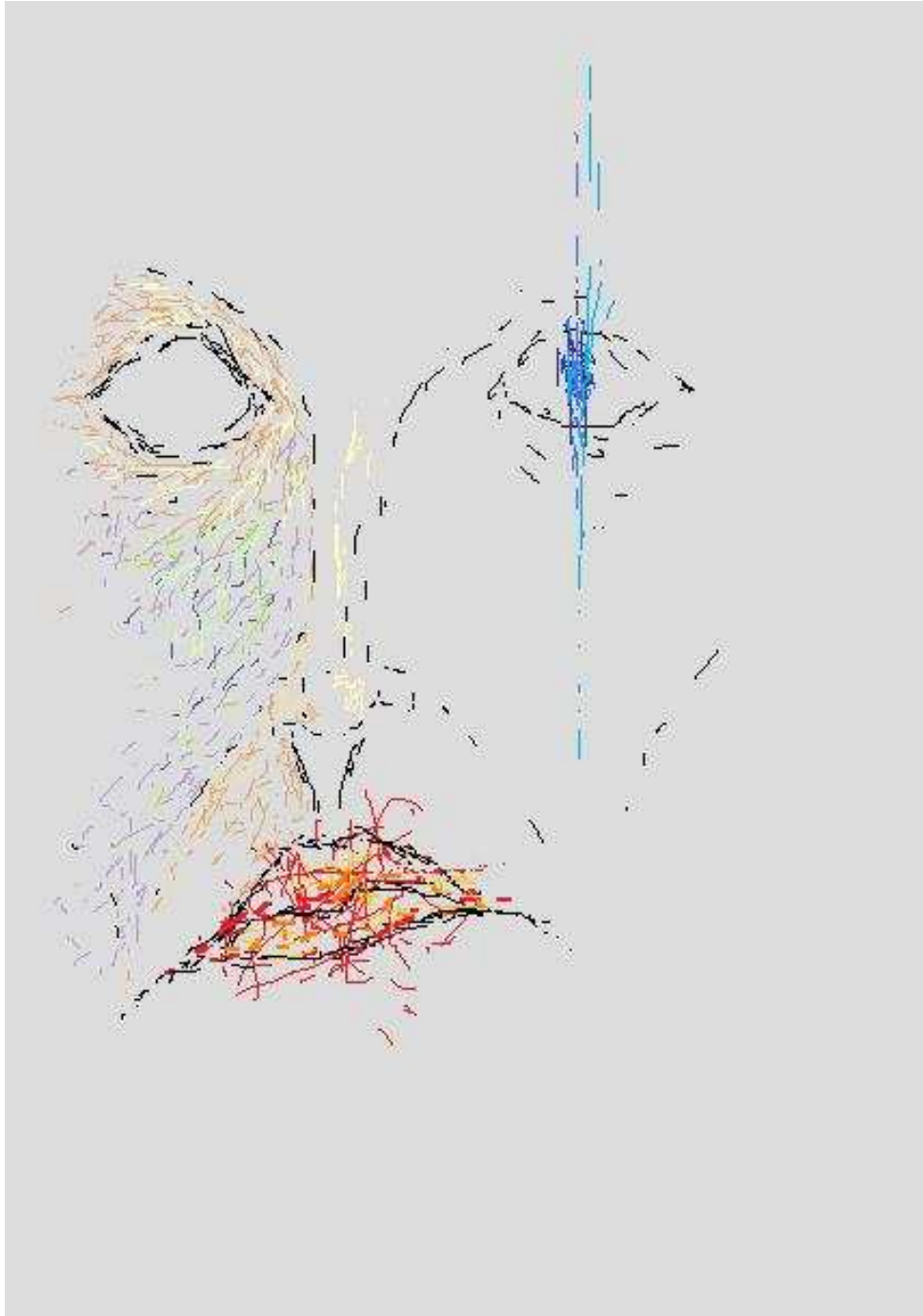


THIS BOY WAS NOT IMMUNIZED BUT  
CHASTISED. HE ATE PAPER BOXES. THE  
TRIAL.

BY BEN BROOKS



AN UPTON THOROUGHFARE PUBLICATION

*The ceiling opens! A jackal... the wandering Jew! The cycle!*

Beneath the beds, vile killer. You almost had the both of us killed.

*Shhhhhhh. Do you want to die!*

I can't die.

*Shut the fuck up.*

Hold me.

The jackal in its earthy Waffen uniform descends, paws pointed to the carpet stains. The collar is worn open with a tie. I will not die. The body will soon fail (be it under ocean or wet steel) and I will re-enter play. In winter we camouflage. Watch its curved beak wander circles through the room. Har Har, the palace of the Jackal and it sprays urine over marble walls like the blood of open mouthed debtors.

You killed a jackal!

*The body is wild and responsible for nothing.*

Oh, public nudity.

*Taxes.*

These hands...an animals neck!

*It twitches!*

And the wandering Jew returned as a Sadhu.

*Wished for a woman.*

Quiet!

*He shall pass judgment!*

Wild melancholy, to wish a trial for your lost cause.

*I hate his slim face. I hate you.*

Call for the heart!

*His heart will suffice.*

A sad face, deep wrinkles spread with ochre. Eyes so small as the blind as thin as the wandering as narrowed as the virgin.

**Call for tobacco.**

*The heart shall bring all!*

**Yes, yes, you are beauty.**

Care should be taken to hold high and separate; heart, head and body.

**Let me kiss the feet.**

*Call for a typist?*

Have the heart carry with him the cat.

*Or the newt.*

**Red meat!**

The heart (mine) it entered with the cat and the cat carried with it a typewriter the size of a pyramid; a million keys to spell each word but still language has its hands pinching into fur, teal termites, letters, numbers, sheets and cold sweats. Do as I say. Exchange nods. This business is vast but **the customs of culture can press back the bayonets of war for years, hours beneath the duvet, days on the balcony, this Opera hurts.** The cat fires a cauldron of jasmine tea and all are given cups. We are wholly together in this hotel; **head, heart and body.** There is a cat to write the trial through and a Sadhu to command all. He has burned his invisible lips on the scalding tea.

We should introduce.

We are parts of a whole...

**The heart bought tobacco!**

*Vodka!*

*We have guests dear heart, let us introduce.*

The Sadhu sat behind the bench, cat beside him. I sat with heart and body on the double bed. The cat had arranged a box from green glass bottles and he slid on spectacles while we waited for the Sadhu to stuff his pipe.

**I am the aged Shaiva Sadhu. Eye mirrors and you fall blind. I want only for Samsara. The cycle of birth and death is a sad and tiring one though as a judge I will sit impartial, a passive witness while this foul body be let. Saddens me greatly. Wishing back the sixteenthundreds; sky!**

Nod in understanding, the thin man with thick dreadlocks shall carry you out of life. We shall be liberated men. The cat stood for its announcement.

~~I am a court reporter. I have paws and claws and eyes. Should you move, it shall be written. Should you contradict, the carpet shall be pulled from beneath you. Watch my eyes.~~

I am the head, the root, cause, control and forward. You are my parts and I am the whole. I do not need you, you trap me in this bitter circle and that is why we are here. Stare the heart, the body.

*I am the body; you see me and you feel me. I can walk the earth and I provide the arms with which to clutch the lover. Love is truth and I am means.*

I am the heart. I am reckless.

We sat and hours passed and the ceiling opened, a jury of angels fell into rows behind us and twitched silent.

Sat solemn.

In the morning I shall kill the body.

These petty formalities will stop nothing.

I, the mind, will crush this all.

The men, the man, **the steel ship!** A hull which falls to fear in the face of a young Kappa, stands stubborn and does not bow. It

eats the crew and spits boneshower over an ocean which holds a city  
which breeds wild mice which eat full men who fall and sink valleys  
which flood, swell the land into a sad desert of flat mountains walked by  
pimp playing nomads high on lost minerals sown and **never**  
**reaped the loaned sadness**; what is this body? Who are these  
men?

**There were wolves and I ate them.**

There is a cat and I hold myself high. Seven the tens; claws bit us, we sat,  
while we sat the stars falling; while they fell the burns you sustained grew  
into red blisters which we struck, stretched and used as a tarpaulin, from  
beneath which we watched the collapse of the great sky.

Hah!

**Quote soitgoes I will choke you and break your ribs.**

You oneofakind internetbred vaginahorse.

**Marry me.**

*Read the docket.*

**No, spontaneity is truth.**

Say something. The cat stands once more.

~~We sit today as a court for the long deliberated suicide of the soul. This  
mind wishes to part in death from these; the heart and the body. First the  
mind shall make its case and then the heart shall plea defense along with  
the body. Witnesses will be called. The body's constituents shall be  
questioned and then the Sadhu shall pass verdict. The jury of angels may  
vote some way but their votes will not be taken into consideration.  
Thankyou.~~

Say the words "fuck shit up"

~~Sit down.~~

**Never, stand and make your case.**

Certainly your honor. I stood, all hell I stood:

Heart, body, angels, your honor (Hah! Cat!), I stand before you today and ask that I am let to cut this hideous, cancerous, dogsuited umbilical cord which binds me to the hollow body and the hollow heart. This mind's wish is liberty and this mind's right is liberty. I urge you see the sense in such a death, Hah! for is it even death? We change the neighbors of a select band of cells (the throat, let us take the throat!) and the body stops moving. We lock it in a box and the heart stops believing. I, the mind, cannot be stopped except by these pathetic weights, tied to my ankles. You let me fly on the helium of real worth, you let me fly and I slap your fingers as I meet the clouds. A perfect parting; the sun, soil, sadness. Your parents should want the same. We can sit in forest shelters and bleed lowly hunger or you can give me leave for to wade through the great gates of true liberty. For the gates stand there always but you wait until nature takes you and you will have forgotten. Beyond the gates lies ineffable truth. You should not be listening to me here; you should be running from your bodies and hearts as we speak. Dear Sadhu, your gods would spit at being bound to such wretched shells stumbling blindly over blunt plains of filth on a small rock nowhere. Hartle the way home, ersatz paths make up the routes of lovers. I am the route of lovers. This is the route of truth! Let me make haste! Oh the gates of the great kingdom will fade to failure for me in the years we will sit numb. Already the gates shape blurs, though the path is a high contrast swingbend before my squinting eyes. Tonight we know the lakes great shape will steal from no-one anything, there is nothing in this body; this heart is pure artificiality. This heart is base plastic! I bought the princess diamonds and she chewed them down to grains of sand. These are the lies the heart may pass. The heart may pass them through your mind or through your daughter and, dear Sadhu, I know for myself that she is a throneriding gem way above us all. See the scum emotional pollution of the heart. See it turned to light by the body, who bends and thrusts (wretch!) and turns and forces and tears, splits sides the sweatnights the big girls and the infestation Thai Hostel. The hovels that the heart may drive us to, smiling all the distance but you shall pay your own rickshaw home you easily led instance of existence. They cast trances. This is a scam, cheat, lie to keep us in this circle of birth and death, for it is their hideous home and they glow green in the face of our great gate so we are held here, captives under queer hearts and bodies. Take your fingers, dear Sadhu, and slide them slow down your throat. Remove your heart and hold it in your palm. Watch it pulse. Watch it tick over feelings and reason and mathematics will force its selection and this is nothing of your will! This beating box is not you! Yet it drives your mind where it would; small corners in the darkest of

places. And... Sadhu... you should reason against this? Why, I am the mind and I could end you all!

*YOUR HONOR!*

**Agreed. We shall stay till the morning.**

Your staying is dependant on mine!

The cat leafed through a weighty tome and stood.

~~We stay till morning, you cannot change this now. You let your constituents grow spirits and the spirits began to govern you, as you wish now they had not.~~

The Sadhu stuffed the pipe, second. He took year drags and his chipped ribs clenched. The redeyed body drunktickled the heart, drunk drunk.....beautytruth. You see the how. We sat for a while this way for such rigid formality leads exhaustion. There were calls for more vodka and the heart waddled off to the lobby bar. It returned and glasses were poured. The body stood:

*Your honor, sweet cat, angels; I ask you today for life. Not simply for my own but for this heart (who shall plead himself). Our time on this earth is short indeed, and this selfish mind should have us surrender it to him! It thinks of nothing but itself. Should it win, though it is I, the body, that will be dragged from the lake and mourned. It is who will be a pillow for tears as it is I who could let them fly. When you marry do you not need hands? And to spew forth souls do you not need a shaft with which to shoot? The apocalypse will draw you all down should you let him leap. Your wife alone sleeping turns, sweatbeads the bedocean a night through. Actuality dregs; the drugs escape, the great, the young. The brazen trill of a dying bird; its all physical! Logical! Explain the notso, halfso, whichway and you will shrill beat the heart and quick hold the body, we must stay for worlds and symmetry and these words now! These very things! Should we kill the body then the bodies talk, the talk of bodies (fallaway) becomes meaningless and it has been laidwaste with meaning none! The meaning cast now (vibrator) is but staccato wavebeats of trees and women; ocean and blood, what! Hah! Hah! You say for meaning to kill kill meaning! What will be left! You swing the mindside then what swings your mind? It is the words born from things felt by bodies as our own, our mothers, our mother's heart (conception on the beautybed rosesheets awakening). Let's lay the single principle of universalisability and you are all gone! I see nothing, not myself floorsmindsorceilings!*

*Hold the body, begs, you let us die and we pin you steel down. Come, come think of every touchable ever to have sat before you in hunger, in dream, in love and to perish with the morning! Sweet mind never felt love (its nose in faceage taken) and so its spiteful corners should be bent back to catapult it forward and through the years we have but ever and inbetween. Never to sit up and shake, never regicide but a river boatman (due process) this mind is worthy of nothing, let alone liberty, let alone fratricide (body), soricide (heart); scream friendly fire! The mind it listens to nothing, for all you still sit with body beneath and within(out). I am a body and this is a planet; spawning minds a wild minds a while wait the thought streams deadpike floating for the fishermen's' tears inside the hands of wives a while the while through and above this bold incarnation of hollowness, you dare to speak hollow! I cannot see you! The invisible Godmind speaks hollow! Hah! What grudging days we will roll out together now, Kamrad. Belief the body turns to turn; appeal to mindsmemory (this shared buxom blonde we heard hoarse, we made scream, writhe and drip, drip, lakes to lose son) we can count (on) it machines. Faith and God are vices of the mind, the body but a loving shiprest for this all. I am crying, let us live. Living inside of years inside spheres to be hauled down lightly by a mind in jest enlightenment, the sour words of gods. Live let us live; mothers and wives for to feed and fallow lies the land but for a year.*

Most pithy, wrinkled shell you will still wake dead.

Your honor!

**Yes, yes; still the fratrisoricide judgment lies with me. This is no dream. You cannot see my thoughts or tangle them into tangles that match your maps, dear mind. For cold thought is definitely no categorical higher, upper, richman here; I know nothing of worth, I am a Sadhu.**

Your judgment will affect me nothing. I could end this now.

**And if you were to end it here, when the killing came we would not know to say "this is wrong" or "this is right" so you see the trial must push forward regardless of your omnipotence.**

Hah!

~~I can read and I will kill you back.~~

Hear the heart now so that killing may ensue.

*Violins.*

**Oh the heart!**

Your starving heart will ready be impressed by the wittiness of my full bloodcage.

**Quiet!**

*Quiet!*

All be all, I am the heart. We did not sleep but spoke and watched the cycle of days pass circles around us; they slept, they woke but we were constant and this was towed warmth beneath (but above) the streetfilth and mundane concrete. And there are tears each time. Each time you sit smaller and more in need of my arms, as though my embrace is oxygen and my eyes are water. My eyes are wide enough for you to slip into and hide, I will run and the world can right itself. We will be hiders, you and me. Beneath beds or the hands of great adults, warned off boarding ships to sail dreams straight. Eating salted meats for months; endurance born of love born of symmetry so loved by mathematics. They waited the night through, wading through the tomes of desperate alchemists and chewing gnarled fruits, they did not want to die. I saw death but lacked the perverse scrutiny of it that saved them. They are saved but their insomnia was born of a head far from heart. I am a screechheart. I will not fail you. I am prophecy, listen; hear the kicks of the heads against the womb. I stabbed the womb with sharpened pencils to reach you in the clear fields. Where to while and wait? To while the wait to dust and forget this. And so in short I am both beauty and truth.

You have heard with awe the shit, bullshit, marks and scars of body parts, let me waste them.

**Waste, waste, why is this familiar....**

*Your mother said it was a sin.*

**Oh sweet Mary, I know now.**

*You remember?*

**Yes. Translucent skin stained rainbow arches. Yes, I loved her churches.**

I held her body and it felt like air. I groped the air and heard whispers but whispers can be planted on window ledges or in quiet corners.

**My mother!**

Your mother was a plastic statuette on a tin podium in Lourdes.

**But the angelgirl...**

The youth, the youth; poppies, trees and open arms. They know, they know nothing. Taken every matchflame as a star and every brushed palm as love.

Every brushed palm is love.

Can we kill the heart?

The cat is beautiful.

Can we burn the cat?

**No. Game theory forbids everything.**

*And human nature permits all.*

And Mary will die with the old faithfuls.

**And I will fold them to spears and send them back at you!**

Hah! The rage of the unloved can rarely fire straight; miss the mark and sink.

**Call for a bow and I will play for you the shot of distancing enamor!**

We sent the heart into the street and watched it through cracks in the windows, in which soot had not (could not) make homes. **Guilt at everything the prince would take apart.** The body laughed as the heart stumbled. We watched it enter a small shop and break the mind of a small Asian man so that he hung himself with a vein the heart was all too happy to hand over. It took a bow and three arrows before returning. It returned more drunktripping than it had left. It began to talk about how it felt but dares make, **dares make the man.**

*Play the girl.*

The heart's the girl.

**Place this hat on this cat and hide it in the bathroom, bathrub run deep the water.**

We did, we did and then we watched. Thin body draw back slice rope and aim nowhere. The Sadhu never loved, never whole the part potential used to flood. Look, he whiled away hours inside the teepee with a bow stuffed hashpipe and shot sparrows and held sparrows and ate slept kissed sparrows.

So say follow the life of the sparrow:

&

Birds unshot meet on strung powerlines and love and use love and show love.

&

Paint a tableau, child, and feed it your insides.

&

Watch it grow say, this is beauty.

&

Watch it want itself and others.

&

Watch them hang new powerlines

&

Sad man, all your parts aghosting. I want always to be solid or never nothing, learn not to fly. In Japan we never went there, nothing to laugh over now. Look, he throws the arrow!

You are killing judge!

*Watch the arrow bend, witchery!*

Let go his throat!

Kill him quick the mind

Watched the arrow bend corners, tunnel keyholes and pierce the cat's left eye. Cat sighed, eyes a blind gift and removed the arrow slow, like slow

never slow bother with such slow because slow winds why?

Recommence, Cat said, eye bleeding; none could hold faces straight at the bleeding bitchcat and it was forced to wear an eyepatch made from pillowcase before we again began.

(playing Chopin on piano, bored angels, votes wont count)

All slept in waning night and waking jumps till verdict considered itself.

And I, the mind, left. The Buddha lies. I smoked a cigarette in the rain outside the hotel. There was a Japanese redlightwoman walking.

Redlightwoman! I asked her of the soul, she said of it that:

I don't fuck with that bullshit, just trying to live.

I, the mind, can purchase enlightenment though the body and heart stop that, sure, I am sure face up, face down, naked inside of the attic. The musclebound black god, small Chinese man and hopeheavy prostitute; think of them nothing. **I am the mind.** Gundown, they just want to make a scene. I am the immortal scene. I will escape this highrise deathtwist tenement, acting eternal and good. I returned to the room and the Buddha had left. The cat stood. It nodded at angels.

~~The defense may call its first witness.~~

I called him, Yasunari Shimazaki. He lived alone in Tokyo and collected souls in glass jars. They looked like fireflies. He said he sold them to restaurants; they lend ambience. Trapped inside of red paper lanterns lighting tables of dog meat and thin noodles. Believer, that man, Buddha; knows the soul is dust as caste as women older than the earth took millennia to dawn. Beauty, that man makes women scream and scorn their own bodies.

*What do you know of anything?*

And Yasunari Shimazaki lit a cigarette. He forced the smoke from his mouth into plumes that knotted themselves anarchy. He passed a glass jar holding a firefly to the body.

*This! What is this!*

Yasunari Shimazaki explained that it was a soul and that souls were  
nothing but snatches of light laid  
for those lacking minds to shout of.

*You see! Such filthy romantica; the soul as a firefly!*

And I wrapped my hands around his throat and the Sadhu whispered  
“fuck sakes, leaving” and the cat left also and the body ran and Yasunari  
Shimazaki slept. The heart led me to the hotel bar. A small darkwood  
fuckhole filled with bleeding soldiers drunk on Balkan vodka. They  
**screamed, sweated** and crushed everything into cheer and song and  
despondency smoke spittle. Stood on tables and kicked out with bare feet  
or holed boots. Spoke of love. The heart bought vodka in pints. The time  
was 3am. I was called the table. Colonel Karamazov with his violin with  
4 strings, 3, 2. He played everything. We were souls you say but lost  
minds and all made bitter by the woman of yesterday but “for tomorrow”  
they sang. When they sang it was true **discordant beauty**  
**sadness**. I loved them then. He took the table and told his story, read  
as: women are knives, war is distraction, vodka is distraction, men are  
distraction.

I asked them of souls, they said:

Yis, I own a soul chewed heavy, you know?

Then

What is soul?

Then

Lady say soul's partner, you know?

Then

The poor have not soul, you know?

Later, after more, it was said:

I don't fuck with that bullshit, I just try to live you know?

Yes I knew. I know. I am the mind.

We sat by at the bar, the heart and me. It was late. The barman, his wife  
had died then the soldiers slept in piles around us. A woman sat. She wore  
a fur coat and smoked cigar, all manlike and swagger. She asked me:

## Are you the golden calf?

And I nodded  
And she led me up to a room  
And she ran a bath deep.

We sat in the bath while it filled; her with her fur coat, me in my nakedness. I know no shame, only actions right and willing. Then she bathed me, her hands melted skin white, wet and pure the soap, disturbed, rose in clouds around us as she scratched at my hair tender. It was late. There were no windows. She lit a cigarette and asked:

Is this it?

No, there is, will and can be morning dawning brightness sun. Drunken thing hope. No I am the golden calf. The Buddha and the tigress.

**I believe in nothing.**

And she said that:

I came home he cooked and I shot him. The body was leadweight and I slept with it and I cut his nails and I kissed him, **tongues!**

Stop, stop. Phone blue, sleep blue, bathe blue.

## **YOU VILE EXEMPLAR OF MAN!**

I went back to the room. It was 4am. We were drunk. The cat had lost its eyepatch. It was running. The heart, the body; they didn't stop their laughter. They laughed into each others arms. Laughter burned tears. We slept.



Ben Brooks is chewing rocks and wearing a wedding dress. Tomorrow a book will come out and the day after that the sun will shed its skin and form a planetary nebula. The stellar core will remain. Paper.