

| Lacivious |

Lacivious

Copyright © 2003

Written by Kalab J Oster

Copy-Edited by Valerie Jean Thompson

Published and Printed in the United States of America

Published by Word Prostitute™

Printed by Word Prostitute™

ISBN: 0-9728465-4-9

EAN: 9780972846547

LCCN: 2003102371

USD: Free

I was dancing
...and the muse said show me *that*
and I did

I asked the muse what shall we call *It*
The muse laughed „*Lacivious...*”
and I left to compose *its* Verse

...without concern, I left the muse...

...for her

When I think of *her*. I think of *sex*...of corruption and control. These wanton thoughts are the only thoughts that I am able to comprehend.
I know no other method to beg for her forgiveness except to purge the thoughts
...and never act upon them.

Edited

by

Jenn Glacel

...The exhale of release.

Bodies of motion, relax, fall. They part. Palms meet in the middle. A clasp of something shared. The one rolls upon side. The other cuddles, whispers „*You want to see a story?*”

„Yes, but will I *see* you once the story is told?”

„*Cover your sight.*”

„...”

„*Is it covered?*”

„Yes.”

„*You hear me?*”

„Yes.”

„*You smell me?*”

„Yes.”

„*You taste me?*”

„Yes.”

„*You feel me?*”

„...”

„*I'm still here.*”

„Why?”

„*Listen and I will show you a story...*”

*There was a girl.
A girl who never liked the image from the mirror.
The image was too skinny, too fat, too tall, too short or
too uneven.*

*The image ate, fasted, slouched, stretched and leaned.
The image read articles and hung the pictures around the
mirror so one morning the image could see a girl say „I
will never be beautiful.”*

*A girl withdrew. Found solace with the others the image
knew. Those images caste on screen and page. Lived
beneath their shade. To be them if only for a day. The image
thought. Then maybe someone would listen for what I say.*

...But there are never shadows center stage...

...Lost in the glitter of night the stare...

*The image awoke during the dawn, before the image of
the mirror, to see what the world could not bare. A portrait
neither withered nor warped and, if so, only because of
their ridicule and unwillingness to care.*

*A girl awoke. The sun at center stage. The mirror a
blinding page. A girl whispered to hear a woman say “So
what if I am never what they want to see. I am as beautiful
as a human could be.”*

*The mirror bare - cracked. The Frame of Pictures Pages
stacked, set for the trash, beneath the stairs.*

There was a woman.

A woman who was out at night to muse.

*A muse to cool the warm wind of hades. A muse contained
by a shroud to feel faded echoes of a phase.*

*A woman flowed to a muse's epicenter. The fanatics
that surround were told to remain still. A woman entered.
A woman was told to ponder the muse at will for the muse
may feel. The muse looked up unto the images of the stars
in the sky with the smile of “Goodbye.”*

*Silence of sight the muse sought. When the sound is what
constitutes existence if it is composed of thought.*

Down the staircase the muse walked.

A sound consumed all the talk.

*The third hour of dusk, after the second set, a sweat
soaked body awoke and reality and the muse met. Their
minds floating above unaware what the composition was of.
A silhouette danced away from the stage. The audience in
awe from its movements. Its dance full of rage.*

*Ripples of emotion swept the mass. The ethereal blanket
swirled when it came to pass.*

...And soft against the dimming sight...

The echo of ((GO)) faded into the night.

Its body shuttered. The muse's sight fluttered.

*It held the tempo's exponential race. Those around
slowed to watch the pace. The occurrences, amplitudes of
time: Pop of Stance with Clip of Chime.*

...bass hit, its body rippled, the glow slow to fade...

It moved.

*A percussive chirp reverbed from the speaker's case. It
spun when anyone looked to its face.*

*„Go:” Shallow wisp. Beat restrained bling. The crowd
raised their wrists. Their mouths began to sing. The Crowns
fell to the floor (The Shades before the door).*

The entity flipped

Shocked - Popped.

The lights dropped.

The thought Need to see.

So the muse could say „What could you be?”

*The muse wanted to give unto it. A whisper. A shriek.
Invoke the mind to move mouth. Gather the focus to form
phonetic sound. The lips and tongue to rhyme. The muse
wanted to give unto it. But the muse knew not what to*

call it "Oh my..." whispered the muse for the sight of it.

Sight followed the force. It strayed to the preacher-over-podium casting emotional discourse. Its notes rubbed the mind. Its body flowed in the wave. It sung the first chirp of the night. No reply (No echo). No longer in the cave. People pointed, spread their arms to eclipse the rising sun then let echo sight. To feel the mass of „Too much fun"...And then there was the Burn-off of Night.

The crowd set forth a psalm. It spread arms to bare wrist and palm. It relaxed its frame. The crowd cried when it looked up without shame. After the emotion warmed with in alts. It unwrapped so the crowd could see faults.

„Go!"

The dawn of light.

Heat waves baptized the ocean of minds that danced above the stile. Their mass to the rise of tempo. Their minds the puppeteers. A shallow bass their only fear. The echo of congo drums rapping to their clap. It slid the length of the scales, tipped its thorn cap.

"GO."

Crowd inhaled...cheered surfeit intensity: A sub-sonic wave of thunder and - gathered by the collective of damned repression - sinuating waves of simplex sound struck a cloud. Rain fell from the sky. Acute angles. Obtuse degrees. One arm strung twine to tips of feet. Spine: horizontal, neck to tail, impervious to limb and joint to snap, mouth to whisper and whistle "Go!"

Sight closed. The muse numb. Lungs contracted. Mind spun. The crowd cheered the coming of the sun. The dawn of light. The break of silence and dim of sight.

The ethereal mist spread clear.

"GO!"

A span of

A tremor of

"||GO||!"

It spread its rays of sun light. There was hark from above for the smell of a lighting strike. The taste of mildew given by the night. To bathe in its heat now they no longer have sight.

They shook thunder, clapped lighting, called for rain with tap of foot and hand, a storm of sonus and the earth began to hymn...it to glow....the silk of illusion to fall...reveal its corporeal shape.

The woman grinned when it looked upon.

The woman smiled when it blurred "Too much fun."

The woman's smile of „If you asked I would look into the sun. Stare until you said stop. (...lick of) But I need to know before I look. (...exhale of) I need to know what to call it so you know where we're going?"

...and you whispered "I know not."

Call it: "Epoche"

...Gray wisps beneath its zenith...

Ripples of gold reflected true. Amongst The Blue.

Silent strings of flocks. Toward the docks.

Distant from the drip of exhaust. The Scream:

„Move the fuckin machine."

An applause of horns and an ensemble of engines' roar trapped within concrete walls decorated by the vine, the door, the hood and the heavens above. Pleas for eternal transmission throttled by ideals, governed by sermons of what is real - lost echoes.

Amongst the mirage of the horizon.

Ripples of Red reflect Gold.

Gray wisps beneath its set.

Signals right.

Turn Left:

Tap, Tap, Tap, Tap...

It is more of a snap than a tap when gum is in Fes's mouth. Jaw pulses and tongue passes the gum from one side to the other side of the mouth with a parted lip to fume mint when attitude runs the beat of gums and teeth.

The gum is a habit Fes has tried to quit.

Fes considers the gum a social indignity, a distraction during sexually evasive conversation...and the gum floats around. But the breath with gum is pleasant (some say the breath enlightens the mind) and the gum sets pace while Fes works, reads and | or talks to the phonic cone.

„The gum solicits arrogance.” The utterance under wheeze of nose from Manager Jeff in Manager Jeff's Office after noon consumers. During dawn consumers Jeff held clip board with finger and palm, legs spread, a stain on tie.

Fes, akimbo, tapped white illusion silk shipped express for opera company.

Jeff displayed various shades of red with face (sweat beads) and fist, knuckles white, pounded *Fall Leaves* catalog for punctuation “-Why. Are. These. Holes. Here.”

Fes, tired, tapped the mouth „Hmmm...These...Holes...Here...”

Fes knew. Fes knew the order was to size. Fes knew Manager Jeff would not allow Fes to take a yard free of charge.

So Fes removed illusion silk between red and green cotton sheets stocked for rush, crafty housemaids love home made stockings, always a good image, better than the image of Fes, with silk over back, paused at courtesy phonic cone to press friends to fulfill the request of “Yes, yes, by the catalogs and burn it after you have unrolled it...yes...yes...It is for *her*.”

Friends entered scene at ten:fourteen.

Manager Jeff tore dilated sight from monitor at ten:

fifteen. Tongue tasted salt from last night. Nose, numb from body sweat and motionless air, sniffed. Mind ticked: *Naked Time*: hands on nipples: Ten and Three. Palms closed spread sheet of TIME, masturbated. Finger/digits held time, zipped pants, fluffed couch, locked door, wiggled through hall and over green and red upon floor, snapped with whistle between isles decorated by tinder boxes, picture frames, cotton cushions, wax wick, wooden rods and felt the texture of pine and cedar, paused (palms covered mouth): „Fes!” tapped pyramid of plastic dolls in rhythm to piano melody revised for consumer mind. “Fes!” and Customer Number Three rubbed fabric...Customer Number Three adjusted overalls, interrupted child-upon-palm's attempt to pull hair, pick nose, grab for dipper bag.

Fes laughed, smiled with the inhale of baby powder - caught in transfer - motioned an angled index | finger: Away Pink.

“Fes,” Jeff with slow echo (“F e s”). Digits scratched scalp. Palm dusted dander.

Fes's sight caught Jeff. Sight's Site jittered between customer, pink, blue (customer said „Unisex. Need both”) then to Manager Jeff's composure near doll pyramid. Vest in the stead of coat. Lenses in the stead of shades. Motion of digits discrete.

„Excuse me,” smiled Fes: Swallowed the gum, paused to inspect sequins, tapped close to camouflage, rubbed lip while feigning attention toward Exit Door “Yes, Jeffrey.”

Jeff's arms spread to make a statement the question „The silk is?”

Fes snapped indices „By the mail-order catalogs.”

Jeff waved away smoke smell, marched to Fes.

They marched to lead of Jeff before silk display „I specifically told...-Why. Are. These. Holes. Here.”

Fes, tired, tapped mouth „Hmmm...These...Holes...He
re. I looked and I was not displaying red and green (tongue
across teeth, arms behind back, chin tilted - down).”

Jeff teetered on heels, dilated pupils followed, the blood
vessel about to burst, the mouth said „This is an unexcusable
occurrence. *See* Jeff, in the office, before you leave.”

Fist pounded paper. The Punctuation of Departure. In
chime with Child Dissonance. The resonance of Customer
Number Three in battle with baby over knotted hair: A Call
for Customer Service.

Another stick of the gum soft in the mouth.

Customer Number Three said „...the hot, pink, fabric
by the yellow ducks complements blush and at home some
hot, pink, bows were discovered under bed and I think
they'd go great with blush and new hairdo.”

Fes smiled, stepped back „It is not for your daughter?”
blew a bubble, cracked air, looked behind (Jeff in office)
back to *Her* Number Three in model pose before mirror.

Hot pink wrapped around hips „What you think?”

Fes tapped, saw *her* sight - asked „You care if I?” *Her*
shake <NO>. Fes site'd *her* up and down “Mmmm
maybe not the hot pink. You want *her* to be a woman. It
complements not *her* mother's natural beauty. Have you
tried forest green or maple brown...translucent?”

Her daughter, silent.

Fresh mint fumed forth in rhythmic force to help *Her*
Number (#) Three (3) to smile, laugh and agree. All with
two winks, a story of *her* lover, a tear streaked stare, a
palm-held walk to Forest of Fabrics, a 'small' Joke of
Manager Jeffrey.

Her #3 smiled, slid Fes *her* name and number, rubbed
Fes's ring finger-digit during exchange. Fes replied with
digits for *her* to call to collect *her* twenty dollar change.

...*Her* #3 Walked Away: Sight looked back. Lips licked
„(Fes)” held *her* stare, lipped „Call it.” Daughter smiled
and took first steps, said „Good morning” to a future
satisfied customer.

Fes to office. The comment: „...And your gum chewing
solicits arrogance.” Nods of Departure.

All in cadence to two pieces of winter mint gum.

The tap is a habit of time...

For stagnant routes...

For movement screams...

For the call for activity „*It's about fucking time.*”

To Move Forward: Fes bounces inside two door
combustion machine with *Harmonic Bliss* pushed through
one meter cones to alter beat of heart, drip of sweat, angle
of rearview image - numb body and mind.

It is said you should not fuck to a metronome, so the
sound: a percussion of various tempos (moderato: forward):
Largo, Adagio, Andantino, Presto drops of Bass.

Down shift...

Red Line

...for the need of speed.

Denial of placement (a habit to evade *Time*).

Digits tap tempos.

Bubbles pop harmony.

Fes ejects *Inspiration* looped for two week play.

Tosses *Stuttered Hyper Tracks*.

Indices indexed for *Spatial Bliss* beneath sheet of
feather treble and bass (*The Honey Dew*s). Sight scans
location. Lane free of commerce. Reaches. Shuffles pop
scripts, barrette, tuning fork, transceiver, disk of reverend
tracks (in palm) to transducer. Play. A grin. Swirl of wrist
and palm to voice(over) lifts glass soul above the clouds,
pushes lips to whisper redundant tone.

Call it: “*Pop| It| In|*”

A grin. Fes pushes shades - back.

Shaft slides slow - brake.

Exit.

The White Picket. The rails of steel that lead to the dock. The shipping yard strapped by the spike and the rust. The yells for and of the direction. The bang of the hammer and the nail. The lunch whistle. The calls to the port. The yards for the export. The heaven for the strays. The nocturnal lights. The train tracks. The smoke stacks. Under the viaduct. The signal - left. The mind. The tap...the tap...the tap...the tap...Fes taps left under viaduct upon a gravel road, pulls up slow, lowers tune, smiles when another is near, rolls down window to feel the fresh air and *see The White Picket Painted Gray*.

Fes at play in the field of sand. Two turns left and Fes is on the way. Home, right there (ocean view). Windows of glass and screen. Light wood frame. Redwood for base. Fes helped pour the cement pillars by transmitting sound.

Lights dim before garage door - jammed. Ignition - off. Fes shoves open door, lifts over fallen gray picket to sand-grass lawn, *snaps* neck, *sees* over shoulder.

...*Inhale*.

Exhale...

To fill base...

Covet the hollow for the shallow.

To Play.

A vacancy in the span of the time...

To Hide:

Family - mom Mary *father* - is where Fes slows tempo. Screams of „How much?” echo. Pitch swages with creak of Oak Door. Sun beams blind. Pack on shoulder. Key in pocket.

Voice through screen door „Fes, is that you?”

„Yes, mom. It is Fes,” fans palm, fights breeze “Where is Mary?”

„I know not.”

Fes sits upon step, leans upon rail, rests elbow upon joint, picks at grass „Is Mary out?”

„I know not. Mary’s luggage is here.”

„What time will Mary-”

„Arrive? I know not. But Mary’s luggage is here.”

A cough.

Ashes descend.

Paint chips in the stead of petals (the thorns are still rooted).

Base of Sun dips into horizon upon the Ocean of Fire.

Fes wipes neck and leans back, elbows upon stoop „I shall remain on porch. If you need anything please hesitate not to request.”

Fes pulls pack upon waist, shakes ||head|| <NO> (side to side), whispers “*Where is the mother.*”

Mom clears throat, fans palm from couch „Was working late...made some break through...needed a statement for the index of the journal.”

„Invented coal for the abyss?”

„Yes...”

Now.

Beg for forgiveness.

Fes opens pack. Digits dip in, grab flint and steel. Strike. Spark. Ignition. Smoke. Pops of cherry glow during the dusk. Fes visors sight.

The Glare. The Reflection.

Mind hones upon the exhale.

Mind...*drifts*...

Shadows Play: *Pop It In Across Gravel Way.*

Call it: "*Idiosyncratic*"

Nascent Being. Entwined. Over Shoulder Mischief. Palm Impressions Under Cover of The Cloth. Lap on Lap (Motion Against Palm). Face Paint Licked...Away. Too Dark. Silence. Buttons of Trousers Pulled. Belt Tightened. Released. Buttons Pop Off. Motion: Curtains sway to bounce of bed. A moan. A squeal. Yes. Palm over mouth. Air sucked between fingers. A bite. Teeth pinch. Flesh - held. Nascent Being leaps up, pulls garments, tightens rope, points to palm - screams|hollers: „THAT FUCKING HURT.” ...*Her* laugh of „The Price of Submission.” Door opened. *Her* midnight blouse, stained by excitement, floats. *Her* body leans against pillar, sits, reveals locket. *Her* finger fondles a necklace of innocence, opens locket to show nascent youth and mother, a contemporary image, an heirloom of *Time*, displayed if Nascent Being obeys.

Across Gravel Way Nascent Being begs from door „I’m sorry. You caught me by surprise. Forgive me, please.”

„*Sorry*,” Fes bites digits, smiles, spits, wraps gum, puts wrap in pack, takes out smoke.

„You were going to quit,” Mary opens the door.

„I was but I need to keep pace...want one?”

„Yes.”

„Another walk home.”

„I had them drop me off at the viaduct. Needed to clear the air.”

„Another one of those days?”

„I played innocent today. Well, it seemed innocent but when we rehearse the director positions my body as an example and says it is for the part. Acts as if it is my only role.”

„I am not shocked,” Fes blows a trail of smoke.

„I suppose.”

Across Gravel Way: The Nascent Being behind begs to *her* shadow.

Fes ashes „Too many attempts to sing your way in?”

Mary pulls back for a pony tail, wipes ashes from skirt, straightens jacket „May I sit?”

Fes...inhales, brushes step and leans against the rail, *sees* Mary above, exhales... „Yes, you may.”

„Thanks.”

„Another one of those days?”

„Yes. I suppose I played naïve today.”

„Too much of the other’s creation?”

„I suppose.”

„What were we wearing?”

„Turtle neck, black, maybe navy blue, I care not - Fes.”

„And?”

„And maybe pleated pants, socks and-

-black shoes-

-Yes.”

Through screen (door): „Maybe either one of you shut the door?”

„Yes...mother,” says Mary, leans back and swoons door shut. It clicks closed. A muffled „Thank you, dear.”

„Continue, please,” Fes smothers smoke, grins for another, lights under palm, *sees* to Mary, exhales.

A cough „I sung a little, was told to get tea...where’s your smoke?”

„What?” Fes jitters, sight on Mary (limbs lost in Fes’s canvas pack). „Smoke.” „At the bottom.” „What’s this?” „A flyer.” „Good.” „Thanks!” „You create it?” „Yes!” „The Hour of Fun?” „Yes.” „That discoursed.” „How?” „Why not call it ‘Too much fun?’” „Because it could be said to ridicule. Too...Much...Fun.”

„That was weird. I never felt weird until today.”

„You remember to breathe?“ says Fes, stands to brush the ash, remnants of smoke, from trousers and pullover. A thought of rain. No clouds in the blue sky. Echoes of Skeletons locked in the cellar by the wine and Instances of Glory sung in stories of collegiate seasons at the party where I thought I met the *her*, the distance we once danced, refract the clouds Across Gravel Way. Fes lowers to step, folds self to witness the storm “So what is on the index of tonight?”

„Whatever dreams may come.”

Fes flicks smoke to lawn „Hold not your breath for when you wake you will meet reality.”

Mary casts a glare of deceit, straightens posture „If I suppose yes.”

Fes points index Across Gravel Way <The Nascent Being at Play Across Gravel Way> „No dreams supposed - TONIGHT!” flicks Mary’s smoke Across Gravel Way.

Thighs on shoulders.

Tongue between the moisture.

The wet spot.

Feet quiver.

Hands pull at grass.

Hyperventilation.

A purr

...*her* moan.

Call it: “*The Smell of Release*”

Fes opens door, *sees* something that resembles mom (passed unconscious by the toxin), talks of another, walks to bedroom with tele-vision-speak shouting at the sun, calling for the shades, echoes sight: <The Father Weeping> „What happened to my sun?” exhales flame release, shuts door of room with bed, a collage of creation: Schematics, outlines, indicia, equations, notes, charts, graphs, lines,

plots, staves spread over floor during the Rain of Homo Sapien Response forsaken with too many thumbs and too many abstract theories and not enough time to create. Where to start? The symphony? Or the sculpture? Or the release of insecurity upon the other’s emotional being?

Fes clears a site before the mirror and places the pose. An innocent site before interaction with *her*. A grin slowly grows to a smile while in *her* sight.

Fes learned the blush, the cry, the sob and the swelling of sight during emotional dialog with *her*. Sometimes sight flushed red and a tear would drop to floor with emotional dialog of life with *her*.

Sight lost upon wardrobe and ware for celebrations but then again everything is a celebration. The poetry of dawn was never read by Fes, who prescribes to tele-vision-mom „Turn it off (tells Fes to „Shut the door”).” ”Yes, mom.”

Fes mumbles index of attire under exhale “*Chaperon, Liripipe*, pantaloons...” strikes flint and steel to light the wick to melt the ink, dips, to write: Mark - Chapter >Ten Twenty-Three<. A time for release during the months of cum (come) over in(to) my kingdom and beat the drums.

Fes knows the drums echo symbolism but the sound fades from the stream of subconscious existence that plays for Fes’s sight (too loud) so Fes lowers to the Abyss, *Under Too Many Waves of Distress*. In the Abyss Fes laughs and Fes is baptized. Sings to phonic cone and form is blessed. Prays for will to flip the switch, to turn up (the dew) volume for mind to hymn count of Bass Ten so Soul exists. Fes *snaps* count. Soul snaps cadence of metronome bling Zero - *snap* - One - *snap* - Two - *snap* - Three - *snap* - Four - *snap* - Five - *snap* - Six - *snap* - Seven - *snap* - Eight - *snap* - Nine - *snap*. Mind drums bass two...

Fes, upon bed, exhales... “*What time is it?*” Fes taps

time, taps base of lamp, taps headboard, taps theorems, traces theorems scribed upon 'head'board to invoke the *muse* to sit on the goose feathered pillows and silk sheets. Names in the stead of numbers. Experiments of Smell. A theorem within a postulate - whatever got them in line (drawing the thigh(?)s spread of course) - to discover desire. The postulate written before the dawn. The signature envelope. The seal dry. The name on the flap. *X*. The equation. The mark. *Her* sweet stain. Fes, on floor, inhales.

Call it: "*Timed by the Color of Hair*"

Before hindsight reflects too many sexually-explicit images provoking the need for a physical altercation with self, mom's muffled voice (captive beneath a wailing trumpet and a pounding piano) screams for

„Fes.”

Fes exhales, swings...presses: [Stop].

A voice invades „Fes, is that your new machine?!”

Mother says to Mary „Silence,” and “Fes, lower the sound.”

Mary yells, stomps upon hardwood „YES, m o t h e r.”

„Yes.” ((Fes))

„Open the door.”

„...”

„Thank you. It was locked.”

„Yes.” Mary *sees* Fes smile:) “It is Steve's old machine.”

„May I?”

„Maybe.”

„Yes...Oh,” Mary unfastens and shakes pony tails, twirls their ends, ends flow upon the frame of door. Florescent fish tank light illuminates. Image cast on wall: A Pose of Impatience(:) arms fold, digit taps treble, foot taps bass...Mary, snaps digits, poses (:)*“Maybe?”* „Yes, Mary.”

„The old machine?”

„The tails.”

The walk to bed. Mary on bed. Fes on chair. Loop it. End over end. Knots over knots, a spin of three, rule of thumb and an incessant curve. It's worked before. Some move called *Pastiche*. Mary won a golden statue. Said the golden statue was shiny, but waste of raw materials. Fes told Mary to accept the golden statue to pay respect to the system. What had Fes thought? Fes knows not but knows the braid is live, so no questions of morals or creation may slight perfection. Think not. Move. A note for a rainy day. Never know what they say, what they feel or what is their name? On a rainy day... „Fes!”

„Sorry, I was recounting the postulates. Tied the knot. A Frayed Note.”

„You suppose, *Fes*.”

„Sorry. *We needs* water.”

Mary twirls wind blown tails. Fes stomps the floor to gather the comb, the brush and the two silk bows from the upercase above the sink. Mary blows tails. Tails float before sight, unties note, combs note loose. Fes, upon the bed, counts the strokes.

Mary *inhales*.

Fes exhales.

Mary sighs „Should I take a mask?”

Fes inhales. Shakes <no>.

“Why?”

Fes exhales... „I know not...maybe...maybe a mask will improve the entertainment of the evening? We could use your...” Fes pulls back, sprays “They like to yank it.”

Mary smiles, thinks of tails and dicks, laughs (when asked to describe), tells „They hang there with no character. So pull it to one side - Pigtail.”

Fes shakes, licks plateau of pigtail fluff „Like this!”
„*Fuck*, Fes!”
„Know not?”
„*Yes*, yes, *I suppose*, I am naïve today.”
„Like this?”
„*Yes*.”
„How *feels* it?”
„*Good*.”
„I know. *How good?*”
„*Maybe| Too| Much| - Fuck*, Fes!”
Fes taps fluff „Somebody won’t be wearing white.”
Pigtail slumps „Or a tuxedo. Who says I need to get married? Thanks!”
„Yes, I suppose the minds of those that surround could wage a little to the left and a little to the right? Focus on the issues and allow you to wear what pleases you.”
Mary blows pigtail from sight „I suppose.”
Transmitter cones on. Volume up.
Mary pauses near receiver cone, smiles.
Fes tucks sheets, takes pillows from hardwood floor, places pillows before hardwood headboard „... What?”
Mary wisps transmitter cone from „*Fes*, *the Steve* echoes from the receiver cone and wants to hear the sound.”
„Tell *the Steve* I am listening to the Mike.”
Mary lips <...F...E...S?>
Takes off head cones „Mary?”
„What shall we wear?”
„Maybe the red dress...no the other, the one from outside, next to the swing, hanging on the line.”
„Red.”
„Yes, red. It complements the tale and the pigtail fluff. Expresses your mind’s control of our desires.”
Call it: “*A Reason for Nuclear Research*”

Mary flows hall of empty frames and nailed images. Mary’s wind-wake pushes free *Image of Nascent Mary* before beach house hidden by sea shells. *Image of Nascent Mary* brushes site, *Mary’s 1st Experience of Motion*, subtitled *With A Unicycle* (BLOCKS upon flower petals before the manor *Over the Vapor of Valley*). *Mary’s 1st Experience of Motion* tips drawing *Mountains and Pien* of the valley of green during summer time: A hill of grass; Mom in a dress; Mary below; Sun flower upon palm. Drawing tops portrait *Sun Dress and Tropic Sun*. *Sun Dress and Tropic Sun* covers *Snow Cabin of Alpine*: Snow up to Mary’s ripe waist; Pink cap over a smooth fluff; Snow boots and mittens. Mary mittens door of hall closet, whispers „*Blue coat and yellow shoes*,” palm clears the dust, sets blue coat and yellow shoes on the floor near the site of Mary, the idol of metropolis soundhall (nameless masks pass notes). Mary muffles sight of sound *Mary In Ivy Cap and Gown*. Faded site, barriers “*Fes*. You recount this...(wind taps hip)...Was this Oxford, Yale or Princeton?”

Mary smiles, flows to site of analog frequencies: Fes folds frequent analog modulated forces, draws a cursive *L* (force on left), slides force closer to right (force on right), spins back left (force on left), slides force under left force and pushes force under base, stands - staves apart - left force draws a cursive *L* (force on right), slides force closer to left (force on left), spins back to right (force on right), slides force under right force and pushes right force under bass, stands - staves apart - right force draws a cursive *L* (force on left), slides force right closer to right (force on right), spins forward to left...tosses force into

Mary smiles at analog modulated slides (anti-clockwise box (two second intervals between the two analog modulated forces bass and treble)).

Fes slides side to side. Sweat hits Mary.
Mary laughs “((Think Not)).” Mary slides with rug to
Fes “But remember to move.” Mary slides Fes an image.
„What is?”
Mary lowers top. Bass follows. Base rubs rug of silk. Tip
touches Fes.
“Whatwasthatfor?”
„What you have upon the palm, *Fes*?” Mary says, leans
over Fes free of head cone.
Fes grins „It is when we were nascent. It is when you
discovered the *Pien*.”
Mary from above „You remember?” „Remember *Pien*?”
Mary points to wrist „The osmotic shock.” „Yes.” „That’s
what I thought...”
„What time?”
„Two years ago.”
„Yes, we were dancing.”
„I called it *Osmotic Shock*...”
Bell Rings: „Fes!” (Mom)
„Yes.”
„The Steve-”
Fes cups cone, smiles „Thanks! (removes palm) No,
I know not. Yes...no...No...what? Time? Ticket? Good...I
will it...Steve...no...yes...I suppose pulling up with a pickup
ensemble will not assemble an audience...we could tell the
tale of the fire wood for the party...yes...for...their beach
party...yes, please. Yes...I will...if you...no...no. I know not
Thank you...leave the other. I know not...no...I hate not...or
abhor...Oh, I am casting stones...maybe...yes, but I was not
I...yes...I was the fault...yes...and we were correct but not
innocent...yes...the ankle bracelet...that was for good times
with me...No...no...Silence is the other story...no...no...Mom
abhors the pussy...Mary’s...yes...long tale...I will tell it.

Yes, I promise. Steve...Yes. I will be good...bye.”
Phonic Cones swing upon switch.
Fes swoons closet door open “What was I thinking?”
Mary’s echo of „About the Steve’s Site.”
„Which the size of sight compensates. I have been told
the Steve (:Smiles wide:) is the sight. Oh, yes, that is right.
I am in it for the sight, thanks Mary.”
Fes takes Silence from crate, throws 45 upon table,
points to door, relaxes elliptical needle, holds receiver
against phonic cone, pops bubble to bass, slippers rub with
treble: Two Peas in a Pod (one happy while the other sad).
The flower cone bell rings (from the other), services for
undisclosed parties. It could be the system. Who knows
these days who calls? The rings of the night. The stones
cast Across Gravel Way...And then there is Silence. The
wind. The ocean breeze.
Fes, with the building of solitude, exhales “A foundation
exists until someone feels a need to ruin the monument with
illusions,” departs for water to rid mind of sight.
Silence in grasp, Fes lowers, sips, dries, twists, slides
hall, closes closet door, flows to Room of Blue Glow and
Hypnotized Mom, lays Silence near mom, says “It is the
time.”
Mom raises head from the lap of pillows „Father
called.” Fes shakes <YES> (up and down). Mom props
upon elbows, purrs for Silence “Yes, well, I am going to
pick up Listen (stretches, searches for the lenses). I’ll take
Listen to the valley. Headin’ out after.”
The pair with sight wide *see* to the other and :) (smile).
The other speaks in unison „*See* you on the fourth.”
„Yes,” says the other, who points to switch board and
head cones “Listen and I will not call if we hear the reverb
of sound.” The other *sees* Fes nod...moves (forward).

Fes points to keys, shakes „<Yes>, have the pick-up. I shall pick it up tomorrow. Mary may guide Steve’s Old Machine. I shall have another guide.”

Mom checks the reflection’s mask, bow, collar and lenses in the mirror hung over the stove by (etched) *Portrait of Mary and Mother*.

Call it: “*The Length of Static*”

„*I need a sabbatical. I need to tap,*” whispers mom “*I need to connect with the sight.*”

Fes gives mom a paper note stuck to the stove „The site. It is here,” points to the digits pinned to wall hall map of metropolis, flows to it, flows from it, wiggles the digits.

Mom kisses Fes, brushes Fes’s digits with palm, folds Fes’s digits „Thanks, Fes.”

„*That was cryptic,*” whispers Fes, pivots to sofa, arranges the pillows, the sets of three indices.

„*You suppose?*” wisps mom.

Fes supposes. Mom wraps coat and scarf. Fes gives mom the supposition labeled with red words: The Theory of Amplitude. Points and says „What think?”

Mom smiles „It is cryptic,” shakes and pulls back shroud “Listen. Fes.”

(:Fes:) „Yes, I will.”

Mary enters room. Pigtail dances over shoulders. Smell of pink settles. Lips purr for Silence „*May I have the keys to the crate or shall I have to stand on the street and whisper the message first to have room in their crate has Mary?*”

Fes, searches canvas pack, gives Mary a conundrum.

Mother slaps Fes „CARE. (...sight of Mary) And think. With your beauty you won’t have to worry about any associations.”

Mary laughs, puts conundrum in shirt pocket, traces lubricated circle.

Mother *sees* Mary’s sight “If you choose to unwrap the conundrum use your mind when you read and conjecture.”

Fes laughs „It is the gospels for Jesus, mom.”

Sights to mom for the smile of „Will Jesus fuck you, Mary?” „Only when I suppose (Mary’s Tenor). YeS.” Mary walks to door and points to Fes “I suppose.”

Mom gathers canvas wrap and briefcase (knocks over two stacks of indices - Fes stiffens) - mom says „Fes, I am sorry,” and says to “Mary, Fes said you could have Steve’s Old Machine.”

The sound of combustion. The shine of light. The smell of exhaust. The taste of tar. The vibration of horn.

Fes laughs to self „How has it been said,” sight to “Mary, the only way two humans who hate are intimate with the other is when the two humans fight, fuck or dance.”

Mary tosses comb to couch, whips pigtail at „Fes. One (whips pigtail) we fight. Two (whips pigtail) they fuck. I suppose you need to dance-

-I danced last night-

-And we sung?”

„I want you. You want to fuck?” „Then we breathed.” „Then we wanted to breathe *could you tickle me here.*” „Are you moving?” „Yes.” „Was it...too...much...fun?” „*Maybe.*” „*Maybe?*” Mary sets *Pose of Discontent(%)* “Why?” „*Maybe.* Maybe I supposed the supposition for you Speak Not so we may *tap* forever.”

Call it: “*The Perpetual Tap*”

...But leave the door open to *see* the struggle. To hear the shuffle of force as mind pulls the conduit from socket: The Shock of Discourse.

Fes pushes sofa against wall, rolls rug and tips rug in corner, pulls podium through Room with Couch and Television, through hall, upon the tile and to the sun-room.

Mary flows to the deck of the sun-room, *sees* Fes, wipes flesh, *sees* the stone dial, whispers „*Die Luftfeuchtigkeit.*”

Their sights blind to *see* sound. Fes sounds „I know not why we are here?” and Mary’s ces echo of „Care not. We shall move if we want here not (pigtail flips...sunset caught in loop).”

Mary’s ass upon piano, elbows upon knees, palms clasp, toes tickle keys (a serenade), sight upon Fes.

Fes pushes lamp and coffee table, pulls coffee table toward Electric Phonetic Cone, lifts tables, places tables upon piano, taps upon wall „Go from the sun-room.” „Why?” „Go from the sun-room.” „No.” „Close sight. I want you to *see* not.” (and Mary *sees*) „I’m open.” „Am I getting it?” „Yes.” „Is it good?” „It is the performance.” „Is it good?” Mary giggles „Yes...*it is.*” „How good?” „It is too ...much...fun” ...sight closed. (:Fes:) „No.” „What?” „No.” „Why?” „You will care.” „I care not.” „Are you lying?” „Am I moving?” Fes wisps „Yes.” „I promise I won’t care.” „...” „...” „You will care.”

Mary smiles „You said not to *see.*” Mary’s ass descends from piano and rests between couch and Pictures of Motion Screen (White | Black Dots - silent). Fes presses Little Green ||GO|| Button: Sounds of analog synthesizer push off walls, move the lamp, rattle the window, sway the gray picket, alter the beat of heart. The Minds lost, find the flow.

Fes lifts left, pushes forward, swings force left. Left slides (forward), raises right in front of stave, bends joints, transfers force upon stave, pushes (back) with left, strolls (forward) with stave, transfers force upon left, slides (back) with stave, transfers force upon right, lifts (forward), swings right, throws stave (back), slides with right, transfers force upon stave, transfers force upon left, pivots (forward) with right, transfers weight upon right...

Mary’s laughter invades the clash of cymbals and the exasperation of tuba. Right force kicks “Fes!” Body (back), legs spread (forward) “You’re thinking!” Left force points to crouch “I think not!”

Fes’s sight - red. Palms over pelvis. Joints flow back „You were watching and I knew it! How you expect us not to think!” Fes places palms over Mary’s sight “*See* not and know not and I shall think not!”

Mary picks up a pill and a glass of water „Take both of these *and call it in the morning!*”

Fes scowls, claps, points to analog synthesizer „*It* will corrupt!”

Mary paces upon vinyl - windows rattle note - waves dust „What is here?”

„Nothing,” Fes waves toward piano “Cryptic...of course you read.”

„The notes are scribbles...(points)...I...like...this.”

Bell rings.

Mary exhales in waves “((Here)), it’s *the Steve.*”

Fes smiles, whispers „*Bitch,*” shakes and cradles cone between mind and soul, walks to stoop, shuts screen door “Yes...No...no, you listen. What is the number of trips to the beach this year? ...And what is the number of trips to the beach last year...That is what I thought...You want to go to the beach and you want someone who wants to go to the beach with- ...you can only blame yourself...maybe ...maybe...if you know not you will be telling the tale of Mike and Steve, a pair of stones.” Dial mixed for time, shines on wrist, reflects red and blue (yellow in the sight). Fes squints, ashes and sets pose for reply. Fes shakes <No> while digit taps pace “How many times? Four? Maybe two? Would once be enough...No...Yes, Mary’s here...yes...one tap...” Fes opens screen door.

Mary in kitchen over tomato soup, flame and spoon bops to beat of another. Windows rattle vocal loop 'It feels good'. Rum (for tonight Mary supposes) feels good in the veins. Mary's sight out window.

Fes raises pitch "MARY. Steve has asked where is the Mike?" Mary's shakes of "<No>...yes...Bye."

Fes removes hot plate from stove, tilts toward window "The night is coming."

The Shades of Night streak Across Gravel Way.

Mary swallows pill, pushes pill down throat with water „I will never wear white.”

Fes smiles „Hmmm, if you choose, one day, to wear white, you could wear that dress on the couch in the viewing room.”

Mary slides across kitchen floor, pedals back before hall. Mary tosses aside an index to uncover...a scream: „OH MY. Fes, it's like a long, tight, shirt.” „I found it at the craft store.” „Is it mine?” „Yes.” „It's *sooo*... (Receiver Rings) ...Steve.” „Thanks. Yes, Steve...for? No. Are you using conundrums?” Fes laughs, taps table “Well...” Mary shakes head <no>. Fes covers transmitter, taps Mary's pigtail “...Or we could call it: Issues with Acts of Kindness. Subtitled: Wants To Be Known For Acts of A Homo Sapien.”

Fes uncovers transmitter “Yes...no...maybe...maybe... yes...see you in a few.”

...Honks of horn...

Mary and Fes pivot, both whisper, *laugh* „((Sight)).” They prance to crack of door. The prance rattles television - turns it on. Black | White Dots covet the myriad bass lines Mary | Fes create while pushing piano against the Windowed Wall. Mary to „Fes, Please turn it off.”

„...But Mary...It is Steve. Mary, you know I would never ruin our monument by mounting Steve's Key Stone.”

Mary taps „The|. Steve|.”

Call it: “*Inside Outside Inside House*”

„I shall...” and flows through the sun-room, upon the lawn to the gray picket gate for the holler “[STEVE]|. Please enter over here for I am able not to open the door.”

Steve (bleaches tips, shaves (face and chest), wraps tan flesh with suit and tie. Never fastens the top button. Powders nose. Always white. Wears glasses. Vision: 20/20. Posture - straight. Body shaped like an hour (wears a girdle)), pulls upon seam, says „Hell'O' (emphasis on 'O') and where is Mary this evening?”

Fes opens gate and waves to „Steve's new machine?”

Steve blinks, spreads musk and alcohol „Well, I figured what the hell, I'm worth it and you guide Steve's 'O'ld Machine.”

„Yes, good times, get inside. Relax. I have three more individuals to index,” Fes closes gate, shakes and focuses above horizon. No clouds. Stars hidden by navy blue.

Inside House: Fes opens door of hall-closet, picks grass stuck between digits, pushes aside assortment of hemp and hair coats, tips rubber boots, leather sandals, flip-flops, stilettos, loafers - *sneezes* - drags belts and bags and masks out of closet by “Steve,” Fes says “What time is it?”

„I know not the time,” the Steve blinks with the bling of the flash above the stove “Maybe it's nine. Maybe it's ten. I know not”...Steve slides transmitter from jacket, displays transmitter for all to *see* - digits dial the red glowing buttons “Yes, may I speak with Mike...Thank...Hell'O'... 'O'kay,” - presses pause, removes receiver from jacket pocket, listens for receiver, speaks to transmitter “‘O'kay...Yes, Mike...I will be there...n'O' problem...Yes... 'O'kay.”

Fes stands and hollers through hall to Steve „[IS IT TIME TO GO GET MIKE?|”

Steve leans over Fes's stove, grins „Yes...It...Is,” frowns, stands, bats palm and pulls upon seam “It's never the same anymore.”

Mary's sight: Fes. Fes shrugs.

Steve walks to door, twirls keys, strikes a pose with transmitter strapped to wrist. Transmitter twirls. Steve slides smoke from sleeve, hangs smoke from mouth “Will return (smoke - between index and middle digit - taps beat) And Fes stop thinking you're g'O'ing to find it because you question h'O'w much you remain within another mind and not think of the other. It's not the twist of faith on The Sidewalk Where We Met and The Chapel Before It Burned epis'O'de where Little Prince Pien is A Top The Cake h'O'lding Faith and Flowers... 'O'n a Sunday Afternoon.”

Fes smiles, jumps, laughs „'O'kay, so maybe you are right,” waves away “Steve, when you return I shall show you the telegraphic visions.”

Mary lights a midnight winter candle, opens a window, waves fan, flows to kitchen. Palms covet the chill of night beneath the flesh.

Fes presses play, inspects picture hall. Sound echoes in closet (IT IS STEVE!) „S'O' could you please tell me in a direct manner where in hell Mike lives?...I can't find IT! and I'm sick of just driving around these lifeless, gated, communities with no palms or view. FES!”

Fes covers cone, peers through hall, *sees* „Mary (in kitchen), when you teach the Steve to bark?!”

Mary's mouth full of wine and bread „Over communion. I think it was a Transmission Party. The after party. Who knows? It was just a part of the evening (fondles bread) why you ask? We were there. You recall?”

„No,” because *the sight* was swimming in the pool and Fes floats on water.

Mary dips bread into the tomato soup „Well...you dive in?”

„I was not I.”

„Were we *seen* with the other?”

Fes remembers: Lights over the Mezzanine, Lights over the Balcony, Lights in the Mirrored Room, Lights in the Dining Room, the other „<No>, we were *seen* not (uncovers receiver). Steve, Mary needs me to braid so I shall *see* you again when you arrive with Mike. Bye.”

Fes sits on sofa, waves for Mary and says “What time is it?”

Mary shrugs „I know not.”

„Good, now sit...thank you...and hold still,” Fes yanks pigtail and softly ushers pigtail to the mirror “*See*,” twirling end “You know not so it is complete. Now, I need your assistance. Will you assist me in transposing the notes to the white board?” Fes flows around room.

„Yes,” Mary leads Fes to wall hall, points to white board “There and draw the treble upon the bass.”

„No.”

„Please and I-

„You suppose.”

„Yes, I suppose,” Mary walks from room, presses: Largo - [Off] and twists the copper wire and fastens a gold pronged plug to the copper wire to create a conduit of energy to rotate two disks. Fes covers Two ~Rotating~ Discs. Mary sets conduit upon cover of two ~rotating~ disks. Fes sets the stone tempo keys, the steel knobs, the bone dials upon glass cover of Two ~Rotating~ Discs. Mary lifts the Two ~Rotating~ Discs' glass case. Fes flows (with conduit). Boards creak with passage. Mary *sees* “Fes, another is about to tap the door. Answer the tap. Tell the tale of our house and our wish not to *see* outside.”

„Then what is our name?”

„I suppose the date.”

„And the name?”

Mary blows by „Yes...You suppose - *OUTSIDE*.”

Call it: “*Catalytic*”

Fes points. Dial Turns. Bass hits. Walls ((shake)). Frames fall. Voices vibrate: „||THAT’S WHY IT’S MY HOUSE!||”

Mary blurs by, presses Stop...Runs ramp of hall, leaps, lands on rug, slides to door. Palm pauses before door, flips pigtail, pulls collar and necklace, cups for breath (winter mint)...turns knob of door, pulls on the knob.

„Fes (bounces with sight focused upon spins of disk).”

Mary waves away the wind, twirls to silhouette “Come inside before sand clouds the scent,” points to rocking chair, cringes when silhouette tips stacks of indices, shoves door closed, walks to Fes’s side, taps Fes.

Fes looks up:

Sees

...A lighting shock...

Mary shakes pigtail “This is Patti. The one I have been telling you about the...friend who is obsessed with your movement,” exhales...“And wants to know (with sight averted (toward the floor (near *Index of Recidivism*)) and lips taut to withhold mirth but dimples of cheeks let the mirth flow) how you move?”

Fes laughs with „Well (pulls back)...*see* things (points) and then I place right force forward then place right force back in right force’s original position. Then place left force in and shake force.” Fes in-line to base, spine straight, digit under flow of record “And think not for you want not to know where you move.”

Mary turns (back), shrugs „We suppose.”

Patti giggles „You suppose?”

„Yes (to Sound (as Fes presses On)...an electric discharge).” Cast light and Cast the Silhouette.

Patti (brunette cropped upon redolence. Redolence dances with breath, is *seen* under sun light - clouds of blue and yellow - flow(s) from hips. Hips flow through any room to flaunt redolence to hypnotize to provoke mind to express sense: Number Three) swirls before Fes. Lolly pop redolence upon tip. Sun dress lets redolence flow...

Fes shakes (up\ and down/), turns (90 degrees\^/) and flows toward *Sun Room* (thirty meters) to inspect *Sonnet Above*, speaks during departure “Too. Much. Fun.”

„FES!” Patti fumes. Fumes follow *Fes* through the hall into the kitchen. Fumes pause before door. Patti weaves fumes behind ear. Fumes from floor to “Fes. You smell?!”

„What is there to *see*?!”

Patti leans forward and draws digit up dress „Lots of things.”

Fes opens screen door, slides out, closes screen door. Latch of screen locked/ „Show things so I may smell.”

Patti bounces up\ down/ up\ down/ until...

\Thunder rumbles/ above. The smell of rain.

Sound off. Tick of Time echoes hall.

„Fes, the Mike is the cone,” Mary, behind the Pouncing Patti, taps (%). Pigtail still over shoulders. Hip swung to side. The fume of sweat flows forth. The receiver glides to Fes. The transmitter slides to Patti.

Transmitter slides into Patti’s redolence. Receiver glides upon granite...~spins~...

A Voice: „Fes, I know you’re probably busy indexing for tonight but I think we should talk before you allow certain events to occur, because I also think you should know that I have changed my mind concerning that conversation of existence and where is I think I will be in ten years and

what I think I want but am unable to express...I know ...directly...maybe...indirectly...is someone else there I may speak with...Fes...Are You There?"

Patti picks up the receiver „Hello, Mike. This is Patti."

Fes *sees* the action of the screen latch - up, waves to Mary, who departs with Silence, so Fes taps. Patti *sees* Fes place palm over mouth and whisper „*Press the button.*"

Patti presses the button and Mike's voice vibrates house: „||I WANT NOT TO LEAD YOU BUT|...I'M SEARCHING FOR|| (Patti turns knob down/) another who wishes for the other more than-

-Turn off the Mike. We will speak soon."

„O'kay!"

Repsires „Now press the transmitter's off button and call your whore Steve! Steve will be your needs."

...Static...

Patti presses off and throws receiver down the hall „The Mike sounds...too...much...fun."

Fes points to latch and presses palms together in front of form and lips the word „<P><L><E><A><S><E>."

Patti laughs, rubs thighs (spreads redolence) „Are you sure you want to come inside?" Latch - lifted.

Wind catches. Door - BANG!!! ...Screen falls...

Fes slides inside „Thank you. I would be indebted to you if would perform the act of getting and giving me the note stuck to the stove."

Patti exhales mirth, swallows, gets the note and waves the note afore „Fes, what is this?" Holds note afore Fes.

„A note from the parents."

„They are?"

„They exist."

„No, a statement. They are *fun.*"

„One is a phylogeneticist. Other a retired colonel who

consuls corporations use of natural resources and currently consuls *Craft Store, Inc...*Fun," says Fes.

„What is the note?" Patti peers at the note. Fes reaches for the note. Patti allows the note to flow. The note floats.

„Note...C#...the note that will fall flat because the note is too sharp."

Patti fumes mint, lifts top (:smiles:) „What are you when you are fun?"

Fes taps wall „Mary, would you please entertain the guest," enters hall, opens closet door, removes the case, slams the door - shut...tips fescue, leaves Mary's shoes and masks indexed in hall...Two pictures fall: *Mary's Shadow Over The Grand Canyon* and *Mary Hidden In Field of Daisies*. Fes's case upon table. Fes sweeps away communion crumbs and droplets of tomato soup - *press the latches* - the case - opens, traces label, *Prerecord Events On Vinyl In Studio By (An)other* "Who is the other..." Mind held by the smell of rain. Soul by the sound of thunder.

Patti leans over, places elbows on table. Scent of flowers and dew fume. Shirt hangs. Image of Conceit cast against wall by electric shock. Finger runs upon Fes. Tongue moistens lips. Lips touch-

-Mary, can you answer the door? It is making a noise."

Mary enters. Digits - *snap* - barrette (pigtail unwoven (waves evident)). Palm flat. Mary sneers „*Sure, FES.*"

Patti points to envelope purse, raises two digits, smiles, winks to Fes, pivots...taps ((echo)).

Fes runs digit upon envelope purse. Digit picks up strap and sets envelope purse on counter. Two digits unfasten zipper. Digit pulls flap back: A cloud of flowers and dew. The collection of the eye-liner, the mirror, the purple stick, the blush, the digital transmitter | receiver, the beaker. Fes pops the top of the beaker, taps the purple pills unto palm.

Call it: "*Why is the Sky Blue?*"

Door opens. Lights shock (an electric discharge (outside)) and Mary's awe "COME INSIDE!"

„No," whispers Fes "*Not without an invitation or an acceptance of who you think you want to be tonight.*" Door shut. The *silhouette* and Mary embrace.

Fes reveals record - sneezes - closes silver case, storms to *silhouette*, speaks "I would offer you a towel. However, I am afraid it would require effort, so please stand here until the excess moisture within your clothing and upon your frame dries for I wish not for Mary's material to become tainted with your essence and image to become clouded by your inability to remember your proper name."

„It's Leah," Lisa says.

„Alone and full of self. Or is full of self and alone."

Cat Call from Across Gravel Way „YES, That's how you come unto us!"

Fes visors sight with palm. Mary peers out window.

Patti's site of Mary. Mary smiles, points to Fes. Mary whispers to Leah „*I told Fes our little secret.*"

„Little!" says Fes, runs palms over flesh, exhales, inhales, snorts "Little."

They share a laugh under cover of wrists „Oh, well I suppose that makes you a whore."

Mary smiles „Yes, (walks away) I am."

Fes walks to sheet, draws staves upon wall. Treble upon Bass „And where shall I drop the silhouette, Leah?" Back to Lisa, marker balances afore upon digits. Fes swages.

Lisa (spreads blonde to express it. Tastes new but fades to old after first swallow - Sun and Beach Highlights (Tamed by aloe) - falls in layers over flesh when whipped back to lighten taste, melts in mouth) glides to piano, spreads over keys, drips upon peddles...*Chopsticks?*

Fes throws stave wide "What...HOW?" Palm to mouth. Sight upon Leah. Leah takes mark and scribes „Shall I play *Stormy Weather, Happy Birthday?* Maybe *Impossible Dream* or *So Long*...from the *Halls of Montezuma*...*Here Comes the Bride?* Her name is *Maria?*" says Leah "However, I am missing *P5* and *M* (Sound off). Fes, you could not find it in *Bali Hai* or *Over the Rainbow* because we *see* colors"...and takes the red record...the fumes...the ~spins~ of the record red. "You never play Alto."

Fes flows to electric outlet. Throat clears and spit falls upon electric outlet. Fes writes above electric outlet: *Issues with Power*. Slaps the green record from crate „Thank YOU," teethes Fes, clears throat, spits upon electric cord. "Is that what you want? An acoustic *perFORMANCE?*"

Leah turns down volume with „*FES*, I just want to *see* your sight's site cite during acoustic performances."

Fes rushes through air of hall. Exhales, glides down hall skewing an image of Mary, *Blowing A Big Bubble of Gum*. Picture flows with fes to sun deck. Fes visors sight from the tip of sun's set. Squints for stars, whispers „*Never again?*"

Never again?

Hidden from their presence?

You lie.

Because of the outer most sphere.

Call it: "*Antiphony*"

And at night?

Outside the house: Fes turns off water, places appendage on tip, drinks, swallows, inhales, smiles, *sees* down hall...exhale echoes with "Leah, how old is Simon? Is not Simon fifty-one?"

The distant reply of „*No, forty-three.*"

Steve walks by, smoke in mouth, digits about to strike match, turns, sight to „Fes, what time is it?"

Exhales... „Now.”

Pauses in Inhale with „Yes, now.”

„You are correct,” Fes exhales, clears, waves ((NO)), continues cant with “I am trying to understand, *Steve*. But thoughts are becoming too unconventional,” lost under the resonance of Leah and „*Mary*, they’ll never understand, in this day and age of hierarchies, that I belong on top and they on bottom.” Fes to Steve as the wind pushes at the screen (Fes lowers the latch) and points down hall „*Too obvious*”...*sees* over indices...“Leah for example. Leah knows not (Steve exhales (too) „)What time is it.” Mary’s voice conquers the wind „It is.” Fes says „Thanks, Mary?” whose talk below the breeze gains momentum then peaks „It must be Sara and Simon” as Leah sings „They belong on ((bottom)).” Steve claps(..) „Yes..They..Too..”

Fes sets glass down, leans against counter, stretches (Wind slams Screen) „Leah is intelligent. Lisa has issues.” „Yes..They..Too..”

Fes clears „Acts of righteous behavior convince *Leah* of Lisa’s beliefs. Leah is thrilled. Tempo quickens. Peaks. Then they tap.”

„Is Leah on top or bottom?” laughs Steve, smothers smoke under sneaker, snubs the end, tosses the butt, lifts the latch\, pulls screen door and steps inside, waves away exhale, wipes feet, points to base of wall “Oh, you...”

Fes waves ‘...you...’ away „Only if you feel comfortable. You need not to take off the shoes,” walks the kitchen, pours the water, voice echoes down the hall „((Fes))?”

„Yes.”

„Is Leah?”

Fes winks and smiles, spins two and half circles, taps hall wall tipping picture of Mary Hidden *From Lense Behind Oak Tree* „Is Leah what?”

Steve lowers tone, sips water, *sees* through window „Is Leah encapsulated sound?”

Fes smiles - ((laugh)) echoes down hall - stops - leans (back), palms upon joints „Yes, Leah is a played note.”

Steve laughs with sight wide „Yes..You..Too..”

The leaves - quiet. The wind - stagnant. The grass - wet. The dirt...Too many words of flesh movement and not enough fluid action. Sight searches for the other subject to focus upon. The arrangement of the pictures upon the tree. The indices upon the couch. The weather. The Or?

Fes taps upon the naked wrist „What time is it?”

„Ten:forty-five,” Patti flows by Fes, redolence clouds blinking lights above Steve, inhibits Silence to purr, blinks with lashes five times “Fes. When. Will. Mike. Arrive?”

Fes...inhales. Fes exhales... „Any time I suppose. The Steve and Mike are like stone because they are solid, hard...to get moving and used to build the stone dial.”

„And you?”

„Solidity, movement or the other’s time?”

„Solidity and movement.”

„More than I want to admit,” Fes flows by Patti, brushes Patti’s cloud, whispers “*Thank you*”...rests upon table.

Patti smiles, runs dew up Fes’s stave „And the other’s time?”

„Oh, I exist for me. But if I were asked to be cast as a monument of we.” Arms spread. Feet crossed. Fes smiles, shrugs “Who would not want to be cast as a monument?”

„I wouldn’t. I want to cast time.”

An Uncomfortable Silence|..... Wills form base and will the other not to accept minds’ desire to silence dialog of existence and purr of instinct, movement and near-naked flesh for sight, smell and taste of flesh. The reply of Yes. The 4-play dance. The sex. The orgasm. The euphoria.

The reality. A desire. A need for the constant reassurance existence is within the cognate state. Too many fluxes of conscious and *subconscious*.

Leah and Mary walk in Palm in Palm. Leah says „Fes, what are you composing now?”

Fes blinks, *sees* to Patti. Patti (against the Ice Box) states „Cast into confrontation.”

„Well, what are they confronting?” says Leah.

Fes clenches jaw „Whatever it is they wish to hit they skip the truth to increase the span of the confrontation for the span of the issue is too skinny.” Patti’s redolence fumes „Sounds interesting.” Fes’s sight red. Fes’s mind moves palms from jaw. The mouth wisps „*Interest* is the desire.”

Mary cradles Silence with palm while the other palm tosses Steve’s crate key up\ and down/ „May I?”

Fes points (*to*) „Take (*Silence and Leah*) with you.”

„Group worship. No, I want Silence. Couples only.”

Fes froths Mary’s fluff „Yes, you may. But please search for the key...if I remember the Mike recorded the Steve saying the key was lost.”

The Hug of Departure. Arms wide -|-, palms tap spine. The Social Concern for Well Being “Shroud not you too deep tonight.” The departure. Mary tells Leah and Patti „I may pause past and *see* you during the dawn. Call if interested. We will call Tomorrow,” and cycles the index of items in briefcase, points “*Fes?*” who raises and hovers, floats to the Steve and the Clock, smiles „The pack. In the kitchen. Take the matches and the gum,” *sees* out window to *see* Mary driving away, smiles), peer(s) = the sand street with sight “Have either of you had the pleasure of Mike?”

Fes leans upon wood rod, squints - - from the horizon fire, waves “Mike (The smell of sage), Mary’s an echo.”

Mike sweeps palm over scalp „That’s not good.”

The Mike (T-shirt, blue jeans, leather sandals, shaved head, perpetually claps palms) slams the door - shut, takes the shoes - off, moves and lights a candle, places the palm above the flame of the candle, the laugh, the smile “*Fes*, is the water in the Blue Box?” „Yes.” „Good.” Patti winks „Fill it up after you pour it.” Mike shakes head (up\ and down/), taps upon bathroom door, rubs scalp with palm, taps chin, leans upon closet door, holds out palm and walks over to „Patti, my name is Mike.”

Call it: “Social *Pointer*”

And...then...the question: „Fes, where is Steve’s ‘O’ld machine!?”

Steve taps upon crate’s frame: Turn| It| Down| So Fes Turns. It. Down, *lisps* „*What* have you?” „Where’s my ‘O’ld machine.” „I know not. Mary guides old machine.” „Why (arms X crossed, legs | | spread)? When I say Mary may guide my ‘O’ld machine?” Steve turns to “Mike, you record me saying to Fes that only Fes was allowed to guide my ‘O’ld machine?” whips hip, bounces to stand and *sees* “Fes. Where’s my ‘O’ld machine?”

Fes relaxes, pushes cone away „Come, Steve.” They *see* through the window “What you *see?*” „A broken ‘O’ld machine.” „That is good you *see* a broken ‘O’ld machine that will not marry Mary to merry and create a smile.”

Mary waves as Steve’s Old Machine blurs by (cabin light on).

„And what you *see* there?”

„Mary waving, smiling, guiding Steve’s ‘O’ld Machine.” Index: Finger: Hitting: *Fes*’s...

Fes smiles at the stars „Well, it is good you said smiling.” „‘O’h...What time will Mary return ‘O’ld Machine?”

Fes relaxes point „‘O’h, well (:smiles:) when Mary is not married to merry by Steve’s ‘O’ld Machine.”

„O’kay, Mary may also guide Steve’s ‘O’ld Machine.”
„I thank you,” tone on High, points “Yes, You May Sit There, but watch the indexes, please,” spins ~Are~You~Welcome~, waits sixty|.....|.....|.....|.....|.....
..|one tap(s) to say “What time is it?”

„Nine:forty-seven.” „No, it’s ten:forty-eight, Steve.”
„Will you will mercy for Steve, Fes?”

„Yes, I will mercy for Steve. And thank you, Lisa,” shakes loose “Now, may I ask the other a question?”

„Yes.”

„What time you will we leave?”

„Twelve Taps.” „Twelve taps good, Steve?” „Yes, INDEED.” „Okay, one hundred forty taps.” (Fes) flows to the trash. Mike stands in Fes’s flow and waves, blocks Fes’s flow. Fes waves to the screen door “The rubbish is beneath the stairs. Put the rubbish behind the palms. Thank you.”

Fes presses [On] [Off]. Increases amplification of p i T C h...Trails into plateau with random jungle |bass|. Spins (/below threshold of conscious sound): *Open that door* (rise of amplitude) *Open that door* (/dips\) *Open that door* (\lifts/) |BITCH|. I said *Open that door Open that door Open that door, bitch. Open that door Open that door. Open that door ((B I T C H))|.....thank you good|.....Sir?* „WHAT?” „I thank you. Please close the screen door when you take the rubbish outside...(Call it: *Taking The White Trash Outside*)...And dig too long and I will you cut the grass.” Fes taps counter, wisps “*Turn it down...thanks...(or Call it: Hyper-Content)*...And close the screen door.”

Steve opens the window „May Mike inhale and exhale smoke in the (back) yard space?”

„Yes, on the stone...too much pacing...put the rubbish in the shed in the box for rubbish please. And, please, tell Mike no casting stones across gravel way.”

Receiver blings. Fes sings “*Will I see y o u there toniGHT?...((Good))*,” sets transmitter upon counter, walks to Room with Couch and Television, cuts: *Don’t feel Don’t you ((feel)) Don’t feel Don’t you feel like Don’t you feel* (Turns up Sin) and FEEL “Don’t you feel like you want to fuck, AMEN|!|!” (Fes) “*Yes, when I say yes. Mike, Mary may be near tonight. Going to friend’s house for fun.*” „You tell Mary I said Hi?” The smell of cut grass overwhelms „What you say?” „You tell Mary I said Hi?” „No. I hear you not, so I speak you not.” Fes turns off Air, walks to basin and lifts the water lever\ The water sprays. Fes takes flask marked ‘We’ while the others marked ‘You’ and rinses flask with water. Fes opens Blue Box, steadies flask, fills water to tip of flask, puts flask inside Blue Box - a draft - closes Blue Box and window, sweeps sand off deck, arranges circle of Confession Chairs to face Sand and White Picket Painted Gray - water marked horizon - stomps to stove, pivots, whips wave from toe to shoulder. Wave whips palm. Palm sets pan of water on stove, snaps, twists knob, ignites gas - *snap* - flame licks pan...water boils...drops cherries and leaves in water, claps while water simmers, lowers switches of deck (Vibrations, Reverb, Hi Hat, *Low Tom*) to a *whisper: You Don’t you feel you Don’t feel you feel Don’t you feel Don’t you feel Don’t you feel Don’t you feel like Don’t you feel like Don’t you feel like Don’t you feel like a* Fes smiles for break beat - a call for water - points to the tap “And close the tap”...mind (re)minds to question...“What time is it?!” „Nine:forty-eight!” „Good, you now smell like a human.” Fes taps [Stop], flows to kitchen window, points to can, lips “<I will call you when I will we go>,” taps on window, waves for “Steve, no casting stones. Let the others exist and Mike will not throw stones back.” A wave of <Thanks>. Transmitter placed atop Blue |-|Box|-| for Ice.

Mind cites *Song for The Last Supper*.

Receiver ~vibrates~. Fes reverbs “Yes (changes upright flow to a slouched wave, ||claps|| hat^, laughs) Yes, Mike said ‘hi’...yes...yes...maybe...You will it...yes...I know, Mike is *fucked*.” Receiver tossed to floor.

Then there was Sound. An electronic discharge of fact. Felt and heard, screams: YOU NEED NOT TO POUND THE KEYS TO SAY ‘NO!’

Stop. Record. Slow the tempo. Loop.

Fes *sees* outside and witnesses Stones Flying, By Unaware Guests Smoking <Across Gravel Way>. The discharge: STOP! Fes casts the phase and catches the reverb (the reaction of the phase) for an electric charge to secure the act of the moment. Fes needed to laugh - laughed. Fes felt the emotion and the need to cry - laughed. Fes ponders the emotional reaction and wishes mind had allowed sorrow to exist. Shoulders shrug in sorrows stead. Fes spins upon the Black and White Tile - frozen at half-mast - turns down sound - all sight unseen - strolls to the Cracked Mirror, commands: “Mike, tell the others across gravel way the tale of Steve, a psychologic-hypochondriac.”

Steve tells Mike Steve’s sensitive and „...if I’m emotionally scrapped I could be infirm for days and maybe die.” Mike leans against tree and shakes head „Is that the standard these days?”

Lights scan Couch and Television Room. Hall glows, dims. Doors shut. Steps tap. A knock of door.

Fes taps „Tomatoes. Mangos. Peaches. I shall peel an orange and squirt the cherries. The tomatoes on the side”...waves out window...“Wine and fruit await. If you step inside I shall serve you.”

Mike distinguishes the smoke: Exhales... „The apple?” ...lifts latch\ . Mike pulls (back) screen door.

Steve, Patti and Leah take hardwood bowls with fruit, sit upon Couch and Television Room’s Floor and chomp to flip of pop-scripts (talk of fashion fumes forth).

...Fes smiles for „Mike, Mary holds the apple.”

(Another) knock of door. Fes smiles “Patti, while Mary is displaced could you please answer the taps upon door?”

„Yea.”

Fes’s sight crosses, brow wrinkles.

Patti grins “Yes...Fes,” and opens the door.

Pop-script-pages flip. Steve’s sight to „Fes, where is the soap and water”...and to the door to bellow...“S -N- S.”

Sara -n- Simon (sight aware of life, step light, have dimples, hand -n- hand, wear matching yellow glasses, baggy trousers, pullovers, always witness the other in the sight while smiling, talk to the other in *nascent* tones) sing in unison to „FeS, h‘O’w are ((you)) ~NOW~?” Sara laughs, smiles toward „Fes, you remember (Simon)?”

„Yes! (posture erects) Simon,” wisps Fes “*I was pleased to meet you.*”

Steve motions: <Good?>.

Fes shakes: <No>, says “How was the flight?”

Simon spins digit: <~Good~>.

Fes smiles <YES>, says “Maybe,” (to Sara) whispers to Steve’s ear “*Recite the pop-script.*” An electric discharge. Steve reads: „Simon says, Simon thinks, Simon moves and Simon says ‘Where am I?’”

“Where am I?” says Steve.

Mike replies „The Fes House.”

Sara’s frame stiffens. Blood vessels pump. Ears perk. The face wares smirk. The smirk : |.

The charge Across Gravel Way „TOO LOUD!”

(Fes presses [Mute].)

The discharge (Across Gravel Way): „THANK YOU!”

Sara waves: <Thanks>. Guides the others to sit. Feed. Clean. Conducts the others to tell the tale of thanks for the other's respect. Sings hymn of *Forget Not, Give The Others Respect From The Source of Respect Given To Mother.*

...The Electric Discharge...

Laughter: „The line is not of the song?” „You record the record too much?”

Volume low. Fes stretches (back), gives a peach to „Sara, how much time have you known Simon?” „Time enough to cast you.” „Simon says and Simon lies.” „Yes, Simon casts illusions.” Leah's voice from afar „*Fes, I will we go. The other...is waiting for you at the door.*” „What time is it?” „*Time to go.*” „Yes. Who is guiding?” „Steve and I.” „I will you guide.” „What is my position?” „Front or Back?” „You choose.” „Sara?” „Front.” „Simon?” „Back.” „Thank you. What time is it?” „Nine:fifty-one.” „It is ten:fifty-two.”

Fes whispers „*Thank you, Sara,*” smiles “Mike, Mary called. Wished to speak with you. However, I want not to get hit by the stones, so I told Mary you said ‘hi’. Mary said ‘hi is good’ ...but Mary prefers hello. Oh, Sara and Simon. If you will you to smoke we want you outside. I want not the smell to float and stain inside.”

Sara -n- Simon with fire -n- fuel to lawn. Leah, Mike and Steve band. Patti walks hardwood bowl to basin, slides to counter, pulls beaker from envelope purse, flows to Fes, dangles beaker afore sight „I won't tell Mary.” Fes grins.

The Outside Crowd - returns inside.

Steve's laugh ((echoes)) as the band steps into Couch -n- Television Room „So Fes, you want to tap Sara.”

Fes skips stanza „Tap. You say ‘Tap’?” ...forces a blush. Blush for “Sara, I have intentions of wanting to fuck the other” ...site to...“Mike, I will the stones sting your ass for I will you are the target. Please, close the screen.

The door shall remain open so I can hear you scream.”

Fes rotates disk afore “Sara, what you will we play.” Sara indexes disk, points „Yes, here, here and here. But only four break beats and a low clap.” Fes taps, shakes digit „Then the taps shall exist. Thank you.” An electric discharge. Volume set to High “And remember to breathe when Simon casts illusions of three dimensions”...flows through hall to pot of cherries upon flame...“Hot cherry tea? The hot cherry tea will relax the muscle. The hot cherry tea may prevent hyperventilation when we forget to inhale -n- exhale or cast illusions...The hot cherry tea is good.”

Space - quiet. Minds on the tasks of digits (Rotates): *feel like you want feel like you want to feel you have to pound the keys* you have to pound the keys *don't feel like you don't feel like you have to pound the keys to say GO.* Loops reverb. Stops motion. Waves for count. A run of indices “Thanks.” Feel the drop. The rise. The peak. The plateau. The descent with the other. Or upon the other...

Mike taps Fes...

Fes stands “What?!”

„It is time.”

„What time is it?”

Mike taps wrist and points to the analog synth-sonus-machine, the two rotating discs...the eco.

“Yes...I know.”

„Good.”

Fes smiles „Yes. Steve -n- Mike pull plugs from sockets and roll electric cords into the box, please,” places two indices atop electric cords, latches cover/, stretches, balances, waves through space “Where is the fescue?”

Fes walks to Mary's pile of indexed attire arranged by sight outside hall closet, files through red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and a pair of violet masks - sneezes.

Liripipe - slapped. Door - shut...Hall - echoes. Hard Floor - creaks. Bed - squeaks...Sheets - tossed. Cloths - stripped. Shelves - cleared. "Where is the fescue?" (Rinforzando (every eight seconds...then four!)). Fes files sheets of notes and staffs, forms, crates stacked under window's seal. Fes snuffs flame of candle and shuts window, proofs image before mirror. Door - locked. Key in pocket. Taps echo from hall to kitchen. Pack - tossed (indexed). Strap drawn, over shoulder. Fes stands before all "Where is the fescue? It is a stave with the width of a thumb."

Patti struts to and points to record „I know not...what you expressing on tonight?"

Fes wipes sweat, smiles, taps hardwood floor „Sympathy for Steven," spreads to make a statement the question "You have the silk?"

Steve closes the trunk, activates the bell. The door opens with the squeaks. The silk unrolls upon the hardwood floor. "Thank you, Steve. Mike, please shear."

Mike licks tip. Taps digit on shear's edge. Folds silk. Slices silk „The other theorem for your postulate?"

Fes flows to Simon and leans „Yes," turns with arms wide "Sara, you competent with digits?"

Sara laughs, stretches upon couch „Yes. Are you?"

Smiles -n- Laughter hidden behind palms (Mike and Steve wiggle digits). Leah flows from room, sonus trails „Sara, Fes knows not of probability and still counts you a mark upon the headboard even if the obvious method is applied. (Turns) Your use of arithmetics to sing the notes that compose your postulates is not good, Fes."

„Counting Digits tapped you."

Leah pops^ back „Need a little thought. YOU happen to have the only digit near that I *c o u l d t a p u p o n*."

Fes shakes form, tumbles to pot of cherries -n- leaves

upon the flame. Fes lifts pot of cherries -n- leaves and pours hot cherry tea in flask marked 'You'.

The Outside: Sun disappears below *Horizon of Silicon*.

The Inside: Fes swallows the hot cherry tea. Nerves settle. Muscles relax. Veins pump. Waves flow under skin. Balance wavers. Heavy with *empathy*. Sight wanders. Smell clouds. Taste blends. Touch numbs. The mind hones action. Tense becomes a fluid path of faith-action in the confines of a flow primed to calculate the dance for the other. *Fes* will *sing*. Fes will sing for the other for nothing will exist but the other. The other will exist through a filtered perception of senses honed for social direction. The senses honed to tap the tap of carnal stimulation and momentary satisfaction of time and location through the euphoria of the manufactured *bliss* pressed and packaged for human consumption.

Fes smiles for the tap of song and dance, sets glass upon counter top, clears counter. Sings. The Wind Stops.

The Sight that is Steve *flows* in „Good Times?"

Fes grins „*Well*, I call the tap of time more warm or hot...maybe. Red if you *see*. Steve, have you *seen* the fescue?"

Steve pivots to akimbo stance, falls soft to a postured lean, sets hand upon hip „I think the fescue is in the other room. I witnessed Leah...Lisa...never...put the fescue in the other room a tap ago (Steve pushes glasses (back)). Leah's a played bitch." Fes taps Steve „You believe every bitch is played."

Call it: "...*On The Way Out*"

Over (back) „*Well*, you're right, but so am I. So cast a stone at an object worthy of tapping practice." *Fes* flows through the hall „*Steve*, I believe you *see* truth."

...taps...

Steve's M||O||an ||Rattles||.

Fes whispers reply of “*Too much fun...*”

The Band: A circle in the middle of the space. A joint passed around the parameter of the band. A shroud of silk lay in the center of the band. Fes (whose shoulders fall) pushes an index (back), lays on the couch to watch the fan spin above the band “What time is it?”

Mike coughs, places fist over mouth, holds lungs „It’s almost time to go (throat gags, lips taut, exhales...) We’re almost finished and then I will we go.”

Leah inhales and waves redolence toward „Fes, you want any?”

„No. Thank you.”

Leah stands and sits by Fes’s stomach and exhales upon „Fes, you no?”

Fes smiles „Yes, I know my will.”

Leah rubs over Fes and runs over Fes’s tip...taps... „You feel good?”

Headlights spot window. Leah’s shadow cast on wall.

„Yes, just trying to remember where I put the fescue.”

„Getting stoned and old are you?”

„I am not petrified and I am not insulted by words. Are you calling me old?”

„No longer naïve?”

„Yes,” Fes props, points to the band “I am.”

Leah’s shadow cuddles in corner of couch, pulls back stave, sight lost in the silhouette horizon „What’s the Veil of Illusion for?”

Fes sits up, arches back along arm of couch, *sees* „...for her.”

Lisa flashes lashes „And if you *hear* her *not*?”

„I will the illusion to *you*.” Fes smiles, *sees* her- *awAY!*

Lisa waves off turn for inhale „We go.”

„||GO||!” echoes Steve’s Shout.

The Mike conducts. Mike points. They distinguish. The burn off of flesh. Pants brushed. Jackets arranged. A spray of mint. A dash of sage and fire smoke. All minds search for a focus. No contact in the silence of the moment, a need for social guidance, a desire to remain within the haven of familiar surroundings and wait, if only for a moment, to ponder the objective for the night, until the...

„Have you *seen* the fescue?”

Leah pulls the fescue from the sofa and gives the fescue to the Steve „‘O’H I gave the fescue to your BITCH, *Fes*. No*W* *every*One will have sympathy for the Steve ‘O’.”

Fes - *snap* - <shakes> (side to side), taps to door then opens door „Is everything upon the deck?” „Yes.” „Simon.” „Yes.” „Are you guiding us this evening?” „Yes, The *Rainbow Con nec* tion.” „Was that once The Es ta blish ment?” „Yes, but The Establishment closed for business.” „Years a g o.” „*I never weNT*.” „Years a go.” „I had heard they wanted the establishment to become that.” „That never ||*WENT*||.” „Why not?” „The Mike.” „The Establishment peaked too soon.” „Who is guiding?” „*Steve -n- I*.” „Steve, you have digits?” „Yes.” „Are you good to guide?” (digits on tip) „Of course, please Fes I was *good whEN* I arrived.” „What time is it?” „*NIne:FiFty-six*.” „Ten : *fifty-s e v e n*.” „Steve, are you sure you are good?” „Yes, I am good... *Si m‘O’n...and you* good and want to go?” „Sara?”

Rhythmic index of sound vibrates \roof/ and |-|walls|-|. Pictures of the Ivy Gates -n- Halos skew. Heads bop and staves slide for door. Stacks of crates in machine. The Night of Sabbath wait the minds that follow the other. Fes opens a window, rolls silk, puts silk in pack, takes out flyer...

Softfloor is in the hidden amplitudes

Go

And find the Illusion.

...places it in pack, wanders outside to Steve -n- Mike.
Call it: "Yet To Call"

Mike exhales „Worry not,” clears throat, spits, says to Fes “Maybe it taps and maybe it taps not.”

„Maybe the other I is fighting with *her* tonight,” inhales Steve, shakes, taps door of Steve’s New Machine, peers through passenger window, *sees* to Mike, who *sees* to Fes, smiles, exhales... „Maybe the other is fucking *her* tonight.” Steve sits within „Maybe *her* dance is too lascive for your purity...or purity (laughs, shuts door, flips switch - unlocks doors). Maybe *her* form is merry and tongue deep in pussy right now. Maybe *her* form is frank and mouth too full of dick to call (slides key into ignition, twists key).”

Mike waves for Sara to <~go~> and for „~Fes~.”

„Yes, Mike.”

Slaps Fes „We get in. We GO!”

...metronome blue bleep bling...

Fes presses the Little Green G‘O’ Button.

„When was the last time we called it?”

„It has been a tap and a half.”

„A tap and a half or was it two taps of time?”

„Both.”

„Two taps of time we dance.”

„Yes.”

„We dance with the other a tap and a half.”

„Yes, we show our site.”

„The site of faith?”

„The Site of Faith is the sight that discourages the Sight of
We cite our site of three sights.”

„What three sights?”

„Maybe we, *you and I*, see I. Maybe we, *you and I*, see
you. Maybe we, *you and I*, see the other.”

„What thee want when we see the other?”

„You.” „...” „I want not for *her* to hear while we *see* the
other.”

„You hear?”

„Maybe.”

„...*maybe*...”

„Maybe.”

„...*maybe*, I hear not and care not where you appear.”

„You hear not. You care not. We know not.”

„...I, the other, the muse.”

„You.”

„We...”

„Listen and I will sing-

„LETS ||MOVE||” Mike pounds on hood, extinguishes,
opens door, glides in, taps upon door “Night sounds. Hear
and we g||O||.”

To the calls from activity.

Doors close.

Sight refracted by Night.

Ignition.

Hued wisps above it.

Motion.



Spin left.

Signal right.

Tap Tap Tap Tap...

...and if a Verse is spoken with Motion
It's probably an Illusion
And if you try to touch
Please rub...

(Kalab)

...for services rendered: 9  780972 846547  59999 >
ISBN 0-9728465-4-9