

Dinton Yule

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PART 1

Dead

He wasn't being himself. Things in his head were being replaced with things that shouldn't be there. His mind was a melting pot of splintered jewels. There hadn't been a moment of insanity adjoining his life until this exact moment in time. Dinton Yule found it difficult to be anyone other than himself but somehow he found a way. He always found a way. It was his job. It was everyone's job.

Dinton was the founder of his own suicide hotline called Aged Beginnings. He decided who lived and who died in these most bleak and disturbing of times.

"I want to kill myself," said the drunk.

Dinton spoke. "It's not about what you want."

"It's not?"

"No."

He had done it once again. He had saved another insignificant bastard's life. Dinton took pride in knowing that he could kill whenever he liked. He thought he was God. He went through centuries of Sundays just to find out that they were preaching about him the whole time.

Uzi

Dinton's eyes rolled up. The morning light made its way in. He sat up in his bed cheerfully. His mouth was an opera singer, hungry for a brief song. "I awake world. I awake." He clapped three times, with eyes set on an invisible audience.

Dinton rose from the bed, waiting for applause.

"I awake," Dinton repeated.

The phone rang. It always rang.

Dinton pulled an Uzi out from his invisible trench coat. Dinton loaded the gun and unleashed an army of bullets upon the phone. He stood like the Virgin Mary toward his audience, then bowed.

Police

On the count of six, his door blew open. One of the cops was bleeding.

"Hello, pigs" was Dinton's greeting. Dinton stood as naked as an ape. "I was just napping," he said. Dinton pointed to his erect cock as proof for his prior napping.

"We heard gun shots," said the bleeding cop. He stood with an exciting effort, obviously the alpha male. The other two cops stood as stiff as Dinton's cock, without saying a word.

"Scared the hell out of us," said the smallest cop.

There was a knock at the door. Dinton walked over to it, turned the knob, and opened it slightly. He stuck his erect cock through the opening and flung the door open with incredible momentum. The door crashed against the wall with a great amount of noise. Dinton never did like doorstops.

Phil Buck

A man with a big-ass belt buckle stood at the door and gazed longingly into Dinton's eyes.

"So I'm sitting down on the curb and a man comes to sit down next to me," the man began. The man was sweating profusely and he was pulling at his shirt collar to hopefully allow more oxygen into his head.

"I ask him what his name is and he turns to me and tells me that his name is Phil Buck." The man looked amazed as he said this and all of his sweat dried and cracked like dry paint from his scalp.

"I tell him that my name is also Phil Buck. Small world it is out there folks. Imagine that, two Phil Bucks. Imagine that, two."

The bleeding cop wore an expressionless face. "Please leave the scene retard, you are being a huge disturbance." Phil Buck turned and left. He was whistling "Row Your Boat" as he left.

Big

"You know not the virtues of a crippled mind!" Dinton cried.

"What?" answered the bleeding cop.

"Fuck you," Dinton rejoined in horror.

The middle cop broke his tomb of silence.

It was as if he had risen.

"Why, why do you curse those that protect? Those that serve?" The cop's face looked hurt like a wounded bear. "Does it make you feel big?"

Dinton did not answer.

"Back me up on this!" cried the middle cop, turning to the smallest cop, looking for companionship like a boat hugging sea.

"Does it make you feel big?" questioned the smallest cop.

Dinton attempted to flee with kindness.

"I apologize to you in ways I can't explain. Will you please forgive me?"

"I do," answered the middle cop. Dinton had a way with persuasion.

"Oh well," said the smallest cop. The smallest cop was gay and Dinton's naked body pleased him.

Giant

Dinton morphed into a giant in a matter of seconds. He grew through the roof. The shingles were ruined. He would have to replace them again when he returned to his normal size. Dinton looked down at the three cops in the bedroom below and kicked the bleeding cop in the face. The cop was thrown through a large window and he continued to fly forever. Then Dinton took flight.

Haircut

When Dinton returned, the middle cop and the small cop had already escaped to the pleasant, safe scent of their tiny blue car. Dinton smirked at the thought of those pussies. From a long bottle, he poured a glass of rare merlot and sipped from it. Stepping over the splattered shards of his roof, he made way for his giant mirror that stood alone, propped upon the dresser. His hair appeared a bit scruffy. "Time for a trim," he said. "My legacy will not be tainted by unkempt hair." Dinton looked up to the roof, which only revealed sky. "I will have to call the Mexicans again. They have the hammers and the screwdrivers." He launched into the pulsing crimson sun, where birds in great crowded hoards scattered accordingly. Dinton soared with his handsome head leading, stirring crisp wind through the clouds. He instinctively knew when Al's Barbershop would be closing in. After all, he was a regular.

When he opened the door, a woman under the care of a Chinese barber screamed. "He's naked!" she cried. Her scream echoed feverishly through the earth. The Chinese barber almost snipped off her ear. "Naked as the day he was born!"

"Oh, cram it up your ass!" sneered Dinton.

Her lips trembled. The woman could not understand or tolerate the sheer energy of Dinton's presence. She jolted from her burgundy chair, which sent it spinning wildly, and escaped through the back door on her frightened heels, forgetting her purse that bulged to the brim with excess and makeup. Her hair was only half cut.

"That whore didn't pay!" steamed the Chinese barber, blushing, bewildered. He gazed caustically at the nude man, who approached casually. Though normally without courage, the Chinese barber wanted justice. "You make me lose business! Get out!"

"What am I, chopped liver?" laughed Dinton, forcefully smacking the barber across the face with a nearby magazine. "I eat barbers like you for breakfast."

The Chinese barber sobbed instantly, shedding tears as large as eggs.

"What's all this commotion about?" boomed Al, a short irate man that owned three barbershops. Stepping out from a corner, he was adjusting his belt. "What's with all the noise?" he cackled. When he saw Dinton at once he changed his tone. "Dinton! Dinton Yule!" he beamed, ceremoniously with greeting affection. "Time for a trim?" He hid his fears behind the veil of a smile, like many that gave Hitler the heil. "Time for a trim?" Al repeated, rubbing his hands together.

"That's what I tried to tell the chink here," Dinton said, pointing cruelly with a finger. "This chink, right here."

"This guy givin' you trouble?" Al said, turning his head. "Doesn't surprise me." Al smacked the cowering barber across the face, a loud thwack. The Chinese barber squealed. "You're fired!" Al screamed. "You hear me? You're done for!" Al raised his hand for a second strike. The Chinese barber was breathing very fast and, budding on speaking, Al silently relented.

"I only want cut hair," sobbed the Chinese barber in heavy accent. "I only want cut hair!"

"Go make some noodles," rejoined Dinton. "Then tell me when they're done!" The Chinese barber wiped his eyes, his tears dropping like two tiny lakes made of pearls. They fell on the departed woman's hair clumps. The Chinese barber took a deep breath and cooled his face with his hand like a cheap paper fan.

"Why you cruel? Now I have to find job."

"You can't work here," said Al, bluntly.

Dinton nodded. "Get out. Don't ever return."

"I go now." These were his last words. The Chinese barber turned from his oppressors and left slowly with his

head sunk. The Chinese barber opened the door and the sunlight slowly took him away. As he ventured toward the train, he sobbed heavily and contemplated suicide.

“Now how’s about that trim?” Dinton smirked.

“Comin’ right up,” Al said as if he were about to prepare a hamburger. The haircut, long delayed, only took five minutes. There really wasn’t much hair to cut. Dinton now stood atop his fallen hair.

“Not bad Al. Not bad.”

“You look good,” said Al, frightened, forever bound to give Dinton free haircuts.

“Thanks Al, you piece of shit!” sneered the handsome, well trimmed Dinton. Al could only smile and accept what was said. “I’ll be back when I get shaggy.” Dinton turned to approach the door. But before he could leave, a plump baker entered. Dinton decided to take a seat in a waiting chair.

When Al saw the baker he shook his head. “Sorry guy, I don’t do bakers.” It was his only policy.

“What? What do you mean you don’t do bakers?” said the insulted baker.

“I mean I’m not going to touch your goddamned greasy hair!” Al tried to ignore the baker and looked away as if reading an invisible newspaper. The baker, dumfounded, stood his ground.

“Well, uh, well how do you know I’m a baker?”

“Because you’re wearin’ a fuckin’ smock covered in flour and you’re fat as a fuckin’ whale! For Christ’s sakes your mouth is smeared with jelly!”

It all was true.

The baker had just indulged in a blueberry pastry. The baker’s lower face had become disheveled with blue innards. “So I’m found out is it? No haircut huh? No bakers huh?” Flustered, the baker drew his kitchen knife from his powdered apron. The knife was huge and it seemed strange that he would carry it around. The corpulent baker was ready for anything and Dinton smiled.

Al still had the scissors in his hand. “Don’t do this you pig.”

The baker, with prestige of samurai, flared his nostrils, and spat out, “I have honor. I am proud of my baker heritage. I will die if I must.”

“Bring it you fat fuck,” the barber said.

And the baker lunged forth and slashed the air with mad strikes, not giving thought to his swings. Far too slow, stumbling, and already lethargic, the baker was no combatant and hardly ready for what he was tangled up in. Al found it fairly easy to thrust the scissors into the baker’s gut. The scissors stayed there. The baker bellowed a song of death and dropped his knife. Like the whale he had been called, the baker collapsed onto Al, onto a floor covered with Dinton’s hair. A large handheld mirror at the former Chinese barber’s post cracked open. Al’s heart exploded like confetti. Blood of the both of them flooded below, stretching like tides, gathering hair. The baker’s blood yellow and the barber’s blue, together the streams turned green as they merged.

Above the corpses sat a picture frame of Al’s beloved mother, now dead since nine long years ago. In her prime, long ago when Al was but a pup, a baker had broken into her home and proceeded to rape her. Little Al could only sob silently as he watched the baker take off his smock.

Corpses

The picture of Al’s dead mother reminded Dinton of his own mother’s death. Dinton stood over the mass of meat and pissed on them both. He didn’t have to unbutton his pants. He wasn’t wearing any.

Drugs

Dinton awoke in an unintelligible haze. He felt like he had been drugged last night. He couldn't remember anything past urinating on the deceased. "Must have been something in the haircut," Dinton said aloud with a throat full of daggers. "My throat is killing me."

Drug Store

Dinton escaped thoughts of throat sores. The drug store drew close like imaginary festivals; he was excited. The door opened automatically, closing with flailing insecurities. The rug was filthy. Searching for the search that seemed irrelevant; the perfect condom, he knew his real size but it too was irrelevant. He grabbed extra large, serpent dick size, in purple latex. The cashier was impressed.

Date

The streets beat on an aerial hum, the wind dancing, baroque and lifeless. Clouds hung on a wild tight rope, coping the sunlight in translucent rhythms. He stuffed the purple condoms in the posh wallet, stitched by children, squeezing tight. Their teddy bears were all they had. Dinton needed pleasure, sexual and deviant, just like he was taught. The air exhaled thick mists of slumber and rain. Time was running out.

The short search ended, he found his fix. A blonde, plump lips, blue eyes, short with wide hips. She must have been a teenager, her skin squeezed tight with innocence. She even was sucking on a lollipop. "This will be easier than I thought," Dinton thought, his confidence bursting through his hypnotic stare.

"Come over here," he demanded, their eyes stuck on each other like inexperienced craftsman. She obeyed.

"Let's go I'm taking you to dinner," Dinton told her. He began to walk away. The young girl followed behind him and swung her hips, dancing Charleston. He scanned her, as she began to sweat, waiting for a sign of approval. Looking away, she passed and they continued to walk forward. Together they walked, 7 feet apart. She stared at his naked body, dragging her feet like a sloppy drunk.

He turned sharply into a door, the Brazilian rosewood assuring him of fine meat. He enjoyed a large feast before sex. A steady routine of gluttony and lust, without monotony, without anything but the finest pleasure the world had to offer. The girl slipped through the door. Dinton didn't bother to hold it open for his new acquaintance. He sat down at the nearest table, without hesitation. She followed him, lifting her chair from the ground. Dinton didn't bother to pull her chair for her to sit in.

The two sat silently for a couple minutes, Dinton staring coarsely at his prey, a hunter with arrows and daggers. Her eyes began to burn with a feeling of deep sorrow. She could see everything in herself, the poison, that rotten side she thought had past.

"What's your name?" he asked, moments later.

"Mary Jane," she quickly responded, her voice a little choked and weary. Water came by the cup. The waiter felt weary. Dinton became hungrier every second he looked at this young girl, a prom angel without a date.

"Why are you trembling? Calm down." She began to shake, a scorch-chiseled blonde. She closed her eyes, and could somehow feel him across the room, touching her. It was her first orgasm. Every invisible touch tickled. She began

to cry.

“My god woman control yourself! You’re so greedy!” he responded to her wet thong.

A stranger approached the embarrassing scene. He forgot his pen but he was a sharp guy. He could remember a couple steaks medium rare.

“Hey what’s going on beautiful people?” slender in the waist, balding slightly, and wearing buttons on suspended straps, Dinton just wanted meat. She ran to the bathroom, sobbing tears in her hands, cradled children. “Name’s Phil Buck. The other day I meet a guy on the curb and ask him his name. Tells me his name’s Phil Buck. Imagine that, two Phil Bucks. My dad’s name is Phil Buck too. Come to think of it so is my little brother Phil Buck Jr. and also lil Philly Buck. Small world out there folks.” Dinton stared back with an annoyed stare.

“Shut the fuck up. 3 filet mignon, tartare and for the crying bitch a bowl of lettuce no dressing, now get the fuck out of here.” Phil Buck scrambled to remember the order. He better not fuck up, he thought loudly. He ran away to the kitchen quicker than a frightened rat.

Dinton leaned back in his comfortable chair to cool off. He glanced to his right, hearing a man slam his fist on a wooden table.

“Come on Shelly, this is some bullshit,” standing up, his chair smashed to the hardwood like a dense Elm tree in the forest. “I can change baby. So whaht! I got a small dick. That don’t mean I don’t know where the spots are. I know about the clitoris. I can fuck with my tiny penis, baby! Yeah that’s right I get it, I’m not an idiot. That’s right a got a tiny dick, but I could take anyone here! I’m not a bitch!” he raised his fists. Dinton observed his tiny clubs. Two balls of silly putty attached to feathery wrists. Mary Jane returned from the ladies room. She stood silently.

Dinton stood up. “With great pain comes great reward my friend.” He threw his fist towards the small man, paralyzing him in comas for decades.

Mary Jane grabbed Dinton. They fucked in the bathroom for hours. Her virginity died.

Mexicans

Dinton awoke curious and contemplative to a naked sixteen-year-old girl in his bed. She lay dreaming on dream sand, serene in her doze, as sunlight fell from the wide window onto her nose. The sun blew in cunningly. Ah, her, he thought. Dinton lifted the golden sheets and gasped at her breasts. They were what life is to death, though they were pale and needed sun. Last night, she received Dinton’s cock again and again, armored to the teeth in purple latex. Vodka was poured into a thousand glasses. Dinton laid her on the bed and mended her drunken soaked body. He snatched her amidst joyful painful wailing and then submitted to sleep.

Now it was morning. Now the sunshine streamed inside, through the American windows who were poor guards. Dinton woke her promptly by slapping her pale breasts. He said, “Get the fuck out.” Taken as a joke, the girl laughed. Her face turned wheelbarrow red when she realized Dinton was serious. She reached for her t-shirt feeling used and despised. Dinton wailed his hand upon her cheek and then slapped her five more times. The whole thing could be considered a beating. “You will exit naked,” he said. “These clothes are now mine. I will masturbate onto them.” Awful blue sunburns blemished her face fully.

She cried. “You can’t…”

Dinton slapped her again raw, almost a knockout. She fell very hard on the bed.

“Out! You fucking whore!” screamed Dinton. Offering no expressions of self worth, she departed naked and sobbing, just as Dinton wanted it. Dinton watched her ass as she left. He now found himself standing in front of his tremendous mirror. He ran a hand through his hair. “I feel so alive,” he watched his mouth declare. Dinton admired his

naked body. Turning his head, he noticed the pile of telephone smithereens. He walked like a proud Moses toward one of his many closets. Funny, because Dinton always believed that Moses was a coward. But then again, he did not believe in Moses anyway, nor Jesus, nor virgins giving birth, nor sacrificed lambs left to bleed in the sun. He especially did not believe in God. Dinton was an atheist since the day he was born. Dinton only believed in himself.

He opened a door to myriad telephones, telephones scattered and plentiful, wires tangled up in wires like bodies in genocide. Dinton scooped up a blue telephone and plugged it into an appropriate socket. He called the Mexicans.

The Mexicans knocked on his door. Dinton was busy, disemboweling a toaster with a hatchet. The Mexicans repeated the knock, something that rattled Dinton's swaying and fragile cage. Dinton did not enjoy being rushed, being tested. He answered the door with the hatchet dangling like a dog leash by his side. "Come in," he said. Dinton stood naked. The Mexican brothers were not surprised. They had been to Dinton's before, perpetually repairing the roof.

"Hello Mr. Yule," Frank said.

"Hello Mr. Yule," Juan said.

"Enough greetings you two. Just repair the goddamned roof."

"Yes Mr. Yule," Frank said.

"Yes Mr. Yule," Juan said.

The Mexicans promptly attended to their duties after giving their nods. They had brought with them many supplies, set on mending the roof in an A+ manner. Dinton soon found himself in the kitchen. He turned on the oven. From far away the Mexicans chatted on their ladders. The sun shined on them and the gossip. "Why is he always naked?" Frank whispered to his brother.

"Got me," Juan whispered back, "As long as you pays the moneys, I have no problems with a naked man."

Frank still was not convinced. "It's common courtesy to wear pants," Frank said very quietly. The Mexican brothers had not considered the strength of Dinton's ears. Dinton had heard everything from his kitchen. He grew irritated, but not to the point of rage. "I wonder if he believes in God," Frank said.

After five sweaty hours toiling with roof in the brainwashing sun, the Mexicans grew thirsty. Frank's mouth felt arid and salty. The brothers swept their foreheads with rags and silenced their labor. With a lethargic stride, they made their way to the kitchen. Dinton was washing a potato. Frank was the first to speak. "Mr. Yule, could we please have some water? The sun is brutal." Frank's mouth was so dry he could barely speak.

"It would be greatly appreciated," Juan added.

Dinton turned from the sink and flowing faucet. "Here's your fucking water!" Dinton's cock shot through Frank's chest like a harpoon. Blood angels spewed from the gaping wound without song. As the swift cock recoiled, Frank collapsed. The heart floated from its home on a soft red current. Frank's eyes turned from dark chestnut brown to pure white. Not only was Frank paralyzed, he was dead.

"Jesus help me," Juan choked. "Jesus why?"

Dinton laughed. Juan stood silent in shock, shaking in horror. Dinton walked over and grabbed Juan by the throat, hurling him into a nearby oven glowing orange. Juan's tears evaporated in murder. Dinton placed a lock on the door and trapped Juan in a chamber of screams. It was a kitchen holocaust. Juan raced and rattled for the screwdriver from his back pocket and, once retrieved, clawed aggressively with it in the demon heat. Dinton was laughing while drinking a large glass of water. Juan burned quickly in that cramped oven. It was the worst day of Juan's life. It was the last day of Juan's life.

Moments later there was a knock on Dinton's door. Dinton wiped the blood from his dripping dick with napkin and put some pants on. He opened the door. It was the pretty young girl who had awoken in his bed that morning. Dinton was surprised to see her. "Dinton," she said. "I don't care if you hit me. I think I'm in love."

"You should probably leave," Dinton said. "I need to do some cleaning."

"I can help," she said, shivering.

"Here, let me get you your clothes," Dinton said. "Come in, won't you?" Dinton suddenly had a change of heart. The naked girl walked in. Her body was the same beautiful from last night. Dinton fetched her clothes, which he had said he would keep. A black turtleneck, a black beret, and some tight fitting black jeans. He retrieved the black bra and blue panties last. He placed the clothes in the girl's outstretched hands. "Does blood make you sad?" Dinton asked her.

"Sad? Well, gosh, I don't know." It was a very strange answer that Dinton found cute. "What do you mean?"

"You are about to see a lot of blood," Dinton said.

"What? Where?"

Dinton led her to the kitchen, where there was the stench of overdone human, and the bloodied mass of a man with a giant hole in his chest. Frank's heart was out in the open, carried away in blood. The girl immediately started to cry. "Oh Dinton, you are a madman." She sank to the floor and coiled up near the refrigerator and wept. Dinton joined her, taking her in his arms. He began to weep as well.

Gray

Dinton never knew why he was anywhere. He was but a machine gliding through shades of gray. His soul was the only thing keeping him sane. It wasn't natural for Dinton to do anything he was, to be anywhere he was. He was an insecure god in human flesh. Dinton was the men he hurt, the women he loved, and the children he looked up to. If only he had a cleansed soul, a chance to start over. He would have taken many more risks to muddy his perception. He would love to take every opportunity to binge on ill experience for the sake of nothing. Only freedom can stem from a broken soul.

Candy-like Whispers

Its moment was present; airline tickets sat shogun ready. The gas pedal felt heavy as soaked clothes and he felt inclined to speed, demon. The road was giving; whispers were luring him candy-like. Dinton's sweet tooth was strong. The driver accelerated naturally and off he went for the airport. One ways turned to highways but then the probable, the inevitable greed arrived. A cop pulled him over, guns in hands, one pistol and one shotgun. He approached him. Slowly, he approached him. Dinton was angry so he hit the cop and his couple guns. The cop escaped unharmed.

Airport Arrival

The air was infected with glaring apposition, a shining blaze, when Dinton arrived at the airport, fifteen, lost, minutes ago. Walking in was hard. His feet were quite tired from the long walk. His shoes hurt, blistering like a forgotten nerve, but only the sunburn from the sun, on his back, kept his attention. He felt inappropriate taking off his shoes without the approval of the filled airplane passengers, employees, hobos, and street performers. Unfortunately, for those people, he did. An odor began to perfume the room. All the people present tried to ignore the wrench odor, smelling of mold and cat piss. They knew who he was.

However, he felt very awkward so his insecurities latched on, telling him to put his shoes back on. He did. To dilute the staring eyes, he decided to get a shoeshine. He approached the booth. All his thoughts felt, awkward; so odd that he cared and wanted their approval. He sat, acting calmly; his feet were warm. Only thoughts of insecurities presided so he bought the expensive Gentleman's Preference choice. It was decent, only decent. Like the cop, like the barber, like all the others, he slapped them. He didn't make a scene.

The Pitch

Dinton threw his shined shoes into a trashcan. He and his fellow passengers boarded the plane, Dinton arriving nude and confident, strolling past the plump first class. The wealthy patrons were already dining on fish and wine, worn in attire seeming of royalty. Distinguished members of society, it was the wives who had the pearls.

One man quite openly was taken by Dinton Yule's nudity. Swallowing a bite of salted trout, he gasped as sudden as a tea whistle, monocle falling to his scotch. Forehead damp with panic, he reeled back his head to the soft blue of a lofty neck cushion, mouth open. Dinton pierced his eyes and slapped the scared man, then walked on and approached the blue curtain that separates the classes.

He filtered passed families, the elderly, screaming babies, to find his seat, his number, his letter. He took his seat, which was the aisle seat. A man watched as Dinton sat, secure in the window seat with inquisitive face, inquisitive nature. Between them, an empty middle seat. "No clothes, huh? I can respect that." A jettisoned hand was already presented. Dinton looked up as if from a trance. Rejecting the offer, he left the hand dry. "No handshake, huh? I can respect that. What's your name friend?"

"Kent," Dinton said.

"Pleasure to meet you Kent. My name is Troy. Troy Schmidt." Troy wore a red suit with a large belt. A filthy rat with a polished smile, he tried to hypnotize Dinton with a charm he greatly exaggerated. Troy was a big man with bold hopes, slicked back blonde hair since childhood. Dinton did not have time for Troy and thus tried to ignore him. "I sell belts, Kent," he said. "Genuine leather. The best belt for the best price." This was no time for a pitch. Dinton hated salesmen. "Judging by your waist, I'd say you're about a size 32," deemed Troy as he glared upon Dinton's naked waist and privates. "Not that I'm judging, but if you do decide to wear pants, you're gonna want a good belt. Scratch that, a great belt."

Dinton could take no more of this fucking salesman. With a pointed finger, Dinton reached over and poked the salesman in the eye. Troy Schmidt, in an instant, became frozen in time, where he remained completely and utterly motionless. Troy was now a statue, a martyr for salesmen.

The Pilot

One night at a bar, during a dreary Thai rain, a scurvy sailor jammed a slippery knife into the white olive, the pilot's eye. The knife was drawn impulsively and sunk deeply through the pupil's center. The sailor stood up to do it, a savage climax to a bitter argument. The pilot flailed his blind fighting arms, but the chubby sailor had already split, flinging through the door, rain pummeling into his sailor's hat. The pilot plucked the knife keenly and examined it closely with his other eye. Barflies comforted the pilot. Massacred eye. A veteran bartender dispensed rags for sopping up the mess. The victim held his face, elbows planted on cocktail napkins, crying, rather pouting. The bartender leaned over and gently informed him of the assailant's identity.

The pilot hired a hit man named Angus to have the sailor put to rest. What Angus performed, at the pilot's

request, was break into the sailor's home and beat him to death with a baseball bat. The pilot dropped the dead sailor into the sea from one of his private planes. He gave Angus \$5,000.

That was long ago.

The pilot, reclining in his cockpit, smiled faintly under his aged black eye patch. He was a devilishly handsome man. His prestigious gray uniform, proud and ironed, came to be his favored skin, embellished with pins and honors. There was no need for a co-pilot because the pilot was both rebel and iconoclast. Other pilots looked up to him because he was the only pilot to ever acquire tenure. Thinking of all his accomplishments, he lost himself in narcissistic daydreams.

He spilled hot coffee to his leg. "Goddamnit!" he screamed. Regaining his composure, he removed his caffeinated trousers and reached into a compartment for a nice clean pair. He put them on one leg at a time. Meanwhile, Dinton was reading a magazine, two seats away from an immobile man. At times, Dinton forgot how to read. The article was about tigers. Dinton placed the magazine down in the middle seat, sighing, when the airplane started its crawl. He peered out through the window, past the salesman stiff as stone. Dinton looked appreciatively to the land, shedding a tear like an anchor.

Dinton's cock, as well as the pilot's, bloomed to an erection just as the airplane departed the runway. The sky was unusually blue, the sun wildly bright. It didn't take long to reach 35,000 feet. The pilot steered steadily for a little while and then went into a nosedive. Those not wearing seat belts were out of luck and got tossed about like laundry in the vertical plane. The chaos of the terrified masses upset Dinton's ears. "Shut up! Shut up!" he cried. Nobody listened, for there were too many screams and too much fear of a hodgepodge funeral. People were praying with rosaries clutched, mouths quickly spouting. Hands brought together like that disgusted Dinton. He snatched the beads harshly and ripped them apart, slapping each person in prayer. "Stop that!" he demanded.

Troy Schmidt, frozen in his red suit, tumbled stiff and dry through the aisle of the plane, until eventually he crashed into the pilot's backdoor. He burst into a cloud of thick red dust. Nearby stewardesses could not help but breathe in the salesman's ash. Troy settled quickly in their lungs, trying to sell belts, soon to be banished in a sea of wheezes. The stewardesses coughed hoarsely into clenched hands, then collapsed to the floor, blood spilling from their mouths. The airplane artfully shifted to impressive spins and back flips, the pilot wishing to steer through hoops of fire. Even lassos from the hands of God could not have captured this plane.

"Weeeeeeeeeee!" the pilot cried from inside his lounge. A couple more nosedives, spins, and loopy loops, and he was done. He didn't want to overdo it. He shifted to a smooth and cruising trajectory. All was smooth, smooth as the blood. The passengers came to be in protest, as unified as peasants. They shouted with their useless voices for the pilot with tears in their eyes, seeking explanation. It wasn't long before he spoke into the intercom. "This is your captain speaking. Relax. You're in good hands. This is just how I fly. I'm a very unique pilot."

Dinton was the only one to survive the plane crash. The plane flew into a field. Dinton thought about the children that were ash now. He thought of their crying eyes, their hurt stomachs, and their sobbing confusion. He refused to save any of them. He crawled from the wreckage and the flames and wiped the hot ash from his fragile flesh.

Bernie's Bitch Castle

Dinton approached the whorehouse without caution but with a raging erection. He wanted to ease his throbbing, dissecting in purple carpets; he didn't want the whores to think he was eager. The packing lot was packed, brim, with beaten up cars, a few Cadillac's; however, Dinton's car sat clean, spotless, and freshly washed. Proudly, he thought, look

at those shit tins, beaten up pieces of shit. His dick retreated as he opened the front door.

Upon arriving, beautiful “women” showered him, luxurious, big titted, skanks; they crowded around him, hoping to touch the infamous Dinton Yule; all of them knew who Dinton Yule was. He wasn’t flattered, rather ignored all their attention. Their nails dug his skin, hoping to touch, imagined power. He threw them all off, asking for their pimp who arrived quickly, bewildered, intimidated, and alone. “Mr. Yule, you’re back.” He felt nervous. “Can I get you a drink, on me my man?”

“Shut up.” He began to pick out the girls who instinctively retreated to their normal line up. The girls were clawing over the spot closest to Dinton, the infamous Yule. “How much for the black, tits, midget, Chinese ass, and red head?” He paused inquisitively. “Ah fuck the red head, give me another big titted whore.”

“Ah nice choice Mr. Yule.” He drifted into thoughts of purple drapes.

“I didn’t ask for your goddamn opinion, I asked for another big titted slut, goddamnit! How much?” Dinton thoughts crowded the girls with attention; it worked. Sluts, all of them, crowded him, caressing his sun burnt body. He slapped the one, fat slut across her swollen mouth. “Bernie, why do you have a fat bitch in my whore line up? You think I like fat sluts, Bernie?” Advising the forsaken, fat girl, Bernie told her to leave the room and into another. She cried for hours, until her tears drained her body of all hydration. She died slowly, losing fifty pounds in the secretion of her insecurity. The death was written off, another suicide.

“Well, since it’s my man, Mr. Yule, this one’s on me.” Bernie, nervous and alone, jittered his leg tired and exhausted. “You sure you don’t want that drink?”

“I want sex, you stupid ass hole. I’ll give you twenty dollars.”

The pimp seemed puzzled but continued to retrieve the money into his dark, satin coat pocket. He left the room.

Dinton brought the whores to his over sized room, made of heart shaped pillows. The room of purple ribbons ate the sunlight of another flailing day, evening twilight. The pillows kissed the sunlight into a red, orange gaze. The women looked at the drifting sighs of love and coxed nudity. Dinton wasn’t pleased; he wanted more women. The red haired slut sounded appropriate. He began to impregnate the women. One by one, they fell asleep and so did he, in the flailing day, evening twilight. The sun left for now.

Violins

In the lustless morning, Dinton awoke, flowerstained with the juices of women. Caressing his headache, he gazed at the heart shaped pillows and the empty bottles of complimentary wine, the shag carpet and purple decorations. He glanced at the erotic painting of lesbians that hung askew.

When the sun had risen, Dinton’s whores scurried off to their day jobs, breakfasts, and routines. Their wrinkles in the sheets remained, however, and Dinton smoothed his hand over them. Music suddenly came. Haunting violin dissonance burst wide open the doors, and Dinton wondered where the musicians were, wondered how music could be self-sufficient. He got out of bed and stumbled into the horrible noise.

Next came the sun. Burping sun, it bled thickly through the pretty window, shattering it. The sharp razor rays clawed through Dinton’s body and mind, blistering orange. He was engulfed, stabbed and fucked by radiant rods. Blood sprayed across the purple bedroom. Dinton’s thoughts, distant boats, meandered in brisk confusion. With sad blue eyes, he battled the sun, as if with musket. He thought he felt a tear, squirming like a worm in his eye. The deed was done. The song was sung. Dinton lay baptized in his blood.

White Light

A dream seeped like a janitor mopping and tending with heavy water. Dinton tumbled through a void into the bright buried memory of his birth, a trenchant scene of lifelong repression. His father stood silently in the hospital room, sly, reeking of gin, ten paces east of his wife's trembling hand. Stubbornly, the father bit his nails and spat them out, isolated in his own selfish spotlight. He wanted nothing to do with babies.

Twelve doctors pulled Baby Dinton from the womb. Dinton bitterly crooned. Twenty-four hands swooped him from the lascivious vagina, now a broken home, a curdled mayflower moaning and milking upon the callous floor. Doctor feet danced in the creamy puddle while the futile mother tried hard to keep her eyes open just long enough for a peep of what came from her. One horny doctor fingered her boldly. The father was looking away, aloof. Baby Dinton, shiny with his own mystery, was presented a mirror by a doctor wearing a gold watch. The doctor smiled with malice. Baby Dinton battled his image with great violence.

His mother lay unconscious.

Raw colors of death flooded Dinton's eyes, stealing blue. Blood leaked tranquilly from his calm pale carcass. A big titted whore entered the room, wearing a thick brown fur coat, clutching bags of groceries. She was an angel, he thought. Everything was drenched in beautiful white light. "Oh, beautiful Dinton! What have they done?" cried the whore.

The man was bloody, listening. A sharp pain filled her stomach. "You're hurt," she uttered.

A yellow bird like something dictated graced its way through the shattered window and tweeted a song for Dinton. The bird was sad, was drenched in its own blue tears. The bird danced across Dinton's sun slaughtered body, cutely in mourning.

The whore, disgusted, shooed the bird away, finding it offensive. The bird flew off as a vulture flew in, even more uninvited. The vulture danced like a Cherokee ritual upon Dinton's tender wounds. The whore tried to fight off the vulture. The vulture bit the whore on the neck and spread its large full wings and escaped. The whore gave a nasty look to the shattered window as the vulture flew away.

The whore bled and moaned, dabbing her neck. A whore with some meat on her bones, she quickly went lugging Dinton over her shoulder. Stepping into the hall, she hauled the body, bumping into walls. She made it to the elevator. It was a very large elevator with a smell of rotten semen. The buttons were shining wildly.

"Help! Dinton is hurt!" she cried to blonde Stacy, a receptionist on the first floor. Stacy got teary eyed as she called for a taxi. Stacy got the whore a rag for her neck and shed tears to her lap. The taxi came quickly. The whore, in her thick brown fur coat, helped get Dinton into the backseat. She placed him in very delicately with her sour face and then got into the front seat and cried. The taxi driver cried as well. Benito deep in gloom, cried heaviest. "Oh Dinton," began Benito, heavysset and Cuban. "Anybody but you!" He pounded his fist to the wheel, tears crowding his eyes. Benito drove through red lights. The whore's pussy was wet. Her pussy was wet with thoughts of Dinton.

"We're almost there baby, almost there," assured the whore, looking behind her at her beloved carcass.

"Almost there baby," echoed Benito, soon self-conscious of his questionable mimicry.

The taxi arrived at the hospital just as the clock struck twelve. The whore and Benito, both still crying, carried Dinton inside. Crowds of surgeons were about to take him away. "Lord, please help him. Let him be okay." This was what the whore said as she slipped through the hospital's door.

Black Light

There must have been over one hundred surgeons carrying Dinton into surgery. Each of them with a firm grip on some part of Dinton. One of the whores from the whorehouse was disguised as a surgeon. She was cute, cute enough.

Dinton went to street hookers too, the skinny, anorexic and begging for a dick hookers. He never fantasized about them, only slapped them sensitively hard. His car was freshly washed, hand washed by Mexican immigrants that he did not respect. He picked up the mostly naked girl, inflicted with cuts of her own self image. She sat in the trunk.

“Yawn, I am tired.” Yawned the tired hooker. He angered over the thought of the girl thinking he gave a fuck because he did not. He took her past the bay of streets and their children. Infectious ostriches crowded Dinton. He did not care and only wanted to look at another beaten hooker. Moments later he did.

The room he took the hooker to was small. It had ten dollars of electricity until eviction. An unembarrassed man who liked to beat hookers rented the room. He took the girl to his room and beat her. Dinton loved going to hookers. That was the past and now he was bleeding, dead, over hospital ribbons.

He stopped bleeding moments later, with only a coffee's cup left draining tirelessly. He couldn't move. He died in the hands of whores.

Part 2

Mustard

The morgue laid mourning, Dinton Yule was dead. Retrieved by the hands of whores, blood leaked from the crevices of his carcass. Seeping in saturated nudity, he died underdressed and in concealed pain. Veiling surreptitious, all wondered, whores and morticians, how he had died. Suspicion lurked in the sun frozen windows that oozed sunlight, the jagged blades of his ultimatum. His scars were profuse, bloody and scabbed, looking like thousands of needle thin wounds. They continued to leak blood, even after he died. The morticians' aprons were stained with his body and blood.

The room was filled with clamor, the blaring blast of unsolved death. The floors' cracks spilled blood, of women, children, men, and Dinton Yule. Cluttered papers stacked in piles, unfinished reports and inconclusive results, scattered across the room's dissonance. Silence escaped. The stench of bodies was undyingly present, the pungent odors of past life seeped suspicion. Layers of chrome boxes, labeled in meaningless numbers, concealed death, each victim resting with a tag on their big toe, like filing cabinets. A box in the high corner of the room, Level B; Dinton Yule rested, dead. Two morticians walked in, both holding a plastic bag filled with sandwiches. "Hey Ed, give me your sandwich. Our sandwiches must have gotten switched, that one has my extra mustard," said Tom.

"Man you don't even like mustard you bastard," replied Ed, opening the bag which leaked mustard.

"Ed, you son of a bitch, you know I like mustard, goddamn love it. I ordered that sandwich at the deli and they gave you my bag. I got your pastrami on rye right here."

"Nah, man. You know I ordered the turkey sub extra mustard." He began to eat the sandwich, mustard spilling on his blood stained, white coat. It drained on his neck, drying quickly.

"I went to the deli with you Ed; you got this damn pastrami on rye. Just take it and give me my mustard sandwich." Tom was flustered. He loved mustard, ordering the yellow condiment on his baked potatoes, pizza and anything that he drank. He would have eaten the pastrami sandwich on rye but Ed ordered it intentionally without mustard. "Come on Ed, you know I got cancer."

"Here take these ketchup packets, it's better than mustard anyways." He tossed large ketchup packets onto Tom's lap.

"If ketchup's so great then why don't you eat your damn pastrami on your damn rye bread with your goddamn ketchup?" He threw the packets at Ed's eye, blinding him. His eyes leaked ketchup, the thick, red molasses running down his cheeks. "Sorry Ed, did I get ya?" He grabbed the closest chair and began to beat him over the head. Ketchup drained from his body. It was a mess. Tom grabbed the last few bites of the mustard sandwich; unfortunately, the bun was covered in ketchup. His small pupils grew large, as big as a skyscraper, exploding out of his eyes. He fell to the earth.

Dinton's metal coffin began to rattle. The box exploded out. Dinton awoke. "Damn, I'm horny!" he exclaimed.

Suit Store

Dinton's heart was as black as a rip in space-time. He was cold. Tiny icicles grew from inside his nose. They confused him. Dinton cried for hours then went for a walk. He stood outside of a building drenched in neon and a candy cane scent. Dinton dropped a dime and watched it plunge to the pavement. It landed on neither heads nor tails. He walked inside.

"It smells like a graveyard in here," Dinton mumbled. He burped out a nickel and put it on the floor with extreme caution. "Now shut up and stay put until daddy comes back, you hear?" The nickel stayed still, not saying a word. "Good." Dinton took his eyes off the nickel. Dinton was in a store called "Men's Italian Tuxes". This was strange because there had never been a man of Italian decent anywhere near the store.

The ground seemed to shake beneath Dinton's feet and he sensed danger. Oh, but he was not quick enough. A bolt of lightning tore through the suit store horizontally and met Dinton's face at a 90-degree angle. Dinton lay on the floor of a tux store.

Dinton awoke to a bald man punching him in the gut. He jumped to his feet immediately and took the man by the throat and lifted him. Dinton squeezed. "Do you know who I am?" Dinton spat in the man's face as he spoke.

"How ya' doin' Tex, ya' need a tux? The name's Big Jon but ya' can call me Mantis. Ma' close friends call me Otis, though I don't know why. I don't even know nobody named Otis, do you? Heck, just call me Mantis. Ya' seem nice enough, yer bein' naked and all." Dinton was amazed at how all of these words streamed from this man's throat. His vocal chords should have been busted ten times over but his language was unbroken silk. Dinton put the man down and took a look at him. He was a balloon on the verge of popping. His head was the source of all light within the room. Mantis wasn't your average bald man. He was really nice.

Dinton dribbled Mantis through his legs like an apricot basketball, then put him back on his feet. Mantis had grown an inch since he had been seized by the throat. Dinton didn't notice.

"So what brings you here, Dinton?" The man's eyes bulged out of his head voluntarily.

"I'm looking for a Tuxedo, what do you think you fat piece of shit?" Dinton's heart sunk below his bottom ribs. He gave his ribs a punch to teach his heart a lesson. It did not respond.

"Boy, I sure do get lonely running this store all goddamn day, everyday." Mantis unzipped his pants. "I never did understand why my pappy left this place to me. I'm a moron. A goddamn moron who ain't got the sense enough to sell this place." Mantis grew a half-inch taller. "I've got all kind of offers. It's the only thing that reminds me of my pappy."

"So your dad is a dead man?"

"That's right." Mantis unbuttoned his pants and zipped up his fly.

"He probably deserved it. I bet he was big and fat just like you. All fat people deserve to die nice and slow. I can't stand the sight of them. Disgusting."

"He been shot dead by a cop. Cop said he was doin' my pappy a favor." The fat man took out a handkerchief and blew his nose into it. Three quarters dropped from the cloth. They became part of the floor. "So I just went on and agreed with the man. He looked real dangerous. He was bleedin'. He was a bleedin' cop."

"Get me a suit. Now, or I'll find your mother and kill her too." Dinton was a psychotic with a mind full of chaos. Pandemonium tore through his veins.

"Oh, you wanna meet ma momma? She's in the back room. I'll run and get her for you." Mantis did as he said. Dinton kept his promise. Dinton put his foot through Momma Mantis' throat until he could see his shoe sticking out of her ass. He fixed her onto a coat hanger and put her in the XL section. She was a fat fuck, too. "Well jeez, you didn't have to go and do all that." Mantis was mildly upset and then he was over it. He grew two inches then shrunk a foot. Dinton noticed this time but didn't say anything. He wanted his suit.

“The suit.” Dinton extended his arm, motioning. Mantis went to the back of the store where his mother was alive just two minutes ago. He came back with a suit of solid gold. “Dinton Yule” was spelled out in diamonds on the back of the blazer. Dinton didn’t bother going to a dressing room. He wore the suit with a false sense of pride and left Mantis with a dead mother and empty pockets.

Guns

Dinton’s suit fit him like gloves made of gold but it was a heavy gold suit, made of gold. Walking, Yule grinned vehemently with his gold suit until he reached his car. The car opened without touch; the car knew Dinton was wearing the gold suit. The scorched blaze whispered harshly onto Dinton, loosening the suit of gold, kissing him, as would Cobras on Viagra. He bent over and felt the loose, gold fabric stroke his naked body. A taste for gold and pussy, more stops had to be made until the burial grounds and unmarked graves, conceived of filth, dirt, and odor, waiting. He needed a gun made of gold.

Women, Dinton thought, liked gold and guns. Slut whores, Dinton knew, loved gold and guns.

Naked men approached, dicks laced with purple condoms; Yule’s notorious purple dick. Scattering light, oozing purple latex, without constraint, the sun attacked their dicks. They scattered. “Fags!” Dinton deafeningly declared, loud enough for them to hear.

“I need a gun made of gold,” whispered Dinton. He left for the nearest gun store. The car drove by itself; the car knew Dinton was wearing the gold suit. Dinton slept for hours until he awoke to the sound of gunfire, military boots, trumpets, an Asian guy, a black guy, a baby, and lasagna casserole filled with hot dogs.

The sign read: General Beatrice Guns. Dinton walked in.

“Private, nah there’s what’s I call a gold suit. By any reckon y’all know my buddy Otis?” The store clerk yelled at Dinton with enthusiasm and grins.

“You mean Mantis.” Dinton questioned the wrinkled young man. His face was covered in wrinkles but his nametag read “Beatrice: twenty-eight years old.” The gold suit drew attention.

“Mantis, who calls Big Jon, Mantis? Otis my brother, yep, my brother, done since we was kids in the womb, I’m twenty-eight years old and reckon he bout’ ta same. It’s my birthday today. Turning twenty-nine years old, goin’ ta git me one of dem batmitzfaahs.” He paused to giggle. “Maybe one of them baptisms too.”

Dinton cared little, not at all actually. He just wanted a gun made of gold. “How much for a gun?”

“A gun, geez I don’t know, depen’s I guess. How bout that music though?” insecurely asked Beatrice. “Y’all like trumpets. I’m a trumpet man me self.” Corners loomed two men, an Asian and black, playing on bronze trumpets. They played mostly fanfares, often drunk and looked for tips. “Yep, really does set that gun store mood, don’t y’all know.” Beatrice began to dance to the groove. He danced methodically, as if he knew what was a coming; legs motioned to the trumpeters’ song. The Asian paused playing to smell the air’s fragrance.

“My lasagna casserole is ready,” said the Asian man as an oven glove appeared onto his right hand.

“I smell dem dogs, a hehe,” said the black man; the hot dogs were his idea. They left the room, slamming the trumpets onto the rough carpet grounds without precaution. Beatrice seemed embarrassed.

“Come on boys, I was jus’ starting to git grooving,” Beatrice cried. He was lonely and without music. “As long as I git me a slice of that casserole. Yep, them guys make that casserole breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It’s my favorite.”

Dinton was uneasy, annoyed by the store clerk named Beatrice. “Just show me the damn guns!” he screamed.

“Shucks partner, y’all don’t have to holler. I’ll call over Bernard Christopher.” He screamed for Bernard

Christopher. Bernard Christopher was lugging a box filled with large guns, without help, as the trumpeters ate casserole. Bernard Christopher was an infant. “Yep, that’s Bernard Christopher. He’s my bes’ employee. He migh’ be a baby but he’s got da strength of a gorilla. Yep, don’t even got ta pay him, works for free, he’s jus’ a baby, what’s he know bout money?” Bernard Christopher continued to unload the new cargo with his dirt-ridden hands and scraped feet. He chewed on his elderly pacifier. “Since I don’t gotta pay him, I can employ them trumpeters every day. Really does set the mood.” Bernard Christopher crawled adorably over to Beatrice, waiting for a command. “So what kind of gun y’all looking for?”

“A gun made of gold,” Dinton proclaimed with confidence and a hidden erection.

“Gold, why didn’t y’all say?” Beatrice grew emphatic. “Bernard Christopher, show our customer to the room of gold guns.” Dinton hadn’t noticed the room of gold guns, spanning over three-fourths of the store walls. He quickly walked over and spotted his desired gun. He walked out with it in his hand.

“He seemed like a nice feller,” said Beatrice. The trumpeters returned picking off where they had abruptly stopped earlier, before the casserole lured their noses. Beatrice danced; Bernard Christopher left the room for the second cargo.

Bernie’s Burial

Dinton eased into his elegant luxurious black car residing at the curb. There was a dead pimp in his backseat, Bernie. “I hope that dead guy isn’t dead,” Yule remarked. “I only hit him once god damn it!” Outside was cold as dead flesh, a whispering night. Dinton drove out of the city and onto a country road with his window rolled down, thick wind howling as he passed many farms. Dinton drove very fast like he was escaping himself. Up ahead he spotted something enchanting, a grassy hill and a single tree. Half asleep, Dinton exploded with intuition. “I will bury you, Bernie, beside that tree.”

Dinton stood openmouthed and breathless before the tree, the biggest tree he had ever seen, plated with ancient bark. Red gorgeous fruit flourished in the leaves. Dinton, ripe with déjà vu, felt connected as if the tree was his lost pleading sibling. He fetched his shovel and committed to his task. Moonlight showered as Dinton dug the grave, eating apples. The dead pimp’s swollen pale face shined through the car’s windows. Bernie looked at peace, simple.

Dinton lost sense of time in his labors. Had he been digging for days? No, he hadn’t seen the sun. He drank from a tin flask and then took a short nap in the abyss. When Dinton woke, he forgot where he was. He climbed out from the grave and tossed the scattered apple cores into the hole. Dinton popped open his trunk, which concealed a coffin, made of oak. He ran his hand on the smooth finish, pulling it out carefully; it was a coffin he had made. Dinton reached exasperatedly for the cadaver, hauling out the ghost white pimp from the backseat like a sack of heavy flour. He tossed him into the box. Sadly, the pimp did not fit. Bernie’s head had swollen five sizes too big and would not abide by the coffin’s standards. “Shit Bernie, I musta bopped you pretty hard,” said Dinton. Dinton hoped he wouldn’t hold this against him. He had once aspired to become a great pimp. Bernie looked like an overgrown turnip. Dinton turned, finding the tree standing like a giant that wanted peace. Dinton approached the calling siren and his heart swelled with emotion. What a warm feeling this is, Dinton thought. What a warm, lovely, inviting feeling this is. It’s like I’m in a dream, Dinton thought. Dinton’s heart beat like restless caged birds as he placed his hand into the tree’s gaping hole.

Dinton pulled out a silver saw. The saw was heavy. “I’m going to saw your head off, Bernie, with this saw,” Dinton said. Dinton approached the pimp and scissored off the pale, swollen head, which dangled enormously out of the box. Bernie’s neck, a soft banana under the blades, overflowed with running blood. Hands glistening, Dinton peered into Bernie’s mouth, sticking a hand inside. “What’s this?” Dinton peevishly asked. Bright gold fillings crowned two of

Bernie's upper molars. Bernie had been sitting on a goldmine. "You've been holding out on me?" Dinton inquired. Dinton yanked out a couple molars and placed the jewels in his golden pocket. He placed the head in the coffin and buried it. He stashed the body into the tree's gaping hole. "You can have the body," he told the tree. Dinton felt sleepy. He retired to his black car, lowered his seat and slept like a baby all through the night.

Berries

Dinton awoke outside of his car sprawled about nature's rug to a mahogany man covered in a lifetime of scars. His face was the canvas to a variety of war paints. Beads and bones circled the man's neck like the dance of a sombrero. He was dressed in bluebird feathers, spit, and berries. He wore the berries, of course, for convenience. It was his own personal belief that there truly was nothing like a good berry. Blackberries, blueberries, raspberries; he loved them all. Each berry, so juicy, so complete, so perfect. He stood over Dinton's previously lifeless body and began to kneel. Dinton felt the man's energy approaching and grew scared. This man was strong not in the hand but in the mind. "I could take this guy with four limbs tied behind my back," Dinton thought to himself. Dinton's eyes met with the strange man's and for once in Dinton's life, he was not intimidated. He felt equal with the man. There was something enchanting about him. The way he carried himself was magical and intoxicating. Dinton could be content spending the rest of his life watching this man live his own. Dinton slowly reached his tired claw towards the creature with great compassion. Dinton offered an open palm. He hadn't the slightest idea of what he was expecting, maybe a berry to ease his eager gut. That couldn't be it, though. It must be something more, something enlightening. The man placed something in Dinton's hand. Dinton's bottom lip quivered and his eyes grew stricken.

Dad

The man was gone. The gun was still gold and the suit was still just the suit. Dinton decided to walk somewhere. Eyes on feet, Dinton kicked stones through grass. "There's no way to communicate." Dinton left himself in silence for quite a time. Dinton made his way through rolling hills and shaded shrubs until he arrived at a native place, familiar face.

A log cabin lay protected in a portion of woods. A malicious sun doused the house in candy sunshine. "Maybe I just need a familiar face." Dinton knocked on the door made from loose branches and beaver's fur. The door moved backwards from Dinton, allowing him room to pass into the house, but not before a proper greeting.

"What are you doing here, boy?" Dinton's father was a big man with a big gut. No shirt. Hair carpeted the man's stomach like moss on a log. He held a half finished handle of whiskey in his good hand.

"I need you. You're the only person I can turn to."

"Don't gimme all that faggot talk, son. Why do you think I raised you as rough as I did? For you to turn into some kind of fuckin' fairy child?" Dinton's father froze in time for a moment. He regained his cool quickly. "No, sir! Now you drink this up and stop being a faggot, son." He pulled out a large flask, about twice the size of an average man. "It's rubbing alcohol, now drink up. It'll put some hair on your chest."

"What's all the commotion out here? Am I missing something?" The Chocolate Milk Man slipped out of Mr. Yule's bedroom and closed the door quickly behind him. A stream of chocolate milk streamed from under the door into the room of Yules. There was a twinkle in his eye that wouldn't stop twinkling. His brown body was stripped bare.

"Where are your clothes!?" Dinton's father feigned shock. Dinton let out a dense sigh. His father had been trying to hide his homosexuality for as long as he could remember.

The Chocolate Milk Man pranced into the kitchen and helped himself to a glass of goose blood. He carried his

glass carefully with both hands and took a seat next to Dinton. He sipped at his glass and made strange faces at Dinton when he wasn't looking.

Therapy

"So tell me why you're here, Dinton." Dinton's eyes were on the woman's breasts. He acted as if it were her breasts talking to him and not her mouth. This opened him up a bit.

"I'm here for tits, toots." Dinton licked his lips and kicked the woman's left shin. Dinton crossed his eyes and kept them crossed. The woman crossed her legs.

"How do you view yourself, Mr. Yule? Do you feel as though you are above the law, above rules?" The woman was starting to sweat between her breasts. She uncrossed her legs and spread them wide like an eagle.

"..." Dinton was silenced for the first time in his life. He wished that he was not wearing his suit so he could show off his raging erection. His cock impressed everyone, even cops.

"How does this make you feel, Mr. Yule?" She unbuttoned her blouse and revealed her creamy chest.

"..." Dinton was silenced for the second time in his life. He had better speak up; he didn't want to make a habit of this. Dinton instinctively pulled a dead president from his wallet and slipped it into her bra.

"Mm mm. You really know how to treat a woman. I could use a man like you, for a lot of things, Mr. Yule. What do you think?"

"..." Dinton suddenly wasn't very interested. He was feeling rather gay at the moment actually. This is when it all came out. "I don't know how to treat people. I don't know where I am or why I'm here." His heart was as fragile as stained glass. "I'm angry all the time and I don't know why. I go from place to place, reeking havoc and getting my kicks. Is this how a man is supposed to live? Is this what's right?" It was all storming out of him like a stampede of benign bison. Dinton broke down and died inside, twice. He discovered himself then lost himself, twice. The woman stood in front of Dinton with her mouth open as wide as her blouse.

"Am I really watching Dinton Yule break down before my very eyes?" Her nipples grew hard. Dinton was on his knees, tearing his own hair out of his scalp.

Oceans of Attraction

Despite her attempted restraint, the therapist fell in love, despite the wedding ring stained on her finger. She noticed her ring, thin and fool's gold, worn every day, holy and binding, not meaning a damn thing. It turned out to be another empty symbol, empty as her stomach when she curled and caved to her bulimia in so many random toilets.

She didn't even stomach her wedding cake.

Dinton clamped the rug and sobbed miserable rust. He pounded his brittle baby fists and banged his head musically on the ground, careless and spiteful. The therapist blushed, stunned and curious. She stroked her ponytail and stood, the voyeur of his sadness. She stroked her hair for a very long time. Briefly, under her eyes, Dinton gathered himself, lifted his face from the floor, dusted himself off, and smoothed his knees. Words came to his tongue but were never heard. Snot poured from his nose. An explosion went off in his mind. Again he tugged fistfuls and fistfuls of hair. He had a process: loose self-hatred to calm recuperation, then back again to loose self-hatred and massive weeping. Dinton cocked his neck with a gleaming bleeding forehead. Drunk from all the tears, he saw her figure clean in a haze. He found her giant green lily pad eyes and emitted an odor of craving. The therapist unconsciously fondled her vagina.

Vagina

Heat radiated off of her vagina like an aroma dispersed, gliding through the easy air. It had a thin passage but thick lips and trimmed hairs to the skin, like sandpaper. Her clitoris was the size of a pea, and was easily stimulated. The breath of an ant on her clit could make her cum for minutes.

Blue Eyed Chimp

The therapist pulled her finger from her hole like a cork. "Where am I?" Dinton muttered briskly. Rejuvenated hair sprung from his scalp. He sniffled. "I'm so lost," he said, crying freely and shamefully into his hands.

"But now you're found," the therapist concluded, unraveling her hair, promptly peeling her tight blouse. She flung her underwear nonchalantly and kicked off her high heels into a wall with serious excitement. Dinton could see what was happening. He soon had a vagina gazing into his face. Her vagina pulsed like a heart and had a warm wild scent. She grabbed his head with both hands and forced him into her opening. Tears fell like crystals from Dinton's eyes, and he began to tongue her. The therapist felt a fine shudder of pleasure run through her whole body. She quivered and squealed.

With caution, a blue eyed chimp emerged from a tucked away door. Dinton was the only one startled when the door creaked open. The chimp carried a bouquet of fragile roses. He seemed as if new to the jungle, looking around, taking everything in. Dinton was confused about the chimp. "You don't need therapy, Dinton. You need what's in between my legs," the therapist proclaimed.

"What's that chimp got to do with it?" said Dinton.

"This is just Francis. Here, look at his bright blue eyes."

Dinton gasped. The chimp's eyes were the same as his.

"Francis huh? He's alright with me," said Dinton. The therapist smiled relief. The blue eyed chimp waddled over to the damsel in his very distinct style of walking, a kind of naïve and innocent waltz. Giggling with a boner, Francis applied lavish scarlet lipstick and various make-ups to her pretty face. She looked like a Japanese geisha by the time it was all said and done. Her cheeks were two red suns. So the chimp is an artist, Dinton thought. The chimp stepped back and examined his work, palm holding chin, taking it all in. Michelangelo staring up at the Sistine. The chimp hurled the makeup brush across the room and started to jump up and down, clapping and laughing. Dinton stripped from his golden suit, dawning his vulgar penis, aggressive and of the perfect curve. Blushing, the heated therapist backed up to lie on her desk, poised for penetration and the cleansing of her life. She flung papers, which detailed the minds of her other patients, in a gust, and with two fingers spread her delicate pink machine.

"Fuck me," she whispered lushly. Dinton thrust his cock into her soft slit, squeezing her breasts and her hair. He fucked her with all his might and chivalry and she raised her feet to the air. The blue eyed chimp walked his idiosyncratic walk, climbed the desk and presented his hairy member. She reached over and fit it into her mouth, gagging, as the chimp made chimp sounds. Dinton had mixed feelings about being in the midst of a gangbang, but he decided he was okay with it.

Dinton was growing a thick beard. It usually takes a bed full of Asian teens to do so. His beard, wild and jet-black, got hopelessly tangled. Dinton's eyes rattled different shades of blue. Having found sanctuary in her pussy, Dinton believed he would find sanctuary in her mouth, then her ass, then again her mouth. Love needed to be taken from every orifice. He retrieved his taut erection. Wiping his brow of sweat, he gazed to the chimp that stood in his way. Busily

bestowed with blowjob, the chimp did not catch the hint, but soon spotted the vacant vagina. Francis made his move, retrieving his monkey penis by tilting back her head, and headed south.

“Francis, you’d better use protection! I’m not going to risk any diseases!” she cried. Obliging, the blue eyed chimp hopped from the desk, went to the closet from whence he came, and grabbed an old banana peel. He fashioned it around his manhood and pumped this inside of her, clapping. The therapist cried in joy of the new meat as Dinton rubbed and squeezed her tits. King of romance, Francis lunged forth and French kissed the therapist, performing the crucifixion position, a move the chimp learned from literature.

Dinton pushed back the chimp’s face. “Quit hoggin’ the mouth, chimp.” Francis did not have to be told twice. Dinton slipped his cock into the mouth of the woman he loved.

The Doves

Francis soon found himself napping, secluded in the corner of the room. He had been taken over by a profound sleepiness since ejaculating into the therapist’s eyes thirty minutes ago. Dinton, insulted, had fetched a towel for the woman to dry her face. Dinton had slapped Francis across his chimp cheek, telling him not to do what he had done, but the therapist insisted that it was all right, that he meant no harm. Dinton had said it was disrespectful and then took her body and led her back to the desk, and fucked her with vigor. The chimp, feeling mixed, comforted his cheek and waltzed to the corner, collapsing into slumber.

When Dinton came inside of her it had been long awaited and was indeed a considerable climax. With the curiosity of a detective, Dinton leered at the leaking blue sludge that burped from her gaping vagina. Dinton wondered if something would grow.

“Why is it blue?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” said Dinton honestly. The therapist was deeply flushed upon her whole body and looked for something to say.

“I like your beard,” she said.

“I usually can’t grow one,” Dinton confessed. They locked like crabs into a tender post cum glare. She was panting and Dinton was fond. Dinton reached for and squeezed a breast, the tit in his palm. With the curiosity of a detective, Dinton absorbed her calm lovely eyes. When he sunk too deeply into her eyes, an immense fire claimed his stomach, and he turned very pale and his beard rustled, a quivering bush. He moaned and clutched his fiery stomach, grimacing. Twelve doves fluttered from his beard in a great sneeze, circling the lovers from a confident altitude. The therapist gazed, fully in awe. The doves shat like white rain. She suffered absurdly, while Dinton was protected, actively and perfectly avoided. She was running in frantic panic, the doves following her with pride of radar, seeking her out and shitting white ribbons in her hair, nipples, and cunt. These doves seemed clearly evil but still had the highest grace. Her screams shattered the glass of her diplomas. Dinton had never seen these devilish doves before.

Sensitive ears. Francis had sensitive ears and thus awoke from his cinnamon sleep. He rubbed his itchy eyes. This was not a dream? Francis started to crumble into animal soul, laughing and jumping and clapping. He got the bit and began to mimic, hurling his own shit from across the room. Brown turds pelted the woman’s body like stones on a sinner. Francis snickered like a madman. The therapist could only weep, only cry obscenely. “Get out! Both of you! I don’t ever want to see you again!” cried the therapist after running for what seemed like years.

“Don’t blame me!” Dinton chimed in, confused as hell. “Please darling, it was the doves! The doves!”

“Get the fuck out, Dinton Yule!” she screamed, hurling desk materials, first at Dinton, then at Francis. A stapler hit the god’s forehead, leaving a mark, and then bounced to the grimy ground.

“Oh, fuck!” cried Dinton. Dinton’s beard began to fade. It disappeared. Sorrow overcame him, which led to the formation of a single tear. Dinton grabbed the chimp’s hand and the chimp climbed onto his back. Dinton walked toward the door feeling pissed off about the whole situation. He had come to be banished and this was new for him. He turned his head at the dripping white lady, urged to say something, anything to rub out the awful silence.

“Your pussy tasted awful!” he said and then instantly regretted it, for it was not true and he did not mean it, not in the least bit. The woman cried some more. Francis and Dinton felt bad. Then they left, wondering when they would next get laid.

Sludge in the Shower

The therapist cried in a melancholy she had never seen and then took a shower. She stepped into the tub and let loose the hot water, lathering her body with the Irish sorrow. White music of dove shit streaks flowed from her body into the loud drain. Hot water pelted her as Dinton’s blue sludge oozed from her vagina.

A Steak Dinner

As the blue eyed chimp, Francis, and the infamous, Dinton Yule, left the therapist’s office, they were both starved. Dinton’s hunger grew more and more as he trailed aimlessly in thoughts of therapist holes. The chimp walked by side the tarnished, gold prophet. Gazing with blue lush eyes, flattering the man with attention. Soon, however, the monkey relocated to thoughts of hunger and freshly shaven holes of therapists. “You’re quite the animal, monkey, when it comes to women. Humans must be a lot better fuck than monkeys. Monkeys, you pick fleas off their ass while you’re fucking them?” He made a joke. It was rushed and the monkey was quiet. Eyes, glaring to the sides of sanctuary, hoping not to catch glimpse, Dinton began to sweat, to sweat like apes, and laughed loudly, shunning his insecurity to the scorching pavement. Muttered silence, Dinton asked Francis, “You like steak monkey? I want a steak dinner,” he said. Francis was flattered and a steak dinner, with Dinton Yule, sounded nice. The chimp accepted the gracious invitation.

As they left, worship echoed behind their backs. The packing lot, quiet, approached them, beating frantically. Naked men stomped forward, barefoot like Dinton Yule. There were many, fifty to sixty-seven men at least, all dressed in similar nudity, condoms lacing their dicks. Black, Asian, white, midget, bald, skinny, ugly, all with purple dicks; Dinton caught eye of their dicks but quickly they scattered in the Sun’s light. “Fuck off you bunch of nude bastards; who do you think you are?” Dinton screamed only to the boorish walls. They had escaped.

“Who were those odd fellers?” Francis asked. He felt it was the right thing to ask.

“Faggots, goddamn faggots,” Dinton muttered.

Dinton’s car looked freshly polished since he had arrived. Glossy, the car appeared new and in mint condition. “Goddamn faggots, polishing my car again,” he muttered, unappreciative of the strangers’ strange favor. The car breathed favors, tires shined, hubcaps polished and an even coat of wax across his beaten car’s exterior; nudists, Dinton thought, what intrusive bastards.

“It seemed like a nice gesture, Dinton. I’m sure they didn’t mean no harm,” Francis spoke politely.

“Nice gesture, fuck that! What if I polished your monkey ass while you weren’t looking? Is that a nice gesture ape?” Dinton croaked like a cranky grandmother in a nursing home who’d just lost hundreds at Vegas slots, losing her funds for tapioca.

“Yah, I guess that wouldn’t be nice,” Francis replied.

“That’s a mighty fine car you got there. What you running a V8 or what a hemi?” a husky visitor quaintly said to the Infuriated Dinton Yule. He seemed like a nice man. He was fat but jolly. Short and guttural in appearance and laced in a simple flannel shirt made out of wool, he sweated consistently, appearing to always be a breath short. His face grew red in the relentless sunlight that filled his wool shirt with flames. Pulling on his neck collar, his shirt refused to breath so he patted his face with a cloth, it too, made of wool. The man was a kind gentleman, marrying early into a business of wool. His wife died, along with the rest of her family, so he adopted the factory-in-law. He was going broke in the summer heat. No one seemed to want his fine sheep’s wool. Clothes made of wool, pants, shirts, ties, and he was forced to support the failing business, advertising his products on his fat, grotesque body made of wool. His name was Gustaf McKibben. “You mind if I take a peak at what you’re running?” He paced over with his fat, cholesterol heart pacing much faster than his waddled footsteps.

“No!” yelled Dinton, “Go fuck off!” Before his words reached Gustaf’s fat little ears, he collapsed onto the pavement. With a tomato’s face swimming in a puddle of perspiration, he laid dead. Dinton was indifferent and grew hungry from the antics around him. “God damn it, I want a steak,” he garbled to himself. Restless, Dinton seized the handle of his car door with desires for steak, only steak. Francis was quiet. He heard something in the distance.

“Hold up Dinton, I hear something,” curiously said the monkey. The ape began to pace around the packing lot, eager and ears erect. His eyes grew larger as the faint whispers began to lure louder. It was balloons.

“Balloons, get your balloons, here,” royally yelped the balloon man, distances away, residing upright at his balloon stand.

“Dinton!” ecstatically yelped Francis, “may we get a balloon Mr. Yule?” Francis’ body urged him to beat his chest and scream noises but he restricted such urges, rather, looked up to Dinton with puppy dog eyes. Dinton however was in a trance. Balloons, he thought, balloons.

“Yes, let’s get a balloon,” Dinton calmly, dazzlingly said in muse. “Balloons,” he murmured.

As they left the packing lot, a warm breeze accessed. A violent storm shrouded the pavement in sand. “Goddamn desert,” said Dinton, complaining. They dragged their feet across the sand, approaching the man with the balloons. His faint whispers became presently louder, a crescendo of self-advertisement. Francis was curious, again, why this dessert he thought. He wanted to ask Dinton but Dinton already seemed annoyed. Francis, instead, began to think about the color balloon he’d get; blue sounded nice. However, after miles, the desert subsided. As the desert cleared, they saw the face of the balloon man. The balloon man looked at them, anxious to sell them a balloon. As Dinton and Francis caught glimpse at his selection, they weren’t as excited.

“Hello, fellers,” he politely said, “Can I interest you in a balloon?” He had a restricted selection; all his balloons were black, only black. “Ha,” he laughed, “I see you guys looking at my balloons. How many can I put you down for?” Oddly, he was dressed in rainbows, from head to toes, rainbows. He was jittery. He wanted this sale. “You won’t find a better price on premium balloons. No sir, well sirs? Come on I’ll make you a deal. You like deals don’t you?” he was looking exclusively at Dinton, thinking he was the one with the deep pockets. The rainbow man’s drool reflected Dinton’s gold suit made of gold.

Francis grabbed his attention. “How much for two black balloons?” he asked unenthusiastically.

“Two balloons, geez, that’s a lot of balloons. Tell you what normally a balloon, a premium balloon is only twenty dollars. You seem nice though. How about for two balloons we’ll call it even for fifty bucks.” The balloon man gazed deeply into the monkey’s eyes.

“Fifty dollars!” yelled Francis politely.

"You won't find a better price on balloons anywhere. I promise."

"Really?" Francis asked, hoping not to get tricked by his rainbow expression.

"Sure thing, no fooling," Balloon Man sincerely said, gazing consistently at the monkey's hush blue eyes.

"Okay," Francis said, reaching for his balloons and releasing his paper Grant. Ulysses seemed upset.

"Nice doing business with you," said the guy of rainbows, snickering quietly. Dinton looked at him, in his eyes, seeing the obvious sign of a scam.

"Fuck you, give us the money back. You ripped my friend Francis off you bastard!" Dinton wanted to beat him, teach him a lesson. The rainbowed man and his stand vaporized in the sun before Dinton could grasp his multicolored collar. "Goddamnit," he screamed.

"Hey Dinton look," happily said Francis, "a steakhouse!" In front of their oblivious eyes, a steakhouse; they must have been too distracted by the balloons to notice. The sign read Cow Carcass. Dinton and the monkey began to drool. "It's okay Dinton, at least we got some premium balloons." As Francis reached to give Dinton his balloon, the balloon bursted in flames of rainbows. "Darn, its okay. We can share this one."

"Fuck it!" Dinton yelled, "You can keep it. I just want a God damn steak Goddamnit!" They walked in the restaurant. Francis was content with his black balloon.

The short breath, the walk of waltzes, went as planned, step, and step. Pacing madly, frantic, and afraid was Francis, balloons sitting in front of him. The rainbow man lied. Lying to his face, the rainbow man didn't care.

"Buy your balloons here," tranquilly said the pinstriped man, "premium, get your premium balloons." He loomed his pupils, focusing, onto Francis. His balloons shined, smiling rainbows. The blue eyes reflected back. "One dollar a balloon." Francis' balloon seeped its helium, dying quickly from shock.

"How could the rainbow man do something like that?" the chimp thought.

Francis soon dozed into steak reveries. Dinton, the chimp, and the host began to bargain seats.

"How many steak lovers can I put yee nice pals down fer?" the Scottish host said. "Who bout two den?" He looked at the seating chart and it was empty, fully empty. "There moot be a wheat den." Dinton's eyes grew red and boiled into the red Scot's eyes. They walked past him, Dinton shoving him to the ground. The host flew into space forever.

"Asshole," Dinton said quiet.

The two walked to the table. Sitting patiently were the animal and beast. Neither of them draped themselves in silk napkins.

"Name's Buddy Brisket. Well just call me Bud on the Sunday but Buddy on the weekdays. You know how the wife is, she knows the fellers aren't teasing me none. I fill the waters here, that's what I do. Waters, all day, need fillin'. Shucks, I'm drifting again. Well, let me tell you bout how I got this here name. Not every day a feller has the last name Brisket ain't it? Taint not I guess. Maybe, anyways its cuz I can cook the best brisket this side of the hemisphere. The secret is the rub, all the spices the best and freshest. No kidden', I'll tell you all day. I grow them in my farm. It's in my back yard like I said. No I didn't. Say, I'm driftin' again. I'm goin', gettin' out of this damn place, openin' up my own brisket shack. Sorry fellers, I'm driftin' again, must be the heat. Darn, I swear I am trying to pay attention to the water. It's hard sometimes, thinking bout all this crystal clear water. Real burden, no foolin'; it's the closest thing I got to fam'. Well, enjoy the meal but not as much as my brisket. If you tried it, you'd like it, ape and Dinton. Yaw I knows you guys. Don't even worry bout nothing slims." He walked away. Both glasses were empty.

"Nothin' to see here." The waiter, the real one approached the perceived scene. "Madman Malt here to serve you a nice steak dinner." The story checked out on his nametag.

“Waters you idiot.” Dinton was angry, like all the other times of retardism. Brisket popped out of the hidden shadows, a pitcher in both hands.

“It’s cool Malt I got this one!” Brisket said harsh and articulate. The water poured quickly and spilled in cup fulls on the nice steakhouse carpets.

“It’s okay guys,” Malt said pathetically to the table guests. Malt worried. He knew the carpets weren’t waterproof and began to sweat. The collection of his sweat gathered in puddles along with the puddles of lost water. The carpet began to puddle into colors of black. Soon, the black spots bled into spotted rainbows.

“Fire me Malt, do it! I don’t give a fucking shit!” Brisket left the restaurant with his last week’s paycheck in hand. Malt waited quaint and eager but he was covered in heated sweat and a bright red complexion. He needed a good tip.

“I’ll get y’all nice peaches one of my favorite malt shakes, on me,” Malt winked in Morse Code. “I’ll be right back fellers. Have the orders ready.” He paused silently, looking at his bright black, freshly polished shoes. “Or not,” he continued. He was so nervous from all the excitement. He dashed away.

As they waited for the waiter to return, Dinton drifted into thoughts of strippers. Francis interrupted. Dinton was shocked that the monkey could read his thoughts, but he also could read Francis’ thoughts. They communicated telepathically until Madman Malt returned with his shakes. The monkey connected with Dinton; their minds felt united like peanuts to jelly. However, hungers grow. Raw meat sounded appetizing.

The waiter returned with two glasses filled with malted drinks. The monkey and man took a small taste of the drink. It was delicious. Dinton decided to make a scene. “Its great you worm. Ha! You kiddin’ me you sack of shit? It’s the worst drink I’ve ever had!” He screamed at the waiter’s face.

“Then why did you drink it all?” Malt politely questioned. Dinton’s glass was empty. Dinton spat on his face, the entire beverage emerging from the caves of his throat. “Get us some big fuckin’ steaks Malt,” Dinton yelled perversely. Malt galloped away covered in expensive puke.

The orders were retrieved. Malt rushed back in fear of the gold suited man. Malt retrieved the meats, large and raw. Cooked on the grill for milliseconds were the steaks, the specialty. Dinton reached over rudely and ate the large mounds of steak. Francis’ plate had a small portion that he chewed politely. Malt continued to fantasize about tips.

“Get us the checks,” Dinton burped, “We’ve had our meal.” Francis continued to chew on his uncooked steak. He thought the meat was overcooked.

Malt retreated to the station of checks. It was a tall order, a lot of meat and bread. He knew the check would be large but the tip, he drooled, the tip. He tap footed back to the lone table in his shiny black shoes. He relinquished the separate checks with cunning grace. He waited, serenely, for them to tip him. He knew he deserved a large amount.

As Dinton glanced at the check, he knew he wouldn’t pay. He wanted Malt to know. “Hey Malt, you can fuck off with these checks,” he said with much force and serenity. Malt began to cry in the corner of the hollow room, bawling his eyes until they were wet and red. Dinton and Francis walked out with full gullets. Francis looked at the kitchen window, before leaving, catching glimpse of a rainbow balloon. The balloon floated over to him, with a note pasted on its string. It read Francis, sorry for ripping you off, sincerely, the rainbow man. Francis’ fifty dollars was clipped to the balloon. Francis was glad.

The steakhouse sat empty, without a waterman, paid checks, and with a crying waiter named Madman Malt. He cried for hours, sobbing over unpaid labor. Buddy Brisket walked back in the restaurant. “Say, y’all hiring?”

Returning Home

Buddy Brisket returned home. Drowsy and jaded, he stood at his door for a moment and then sunk his silver key

through the slot and slowly turned the knob, hoping to catch the breeze of a ready dinner. His wife was reading a romance novel. Buddy slid inside. "Honey, I got canned, they fired me but I'm innocent!" Buddy was stepping in puddles of dove shit. "Honey, why in Sam Hill is there shit on my shoe? I hate the smell of shit! What's going on?" he said, raising his voice, counting the doves with his finger. "Twelve doves? Audrey, what in the name of Sam Hill?"

Audrey, fresh from her shower, looked up from her book. "Honey, I don't know. They were here when I got here...I," she said, sweating. "I opened the window, but...but...I thought maybe you might be able to do something about it." Buddy was dumfounded.

"Me? What in the heck can I do?" Just then the doves unleashed another shit storm. Buddy and Audrey ran swiftly about the room, yelling and dodging, the therapist for the second time.

Buddy fled to his bedroom and fetched his silver shotgun and tiny red box of shells. He blasted each dove from the sky. The white corpses fell just like dead birds. Audrey, a little turned on, had her hands covering her mouth in amazement. "I didn't know you were such a good shot," she said. Buddy scoffed.

"There's a lot you don't know about me babe." He walked over and slapped his wife's butt. "C'mon baby, let's hop in the shower and then fuck."

Therapy II

The blue eyed chimp seemed content, Dinton by his side. The balloon hovered over him, propelling him to the side of Yule. He pulled out his pipe. Lung cancer, short breath and an aching throat, eternally draped in tarred venom, Francis hated his cancer. He had the disease of humans since birth. Drifting sweetly into heart swelled memories, his wife came to mind. Her stunning complexion, he thought, she was so beautiful. He began to panic, his pipe tar drooling over his monkey neck. The picture, he panicked.

"Dinton," the monkey blundered. "I forgot something," his shameful words trailing off into the sunset.

"What, in the steakhouse? I ain't goin' back in there with those gypsy homos," Dinton passively said, smoking his hand rolled cigarettes. The expensive tobacco was a luxury he could easily afford. "I'll just wait for you out here."

"No, no," Francis laughed, "It's actually in the therapist's office." He felt awkward, saying heavy words that weighed the sides of his fat cheeks.

"Goddamnit," Dinton said, "It's fine. I left my car in the lot anyway. Hope birds didn't shit on it."

The walk was much shorter from the previous, long journey through deserts. The car was as left, spotless; Dinton's worry began to fail. The picture, Francis wanted that picture. They walked in, the smell of bird shit present along with brisket. The two walked loudly to the deafening boisterous sound of sex. Shit, bird shit stained the therapist who was entwined in Brisket, Bud Brisket. Her dated wedding ring, fake diamonds and sunken vows, it too was covered in bird shit.

"Howdy, strangers," he laughed to Dinton and the ape, "I'm just pulling your feather cap. This young woman, naked in such, is my wife. Yep, we's goin' ta open the Buddy Brisket House of Brisket. Turns out damn Malt wouldn't give me my job back," said Brisket, spitting on the ground. "Yep, sure thing. Nothin' but that mouth watering brisket." He pulled out a large barbeque brisket and ate it. "Y'all friends want ta bite?" They both seemed shocked that the therapist was married to Bud all along. The whore they thought, the whore. Francis found his picture, nestled snugly in the crevice of briskets. The picture was ruined.

"Put on some clothes, you look like a damn jack off!" screamed Dinton. The man's nudity offended his eyes.

"Name's Brisket, friend, not Jack," Bud replied with a smile. His smile gritted his yellow teeth. Dinton and

Francis were disgusted. They couldn't stand the smell of shit any longer. They left the room that smelled of bird shit.

As they left, Buddy Brisket's eyes drew close. Piercing the god and monkey, he would remember the lost screams of his bird shit covered wife. "What the fuck are you lookin' at Brisket?" Dinton asked Buddy.

"Nothing," the frightened, barbeque dreamer responded.

"Goddamn I need a drink," declared Dinton, tired after the day filled with bird shit. "You ever been to Bernie's Bitch Castle?" he asked Francis. He hadn't returned since he killed Bernie.

"No, Dinton, I have not. I'd enjoy a drink though."

A Few Drinks

Francis and Dinton abandoned the building of psychiatry and headed toward Dinton's car not saying anything. They felt good walking together; nothing needed to be said. Once seated on the leather, Francis admired the wonderful smell of Dinton's car. Dinton always drove a new car. Dinton took command of the wheel with a tight gripped solitary hand and took off recklessly into the street. Dinton almost hit hoards of innocent people with his blinding headlights and sudden maneuvers. Francis, alone in his seatbelt wearing, was visibly worried and telepathically told Dinton to cool it. Dinton ignored the chimp's common sense. After ten hazardous minutes, they pulled into the parking lot, where a fledgling valet hailed them down for some quick cash. Rolling down the window, Dinton spat in the eye of the eager young novice. Francis cupped his face in a kind of embarrassment. "Ah it's you Mr. Yule," said the young valet with his one open eye. "Welcome."

Francis shook his head. "That guy was an asshole," Dinton explained, justifying himself to the chimp. Dinton parked the car himself. Francis was disappointed. Stepping out, the two buddies immediately smelled the pussy lingering in the ambiance, and only one of them smiled. Sluts were getting fucked on every floor of the citadel. Moans rattled off in the colored bedrooms. "What a strong smell," commented Francis.

"Get used to it, chimp. It's the oxygen in this place," Dinton said emphatically. Francis let his mind ponder this notion as he walked his idiosyncratic walk. Dinton moved himself in a kind of strut. It was the strut he always used when he approached a whorehouse. The finest in town, Bernie's Bitch Castle was always glad to have Dinton. "First some brews, then maybe some girls, if you're up for it, chimp," said Dinton.

"I'm married, Dinton. Her photo's in the car," said Francis.

"Then why'd you fuck the therapist?" said Dinton.

"That's personal," said Francis.

They rode the elevator to the top level, for this was where the bar resided. Francis opened his mouth in a kind of shock when the luxurious scenery of the bar confronted him. Chandeliers were hanging, made of diamonds, and a black man was playing some classical music on a grand piano. Taking seats at the long curving bar, Dinton pounded on the counter. In his gold suit, Dinton stood out like a black fly floating in a glass of white wine. Francis, the monkey, did not even stand out as much as Dinton did. The god scanned obsessively for the bartender he knew by name. Francis waited patiently for a drink.

"Remy? I hear you, you rat, where are you?"

"Right here Mr. Yule," a voice said. Remy rose perfectly from behind the bar counter, a thin black man, with a pleasant face and small peppercorn eyes. His face was hairless and soft like a ripe peach. A white rag slept on his shoulder. "What can I get you sir?"

“Get me drunk you stupid fuck!” Dinton grabbed Remy’s shirt collar and gave his face two slaps.

“And for the chimp?” the bartender questioned, intimidated.

“Get him drunk too, goddamnit.” Remy began to fill two large mugs with bourbon and rum. “Not too much rum, Remy, I still want to taste the goddamn bourbon.”

“Of course Mr. Yule. A 70/30 ratio just as we’ve discussed.”

“70/30 and don’t you fuckin’ forget it!” Remy filled the mugs cautiously. He wanted to make sure it was a 70/30 and not a 65/35 or a 60/40. “I’m watching you. Goddamnit I’m watching you,” Dinton warned. When Remy felt in his heart they were perfect, he delivered the drinks, to the monkey and the man.

“Thank you,” Francis said.

Dinton instantaneously gulped his mug. Examining the concoction, he spat out what was in his mouth like a great spray, all over Remy’s unsuspecting face. “65/35! I asked for 70/30, you black bastard!” Remy covered his face with his white rag. He dried his face.

“That wasn’t very nice,” Francis said to Dinton telepathically.

“Relax. I’m just bustin’ his chops,” Dinton telepathically replied. “Just kidding, Remy old boy! You got it. 70/30, right on the nose. Ha!” Dinton patted Remy on the shoulder. “70/30! It’s delicious!” Remy attempted to smile and to join Dinton’s laughter, but he just couldn’t. He stood not knowing what would happen next.

Francis took a petite sip and then recoiled. “Wow. That is mighty strong,” he said.

“Damn straight Francis,” Dinton replied. “It’s a 70/30. No horseshit. Matter fact, bring us two more Remy.”

“I’m not much of a drinker, Dinton,” Francis said. “One drink is plenty for me.”

“You kiddin’ me? Tonight you’re gonna get drunk!” Dinton turned toward Remy. “Two more 70/30s,” he said.

“Comin’ up Mr. Yule.” Remy made two more drinks, feeling like a slot machine. Francis looked at his friend Dinton and then turned and caught eyes with the bartender, who was filling two mugs cautiously with bourbon and rum. Francis sighed. He took a big gulp from his mug.

“Of course, I’ll fuck your wife, what are you kiddin’ me?” Dinton boomed. Dinton, by now, was uproariously drunk. He had consumed a large number of 70/30s.

“She’ll love it,” Francis slurred. The chimp was drunker than he had ever been before because this was his first night of drinking.

“I’ll fuck her in her big red ass!” Dinton shouted.

Remy still stood before them, eternally filling mugs. He thought by now, they were done, by now, they would pack up and leave. He had already been the victim of much abuse and wanted to go home. It was late. He, Francis, and Dinton were the only ones left in the bar. No more music from the grand piano. All others had left for sex or home.

A bit frightened was Remy, a bit nauseous when he realized his bottles clear. Remy had run out of bourbon and rum. Dinton and Francis had drunk it all laughing. Remy stood there, holding empty bottles, patiently telling Dinton that there would be no more 70/30s. “Ah, put a sock in it Remy!” Dinton slurred as he grabbed Remy’s shirt collar and yanked him to the counter. As he did this, a pacifier fell out of Remy’s shirt pocket. The pacifier was brand new, shining with spit. “What the fuck is this?” Dinton laughed. “What are you some kind of giant baby?”

Remy took back the pacifier and returned it to his shirt pocket. “This is my son’s. He was born yesterday.”

“Remy’s a daddy! No shit!” Dinton’s eyes bulged heartily with excitement. “Another day another broken condom eh, Remy?”

“It’s not like that Mr. Yule.” Just as Remy was trying to explain himself, his baby started to cry, loudly, from inside

an alcohol cupboard.

“For Christ’s sakes that’s not him is it?” Dinton slurred.

“It is,” he replied. Remy could no longer hide his child. He pulled out from under him his newborn son, Aiden. Aiden was a beautiful baby. “This is Aiden,” he said. “He was born yesterday.”

“Quit saying that,” Dinton demanded.

Remy stuck the pacifier into Aiden’s mouth. “Please stop crying Aiden.” Remy began to cradle Aiden’s cradle. “I don’t like it when you cry.”

“Put that thing on the counter Remy. Let me see what your seed looks like!” Dinton wore the face of a dangerous drunk. Remy placed the cradle onto the counter anyway. “What’s all this gunk?” Dinton asked, disgusted from the newborn.

“That’s just birth goo. He was born yesterday,” Remy answered. “That stuff just won’t wash off.”

Dinton tried to hide his revulsion. “Anyway, hell of a baby!” Dinton thrust his mug in the air, offering a toast. Bourbon and rum splashed down onto the baby’s face. The baby cringed with tongue sticking out.

“You’re spilling bourbon on my son!” Remy gasped.

“I’m sorry Remy. You know I didn’t mean it.”

Remy took back his son and stashed him in the cupboard by his foot. “I feel sick, Dinton,” Francis confessed to Dinton telepathically, tugging at a gold sleeve.

Dinton turned to Francis. “That’s just the alcohol. It’ll all be good soon.” But Francis was serious. Stomach of screams, he puked all over Remy in great heaves. Dinton could not help but mimic. Both hurled royally on the poor man that had served them their drinks. Remy was left the shadow of a bartender.

“I’m gonna go wash up,” Remy said, dripping. As he flung himself into the restroom, he looked in the pristine mirror and started to cry. He fell to the ground, did a sort of twirl, and cried pounds of unsaid things from his eyes. He was covered in vomit but wanted to go to sleep. He wanted to go to bed in clean linen.

26 Rooms

All through the night, the blue eyed chimp sweat like an athlete. Francis wrestled against his sleep, violently jerking, easing from one nightmare into another on his balmy motel bed. They were such evil dreams, dreams in which Francis was cut up, poisoned, shot, hung, eaten by wolves, decomposed for mushrooms. A hundred dreams all involving his death, fast flowing fragments of his massacre. When Francis had arrived at his room he was deeply troubled and melancholic over the swarming heat and the barren walls with no thermostat, but was too dreary and drunk and shy to complain. The white sheets were angrily flung to the floor. He thought how mean it was to keep a room so hot.

He would wake up soon, and would be glad to.

Francis had paid for both rooms, his and the one adjacent, which housed his sexy baboon wife and Dinton Yule. Cheap rooms at a cheap motel. A yellow taxicab had dropped them off after Remy had been draped in hurls. The spew seemed a cue to leave, in honor of karma. The driver endured a ripe rain and endless drunken babble. Someone had set fire to Dinton’s car in the Castle packing lot. Dinton didn’t seem to mind but said that he would kill the asshole responsible if he ever found him.

Dinton and Francis yakked louder than fallen coins the entire taxi ride. Tolerant, the driver said nothing, intimidated by Dinton the second he saw those insane blue irises. The taxi driver wanted no trouble because he had already seen so much trouble in his life. Dinton and Francis were drinking red wine from stolen Bernie bottles. They had snatched some extra drinks when Remy busied himself with tears on the restroom tiles. The motel was called 26 Rooms

because that's how many rooms there were. As they stepped out from the taxicab, finishing the last drops, Francis handed Dinton a purple condom and said with drunken solemnity, "Use this Dinton. She's filthy." Francis, a levelheaded creature on any other night, was now whoring his wife he was so damn drunk.

Dinton took the condom gratefully in his hand.

"Thanks buddy," slurred Dinton. "I know she's your wife. I'll treat her good." Francis nodded his head telepathically. Dinton nodded back. When Francis checked into his room he raced to the bathroom and threw up in the old toilet. He looked at himself in a mirror filthy with dust. Dinton and Francis' wife saddled up next door, getting ready to fuck. Francis hardly recognized himself in the mirror. Pulling himself together, he drank a glass of water dispensed from the tap and then went to sleep on the uncomfortable bed.

The Purple Dildo

In a small, ranch house outside of the lake, Dinton was raised as a child by his father, his mom. The lawn was coconut yellow, rooting from dehydration and moist less roots made of beaver's fur, as the door had been. Sunlight penetrated its sores like blades of skinless albinos, burning its nerves dry. Dad sat inside, as did Mom with lil' Dinton.

"Pass the sausage Dinton and give me that damn dreidel," snatched the loveless husband named Bob Yule from his son Dinton Yule. Dinton was a small child and strong, grounded for a month when he beat up his Dad; he was two months old. "We're not Jewish goddamn you. I'm a Hindu so that means you're Hindu. None of this Jewish crap." He continued to read his newspaper with great violence. He turned the pages with coffee bleed fingers.

"Oh calm down Bob and stop yellin' at lil' Dinton," Mother Yule said as she stirred watery grits with butter, "He's only a year old."

"He kicked my ass, Martha. He kicked my ass! My ass Martha, my ass!" Father Yule said upset and frustrated, with great anger. He never forgave his small child for beating and bruising his endless pride. "I never wanted that kid. He was your idea!" He yelled without restraint to his wife in courtesy. Little Dinton sucked his pacifier raw. He sipped on his mother's breast milk. "I want that kid out of here by two years old." He shortly paused ranting to sip black coffee. "That's what my parents did and I turned out fuckin' fine!" he screamed.

"Shut up, you ass," murmured the wife like a cat's mouse. "I know you've been cheating on me. It's cuz I am so fuckin' fat from child birth!" she screamed quiet. "I'll catch you, bastard!" she chaotically shrieked.

"Ba huh?" boisterously bellowed the skinny baboon. He continued to read the paper.

Weeks past, Martha searching for suspicious evidence, she finally found proof. In her hands, raw from dish scrubbing, a purple dildo, she gasped. Her lungs felt like unclean chimneys, breathing heavily. She peaked closer, husband's closet and found a bottle of chocolate milk. The bottle was a rich brown and white from ounces of semen. She dropped the bottle, falling quietly onto a darkened foot hidden in shadows.

"Owee!" yelled Hank. Hank was a man. He was naked.

"Fuckin' Bob!" she screamed as loudly as rage. He walked up with lil' Dinton strapped to his dick. He yawned like a slow sloth.

"What the fuck is it?" he hoarsely said back to his woman wife.

"A purple dildo, semen milk, and a naked man!" questioned his wife, presenting the purple dildo as evidence.

"Name's Hank," interrupted Hank.

"Quiet Darling," interrupted Bob.

"Shut the fuck up you faggots! Get the fuck out of my house Hank!" Martha bawled, beginning to cry tears of

marriage. Bob wouldn't let his wife talk to Hank like that or anyone else. He lowered Dinton from his dick and shoved him onto the bed. Hank approached baby Dinton, nestling him in his mother's arm. Palms of a nurse, Dinton drooled comfort. Grabbing the dildo from his bawling wife, Bob shoved the device down her throat. He felt offense and insecurity seized his mind. The dildo was large, gargling and crying. She seeped purple secretions, choking like a dying whore. She fell into eternal slumber. Baby Dinton watched intently.

Bob was done. He finished the job. She was dead. Leaping, in sweated satisfaction, swiping moisture from his forehead. He looked to Hank. "Darling, get my shovel."

Grocery Store

Dinton awoke, sobered from a long night of pleasurable sex with a baboon. He decided to leave for the nearby grocery store, possibly, for margaritas. When Dinton left the baboon's apartment, it was bright outside. It was four a.m. The groggy god entered, an erection perversely present, pressing against his pant leg. The store was endless, aisles stretching to more aisles. Dinton felt like a small mouse. Headaches grew and he decided to not dawdle. He stumbled, silly, to grocery coolers made of unmixed drinks. Reaching for green elixirs, the perfect margaritas. He hated margaritas.

"Aisle five feller, my beloved god Dinton," uttered the naked employee, hidden behind shields of an apron. Beneath its chambers, the man's purple dick covered in latex of purple illusions. Dinton didn't turn around. "I'll start praying to you, master, after I finish praising you." He cowered to his brittle knees, dusting pain and aging arthritis. He couldn't move. "Ow! My damn knees, damn glass," whispering as quiet as a man who couldn't speak. Crying, the follower's sunglasses were blistering, made of rusted thorns. His crown was also made of thorns. The man looked up. Dinton was gone.

"Damn baboon, why are you such a cunt?" echoed Dinton in the grocery store aisles. "I'll buy the damn margaritas, baboon," he bellowed. Aisles rumbled.

A strangely dressed man, in a grey sweater approached Dinton, his monocle gleaming beneath the hollow fluorescent lights. The man dawned onto Dinton, his two women on his leash. He was Fred. Fred stared at Dinton, crude jagged smile kissing the air. His women barked. "These are my wives." Women stared at Dinton like dogs. Dinton smugly grinned but didn't fear this fool. He looked like a faggot, Dinton thought. "You need limes you ass, haven't you ever achieved greatness?" rudely stapled Fred onto Dinton's veiling insecurity. Dinton did not smile back, rather, shimmered malice into the man's green eyes fear. Dinton could taste it without tongues.

"I make the best margaritas in the world, buddy. I got trophies, jackass, millions of them. Three of them for margarita recipes so don't look at me, smartass. I'm the best: best fisher, best boxer, best surgeon, best kisser. I'm the greatest. You're nothing special, I'm special, more special than you, anyways, stop looking at my pants fag, sorry, faggot, damn feminist. Oh what, I'm not the best, that's what you're thinkin'? Ask my wives, look at them. They're both beauty queens." Fred pointed to the ladies' bodies. "Damn yes, that's sexy. I bought them with my millions. I am a millionaire; only the best and I get paid for it. That reminds me, do you ever have sex? Not like me that I'm for, for sure." He stuttered like a fat kid in a play with a monologue. He coughed loudly, diminishing his stutter to a gesture of a malignant cough. He continued to speak. "I'm the best lover. Anyway, how often do you have sex anyway you ogre? Once in a century?" asked Fred, giggling his wives' collars so they'd bark. "I hit the spot every time, every time," beginning to speak louder, "I bet you have a tiny penis. I never lose bets. I made a million a night at those damn Indian casinos, bunch of red scalpers. I took all the money they make off losers like you, at the slots, at the blackjack table, craps, baby, craps. I take it all, it's sitting in my pockets!"

He pointed his gold leathered finger to his pockets. Money overflowed his pockets much like hives honey. Hundreds fell on the grocery store floor but his eyes did not scatter. He looked directly on the face of Dinton Yule. He did not want to give an intimidated impression.

“Look at you.” He drew his gold leathered finger from his pocket to wave across Dinton’s suit made of gold. “Real original, fuck tits, real original. I have twelve gold suits not including my dick. I got silver suits too, don’t worry. I’m wearing pajamas now with Teddy Bears.” Fred shrugged his tanned shoulders. “Who gives a fuck?” Fred asked. Dinton did not respond. He just sat and listened to all his words.

“Gold gun, yah I see it. Looks like a Beatrice gun. Beatrice, I own that newborn infant. Look at my shoes,” lifting his trimmed eyebrows to hint, “That’s real zebra, not that you’d know. I farm my own zebra. They run in the damn horse races and win. My zebras are the best just like their master. A million a week from those damn gambling fools, you look like an idiot who’d bet against my zebras. Don’t unless you wanna lose, I’m the best.” Fred approached Dinton closely; with a suspicious lurk in his gleamless eyes. “You looking for a good time?” His affluent fingers reached across his trim jacket pocket. He pulled out a vile of bathtub meth, his creaseless hands dry as moisture. Palms sweating, he rubbed his jacket. “I’m a drug dealer. I make all the money on meth heads and crack addicts. Addiction is my favorite way to profit. I like knowing that I am slowly killing loser assholes and taking all their goddamn money while I’m doing it.” He took out a large bong from his endless pajama pant pockets. Packing royally, he smoked Methamphetamine. As he smoked, his tongue swallowed his dry, itchy lips, secreting like venom of lemons, he breathed heavily. His face began to disintegrate into gray dust.

“Nothing like being high on meth,” he yelped as his fragile jaw snapped, hanging hinges. He stopped talking. Women, his women, gathered the dust and injected him with miracles. His jaw realigned and his face began to glow. Money could buy miracles.

Dinton gathered his inferior margarita recipe, still desperate for sex. The baboon waits, he thought. Lime, salt, mix, and rubbing alcohol; he had the perfect recipe. As Dinton drifted in reveries of baboon sex, Fred began to perspire. He leaked like a running faucet. He grabbed a bath towel from his pocket to drain the sweat. He began to squirm. Dinton made his move, strangling Fred with fingers incapable of mercy. Murky meth smoke drained from Fred’s cowardly, chapped lips. Dinton’s eyes were glowing hot and bright and white. He threw Fred into a chilly aisle of milk. Fred hit his head. Coughing violently, he foolishly tried to swallow up too much oxygen.

Dinton hovered above the man’s coughs and spoke, “if you ever disrespect me again, I’ll throw daggers at your mother. You hear me? Daggers at your mother!” Fred nearly blacked out with each blink. Having said his things, Dinton reached for Fred’s delicate glass bong. Dinton hurled it onto the floor of the grocery store. It smashed into a million pieces like a million rats scattering.

“My bong!” shouted Fred like a child.

“Shut up Fred and get the fuck out of here,” coldly said Dinton. His eyes glowed with intimidating white light again. The wives got a little wet. Fred was stuck in a jam again. He had an epiphany that at times he could be a real sack of shit. He also realized he had never known such fear. Daggers at your mother, he remembered. Fred swallowed his throat and softly yanked the leash that held his wives.

“Let’s go darlings,” said Fred. And then Fred left.

His wives followed by leash, asses bouncing.

Dinton Is Drunk

The margarita mix slept in his hands like a thousand deaf babies. Green cannonball babies dusted with salt,

almost as green as the green android grass which was nestled by its roots outside. He had enough alcohol to get the baboon splashed twenty-six times. He rushed out of the grocery store with his rainbow blue mixture, his margaritas. The sun shone bright.

He was back at the baboon's room. The room smelled like chimp bacon. As Dinton stepped toes through the door he was shoved aside by a suitcase twice as large as a chimp. "Wow, Francis, you sure are getting strong. How did you manage to lift such an object? How could you complete such a feat? You impress me, Frammmcis. You amaze me!" Dinton was happy because he was drunk. His hands had slithered into the alcohol quicker than he had thought. He thought he could contain himself, but the bastard wanted some drank. He was going to take a second fuck from the red-assed monkey. He was going to snatch it.

The door lay open, the baboon on the sheets. The baboon wore her bra. It was not there, on her, when Dinton had left. The baboon was drained of her juices and Dinton's love. She tossed and turned like a sex doll, sucking on a volcanic cigarette. Smoke oozed from the tip. She whistled a tune between her teeth pretending to be unaware of Dinton's breeze. Francis knew something was going on. Vibrations flew like ghosts through Francis' monkey skins. "Lemme at her, chimp," said a drunk Dinton. Francis prepared some telepathic rebuttals.

"You're not God, Dinton." Francis' eyes pierced through a drunk Dinton's.

Dinton spoke aloud. "Lemme at her, Francis!" Francis was hurt. He swayed his technique and stood as tall as he could, on his toes. Furry toes lifted him high like elevators to Heaven. His shoulders grew fat and his eyes... turned... crazy...

"This is my wife, Dinton." Francis hesitated. "Take your margarita mix away from here. Take it somewhere else." The golden man hobbled to the baboon and slid his tongue down her throat to tickle her tonsils. He tore his tongue from her throat and splashed gulps of margarita into her. The wife shot lightning quick glances to her husband. She sent him some telepathic signals of her own.

"Help me," said she.

Francis turned ape. Dinton sang "Woo-hoo! Now it's gettin' hot! Get out of here Francis, you fuckin' bastard." Dinton shoved and shoved and shut Francis out of the bedroom, and locked the door. Francis heard words through the wood. "Can I take my shoes off, baby? I don't want to get your pussy dirty."

Francis went back to his room. He entered his bathroom and drank some water dispensed from the tap. He pondered. What to do? My best friend has gone crazy. He found a cigarette. It wasn't even his. It belonged to the man who recently rented the room. Francis lit the cigarette. It was his first. A dagger then slid under the door. The dagger was rusty. Francis had never seen a dagger before. It was his first.

Francis picked up the dagger and practiced some stabbing motions. Francis took some stabs at the pillows. Feathers oozed. They were poison pillows now, swallowed in rust. Francis placed the dagger on the bed and then went back to the bathroom and drank some more water dispensed from the tap. He splashed some water in his face. He looked at himself in the mirror and hardly recognized himself. It was such a tender reflection. "You can do this, ape."

The Stabbing

Francis wore his dagger. "I'll teach that bastard," he said. Francis was getting fancy. His feet felt like sludge trudging across the stretched floor. Each step was a lifetime of revenge wrapped in glue. His bedroom was his exit.

Francis banged on the door then realized it was unlocked. Dinton and the baboon were on the ceiling like spiders, fucking. Francis swung frantically with his rusty dagger. "Get down from there you chandeliers!" he cried. Dinton

unhinged from the ceiling and dropped to the floor, leaving the baboon on the ceiling. Dinton smiled child when he saw the dagger.

“Do you even know how to use that rusty dagger, ape?” Dinton pointed to his heart. “X marks the spot, baby!” And that is just where Francis settled the rust to rest. Great hot spurts of blood sang from Dinton’s cold, dead chest. Dinton let his blood pour away from him. Francis turned snowman pale as Dinton fell to the ground.

“Dinton?” questioned Francis. “Are you okay?”

Dinton did not answer and blood poured out of his mouth. The baboon fell from the ceiling, landing in Dinton’s blood. Francis dropped the dagger. He nudged Dinton to try and see life. Dinton was cold. “I never meant for this to happen,” said Francis. Francis grabbed his wife and then left the 26 Rooms forever. Dinton stood up once the door had been slammed. The game was over.

Regret

“What have I done?” lamented Dinton, speaking only to himself, on the bed with his feet on the floor. Deceiving blood pooled down below, Dinton’s feet marinating. Francis was fifteen minutes gone, hand holding his wife. Both of them crying as they fled town. They did not know where they were going. They were just running through the streets.

Dinton cried on the bed and they were the most honest tears he had ever shed. His tears were hermit crabs fleeing their shells in a drastic hurry. The tears sobered him up. He was all sober now. Reality was brutal and crystal clear. “What the fuck have I done? Oh Francis! Francis I have wronged you!” He continued with his tears, his lips stretched and regret eating away at his face. Dinton wore the face of a man who had lost everything. He placed his whole hand inside of his wound. He squeezed his heart, which had ceased to pump. “Work, damn you! Work! Why don’t you ever do what you’re supposed to do? Why do you always do me wrong? What have I ever done to you?” The heart sagged in wrinkled ash, lacking its necessary pump. Dinton squeezed his heart like a baboon’s breast. “Ahhhhhh!!!” The squeeze morphed into multiple squeezes but could not trick the heart. “What have I done?”

The mind of Dinton searched the vibrations of nearby distances in an attempt to communicate with Francis telepathically. Francis was out of reach.

Street Hobbling

Dinton didn’t have a friend in the world. He walked the cold, lonely streets. Drinking his margaritas, he was hungry for grease, eggs, and something to clear his mind. Wobbled feet swayed across the cobblestones. Blindness, impairment, poor judgment, and a queasy gut. But fuck that, Dinton thought, he was damn on top of this small world. He tripped.

“Fucking, what now? Who wan’s a fight?” Dinton questioned the invisible ghosts that were as drunk as him, looking to scrap, Irish men, probably. “What’s this pillow bullshit?” He continued to question with rhetorical answers. It felt real, happy, and broken. Broken and silent hands swept the fog, searching for answers. Lost appetite, with a fierce thirst, billows of clouds danced across evaporating streets, shrouded in shadows of the gods. Dinton lifted his hand, a hallucinogenic halo stared at him, tarnished and torn.

Dinton laughed at the thought.

Part Three

Diners

Diners, early in the morning, coffee served cold in a black mug marked in darkness. Melting ice cubes shutter in caffeine. Digested parasites are less fiendish. Dinton Yule was drunk, mad of several dozen margaritas. Whiskey and boiled eggs sounded appetizing. He sat at a table with a hangover and no money. He heaved but ignored his sickness. The waiter's nametag was more mesmerizing than a thousand Mona Lisas.

"Gorb?" Dinton questioned the oddly shaped waiter, fingers covered in fake diamond rings. "What a stupid name. Fuck you and get your manager." Gorb was offended, he thought, the rude man must not have noticed his shimmering rings. He waved his hand in a friendly and shining gesture, hinting with shaven eyebrows, purple eyes; a confident grin, too. He knew his rings were appealing. "I said fuck off!" repeated Dinton. Grease dripped from behind Gorb's scabby earlobes. Collected and cool, he retreated, behind the counter, rotating his diamond rings to expel his nervousness. Retreating in a passionless stride, the waiter left Dinton angry beside the counter.

Tiny diners, echo loudly, whispers of bad service and bad coffee. Beetles snatch tarnished tiles in order to escape. The smell of raw bacon, perfume in odor. Singing bacon fat sizzled loudly as beetles snatched tarnished tile. To swirl in cotton candy hypnosis, the fan spun in constant, exact motion. Waitresses, all waitresses, were on their breaks. Cigarettes and coffee, cocaine snorted silently by Gretchen; migraines plagued her like locusts. The diner had no bathrooms.

Gorb returned and approached Dinton. He was jittery.

"Hello sir," he said. His voice sounded like a raspy hillbilly from Portugal. "Can I start you with some bacon balls?" Before Dinton responded, Gorb scratched the back of his ear, bacon balls falling onto a basket coated in wax paper. Dinton was disgusted. However, he was hungry. Feasting on bacon rather than patience, grabbing the balls without a fork, eating, digesting, and quivering madly in a diner filled with fans. He began to feel sick. Dinton knew he shouldn't have trusted a man named Gorb.

Faint, the head of headaches, migraines, and hangovers and Dinton was nauseas and silent. Bacon balls, Gorb's vengeful appetizer, conniving, the waiter stared into Dinton's poison soaked eyes.

Dinton wasn't feeling like himself. He was weak; quivered nausea attacked his mind. He began to see strange things. Cool paranoia of trouble loomed over his body. The hallucinations were strong; he saw hands, many hands. Legs, frail and motionless, he couldn't shutter a whim. A myriad of childhood clowns framed in bumblebee vision, a grid stretching across his eyesight landscaping. Bopped. Gorb continued to wait on the patient, polite customers, smiling gently. The waiter waited for Dinton to fall into slumber.

The diner was crowded and no attention was drawn to Dinton. The smell of pancakes and sausage links were too enchanting. Rye toast and grease, Dinton had no power. As the fans began to slow, he fell beneath sleep. His head rested into wax paper and a pill of cold bacon balls; Gorb would wait until attention drew away from the drugged vegetable. He

would take Dinton into another part of the diner, a hidden place, where only he, Gorb, had the key.

The room was like a dungeon.

Back Diner Conversion

When Dinton awoke, Gorb was dressed as a woman. His lingerie was blue and contrasted his worn-in fish stock leggings. His lips appeared plump, drowning in circles of candy-red lipstick. The high heels were blatant. He grew several levels, taller and taller, taller than the average man, dressing as a woman. Shining in teen pageant lights, the frail gentleman was dapper. Through his torn leggings, his bare skin was marked in redness. Claws of inflicted agony, Gorb was a weird fuck.

"Hello," pausing to adjust his red woman's wig. "Stranger, have you come all this way to see the most beautiful woman in the world?" Gorb teased himself until his red, blush cheeks began to blush a deeper red. He strolled around the room, two mirrors in each hand. He forgot he was a waiter scheduled to work a quadruple shift later that night. In his mind, he lived as a woman. She wanted Dinton.

"Fucking Gorb," Dinton muttered woozily.

"Gorb, who is Gorb?" Gorb asked.

"You're Gorb," Dinton loudly whimpered, weakened by Gorb's hallucinogenic bacon. The fat of a pig, Dinton threw up; blood spewed from his mouth. "Why are you doing this?" Dinton asked.

"You were the cutest boy in the whole diner. I just had to have you, even though you teased that nice man about his name. Gosh, what was that handsome man's name? I'm such a forgetful girl, teehee." The woman strolled across the dissonance of the dark chamber, hidden tucked beneath the 24-hour diner.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? You're no goddamn woman!"

"Well, you are what you eat." Gorb lifted a glass from beneath his dress filled with red wine. He sipped his glass. "Ah," he sighed in flavorful taste, "1624, how ripe."

Raindrops fell from the ceiling of the bitter cold room. The floor was damp in blood, sweat, and a woman's semen. Dinton was confused. His limp legs lifted towards the top of his head, feeling the strength drain through his legs, his vengeance. This slut doesn't know whom she is dealing with, thought Dinton. Vengeance clutched his psyche with lunacy but he wasn't demented.

As the unnamed woman adjusted her breasts, Dinton escaped her shackles silently. Her breasts were fragile, made of cantaloupe melons. The woman felt beautiful. Like sweetly serenading birds, she was in a constant flutter of ecstasy. She never felt more happy or alive. She left the room for more mirrors. She wanted to stare at her ass. Dinton wouldn't wait.

"Oh silly me, seems I forgot my mascara," lying, "in the other room. I'll be back in just a second my sweet and then we can get the love burning." She waltzed across the room, dainty and excited. Preparing to burn love.

She entered mirrors. Mirrors surrounded her. She breathed reflection. Mirrors reflected her smile. She was surrounded. In mirrors, she felt safe. Her eyes twitched. Mirrors, all around her, mirrors. Her abusive parents lost in a sea of mirrors. The room was covered in mirrors, reflecting a dim bulb's light. Her adulteress wife shrouded in oceans of mirrors. She looked across the circle of mirrors. She rested her eyes beside her mirrors.

"Hello, Gorb," Dinton said. He threw his fist to her face. The woman crashed into mirrors. Glass broke onto her face. Blood drained across her cheeks. Glass licked her eyes. Her flush red lips bled. She fell onto the earth of mirrors. With a face so naked, she looked like Gorb. "You deserved it." Dinton left Gorb in agony. Gorb, weak and in suffering, grabbed his pocket mirror. He died in tears.

As Dinton left, he felt suspicion. Beneath Dinton's crass stare, a tiny rectangular note rested. Dinton approached the card. Twitching fingers, tensed, clasped the card until it crumbled. His eyes turned violent. Breath left heavily, as anvils and his muscles were as tense as boulders casted in iron. Dinton's grin only grew. He walked out of the dungeon leaving the card on the ground.

The card read "Fred, Son of God."

Dinton scoffed.

The Revenge of Dinton Yule

Anger and revenge, swarms a man, dissects and dissolves a god. Torture, Fred would die in torture. Agony would consume his flesh, his bones. His soul would be buried, never to reach his Father's Heaven. Heaven, kept as a memory.

Gorb died a woman. He looked like a dead whore. Lipstick softened and smeared in his blood. His tears flocked like imaginary sheep. Hatred built in Dinton's gut. He could feel its grip; he listened closely for a sign of relief. Paranoia swept him off his feet. It was the cops. They had come to arrest the dead man's killer.

Gorb was a cop.

Dinton settled on a red stool at the cluttered counter, guzzling orange juice. He had ordered pancakes and was watching them being prepared on a hot griddle. The dehydrated workers, with their uniforms to absorb the sweat, hustled frantically and looked like they were about to pass out on the dirty tiles. Pots and pans piled up. Grease in the blast of the breakfast rush. The laughter of the morning drunks. The fryers and stovetops were slathered in meat. Bacon, sausage, fists of pork, cow tongue, chicken, the aroma shrill and sicken. Dinton made no small talk with the people eating on either side of him, his appetite leaving him silent.

The cops inched closer, hands on belts. They traveled like blue mist through the dank heat of the packed diner, vigilant and friends. Officers Crint and Mint had been friends since the early days on the force, some years back, and shared similar stature and appearance. They played tennis together. Crowding, they closed in on the god. One of them planted a hand on Dinton's shoulder. "We hear there's a dead body in here," Officer Crint said.

"A dead cop body," said Officer Mint.

"A dead cop body named Gorb," said Officer Crint.

Dinton kept to the griddle and the exotic rise of heat from the stovetops. He didn't look at the cops. He started to laugh. "That faggot in the red lipstick? He was a cop?"

Officer Mint leaned in. "He was a cop and a waiter."

"Waiter by day, cop by night," said Officer Crint. "He loved what he loved."

"Yea, dressing up like a goddamn woman," Dinton snapped, chewing a fresh toothpick, which he had just taken from the tiny dispensary. On the counter by the napkins lay a pile of past toothpicks packed about like kindling.

"What're you talkin' about? Dressin' up like a woman?" Officer Mint choked with a confused heart.

"That faggot cop you call Gorb just tried to rape me. He's bleeding dead down in the dungeon."

"Dungeon? Rape? No, you got the wrong Gorb!" Officer Mint exclaimed. People piled in booths somewhat far away could hear Mint's cry. Oh dear, they wondered, serious business but thank god for professionals, then tended back to disheveled meals.

"Wrong Gorb? What the fuck is the matter with you?" came Dinton. "There's only one man in this world named Gorb and he's dead down in a dungeon bleeding dead over broken mirrors! Wrong Gorb my ass!" spat Dinton.

"This doesn't seem right...Gorb was a family man," Officer Crint said.

"The man had a family," Officer Mint added, shaking his head.

"The man was a bastard," said Dinton, his eyes on pancakes that sizzled under the care of a novice. "Hey don't burn my pancakes, goddamnit!" Dinton was shouting at the nervous red-haired teenager.

"Yes sir," he said, piling the pancakes on a plate with generous butter and syrup. The teenager, with fast hands now, delivered the breakfast.

"Fuckin' asshole," Dinton beamed upon delivery, staring for some time, making the teenager weak in the knees and bursting with shame. Then Dinton took a bite with the silver fork. The mouthful was warm and tasty. The cops just kept looking at each other, having a hard time swallowing the pill of knowledge.

"Show him to me. I can't believe all this," Officer Crint said. "I want to see Gorb." Dinton was annoyed.

"You wanna see a dead man? All right. I'll show you a dead man." Dinton packed the pancakes into his mouth and swallowed. He patted his lips with a napkin. Dinton led the cops to the dungeon, down a trail of murky stairs, the smell of semen and blood and broken mirrors potent. The door to the dungeon was unlocked. The three men entered and Mint shined his flashlight. Gorb, with little strength, was busy masturbating in his puddle of blood and glass. Broken reflections were all around him, breathing and beating. Soft moans echoed in the dark blue. Dinton did not do a good job of killing Gorb.

"Oh Jesus," Officer Crint said.

"Gorb? Is that you?" said Officer Mint.

"Why are you wearing lingerie, Gorb?" said Officer Crint.

"Gorb? Who's Gorb?" Gorb pretended, acting as if he had never seen these cops before. He continued his masturbation.

"You're Gorb!" Dinton screeched.

"I am a woman, a very pretty woman named Irene," Gorb corrected, right hand pumping.

"Goddamnit Gorb! We can see your cock!" Dinton boomed. Next to chains that hung on the wall, Gorb's powdered face fixed a frown. Women did not have cocks. Gorb finished with three sad pumps then freed his penis and let it slowly crumble from the tower of erection. Like the mad pulling of a curtain, Dinton yanked Gorb's red wig from the bleeding scalp. Gorb shrieked bloodily. "Admit it Gorb! You don't have a pussy!" Dinton boomed.

Gorb shrieked ceaselessly, nervously, insane. "My hair! Give me back my hair! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Dinton tore the wig to pieces.

"Fuck you Gorb!" Dinton cried. "Fuck you, you sick piece of shit! You crazy sick fuck!"

Gorb sulked with his eyes down, whimpering freely. He took a moment, wandering of confession. "Alright, it's me, Gorb," he sniffled. "I have a dick." Gorb felt a great pain in admitting this. He blew his nose into a sudden handkerchief.

"Is it true Gorb? Did you try and rape this young man?" Officer Mint inquired as he planted his hand on Dinton's shoulder. Officer Mint did not like the sound of rape. It scared him.

Gorb blew his nose again. "Well shucks guys. Just look at his big blue eyes." Gorb started masturbating again. The fetish now was much faster and mean.

Through with games, Dinton grabbed the pistol that hugged Officer Crint's waist. Dinton took precise aim and fired bitterly two blasts at Gorb. Blood popped like New Year's wine and drained down in drags, dampening the dress. The dress looked a disaster. Smoke poured from the tiny gun in the dark blue dark. The cops were baffled. Gorb's penis

shriveled, awkward, there, alone, out in the open, dead. "You all saw it," Dinton began. "He was masturbating." Dinton placed the pistol back into the holster from whence it came. The room seemed much darker now. He left the cops in the dungeon. The cops stood in front of their fallen brother.

Chelsea's Doorway

"To Gorb, a friend, a brother, a part of the force," toasted Crint as his hand rested firmly on aged Scottish liquor. Within shot glasses, Officers Crint and Mint drowned in conflicted woe, confined in a bar and in memory. Gorb, a part time waiter, a part time cop, a beloved friend, and the officers found solace in ten cent bars. Liquor was cheap and business was heavy.

The owner of the bar, his name was Samp Witherstin; he was a drunk, and a hated rival of decency.

Samp Witherstin wandered the bar in search of misery. The two cops, drowned in 22 shots, attracted his malice. "Name's Samp," he said with tough certainty. "I own this fuckin' bar, don't forget about it officers." The raspy voice he spoke continued until his lips refused to move. "If ya boys cry," he laughed, "git' at of the ba'." His gritty accent dissolved his speech into gibberish and laughter. He left.

"Gorb was such a brave guy, ya know," Mint spoke to Crint in a drunk, nasally voice. Pollen.

"Come on Mint," he paused to finish his 23rd shot. "We gotta be the guys, ya know, to tell Gorb's parents what happened to their son. We are just cops, trying to be nice."

They left the bar.

Chelsea's Mannequin

Speeding and sirens blared beside the cool mountain winds. The too persistent cops rode fast on the street, of dirt and of burnt rubber. Approaching the ambiance of daffodils, they slowed to breathe natural perfumes. The search for Gorb's parents took a stop.

"Can you smell that Mint? It smells like daffodils," astonished. Crint ceased to speak. He smelled the aroma with focused fascination.

"Yes, it smells like the Heavens," responded Mint.

There, on the road, sat two cops smelling daffodils. They were everywhere, the purple flower, some yellow, some green, and some black. The cops grabbed the flowers, enjoying each breath of air that the flowers ascended into scent. With delicate touches, the cops did not want to harm a single petal on a single flower. It was free; the smell of flowers and the cops knew its price.

Across the ten hour journey, the two, nice officers never stopped for food, for water, only for daffodils. On the unwritten road, on the undiscovered mountain, daffodils in abundant existence crowded the concrete road. On concrete, the flowers grew in plentiful profusion. It was a beauty and a miracle. If they continued to drive, many fragile flowers would surely suffer. Insects crawled in pollination. It was spring and it was beautiful. Daffodils, everywhere, everywhere, and everywhere. The cops would not let their car invade their territory. Gasoline, expensive and they did not mind walking.

In the distance, a voice, one that sent horror across the sensitive cops' spines.

“Get your grenades, genuine army grenades.” The cops heard within the daffodil scent. “2 dollars a grenade and if you’re nice to me, just 1 dollar.”

The salesman was far away but his voice was clear, like the ocean stuck in a curved shell. “Did you hear that?” Crint asked Mint.

“So I’m not crazy,” replied Mint.

“Grenades I’ve got em,” the distant voice argued.

“Who said that?” Mint asked, turning pale and scared.

“Show yourself!” Crint screamed.

“I’m right here,” the voice said. The cops turned and there he was, a man in a white collared shirt. In a pine booth no larger than a small closet, the salesman stood presumptuous, ready to make a closing sale. “I’m selling grenades and fireworks.” He had no lips.

The cops looked at each other. “Where’s your permit pal?” Crint asked, asking the questions he was supposed to ask.

The salesman reached for a grenade and answered, “You’ll need to speak up, I’m deaf.” He paused to pull a pin, off one of the larger grenades. A demonstration was in order to close this sale. Throwing the grenade on a pile of daffodils, his ears remained uncovered. Deaf and without lips, he spoke in a voice he couldn’t hear. The inevitable explosion blasted the peaceful sound of flowers, in a large blaring blast of assignation; the daffodils disappeared in vaporized smoke. In a smoking crater, mud melted on the dry patch of land beside the rest of the daffodil garden.

“I take it by your faces, you want some grenades. People often forget how fun it is to destroy something beautiful, especially, daffodils.” In a white suit tie, he smiled beneath his imaginary lips. Like a ventriloquist, his smile was handsome in a sophisticated way. “I’m glad you gentlemen remember.” He winked with a smirk.

Both cops sprinted towards the salesman and lifted him in a cruel and unusual way. “What the fuck is wrong with you, buddy? Daffodils are innocent, they are just flowers. We need them more than they need us,” the cops told the monster, the business seller in white. In unison, the cops were good friends. They began to cry.

He felt bad and he told them in apology, “You guys are having a rough day. Your best friend die? I know that pain. Yeah, he was a good waiter. Gorb, right?” questioned the lipless man. He spoke to himself in intrigue. “When you are a slave, horror is eternal. Pollen consumes me like a slave master’s whip. I am a slave to nature. You are slaves of guilt.”

Pollen consumed the men, all of them, into vapor along with the daffodils. Concrete remained without beauty. In large acres, grey stone covered the soil. It was filthy.

Chelsea’s Canal

“My lips are so dry,” puked Mint, the angry cop, on the sandy street.

“Fuck me,” Crint said to his partner in a hazy fog of confusion. Samp fucked them up. Behind guilty eyes, they needed relief.

“What was that Crint? I can’t see with my bleary vision.” Mint had red eye, unresolved flights of confusion.

“My lips are dry,” he responded in repetition.

The cops awoke in a green forest surrounded by fruit trees. They had no car, no memory of the previous night.

They had drunk too much. Without memory of what had happened, both the men were wondering where they had woken up.

On the streets, fruits fell without crosswalks. Like a mirage, the two cops could not make out reality from fiction. They stared at fruits that hung from the large trees, above the winding green streets, witnesses of chaotic realism.

Apples, kiwis, pears, peaches in bountiful splendor. On the trees of ignus fatuus, apparitions blinded them with food for their sour, liquor soaked bodies.

Crint looked at his hands; they were morphing. As hallucinations evolved into sweating panic, he kept quiet. As his large pupils left the surface of his unusual hands, he stared at Mint. In similar fashion, Crint caught eye to eye with his beloved brother, friend, and partner. Eye to eye, their fates seemed destined in colors of rainbows and anticipation.

Their minds dissolved in madness, hallucinations in fear. Lucid, menacing without caution, the drugs captured their conscience. "I can't make it stop," the policemen both cringed, gasping for a breath of sanity. Crint pulled his gun from his holster made of alligator skin. With a pinch of ivory on the trigger, the gun was a masterpiece. It shot like horror, like horror.

Bats swarmed his face like ravenous vultures. Fabrications circled his existence. Crint needed to escape. His pistol loaded with silver bullets, perfect to swarm bats in murder. He shot six rounds to ease his suffering, shuttering eyes blinked in colorful repetition. He shot his partner in the legs.

"My legs," Mint screamed in agony. He had been shot six times in the legs, four in the left, and two in the right. He began to scream in pain, in fear of dying. "Take me to a hospital!" Cops with 6 bullet wounds bleed in pints. Mint focused on his legs as they began to shrivel into memory. Bleeding like rainbows, he hated the site.

Mint grew pale. Crint lifted his bleeding partner on his back and ran around in circles. Plentiful spring fruit fell from trees, even mangoes. Crint saw a frail hope in the distance. A house, could it be a house or just another hallucination? He sprinted with his heavy partner on his shoulder.

The cop felt like a fireman. Before his large eyes and his large pupils, the suit he wore turned into red. Red like the suit of a fireman with ribbons of yellow across his body and large, rain boots accented in gold. On his shoulder, his bleeding friend of accidents and mistakes of guilt. Before Crint's eye, his partner was a mere hose that he would use to extinguish fires. However, Crint's fantasies were his reality. For glory, for admiration, he wanted to be a hero.

As the hallucinating cop approached what seemed like a wooden door, his chaotic sprints slowed to a hesitant stroll with caution. His fire hose continued to drain water all over his heavy jacket. With blaring heat radiating in the pollen soaked air his jacket felt heavier and hotter than usual. However, a fireman can't be seen in a wife beater and shorts. The thick door of the small, ranch house intimidated the cop. Hallucinations triggered slick sweat that wouldn't cease to leak from his clammy body. He took his chances and banged heavily on the door. Gasping for air, Crint could no longer hear his partner's nasally chokes, only, the faintness of martyrs. In arms of weary inception, the two men sat anxious. The door did not shake. Footsteps were not heard. They became worried.

Suddenly, the sound of feet arrived. Thankfully, Officer Mint was as white as ghosts.

Chelsea's Supper

"Hello," responded. Doors opened without frustration; surprise, without envy, a man can only stare. Dressed from head to toe in fine, American made leather, white to the eye and satin in touch. Moustaches in benevolent collection spotted his face cowboy. He had a hat, too, made of premium leather. "Feller, ya sure bleedin' a mile long. Y'all want me y' ta stitch y'all up ta y'all feel nicer?" His words, concaved in generosity and care, tangerines hung from his babbling apathy. He waved long gesticulations. Motioning the two officers in his cabin of reclusive privacy, without a village to call home.

Trees of fruit were crowding in altruism. Strawberries on vine, bananas, plump to pick. Cantaloupe and watermelon, flush and fragile, like babies without cribs. Mangoes, rainbowed in colored ripeness, waiting to be taken away. The sun was bright, enough to nourish like nurses without breaks.

Mint looked bubonic, toxic energy radiated from his grimly body. The officer looked like a victim ready to be called corpse.

Crint cries deviated in mirages of fear, guilt, and trickery.

“The name’s Doob, by and by, an’ this here’s my wife. Call her Madame Sponge.” He said, stitching the wounded officer to health. Crint continued to bleed all over the nice gentleman’s couch. An operating table was not present. “So if I may be so bold ta’ ask why y’all bleeding so much?” Doob asked with curiosity. He continued to stitch. Needles entered the officer’s fragile body. Doob wasn’t a surgeon. Doob wasn’t much of anything but man.

Crint looked dead. Only moving to whimper sighs from the stitching needles. “We were just walking and just like that my partner gets hit! Just like that, 6 shots in the legs. They must have been hunting some big game. They disappeared really quick; quick enough I couldn’t catch them. If I had my Viper.” Reality: 1996 Chevrolet Cobalt. “I would have chased them down and givin’ them hell!” Crint pulled his gun, yet again, from its holster, still hot from 6 rounds that paralyzed his victimized partner. Mint was too dead to rebuttal, the story, the car, his partner’s intentions; it was the truth.

“My that’s quite the story!” Madame Sponge responded in hollow amazement. Crint continued to flash his silver gun in the face of the strangers. With tearful eyes, a cop, an officer of laws, unread, he continued to point his gun. Releasing choked up aggression; he wanted a pawn to shoot, a rook to command, and a queen to make things better.

“A story? What in god’s name are you saying woman? Policemen like me and my partner,” a shaking finger drew straight and erect at the face of Mint, the dying ghost, “don’t tell stories. You see this badge?” Drinking sweat, Crint’s fear fell in his mouth, the hot day beating the face of the lawman with whips of bats and fists. Crint sternly looked Sponge in her blush summer face, moving his finger from his lifeless partner’s body to the upper part of his shirt. His badge, however, fell on the floor but his eyes were busy, gnawing on the southern host’s eyes. Madame Sponge fiercely stared back but then her face fell, chuckling with smirks. Doob began to holler too, stitching and patching up Mint.

“Now come on Officer Crint, we didn’t mean to say that what y’all was saying wasn’t truthful. My wife, she gets a little, what’s the word, ah yes, inquisitive when it’s around supper time. Now I’m sure y’all can relate. Now let’s all get ready for dinner and I’ll finish up stitching your partner up. He’s looking back to normal and should be good as new in a minute or two.” The smell of fading souls was fresh, fertile in the southern house of mystery but Doob finished his amateur attempt at surgeon. The fetid smell of Mint’s body reminded Doob of Memorial Day and he got a little teary eyed but a fierce appetite is more demanding than corpses. “What do you say officer?” His pensive eyes and comforting southern grin was hard for anyone to resist.

“Of course, Mr. Doob.”

“Call me Doob,” Doob interrupted.

“Doob. My apologies for being so rude. It has, as you can imagine, been a long day. Well, a long couple of days. You see, one of my best friends and partners from the force died a couple days ago and well,” Crint choked up. He felt a great weight in his deviled egg heart. A sensitive officer of the law, he too had feelings like anyone else. “My partner and I were just trying to find his parents to tell them the bad news. As you can imagine my dear partner Mint being shot so horrifically by damn hoodlums...”

“You mean forestums?” Doob interrupted once again.

“Sure, forestums, well I’m just so glad you guys.”

“You mean y’all?”

“Y’all,” Officer Mint corrected himself with an annoyed accent, “were here to help us and I’m just so happy he is okay.” Crint bursted into tears, overwhelmed by the hallucinogens and these kind strangers, his new friends’ charitable hospitality. Embracing Doob and Madame Sponge with dreary arms, Crint rested his fears on their kind shoulders. The two hosts took unison, heavy breaths and slowly exhaled. They returned the passionate embrace with comforting support, vitalizing the officer like a mother cradling an adopted child.

“It’s okay officer, my husband and I have nothing but respect for police officers, men of the law. Why don’t you take a nice hot shower and clean up for supper?” Madame Sponge suggested, each word floating onto Crint, mother’s kisses of care. She already had an apron on her bosom. It read simply: “I love company.” Stitched by hand, the letters were crooked and composed in miscellaneous arrangement.

“Now don’t fret about Mr. Mint. He’s just a little sleepy after all the hub-a-ba-lu and needs some rest. Madame Sponge and I are going to lay him on our guest bed in the other room.” Doob pointed vaguely behind him and continued to speak, “And he should be ready for supper by the time y’all stop cleaning up. And feel free to leave your dirty uniform in the laundry room just down the hall. My daughter will have it good and new by the time y’all are ready to leave.” Madame Sponge and Doob waved Crint goodbye as he left for the upstairs bathroom where a warm bath and a fresh pair of clothes were the only thing on his mind. “Oh, by the way tell Chelsea that dinner will be ready in about an hour or so. She’s a little quiet but don’t mind her, she’s a good girl.”

“Sure thing Doob. Thanks again for everything.”

“You’re more than welcome,” Doob and Madame Sponge said once again in unison, syllable for syllable.

Officer Mint left for the upstairs and dragged his heavy feet across each large stair. After the long hike up the house, a bath sounded better than ever. A large shadow forecasted across the upstairs hallway, the single floor lamp outlining the large figure that danced motionless across the ceiling. This must be Chelsea, Crint thought to himself, amazed politely by her grotesquely large figure. “Hello, you must be Chelsea,” the officer said to the large girl standing awkward and silent in her bedroom doorway, her large hips touching each side. She didn’t respond, she just stood there and stared at the policeman with her coarse and apologetic blue eyes. A small teddy bear with tattered button eyes rested on the floorboards with her large arms resting across her cushiony fat hips. “Well,” Crint continued, “your parents told me to tell you that dinner will be ready in about an hour so I guess I’ll see you down there.” Crint hurriedly finished his one-sided conversation with the young girl. He stepped slowly to the guest room. She stepped back into her room, the room void of light.

After a long bath, filled with less intense hallucinations of swirling colors and a deeper appreciation for the cleansing nature of warm water, Crint found himself a large pair of slacks, a corduroy shirt, and a large laundry bin where he left his police clothes and belt. In these new clothes, he felt like a new man. Taking a deep, relaxing breath he could smell the aroma of cooked meat as his stomach began to quiver in hunger. “Oh my!” he said to himself as he took another whiff of the seducing smell followed by another, each sniff making him more excited for supper. “I must hurry downstairs,” he thought. “They must think I’m the rudest guest they ever had!” His insecurities led him downstairs, where the warm faces of his hosts, Doob and Madame Sponge, gave him a serene excitement up and down his spine.

“My, Madame Sponge, that smells delicious!” Crint spoke with words of the utmost politeness.

“Haha, well I wouldn’t be much of a southern gal if I didn’t know how to cook up some meat,” she giggled as her husband and guest joined her with civil sneers.

“And let me tell you,” Doob interrupted, finishing his wife’s thought, “it’s only the finest meat this side of the

border.” But as Crint continued to laugh, he noticed on the table were five large bowls, overflowing with different sauces. Also, Crint glanced at Chelsea sitting silently at the end of the table, a serious scowl tattooed on her face.

“Well I can’t wait to try it,” Crint said as he pensively sat down.

“You mind if I sit next to you?” questioned Doob.

“Not at all, my friend. Not at...”

“Whoops, dropped my fork,” Doob interrupted as he crawled under the draping tablecloth, scurrying to find his fork. “Honey,” Doob said to his daughter, “Why don’t you show our guest your magic trick.” Doob continued to search for his fallen fork. “Come on, baby.”

“Ouch, Doob you just hit my leg,” the gentle police officer screamed with a baby’s siren.

“Oh my, I’m sorry. I thought that was my daughter’s leg. You just got to see her trick.” Chelsea darted her eyes, insecurely searching for unknown spectators. She quickly shoved her hand and half of her forearm in her mouth as a thick drool leaked from the side of her gums. “I told ya, ain’t that magic? Nah actually all us in the family can unhinge our jaws. It’s a genetic thing I suppose. I just find it the cutest thing when my lil’ sunflower does it.” Crint stared at the girl with disgust, a refined and polite disgust.

“Wow that’s something,” Crint mumbled loudly to his dinner companions. Anxiously, he was ready for something to eat; especially, the divine scent of Madame Sponge’s cooked meat.

“Supper’s ready!” Sponge loudly said, ringing a cowbell that hung beside the kitchen door.

“Let me help you out dear,” Doob said as he rushed in the kitchen. As Crint watched his humble hosts enter the dining room, his ecstatic grin fell into the pits of his stomach, digested in the acids of reality. Crint instantaneously threw up several times, shaking and wallowing with fragile eyes that bled in sadness.

“You, you...” Crint’s words stumbled. “You monsters!” On a large silver platter was his friend, his brother, his beloved Officer Mint, cooked to a rare consistency with a large plum in his mouth.

“Yes, I’m afraid you and your friend, well, as you can see my family, well, we’re cannibals,” Doob calmly said as he took a large, carnivorous bite out of dear officer Mint’s leg, “But damn is your friend tender.”

Crint fell to the floor as he noticed a large metal bracelet around his ankle, a chain linking his foot to the table leg. He was trapped.

“Yup, Mr. Crint, you look even more tender than your friend here,” Doob said as he poured pints of barbeque sauce on his frightened head. “But we’re just gonna have you Crint tartare.” Crint’s life began to flash before his eyes as barbeque sauce began to blind him. He watched as Madame Sponge, Doob, and even Chelsea tore violently into Mint’s flesh, eating ounces of flesh in seconds. Mint was gone in a minute’s time.

“Now,” Doob said as a large chunk of Mint’s finger fell from his lips, “for the main course.” Crint scurried across the table at the length the metal chain would allow him. He wiped his eyes of the tangy barbeque sauce as he watched the carnivorous family attack. In the distance, a large portrait caught his eye, a family portrait. With a lime green backdrop, Crint saw Doob, Madame Sponge, Chelsea, and none other than his fallen brother Gorb, as it all began to make sense.

The family began to tear into his flesh. Crint didn’t utter a scream as he accepted his fate.

The Mansion on Kiwi Mountain

Dinton arrived at the mansion, without a gun but a loaded fist. Lawns spanned, his blue eyes staring furious towards the candlelight, shrouding the yard in light, illuminating the fallen kiwis off their trees. The dogs and his women at the fruit, fallen beside the trees. Fish swam in the pond, quickly, searching for bits of rock to feast. They were cannibals and the population dwindled to three large fish. When the rocks wouldn’t vegetate, silky minerals of fish bait left the fish

hungry. The blowfish, the octopus, and the toad swam, knowing they would have to eat one another to survive. The light lit, lighting, illuminating, solid gold. The mansion of Fred, the best, made of gold and stone but mostly gold.

Deli Shop Horrors

“Come on, you’ve had enough to drink. This is a deli not a bar,” said the small cop to the larger cop. With a concerned tone and heavy heart, the blue man comforted his blue friend.

“It’s that damn Dinton Yule!” bellowed a cop full of liquor and remorse, dangerous in combination. Angry, cops can sway their emotion. Vengeance, he wanted a shameless arrest. “He thinks he can kick my friend into space.” He paused to drink a much larger shot, requiring no glass but only a bottle and a cop’s parched lips. “Huh?” Inquisitively gestured the drunken officer to his smaller comrade.

“Quiet. You know his ears are all around. Be careful what you say.”

“Bah, fuck it!” screamed the drunken cop with sloppy, slurring words. “No man can take a shot to the guts and live to tell, huh.” His speak trailed into mumbling murmurs. Reverberated hiccups swallowed his conscience. The cop lifted his gun from his concealed holster. The old fashioned revolver he carried contained 6 shots, cascaded in pure silver. He always wanted to be a cowboy with a large hat. “I got six goddamned shots in this pistol.” He spun the chamber until it ceased to spin. He fired a shot through the ceiling of the neighborhood deli. “Where are ya’ Dinton Yule?!” he screamed with desperation. Suicide, it must be suicide. As he screamed in drunken madness, he dropped to his knees in weeping remorse. He missed his bleeding buddy. As he fell to his knees, a man walked in dressed in nudity.

God’s son, it was pompous Fred. He entered naked, snobbishly smiling like a prince with pride. He carried premises and brought with him the thesis of a god. The prophet approached with a book to his side, velvet to the touch. The book resembled a Bible in form and respect. The deli man stood stoically, delivering a frigid stare. His hands were relaxed on the cutting board, a towel on his shoulder smeared with dijon. He wondered, oh god, who is this madman?

He hadn’t bothered with the cops. He never bothered with the cops. Torn blue and precious, always irrational and might start trouble if provoked or questioned. The deli man said nothing of the hole that was blown through his roof. It was just another insecure cop. “I come with a proposition,” decreed Fred. “A new way of life.”

The deli man was pissed and had a sour face. Below his large nose was a thick white moustache. He had immigrant eyes that told the story of his youth. His arms were heavy and he was Russian by birth. “Just what are you doing in my shop naked? This is my shop. My business.”

“My friend, this is what I’m saying. You don’t have to be controlled by conformist dictates.” Fred leaned in. “You can be free like our god Dinton Yule.” He leaned in further. “Our god hardly ever wears clothes, and when he does, it’s nothing but the purest and finest of gold!”

“Just who is this Dinton Yule?” the deli man cried in frustration. The cop with silver turned around, having sniffed peculiar words.

“Dinton Yule! Dinton Yule! Where’s Dinton Yule?” he barked. His gun out, he stumbled in rage toward Fred. He shot more holes in the ceiling. He wanted answers.

“Dinton Yule is in all of us,” replied Fred. “He is with us always,” he finished with his hand on his heart.

“That bastard kicked my friend into space!” steamed the cop as he grabbed Fred by the throat. “I haven’t seen him since!” The cop started to squeeze viciously. Fred’s carefree breathing ceased. The small cop reached for his partner’s brutish mitts.

“Stop! You’re getting violent! You’re drunk! You’re drunk and making a scene!” The small cop attempted to

subdue his partner but proved much too weak and pathetic. His partner, with bitter blue vengeance, continued with his murderous squeeze. It was the second time in Fred's life that he had been seized by the throat. Fred, raised slightly into the air, dolled out little kicks. The cop was a very strong bastard. Fred turned red, gurgling. Then he was released as the cop broke down, down into tears. Fred took his throat and gave it comfort. He searched for breath like a lasso down his throat.

"Officers. I think it'd be best if you went ahead and left," said the deli man with his immigrant eyes looking as the last scraps of toleration.

The small cop nodded. "Yea, we're leavin'. Thanks for the subs." The bigger cop had already fled in shame, sobbing and disoriented and drunk. He staggered through the streets. Wanting brighter futures, the small cop said to the deli man, "Next time, please, please don't serve him any alcohol. It's not good for em'."

The deli man took his time. "Yea, for the best," he said with an accent. The small cop went out the door. On he went. Fred turned back to the deli man, aiming for the eyes, wanting to close the deal.

"God is among us. His name is Dinton Yule." Fred put his hands into the sky. "He will save your soul!"

The deli man, a true atheist, was through with talk. "Get out of here! I've had enough of this!" he boomed, shaking his arms.

Fred was persistent. "I ask only for you to come to our service. To see what the teachings of Dinton Yule can do for you. I ask only for a donation on behalf of the church."

"Not interested," said the deli man.

"Sir, if you'd only..."

"I'm not interested!" the deli man's words echoed. Fred was turned down and left alone. He stood in silence. "Go on and get out! I don't want none of your scams!"

Fred wasn't much for insolence, especially from the rude hands of a deli shop manager. He was Fred and he knew it. In his obscene nudity, grabbing the immigrant by his fat, salami smelling throat, Fred stared deep into his eyes. "Listen you fat, pastrami slicing cunt, I'm the best. You think you can just fuck me around like a damn dildo? I'm offering you salvation at the cost of a fraction of your paycheck. Protection buddy, don't you get it?" Fred reached for a cleaver, hoping to better elaborate his points. Throwing the cleaver onto the owner's right hand, fingers flew like flies without flight. In screams of malice, of religious divination, his cries sounded like whimpers. Fred stared him in his frightened eyes, manipulating his thoughts. Salvation sold in the deli. To the God Dinton Yule.

The Church Of Dinton Yule

Inside the stone building surrounded by rubble and remnants, shadowed tiles of black reflected the sun's transparent light. Wooden benches collected in columns were stacked full of naked people of every ethnicity, all with translucent blue eyes. Naked pockets filled with bills, marked in presidents of white and man. Dancing and laughing, children prayed and counted the seconds to opening their blue eyes. White and crashing with blue blossoming brilliance, their eyes felt warm. Beside, candles flickered and flared, waiting to burn into puddles of wax and wicks.

"Sinners, there are no other truths besides Dinton!" The crowd nodded their naked heads. "Then you agree," continued the priest. A robe sat heavy on his broad shoulder. Straight posture with a straight motive, he continued to speak. "Then you agree. You, not me, behold the truth. You see it, you saw it, and you can feel that, can't ya?" The priest attacked the crowd with his full lulling words, each segment of his sermon boiling his blood and the blood of the listeners. Fred discreetly slipped a twenty into the priest's drooping cuff as the docile crowd nestled to the holy streams. They sat in patience for enlightenment like a bright shooting star. The small jittery priest, stumbled and crashed onto an altar boy's

upturned hoof, only to die, with toe in his temple. The boy, swallowed in shock, dropped his candle and quickly set aflame the ruined head. Fred rushed over and stomped the blazing dome, killing the fire but pushing the head further until the boy's foot was gulped in bubbling brain. Fred retrieved his twenty from the drooping cuff. The priest lay motionless and wrinkled, a white handkerchief. A few sensitive men shed tears as he was wheeled away in a wheelbarrow.

"He was a good man," Fred sighed, lighting candles.

A robed man with a mask stepped out from a curtain. "What the hell is going on?" he said.

"Marty just died. Looked like an old man stroke," said Fred without pity.

The wheelbarrow disappeared into the darkness. "Whatever," said the man and then left.

The naked crows remained solemn in their respect for the sudden death. A steaming pig, heaping upon the platter appeared, wafting and burnt to a fine amber. All the herd licked their tongues, but did not show their true mad respects by jumping up and down in their craving. A hooded man in white robe held the platter. Everybody waited in line, till they themselves could bury their faces in the pig's moist flesh, symbolic of Dinton Yule's benevolence. Take as forceful a bite as possible. Plunge your face into the troughs of dark wine. They knelt, gazing into the troughs like sloths. When everybody had their fill, their guts eased, they went back to sit in the pews.

A jester emerged from the curtains dressed in purple motley. He looked like a rare peacock. He was handsome and thin, a young actor in bells. He ranted away with his wit, a genuine creature of satire, playing protest songs on his classical guitar, then waded in the trapeze artists, who set up the trapezes and performed their tricks, much to the joy of all the mad, drunken members of this exclusive and secluded church. When the trapeze couple, a pair of lovers, left, they brushed past a small boy, who walked out into the spotlight and began to speak. He wore a black suit and a black top hat, a ten year old orator. From Wisconsin.

"Death! Death, an unexpected death," burst the boy. "The old man is dead! So it is now we see how quick it comes! I do wonder where it is souls flock, but that is petty. Life is the fascination. Death, the laughing stock." At that, he showcased his peculiar passion. With jade glints in his eye, he slashed zealously at his own wrist with his own jolly knife, hacking away so sudden and ample. The boy was magnificent with the blade, zipping it up and down his arms, at his own mirth. He sprayed everyone from young to old, grin on his face. The child danced and pranced without shame in his own serious joke throughout the myriad candles. No cane could catch him; no cane could touch him.

The trapeze husband was chatting off to the side with a young man new with the church, a boy of eighteen years. Their conversation had quickly escaped the confines of work, naturally, and bloomed into something real and spontaneous. They hardly ever shied away from each other's eyes and their words made each other never want the conversation to end. It did end, though, when the trapeze husband caught blood. Needless to say, the cigarette fizzled. The trapeze husband, disgusted, fled from his new friend, to the stage, flinging the mad child to the ground. "You rude little bastard! May these welts teach you some common sense!" The kid, yelling, poured his fists on the ground, ashamed and crimson that he was put to punishment so publicly. The trapeze husband yanked down the crisp black trousers of the lad and lashed the pale rear with his mighty professional hand, ensuring each spank was more ruthless than the last. The crowd of passive men lost count of the slaps but counted precisely forty tears that spilled from the child's eyes. When justice was settled, the pretend father stood and sent shame and scorn into the child's heart, simply with a stare. "You need to grow up, you prick, and stop bleeding all over everybody." The trapeze husband fled behind the curtains as the child was left upon the stage like something broken.

Mansion Shop of Horror

He entered, a tailored gold suit cascading the giant in glory, Dinton Yule, the one they claimed to be god. His fists were hammers and his mind boiled in revenge as a samurai with a sword. He needed salvation, redemption, and blood in pints. He would drink, then fuck, then celebrate until the booze wore off and he lay alone once again.

The scent of Fred was strong. That pungent smell more foul than a thousand dead corpses, flesh torn on vultures beaks, evaporating in the bright stars. Strides of purpose propelled him forward into a room that sounded like orgies, torture, and corruption. The sound oh so familiar to Dinton.

Tornado kicking the door into smithereens, the intimidating entrance was a success. Fred was whipping naked Catholic priests. Their backs were red with scars. The dungeon supplied torture with brutal honesty. Fred exclaimed in fear, those dead cold blue eyes freezing him in dread. He fell back, spilling red wine on his white trousers. His arm toppled an ill-placed meth bong, smashing it on his own head. The glass cut his forehead like a crown of thorns. He bled, the toxic red liquid rotting the dungeon-wood black.

"I've come for your head, Fred. You fucked up. Your life is now my property." Dinton proclaimed and his words rang with Moses' roar. The words he declared, etched onto the timeline, stone calligraphy.

"What the fuck did I do to you, you son of a bitch?" Fred's drunken words spilt with weakness. The last of his pawns had been sacrificed and he felt naked as newborn abortion. "If anythin' you s'ould be thankin' me. I made you a god! I've make a' billions off you. I was gonna cuts ya in but I'm a greedy mother fucker."

He stood up with a sudden appearance of confidence as he slug shots of bourbon from an open spicket. "But wha' I'd hat given ya in dollars I given ya'n glory. Immortality! Your legacy! Dinton Yule! The name of the new prophet, followers, slaves at your every command. You are right, not matter the decree. Look at these priests!" Fred pointed, stumbling over the sudden change of balance. The priests rolled over, a foolish and ill plan of escape. As they swung, the fishhooks swam deeper into their mortal flesh. The hanging men no longer felt special in the eyes of God. "They are nothing; their word, meaningless! Only your word will be told. Only your command, followed."

"You mean those purple condom wearing faggots are because of you!"

"Have I not pleased you, my sweet savior?" Fred switched his approach. Begging, a last resort for a man with such an ego but he knew who he was dealing with. He knew all the stories were true. Dinton kicked him in the face, propelling him flying into the rocky spikes surrounding the malevolent chamber.

"I'm not talking about any of that shit!" Dinton bellowed. "I'm talking about how some fuck head named Gorb tried to get me and your goddamn business card was in his pocket!" Dinton rushed his opponent, lifting him from the ground with effortless ease. Fred began to drown, his lungs filling with his own blood. Spikes pierced his organs with brutality, karma kissing him with harlot's lipstick. Fred coughed, his words sounding more and more like his last.

"Gorb was my lover, Dinton, I would never try to hurt you. I love you. Goodbye." Fred died as his flesh began to melt, in pools of meat. Confusion lured him to wander, as the episode of anger ended. The bloody revenge, fulfilled, but nothing changed. Happiness was still very far.

The Transcendent Elevator

Dinton wandered aimlessly about Fred's mansion once Fred became the corpse of a forgotten bully. Dinton couldn't escape the glare of statues and accessories. Fuck it, he thought, fuck them. He ventured up a gargantuan staircase, led purely by intuition. The hallway was massive, with doors running along each wall like a deck of cards. Boticelli's and Rembrandt's, Picasso's and Dali's, hung much more beautifully than fruit. Masterpieces of paint and

sculpture, art hung and slung everywhere for Fred and his butlers and whores. With hands, Dinton smeared Fred's blood on paintings and on only the most pristine of white marble nudes. Fred even had a replica of Rodin's The Thinker. A bronze man sitting and engaged fully to his mind. Dinton took a piss on it.

Someone was watching him. Someone was a witness.

A man in the clothing of nature stepped out from a room, mysterious as the night, like vapor. "Must you defile the accomplishments of masters?" he asked.

Dinton turned his head, still urinating, and found the draped elder. They were a great distance apart but Dinton's eyes grew bluer. It was a man he had once met, a man doused profound as a wise white wolf. "It's you," Dinton answered and zipped up his fly.

The man replied with the smallest smile in the world. His face was the canvas to a variety of war paints. Beads and bones circled the man's neck like the dance of a sombrero. He was dressed in bluebird feathers, spit, and berries. He wore the berries, of course, for convenience. "You have killed God's son," he said.

"God's son?"

"Yes. You have killed God's son."

Dinton said nothing.

"You have killed God's son. God would like to see you now."

"God is a myth!" Dinton boomed.

"God is as real as you or I."

Dinton stood there in silence. He glared at the man's painted face and feathered body in genuine disbelief. The man, he could tell, had a belly full of secrets and the souls of all animals. Machetes clung to the side of this mystic, alongside leaves and berries. Perhaps he was trying to help but Dinton could be wrong. With passion and indignation emerged a silver derringer from Dinton's swollen ankle. Dinton aimed his devil. The man of berries was incredibly patient and unscathed. "Lies! The filthiest of lies!" Dinton cried. Hysteria bore into him like a leech.

The man of berries melted the gun with his mind. The gun oozed to the floor and became a puddle. Dinton, ill with amazement, was persuaded. "O.K. Show me God," he said. "I want to see God."

The man of feathers and berries explained that their was in fact a God, that he was a kind God, that he was an evil God, that he was an inconsistent God. The two men walked along long ornate rugs until they stood in front of an elevator with no buttons. This was a special kind of elevator. "God awaits you. Step inside." The doors flung open with light. The elevator was glowing inside. "To reach Heaven you must meditate. You will know when you reach Heaven, as your heart will feel like it is about to burst."

"I've never meditated before," Dinton confessed.

Hums

The man was gone and Dinton was left alone to the freedom of his own mind. The elevator door stood eagle spread, wide open. Dinton stepped forth, toe to heel, towards the elevator of glittery hums. The elevator sang to Dinton as if he were a child, still indulgent in the only parts of the brain that truly mattered. The journey began here, now. Hums of hands pulled him inside.

Inside the Elevator

“This elevator is much bigger than I imagined at first.” Dinton spoke to himself confidently and enjoyed the sound of his own stone voice. The elevator was now wide and expansive. Golden blades of grass stretched beyond vision’s limit. “Hey, what is all of this, some kind of trick?” Bluebirds flew overhead chirping songs that they had been taught by their mothers and fathers. Grasshoppers swam through the grass chirping songs that they had been taught by their brothers and sisters. Dinton did not know any songs. He wept because of this.

Meditation was the hardest thing that Dinton had ever done. His mind was full of traffic and contradictory beliefs. He held his heart like a madman with a grenade.

Dinton was the most powerful mortal man who had ever lived but he had thrown it all away. Great power comes as a great risk to a great man. The black smoky vapor was attracted to power and to power, only power. The shower of power on Dinton’s behalf was more than enough to fill the guts of demons. As these thoughts wafted like ghosts through a man’s mind, Dinton sifted deeper into the chambers of untapped mind muscle. The floors of Dinton’s mind were checkerboards, momentarily cleansed by mind janitors. He wanted only to aid the janitors in their work, so a dive was taken.

His mind’s eye was blue and he started to hallucinate through closed eyes. Red fans bounced and mind towers crumbled. Dinton’s mind took on a yellow dust that resembled mustard gas. The gas spoke to him of rich men and wise men who thought they knew the way. Who thought they had the proper papers to quench their thirsts on their thrones of gold. Fat men, powerful men, whose clenched fists masked their tender hearts of paper mache, held together by childish glue sticks. Mountains of jellybeans and more jellybeans spun into an optical abyss and fluttered like bats through damp soggy caves. Feeling spirits, Dinton’s mind became numb. Whispers within his unconscious, colliding, dreams vaporizing into nightmares. Roaring, filling his mind with guilt, resent towards himself.

He wasn’t being himself. Things in his head were being replaced with things that shouldn’t be there.

Panic, denial, fear, cruel and untamed, dissolved the god, Dinton thought of Heaven. Heaven did not respond.

Temples of Thought

Diminishing in illusions, Dinton could no longer control his mind. The mind took over. “You feel pain,” appeared the warpainted specter, a messenger draped in berries. “Your mind feels of chaos. You must not let the mind escape to sin and denial. Anger can turn a man to bleakness, from the soul, from the spirit. Without a soul, we are only objects.”

Dinton, hands red and chest bloody, barely felt his body for it had become an idea. Third eye stared fierce and alone. She didn’t blink.

“Many have failed,” continued the spirit, “Their minds were weak. These people were lost to Heaven.” Dinton could no longer see, only hear. He began to live in an idea.

“Let me show you, the darker side of consciousness, in limbo, in dreams of tortuous thought, consumed in evil, without escape. In desolate destitution, forsaken, lonely, and completely unaware. I speak of these hellish things, possibly, your fate, Dinton Yule.” Each word that he whispered was heard. Stroked brushes, flush on his forehead. He perspired thoughts.

“Hello?” The telephone rang and answered. “You are? For the weekend? Breakfast and bed and the room service? Don’t worry friend, it’s not of additional cost, comes with the stay as a matter of thought, so do those eggs and

crispy bacon. Hello?"

The telephone was silent. His voice quivered. The dial tone was silent. Whimpers fell silent in the quiet room. "Must have been a prank call." In a desk, bland and brown, pencils and sharpeners, reminders written in black ink on scattered paper. The beige carpet was cleaned with thorough precision. There wasn't a guest to notice. Fans scattered the humid odors of sweat and exhaustion. "Well, I'll wait by the phone just in case someone calls." A pause left the room faint and unheard. Voiceless, faint without existence, "It is the only phone." Pattered fingers danced across the large table, nervously and impatient, his feet tapped to the tabletop rhythm. "I suppose I'll sweep. This place is getting filthy." The room was spotless, freshly vacuumed only hours ago but had expired like ten seasons of winter. The vacuum swept across the floor and Gerber Hubert followed its dance.

No tune was hummed, only, fantasized. Music remained absent for weeks, months, years, but estimates of time were oblique. Clocks ticked but didn't sound, their long black hands silent as brail. Melted moments passed but were forever still, bleeding in solid delusion. "What was that?" asked without response. Lonely eyes jetted and passed rapidly throughout the lone hotel office, desolate, looking for a sign of movement, of life. In turbulent response, the sound of his solitary beating heart wimped and whined as he stared blankly back at the brownish, beige carpet that consumed his consciousness, a requiem of boredom. "I could have sworn it was a customer, they tend to show up around this time," Gerber told himself and only himself. Memories were turbines, consumed in repetition until they forged into one solid mass of thought that echoed and reverberated in dreary vacancy. Ambitions, dreams, and his emotions fell deep in a melting pot of nothing. Bleakness riddled his canvas; a self portrait, stained in white paints and splattered in countless layers. He was no artist just an ageless hotel owner without a customer or a friend to call.

"These summer days are hotter than Hell," he thought to himself. He listened to the violent hiss of heat as his tight collar loosened to the sweaty finger that tugged and pulled. The bald spot around his head wore red, irritated. His throat felt dry and sank, swallowed in a seat of sweat, boredom, and a dreary head full of dreary thoughts, thoughts of nothing.

Gerber walked to the water cooler, between room 521 and room 522. Each step felt wet, his socks drenched in fluids. Retrieving a cone paper cup, he held it beneath the blue lever and urgently pulled. Only drops fell in his small paper cup as to his horror he discovered the large plastic jug was empty.

He stared blankly at the teasing dispenser, dropping the cup to the floor. Desperate and parched, he lunged to the ground trying to catch the few drops of water. He was so thirsty. His chapped lips were blue and veins of blood floated to the surface of his mouth. Tiny, irritated slits formed around his mouth and his throat felt arid as deserts in summer.

"Goddamnit," he muttered to himself, each word inflaming the gashes around his lips. Slowly, Gerber walked back to his tacit station, each step evaporating what was left of him. Falling over in the torn leather seat, the air that sank in his lungs agonized his hidden soul, lost in a sea of titanic heat. Panting and panicking, he gazed heavily at the lone window as he watched his own demise unfold.

The sun began to approach him, closer and closer. The curtains ignited and burned into ash as Gerber gazed at his tan and bubbling skin. His eyes tried to blink but were unable; his eyelids disintegrated.

First, his hair caught on fire, engulfed in creamy flames of red and bright orange. Then his eyebrows, eyelashes, and body hair torched as his skin began to melt, flesh draining to the floor as his conscious mind watched. He jumped up, running around like a chicken without a head as he clenched his tumbling organs that tried to escape the dead man's carcass.

Gerber's eyes were still conscious, painting the dead man's story to him with violent detail. Blood poured from his orifices as the floor dressed itself in the wet, liquid meat. Screams evaporated from his throat. The hotel was a pit of

flames and Gerber watched as hellish vultures exited the vacant rooms of the torched hotel. Without eyelids, he couldn't blink or hide from the black birds that began to pick at his overcooked flesh. The eyes in his skull watched as the birds fought over his cooked organs.

Hours passed and so did he. The birds finished their meal.

"Hello?" The telephone rang and answered. "You are? For the weekend? Breakfast and bed and the room service? Don't worry friend, its not of additional cost, comes with the stay as a matter of thought, so do those eggs and crispy bacon. Hello?"

"Now, Dinton Yule, you see because I have shown you so, this agonizing future, this conscious and only life. The hellish chorus that you've witnessed, this is the price Mr. Gerber Hubert paid for succumbing to the stained side of his brain. Trapped between dimensions, in limbo. He has no memory of anything. He has no thoughts. Only the eyes that bestow his desolate consciousness, the agony of eternal torture. His existence, trapped in agonizing repetition, a vessel of terror. Now Dinton, you must focus. God is waiting." The berried man evaporated.

Dinton closed his eyes.

Failing and Falling

Dinton felt nauseas, or whatever this was. Feeling? He wasn't aware, only, afraid and looking for peace, Heaven, anything. Eyes hung like apples off African trees. Closed, possibly, forever. His jaw felt tight and strained from years of frustration. Brittle like holiday treats in the winter snow. His legs were bent and the locusts flocked in plagues. Glitter fell beneath but what was beneath was unknown. Dimensions rotating like wheels of fortune.

"I feel like many vibrations," Dinton thought or thought he thought.

"You're falling, you are floating, you are failing," he heard. He felt. He was.

The vibrations that he had become began to melt, pouring like lava of molten Hell, eternal misery. Heat, fire, they were nothing compared to this. Mercury spilt in boiling liquid.

Time languished into abstract beats. Wormholes swam, captured in expansion, the expansion of Dinton Yule.

His identity morphed into large plains of skin. The eyes rotated into prehistoric carnival rides. Children shared cotton candy. Friendship was expected, desired by no one but Dinton. The nose shifted into a room, wall surrounded by old fashioned wooden logs. A grandmother sat with a child nestled upon her arthritic hips and sighing knees but it was okay. She had a large children's book, with her lone grandson staring enthusiastically with reverie eyes and twinkled excitement. The fireplace burnt throughout the night as the cookies and milk slowly faded into crumbs and drops. The child fell asleep hours ago but the grandmother decided to stay up. She combed his hair and stared at his silent innocence. Dinton's lips were silent by mutation.

It was the most miserable he had ever felt.

His consciousness began to slip into suspension. He landed on concrete tiles of rubble and ruin. It was a school in the dark. Energy flickered in dwelling waves of vexation. Dinton sensed he was not alone. His body rose from the ashy concrete. However, Dinton did not control this celestial body. In the distance, loud thuds were reverberating like

haunting apparitions. The legs tiptoed forward in quiet and stiff steps. The large thuds began to crescendo in a dry staccato. Homo-rhythmic, perfect unison, the thuds began to materialize. Spirits in tattered fabric were whipping their backs in torturous repetition and slavery. Their eyes were pure white, filled with hangman tales and eternal existence.

Dinton, helpless, confused, and desperate, he began to concentrate. For the first time in his entire life, he began to pray.

Part Four

The Abuse

Gritty chains hung from the dry, cracked ceiling. Sweet suffocation sapped the wrists. Though the dark fog outside the window seemed permanent, morning would soon shine its giant face of light. How beautiful that light would be! Bob Yule lashed the backside with a whip he bought back in Africa. In the heat of a safari hunt, Bob cornered and killed twelve lions with it, and he whipped the lions even when they were dead, even when his guide told him not to, that doing so was wanton. He whipped their faces and manes of gold.

Milk was splattered everywhere, even on the bed sheets. The milk was cool and Bob had plenty of gallons. Bob splashed upon the wounded flesh, laughing and snorting. With his good hand, Bob whipped, and chugged a big bottle of whiskey with the other. He whispered sexual bizarre nonsense into his slave's ear. The slave decided to surrender, lips trembling like soft white flowers.

"I think I'm ready to get down now. I'm woozy."

Bob laughed rudely and tightened his lover's blindfold. "Shut up milkman."

"Please Bob," begging.

"Whore!" cried Bob, whipping spine. "We're not done yet! Do you see cum on your body yet?" Bob's voice was loud and sinister.

"Just fuck my ass!" cried the Chocolate Milk Man. "Put the whip down Bob! You're going too far!"

Bob whipped him thrice more. "Too far? What are you a fuckin' fairy?" Bob lashed again. "Aw, fuck it," Bob relented. "I had my fun." He unraveled the chains, a child that lost a game. Daddy Yule rubbed his nipples. "Get on the bed, you filthy slutty whore."

The Chocolate Milk Man regained his composure, a little turned on.

"I wish you'd stop calling me that. It's so offensive, Bob. I'm not a whore Bob. I don't charge. I have dignity Bob. I'm clean."

"Shut up and spread your ass. I'm gonna fuck you like I don't know what." Bob started stroking his own cock.

"Oh Bob," replied the Chocolate Milk Man, biting his lower lip. The Chocolate Milk Man removed his blindfold and crawled into bed, back arched. He spread his ass apart, smelling of sour wine. Bob mounted him and corked him with his fat stubby cock, gripping the Chocolate Milk Man's well-toned body. Riding rough pleasure, Bob spewed a milky seed in record time, an orgasm of chunky white hiccups. Orphans in an asshole. The lovers huffed.

"You're a good fuck," Bob told the Chocolate Milk Man. The Chocolate Milk Man wore a huge exhausted grin. With no introduction, the sun shone through the room, breaking down the darkness, eating it, eating it away like germs. The curtains blew heavily, fluttering like leaves in all directions and the window did shatter as spears of orange sun singled out Bob and entered him. The sun attacked his fat naked body. Blood sprayed everywhere. Bob bled haunted. His pure fear was loud but not as loud as the invisible violin music, which thoroughly confused the Chocolate Milk Man. Bob collapsed onto the glass of the broken window. Glass dug deep into his back. The sun vanished.

“Oh my god!” cried the Chocolate Milk Man, jumping up, shaking vigorously his hands. “Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!” Tears flowed down his eyes. He stroked Bob’s bloody torn cheek. “What should I do?” asked the Chocolate Milk Man, on his knees.

Bob looked into his eyes and issued a tender command.

“I’m scared. Get Hank.”

The Chocolate Milk Man jetted distantly to a room with summoned speed, reaching Hank in a rude manner. Hank was sleeping and awoke confused as hell. “Come quick! Bob’s hurt! It’s serious!” The Chocolate Milk Man wailed, jumping puppyish.

“Something’s wrong with Bob?” asked Hank concernedly, still groggy from wet dreams.

“There’s blood everywhere Hank!”

“What did you do?” steamed Hank.

“It wasn’t me Hank! It was the sun!”

“What?”

“You’ve got to come quick!”

“HANK!” boomed Bob where he was laying. The sheer volume made Hank run to its source. Hank gasped when he saw the blood. Hank bent down.

“The sun did this to you?”

Hank was fully drawn in. “Yes...that fucking bastard,” said Bob softly. Hank never saw so much blood. He rose, staggered a bit, and fainted quickly on the bloody ground. The Chocolate Milk Man returned, only to see both his companions motionless. He shook vigorously his hands.

“Hank!” cried the distressed milkman. “Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!” He shivered like a rodent in the slush. “What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?”

Healing

Alone in the kitchen, the Chocolate Milk Man poured fresh milk into a silver pan. Placing his hands on his hips, he held back tears, forced a smile. Patiently, he hummed, tapped his foot, the familiar story of waiting on the boil. “Oh, hurry you!” he thought. Soon, the milk bubbled, cackled, hissed. Hank stepped out of the way when the time came. Wearing a frilly black and white apron, the spunky Chocolate Milk Man carried three large glasses of hot milk into the living room on a platter like they were royal slippers. Hank showed a friendly face, warm and appreciative, and took his glass, sipping. The Chocolate Milk Man held a glass under Bob’s unconscious nose. Bob awoke at the smell of milk, as if from a baffling dream.

He looked as if he had fallen off a mountain. He was completely wrapped in gauze and sat confined to a wheelchair. He bore slits in his facemask for his nose, eyes, and mouth. Upon seeing his beautiful lovers, his only friends, Bob wept. Hank and the Chocolate Milk Man rubbed his cocooned shoulders, telling him not to cry. He cried only more severely. Hank raised the milk glass to Bob’s mouth. There was a slender straw inside the glass. Bob refused.

“What happened?” mustered Bob in a harsh, hurt voice.

“The sun got you, babe,” said the Chocolate Milk Man.

“Sun?” coughed Bob.

The Chocolate Milk Man turned to Hank and it was a look Hank had never seen before. Hank was confused.

“He doesn’t remember Hank,” said the Chocolate Milk Man.

“Remember what?” Bob uttered.

“Honey, I can’t explain it, but the sun hurt you,” explained the Chocolate Milk Man, casually, sexually. “I’ve never seen anything like it, babe. The sun wanted you dead.”

“It’s true,” said Hank, who held a bowl of chicken noodle soup delicately. “You need to eat Bob,” motioned Hank, feeding his lover through a slit... “You need to heal.” Bob swallowed the warm noodles and broth. Bob looked around. Hank took off his reading glasses and placed them on a small table. Hank drank his milk in one gulp. “That’s good milk,” Hank said. The Chocolate Milk Man smiled. Hank nodded at Bob.

Hank was wearing his work hat. Gunter’s in bright neon red letters. Hank was a manager there, a fast food chain of greasy fried chicken. Hank made forty dollars a day and spent forty hours of his week there. He worked alongside ex-wife, who was his co-manager. She was unequivocally more respected by the employees. Most of the employees thought Hank was a little loopy and slow. Hank was a nice guy though he wasn’t too great of a manager. He wasn’t much good with finances and numbers were always somewhat troublesome. But he smiled a lot during the day, trying to see the same from customers. Hank had ethics. Hank was a man awkward and tense, handsome and kind, about 6 foot 3 inches. Bob loved Hank dearly.

Bob’s awareness shifted to each of his breaths and how slow his breaths were, how thoughtful. Reflecting in the silence of his living room, he studied his walls, decorated somberly with deer he had shot when they glimpsed peacefully through the sunlight for food. Rugs made of bear furnished the floor.

“I need to heal more than anyone on this planet,” harshly whispered Bob, for the sun had attacked his throat.

“I love you,” said the Chocolate Milk Man. “I love you,” he said again. “Heal, baby.”

Hank placed a hand on Bob’s gauzed shoulder. “I want a second chance,” Bob sobbed, realizing all along he was an ogre and nothing more. “Why did I kill all those deer? Why did I kill all those deer?”

Off to Work

The two lovers took his hands, squeezed the life out of them. “Bob, just let it all out,” Hank said, tenderly placing a hand on Bob’s knee. Bob cried. Deer in Bob’s mind drank from a pond. His body felt nothing. He couldn’t move.

“We love you baby,” sweetly said the Chocolate Milk Man. Bob looked into his eyes piously, precisely. Bob couldn’t believe he had been whipping him and tying him up in chains all these years. It made no sense to him at this moment.

“I’ve been a monster. My whole life I’ve been a monster,” Bob confided.

“You aren’t a monster. We love you baby.”

“Bob, there’s always time to change,” said Hank.

“Monsters are worthless. They should be rid of the world,” said Bob.

“Speaking of monsters, I gotta go to work,” said Hank. “My ex-wife, she’s the monster.” Hank smiled. The Chocolate Milk Man then slapped his face in sudden realization.

“I gotta go to work too! Excuse me, Bob.” The Chocolate Milk Man hurried to his room and put on his brown milkman uniform. Hank had long been dressed. The two workers gave Bob lovely, encouraging, departing words, then fled, leaving Bob to his thoughts and epiphanies. The two men were off to work.

An Angry Customer

Hank turned around on the dirt road a mile out, picking up speed in his Honda Accord. He was heading back home to take care of Bob, when suddenly he was forced to slam on the brakes. Deer came pouring from the trees,

forming a frightful stoic union in the road. With bulging black eyes, they stood like they had no knowledge of anything. One of the deer was chewing on an olive branch. The forest around them was green and neutral. Hank smiled and waved at the deer, respectful of earth's creatures. He waited for them to leave.

When he parked his car, Hank strode past the garden of Bob's pungent posies, assorted reds and creams. Opening the door, he discovered Bob tipped over, lying helpless and yearning. With silent sympathy, Hank bent and rose him back safely. Bob couldn't speak but Hank assumed an appreciation. Hank turned on the television and settled onto the yellow couch. A black and white film flashed on the tiny set, a narrative concerning gangsters where men in slick hats were taking out Tommy guns.

Bob fell asleep within a minute's time. Hank sighed and went to the kitchen. After calling in sick at Gunter's, explaining a flu to his ex-wife, he made himself a grilled cheese sandwich and a glass of milk. After he ate, he, too, fell asleep, nestled on the couch. The Chocolate Milk Man came home an hour later. Finished with today's deliveries, he was sweating and fanning his face. He melted at once over the adorable scene. Hands over his heart, he kissed the two sleepers on the forehead and then took a hot shower, grinning in the hot gushes, dancing and prancing in the hot shower. Refreshed, he came out naked and dry and fit himself next to the dozing Hank, the bill of the Gunter's hat covering Hank's eyes.

Outside, a hulking man with redwood arms banged persistently on the fur covered door. Under the sun, he continually struck, yelling open up. The knocks awoke Hank in a startled manner. He got up calmly and approached the door. The Chocolate Milk Man looked worried and confused, sensing danger. As Hank creaked open the door to the width of a billiard stick, the visitor immediately howled for blood. "Where's that perverted nigger?!" he cried, clawing for his way in. Hank struggled to keep the peace, daring not to let in this burly beast. The raging man wore a plaid flannel shirt and jeans. He was bald.

"I think you have the wrong house sir," said Hank.

"Bullshit!" cried the plaid man, bursting through the door with the mighty weight of his shoulder like a football tackle. There he found the Chocolate Milk Man, standing up and dumb. "You! There's fuckin' jizz in my milk!" assaulted the bitter howling customer, clutching up a bottle of chocolate milk with an eel sized rope of semen tangled within. "You jerked off in my milk! Didn't you?"

The Chocolate Milk Man looked very shocked. His eyes were huge. "There's gotta be some mistake, I would never..." The Chocolate Milk Man panicked. He had accidentally delivered the wrong bottle, one from his private stash.

"You fuckin' faggot! I'm going to kill you and your cum!" The man was serious, feral, blushing.

Hank eased toward him.

"Easy now, this can all be amended," said Hank.

"Back off!" cried the man as he swung a vicious elbow to Hank's nose. Hank fell to the floor as a martyr and dizzily watched the hyena hurl the tainted bottle against the back wall. The blushing man started strangling the Chocolate Milk Man, summoning purple throat veins. Nearing mirages, Hank reached weakly into the drawer of a couch side table and brought out a revolver. The plaid man started barking like a mighty hound, foaming like a bitch. Hank fired three distinct shots. Triple throat shot. The target crashed onto a glass table, a fallen mammoth. The Chocolate Milk Man gasped for air in his new freedom.

"You killed him," panted the Chocolate Milk Man.

Hank looked up.

"Killed who?" said Hank, deep in shock and a kind of immediate amnesia.

“Him!” cried the Chocolate Milk Man, pointing.

Hank looked at the revolver in his hand. He was still on the floor. “Oh dear,” said Hank.

Bob had somehow managed to sleep through all this.

The Chocolate Milk Man cried softly in his hands, saying, “This is all my fault.” Hank stood up and wiped the blood from his nose, went to his room and threw loads of clothes into a suitcase. He put on his leather jacket, which he hadn’t worn in years. When he came out, the Chocolate Milk Man was in the same spot.

“I’m leaving,” said Hank. “I’m going away and I don’t know when I’m coming back.”

“Leaving? What? You can’t leave! You’re too sexy to leave!”

“I have to get away from here. I don’t know who I am anymore,” said Hank.

“Hank, wait! Don’t do this! Please stay! I can’t do this by myself!”

Hank vaguely nodded. “Of course. I’ll get the shovel,” he said. Hank went into another room.

“That’s not what I meant!” stomped the Chocolate Milk Man.

They buried the bloody dog in the backyard, where three large cows roamed, swaying pink utters. Patting down the final dirt, Hank flung the shovel into some flowers. He hugged the Chocolate Milk Man and said goodbye, not kissing him. Hank minimally said that he had to “find himself” and that he did not know who he was anymore. The Chocolate Milk Man said he understood though this was a lie. The Chocolate Milk Man waved his hand continuously as Hank departed back into the house for his suitcase. Hank, there in the living room, kissed the sleeping Bob on the forehead, thinking it might be the last time he’d ever see him. Hank wiped away a tear and left. He threw his suitcase into the backseat of his Honda Accord and drove off as the sun fell. In the backyard, on the coconut yellow grass, the Chocolate Milk Man hugged a cow and cried tears onto her.

Amber Dreams

After driving for hours, Hank felt he had nothing, nothing but his body, which was running away. He wondered if the Chocolate Milk Man could adequately take care of Bob. He had his doubts.

Hank stopped suddenly at a bar called Amber Dreams. The stars were shining. He parked his car next to a bunch of motorcycles. Hank walked inside jukebox blare, precise smacks of billiards, shot glasses slammed on counter, and darts thrown at a primary bullseye. Hank got looked over by the whole lot. Everything got quieter. It’s common protocol to stare when someone walks into a bar, Hank reasoned. He nodded at the bartender, a pudgy five-foot-five man with thin, combed back black hair, and tiny ears.

“Two shots of bourbon, please,” requested Hank. The bartender squinted his eyes and what he saw in Hank did not blend well with him. It was as if he tasted an awful mixed drink and was trying to decipher the flavors, what exactly went wrong. The bartender looked around, surveying his crowd of thirteen men and three women. The women wore tight black spandex.

“You hidin’ somethin’?” said the bartender.

Hank, befuddled, tried to keep his cool. “Is something the matter?” said Hank.

“Yea, somethin’, but just what in the hell it is, I don’t know.” The bartender placed down his rag and glass.

“This is the first time I have been to the Amber Dreams,” said Hank. At that, everybody, including the bartender, howled with laughter. Retaining a sliver of smile after his laughing fit, the bartender gradually regained his sternness.

“Let’s get one thing straight buddy, it’s Amber Dreams, not “The” Amber Dreams. Ain’t a fuckin’ “The” in the name. Didn’t you see the sign?” Hank had seen the sign, and read it perfectly clear. He wondered himself why he had

included the “the”.

“Quite right. I did in fact see the sign but I guess I put my own little spin on it,” said Hank, sensing trouble.

“Keep your goddamn spins to yerself. Respect the bar for its god given name.”

“Of course,” Hank said in an instant. “I apologize. I’m just very tired and would really like two shots of bourbon.” Hank really did want those shots, though he did not want to hang around and mingle with these people that he sensed hated him. He just wanted to pop two quickies, pay the bill, and scam. He wanted to sleep, pull off to the side of the road and sleep in his car.

“What you drivin’ out there?” ignored the bartender. Hank had not expected such a curious bartender.

“A Honda. A Honda Accord.” The honky tonk song ended and all grew silent. The bartender, disturbed, gazed at Hank like a winter storm.

“We don’t really get folks that drive in cars. You see all the motorcycles out there boy? This here’s a motorcycle bar.”

Hank searched for his words. “Well, okay then.” Hank did not want to cause offense. “I am sorry and will be on my way.” Hank turned to approach the door, but a rough looking biker was already blocking it.

“Wait just a minute there, stranger. I’ll get yer your drinks but you gotta earn em’. You gotta pass a test,” said the bartender. Hank reluctantly agreed.

“Okay then. What is the test?”

The bartender smiled wryly. “It’s a simple formality for folks I can’t read right off the bat. It’s just a simple question. No tricks.”

“Okay.”

The bartender licked his lips. “What’s pussy smell like?”

Hank grew horrified. He had never smelled pussy. Even his ex-wife’s. On their honeymoon, Hank failed to get an erection, because he was so gay. Sara cried long and hard on the bed that night. Hank had tried to comfort her by rubbing her back, but she swatted him away, drowning his affections in the tears of a fake marriage. They got divorced the next morning. With eyes fierce upon him, Hank tried to concoct an answer, having heard somewhere by someone that pussy smelled really bad. Time was running out. “Burnt tar,” said Hank.

“Burnt tar?! By God, he’s a faggot! A fuckin’ flaming faggot! The answer is dead fish, you homo!” cried the bartender, blind with savage and true bitterness. “Kill this sissy prick!” Men approached Hank with billiard sticks and beat the shit out of him. On the floor, Hank suffered stomps and thwacks. One guy threw all the colored billiard balls at Hank’s head. Hank made only polite whimpers, taking in his beating without the dehumanizing shrieks one would expect. He was very bloody. Not dead. “Alright, let em’ go,” said the bartender. “He might be an immoral faggot but he sure takes his beating like a man. I respect a man that can take his beatings. Look at him. Not a single tear. This guy’s queer, but he’s got balls. If he can get up, let em’ leave. Let em’ find the door.”

Hank got up and fell back down. He eventually made it to the door, though was not yet free. “Let’s get one thing straight, homo. That car of yours, it’s ours now,” wickedly said the bartender.

Bob’s Meditation

Meanwhile, Bob was meditating, ascending into new black gardens of calm awareness. He had been doing this ever since his accident with the sun, sitting much like a boulder in the living room of bear fur, staring deep into the universe with eyes closed. He gradually fell more and more at ease and sunk all his weight into the void. The Chocolate Milk Man would casually spy. He consumed his mind with the times when Bob was lithe and drunk and this brought

tears to his eyes. He felt awfully distanced from Bob like a rat in a maze and wondered if things would ever be the same. He trudged with much pain through Bob's silent recuperation. Days passed upon days and Bob did not eat a single crust of bread. Bob had found all his nourishment in meditation.

The attempt came soon. Bob was silent and still in his everlasting sit. The room was doused in checkerboard light, Bob with shadows streaming alongside his face. He sat like a calm flower as the Chocolate Milkman crept into the room, tiptoeing. Undeserved monsters and operas had flooded his mind. With tear in his eye, he lunged with the shaking knife. Bob disappeared at that very instant, gently and lightly, until Bob was gone in a mist of himself. Bob transcended his plane of existence at the perfect moment. Reaching the zenith of penetration, he dissolved particle by particle in passive surrender. He left simply as a spirit. The milkman's dagger was left in the fading cloud. The assassin sobbed savagely because of the beast he had become, and because Bob was gone forever.

Hank's Diaries

June 1

Dear diary,

I think the deepest sleep comes to those who have been beaten bad enough. They ended up taking my car, diary. I had to give them the key. I had never seen such hatred in men's eyes. They got pleasure out of seeing a gay man bleed. The women laughed too. My feet are tired and sick because I have been on foot for three days. I know I am being queer but I am scared for my life. I have dreams of the man I shot every night. He haunts me. Jesus, I wish I was a boy again.

Rough Nazis

It was a black diary that Hank carried, a diary whittled to its final three pages. The cherished thing was kept in his back pocket and bulged like a wallet. His lovers did not even know he was a writer because he had a philosophy of privacy. Hank considered himself a blooming writer, though he knew very well he was not such a craftsman of such lovely prose, but only a man in constant search.

Since the brutal incident at Amber Dreams, Hank had been roaming from place to place, sleeping behind diners, having the most awful of dreams. He fled from each morning, a nomad. Eventually, he stumbled into a small town, ominous, with blue darkness and many sidewalks. He stepped into an arcade. Vibrant and flashing lights sent him into a trance. He knew only of the quarters that jingled in his pocket. Calmly, he approached a young boy, a young boy who was like a young boy staring into an ocean. The kid was putting money into the machine.

"I'll play you," Hank said. "I've never played before so you might kick my butt."

The kid exploded. "Ew, get away faggot!"

Hank reeled back, disillusioned. His face contorted into disbelief but the child wore his disgust truthfully. Hank approached another young boy, but again was lashed with the same homophobic treatment. He bore his gayness like a dead and odorous animal it seemed, always dripping ruby blood on strangers' garments. Hank abandoned the arcade, stepping into the cruel winter, where a brick wall stretched farther than the eye can see. He hobbled, disoriented, so struck by the tongue of youth. His mind muffled, he shuffled into a dark alley passage.

Why can I not be accepted? Why does my dick pierce anal cavities? Why must I always feel guilty? What is my purpose? Hank hustled along, each ill thought bubbling into clusters. Why am I such a fucked up fool? I'm no good.

Snow was close to falling. The Nazis ballooned their chests and stepped out in front of Hank. They held their stances as statues, wearing shades to cloak their secret eyes. Hank stumbled into the posse rather firmly, unable to avoid them. He was flabbergasted at once by their menace. The Nazis were filthy and flaunted colorful mohawks and tiny swastikas on the tips of their black leather boots. Adolph, nonchalantly triumphant, was centered on their shirts.

“Slow down pops,” sneered one of the Nazis. “You might step on my fashionable boot. I paid seventy five bucks for this boot!”

“But you bumped into me,” reasoned Hank.

The Nazi punched Hank clean in the gut. “You are scum,” said the Nazi. “You know that?”

“What?” coughed Hank, comforting his gut. Two Nazi women were pissing on him, their vaginas open through the leather. Their faces were powdery in trash beauty. Warm golden streams, steaming in the cold, swam down Hank’s pants.

“How’s that feel?” she said. “Is that sexy?”

“I don’t want any trouble,” said Hank, wiping his eyes.

Clomping on boots that stood on needles, a gigantic Nazi in ancient uniform emerged from the shadows, head butting Hank swiftly to the ground. The Nazi was sharp as his German tongue; he raised his boot and flooded Hank with stomps of the HIV positive needles. Hank’s screams sung, Kristallnacht hummingbirds through the night. The Nazi, ruthless, pounced with his boots a horrid therapy. The Nazi women spat till they could not spit anymore. Hank, left there a charade, bled heavily into the alley. Rats came to play in his blood. He spat, a red goat in the gutter.

The Nazis dropped a twenty dollar bill on Hank’s charcoal coat, leather burnt like pavement. “I respect a man who can take a beating. You got pride, no tears, no begging, just like a man should take a beating from his superiors.” The Nazi raised his boot for one final whip of his leg. The blow knocked one of Hank’s teeth flying into the air, the shattered jewel dented and damaged. The dog did not whimper, just laid silent and unconscious. Lying unknown behind the trash, comas bled into his damaged skull.

Hank began his hibernation.

Soul’s Ascension

Drowning, dying, dining in a swamp of doom, he cried for centuries, millenniums, eternities. All that remained of him, a melting idea of torment crying for help. God’s help, the therapist, his own damned father. The faded idea that he became began to wash away.

“Dinton, listen...” A distant but very present voice said to him. He felt so weak, pulsating and nauseous, he could barely listen. “It is I, Bob, your father, both of this world and the last.” Bob, pixilated into an image of divine intervention, transcending on clouds, in perfect lotus, each chakra of his body glowing in holy radiance.

“Father,” Dinton muttered like a fragile child, “Help...me...” Dinton cried.

“I am here Dinton, to help. You are failing and yet I am ascending. This is a paradox Dinton for we are one, our souls, and our matter. You are holy, all are holy, all are god, but often we are discouraged, our third eye deaf.”

Dinton peeked at his father’s forehead as his radiant and hypnotic mind’s eye began to open. A luminous glory, an apparent wisdom glowed from that eye. A holy eye with all the colors of the spectrum radiating focused, relaxed energy. Dinton stared deep into his father’s eye as his very being began to reappear, strong, back to the God he was.

“Dinton, you are a god among men that is apparent that is fact but the fallacy of your mind the fear the anxiety gripped you into failure and doubt. All negativity is evil and all evil is evil yet humans alike recognize the malicious quality of their actions but continue to make them. Life’s purpose is purity of the soul. Meditation, good deeds to all men and

women, and love and only love. Now you know how to go to your Heaven so go there my son. I love you more than anything. Goodbye and tell God I give him my blessings.”

Bob vanished into the air the same way he appeared.

Dinton began to focus and let the divinity purify him. His body began to shake as his own third eye burst into light. Both his blue eyes began to explode in beams of pure radiance as his third eye opened for the first time, opening Heaven’s gates.

Heaven

It, the meditation, the torture, a success of ecstatic delight, beyond delight, the stars, in a universe made of infinite pleasure, Dinton swam as a swan. Amazement swallowed him, a god of godly pleasure, achieving every man’s dream, every god’s determined destiny. The clouds were pillows made of support and comforting warmth, a perfect blend and depth of beauty, a pure elegance. The people, dressed in lavish robes of fine silk and velvet flowed in streaming channels, tender kisses, loving and genuine. Discussing the planet, Earth, like humans study celebrities and they all talked like men and women of importance. They danced in harmony, with vigor and passion, and love flowed from one another in tender embraces. They drank; they smoked and discussed everything that they wanted to speak for conversation with friends carried the most joy.

Dinton stumbled across the plains of clouds in a drunk’s, slavish way. Heaven was the Promised Land, exquisite in splendor, joyous and perfect. As he walked, he felt unwelcomed, different. They, Heaven’s people, looked at him like he looked at humans; the feeling stung him with agonizing abrasiveness, and Dinton realized why he had come.

God was waiting.

God’s Gates

“Name?”

“Dinton Yule.”

“Purpose of visit?”

“To talk to God.”

“What about? I like to get to know new friends.”

“Would you just let me talk to God? It’s been too long.”

“Hey?”

“What?”

“You tell me. You’re the one being a dick.”

“Excuse me?”

“Shut up, Dinton, stop with your fucking games you douchebag.”

“What did you jus...”

“Shut the fuck up!” The gatekeeper’s voice became very loud. “This isn’t earth you peon. I’m the gatekeeper you understand? You are nothing. You may have felt like a god on earth but in Heaven you are an inbred retard. Now I tried to offer you friendship and you turned me down like the fucking asshole that you are. We, people in Heaven not with their heads in the clouds like you are beyond feelings of negativity, we are perfect. You, Dinton, you are not perfect. So convince me, the immortal gatekeeper of Heaven that you are worthy of entry. What have you done with your life besides

kill weak men and fuck hookers with chimps?”

Dinton was speechless. “I’m,” his words trembled from his frail lips, “I’m,” the legs of the once strong, the once infinite, the once great god were shaking like a giraffe with polio. “I’m sorry. I’ll behave. I promise.” He looked at the clouds, the ground, and his palms crossed in respectful temperaments.

“Nah, I’m just playing with you Dinton you are the shit. I can’t wait for the book to come out. Come on in Mr. Yule.”

Dinton walked into God’s protected gates and the dream, finally complete.

Mansion Expansion

“This is beauty,” Dinton thought, with his eager blue eyes drooping and scanning, a child, reborn in a world of delight, of happiness he could never feel.

Large columns, sculpted marble by the eternal spirit Michael Angelo. God had his connections. Fierce lion statues armored his door from deceptive grins, demonic grips. Their mains were solid gold, sharp edges carved their beards with concrete precision. The patio forever expanded into the clouds, as far as Dinton’s bleak, blue eyes could see. Gazing into the clouds, as if the stars had the answers, he thought as a child, lying on his back on the grass that itch and stung. Dinton could watch those stars forever.

The wildlife spawned rich and elegantly, surrounding God’s heavenly mansion. Dinton’s lingering eyes danced across the plain of elegant enchantment. The clouds, pillows, without pain, without sadness, with only a night woman’s kiss on his dusty lips, Dinton could dream in this paradise for eternity.

The trees, were moving and calling Dinton toward them as if long lost friends, “Dinton my boy, my child welcome. God is waiting for you,” They informed him, God’s personal secretaries.

“Thank you,” Dinton sincerely responded.

“Dinton don’t be scared, he is your friend, he is your father, she is your mother, and it is you.” They said bluntly with blinking burls.

“Dinton swallowed his Adam’s apple and approached the door.

He knocked once.

The door opened.

“Awe the infamous Dinton Yule,” God said.

The Gods

With their bright, burning, blue eyes, the gods stared into each other’s shining and shimmering souls, everlasting, eternally immortals. Dinton’s piercing glare flared with flamethrowers of curiosity. God stared back with a growing smile and embraced Dinton. “Dinton, my son, come in, I’ve missed you.” A flattered Dinton walked into God’s home, a portal into the finest part of Heaven. Dinton finally felt home. Wandering with thoughts, he reflected on his past. He never did like his father, hated him actually, more than any thing; the bastard, he thought. His mother, those memories faded centuries ago, puddles of wax and horror. The damn milkman, he thought, his third eye blinking signals like Morse Code and God could read it, capturing his thoughts like butterflies in watermelon sugar soaked nets.

God walked with Dinton through his long marble hallway; chandeliers floated with diamonds brighter than the flames of freedom, flexibility, and Heaven. It was all good, Dinton thought.

“Yeah Dinton it sure is, are you familiar with the work of Michelangelo? The Pieta, the great statue portraying the

valiant and triumphant David, and of course the Sistine Chapel, that beautiful dream and it was all for me.” God raised his hand firmly on Dinton’s shoulder. God was in a robe, sandals holding his feet, and a long white, full beard. He was muscular and mighty. He drank from his clear, diamond glass, his bourbon dripping effortlessly down his mouth, his beard unscathed, untainted, and clean as Heaven.

“I suppose,” Dinton cautioned with his words trying to escape, like bringing children to a dinner party, they wanted to run, minds of their own, opinions of their own. “I like him a lot.” Dinton ended his statement. Waiting to hear God’s voice, the shy giant whimpered quieter than a housecat to a jungle lion.

“Would you like to...” God was interrupted as women approached them with silent and diligent attention. Dressed in a thin white material, but no earthly material, the beautiful women danced with graceful strides. These flexible ballerinas delicate divine, with lips that pucker of plump plums or peach sweet, and sexual. Their perfect, goddess nipples glided across the thin fabric that supported their breasts, teasing Dinton, overwhelming him with attraction. Nine virgins approached the Gods but all their eyes were on Dinton.

“Dinton,” they said in unison, their nine voices sang a beautiful G major chord, in perfect rhythm and with heartwarming vibrato. They flocked to his side, touching his body the way whores at Bernie’s Bitch Castle would touch him, but this was different. As Dinton caught their sensual glances, his heart melted, and he felt like settling down, having a couple kids, maybe a little yapping poodle, with a closet of brown business suits. He could go to work and come home, kiss his wife, his children, even that little dog and Dinton could live his life, grow old with his woman, tell his grandchildren stories, watch one last sunset with his wife and die, peacefully.

This really must be Heaven, Dinton thought.

“I think they like you,” bellowed God, with a fierce chuckle and his warm, blue eyes squinting. A huge smile etched miles across his wise brow. “Can I fix you a drink Dinton, what will you have?”

“Whatever you’re having,” Dinton responded, distracted by the virgin goddesses gripping tightly around his waist just the way he liked it.

“Bourbon it is.” Dinton received his drink immediately. Harold Houdini winked and left the room.

God spoke:

Take those towers and topple them hobbling into the face of the inferno
Free from the wretch that wrenches mentality from the milky cream stream it could be
Live close to the well
Nay rather it be within, a tube tied from it into your heart beating
Then you may start to surge the light electric and surpass the pauses and the mildewed mutes

Push on through, the mighty mist will envelope you and swallow
Harmonious with the subtle tune
No more tomb, enclosed room
Merely bird feather flight, no foe

Creation crumbling
Violence eroding
Stars, chambers, Mexicans
Nice day, sex with human race

To know to see
To spit fire across the trash
Nice things, laughing jokes
Smile birth truth

The birds of ladies nicely dripping
Roses saintly
Hiccups of remorse
Trotting fields of grace
Sharpening face

I never wanted a sacrifice
What is the meaning for such grotesque disrespect?

Jesus, yes he was my son, yes he was I, yes he is you, yes he is every one
Dinton, come laugh awhile
Your furrowed brow has left you hollow
I bet you would sell all the pounds of blood you've shed
For just a simple joke to set your sail

Tenements on fire and they yell, Where is Messiah?
And yet I am completely out of reach
My hands are mice to the Universe I created
I can barely muster a tiny breeze across your troubled planet

Now just drop
The sin-scented knife

God approached Dinton with a firm hand gripping his shoulder, squeezing, feeling his pulse, trying to hear his soul. "The soul beats in hollow whispers, more silent than a Celeste's twinkling tones of tender appraise. And you, Dinton, are no different. Have you thought you were? But this Dinton is irrelevant, you were wrong, I am right, I have eaten the apples of truth, drank from the foundation of answers, I've edited Hemingway's book of riddles, I've drank with Socrates, and yet my heart beats the same. Why is that, that pulse, Dinton? Is it that we are one soul, one consciousness? That to me makes sense but that too is deceptive, truth, what is truth but opinion and speculation, bias flooding with consistent infection. But trust me Dinton and you will prevail. Your mind will be swallowed with love, for the first time in your rotten, pathetic, disgraceful life, baptism Dinton, being reborn in love. Do you want to swim in the water of Eden?" God's sober eyes stared into Dinton's soul. He stared back, hoping to understand God, for he had never studied him before.

“Eyes cannot feel Dinton. Their eyes are only human, illustrating the world distilled by their neuroses, their egos force them to fear and paralyze them with furious intent. All thoughts are neurotic and inscribed by the twisted subconscious lessons taught from past experience. Most people spend their life unlearning. Your skin, your skeleton, you’re physical being; you’re mentally being, all creatures of instinct, survival, and reaction. Cause and effect Dinton, no debt in the universe goes unpaid, those laws are beyond description, especially with mere words. Simplify, my son, my beloved blood. It is mathematics, reduce and you shall prosper. Both in thought and fluid action, swim forever with me and your friends, your family.” He fell into reflection as God bursted into laughter, “I’ve rambled on, haven’t I?” God laughed, shaking him back and forth in a brotherly manner. “Come on, my friend, let us discuss the world. Plato and Brahms are waiting in my Jacuzzi.”

Deeply

Dinton had found it a hard time walking. His feet began to betray him. Fainting, Dinton fell into the lively boiling whirlpool, the victim of a sudden stroke. Dinton’s mind had vanished miles into the unknown. God had suspected something was up, though was too distracted by his own thoughts to prevent the collapse. With rescuing gesture, God lifted both his fingers in harmony, raising Dinton from the merciless water, placing him softly upon the cool limestone tiles. God delivered CPR on his knees, pressing upon Dinton’s full helpless chest, then blew wind through the gullet. Dinton lay at peace, appearing gentle and dead, and then belched the hot water of his lungs in an uproar onto the limestone, the sweet color returning to his face. Beating his eyes upon God, he did not know what to say. Dinton was all mixed up, panicked, aching in the heart. God batted his lashes. “You must be nervous,” said God. “You had not expected such a God, a bland cliché. Perhaps something more interesting would set you at ease.” God suddenly took the form of a bee, soaring into Dinton’s chest, stinging him above the left nipple. Dinton gasped in shock; it was not a blessed bite; it hurt. A red blemish grew, the size of a kiss. God changed back in the blink of an eye, a God of infinite costumes. “Feel better?” said God.

Dinton could not understand God’s sense of humor. Rubbing his bitter sting, he juggled his daunting emotions. Dinton shed a lonely tear and he did not know what it meant. “What’s wrong Dinton?” said God. “Tell me what you are feeling. I’ve awaited this day a long time.”

“What is this, therapy?”

God laughed. “I suppose it is. On a grand scale. Step into my Jacuzzi, Dinton.” So they did.

“Humans, Dinton, humans, they are,” he hesitated, pausing his words in exchange for a sip of nullification, “perfect, Dinton, they are. The perfect balance of wit, bone, and meat, what is left to evolve?”

“Then why God,” Dinton quarried with his words of longing frustration, spilling over the clouds. “Why are there those who cannot be happy, God? Why would you make their purpose to live meaningless?” His hands began to shake, and his head was racing in saddened laps. Dinton began to cry and it felt like a baptism of joy, the release of a lifetime of misery with mere salted tears.

“I have no control. I wish I did.”

God ceased to speak and the two stared at each other for a moment. Nirvana chilled the precious air and hot bubbles popped. The Jacuzzi hummed.

God looked offended suddenly. “There is more to life than gold, Dinton. Take off that silly suit. You have nothing to fear Dinton. You are a beautiful nude. Your penis is huge. Remember, I created your penis.” Dinton agreed

and left the bubbling Jacuzzi momentarily to shed his gold clothing. Naked, he returned to God's company. "There! That is the penis I am talking about. Simply dazzling."

Dinton decided to change the subject. "The man that led me here, who was that?"

"That is something I unfortunately must keep hidden from you Dinton. Please do not ask about him again."

Dinton, disappointed, decided not to complain. "He told me that Fred was your son. What does that mean? Fred being your son."

"It means that he, like Jesus, was born of a virgin. Though, her name was not Mary. Her name was Sally."

"But why..." Dinton was cut short by God.

"I do not wish to speak of Fred. He does not matter in the end. He is scum. You, however, you, let's talk about you. You, Dinton. You."

"But the man of berries told me to see you because I slaughtered your boy."

"The true reason I have called you here is to help you be a better man. How many people have you murdered? Friends you've betrayed? Women ravished by your demonic rapture?" Dinton stared blankly. "Frank and Juan, your loyal repairmen, what was the warrant for their massacre? And what about Troy Shmidt, trying to earn an honest buck? Bernie the pimp? Mantis' mamma? Why did you send them to their graves?"

Dinton gulped.

"My instincts are foul and yet I cannot betray them. They are all that make sense to me. How can I betray what feels so right?"

"Bloody murder, that is the most visible of all blunders! Never cave in to such a clear evil! Stop and think for a moment Dinton. How can that be right?"

Dinton stared blankly again.

A sparkling virgin graced her way to the bubbling waters. "I am sorry, but Socrates and Brahms will not be joining you. They are dreadfully busy."

God spoke loudly. "Ah, that is a shame, but I am sure they are finely invested in whatever it is they are doing. For that, I cannot complain."

The virgin smiled and then left. Her perfect figure faded into a cloud.

"We are birds Dinton, wings of curiosity. We are all the same. Know that Dinton, if nothing else."

Dinton let these words stream like oil and vinegar along his resistant body. A sudden malicious thought crossed his mind, a sudden urge to slay the one they call God. The Lord's eyes widened, picking up upon this thought, too evil for him not to notice. God perceived the wish, though he desperately did not want to believe it. The prophesy saddened him with a realization that some people are truly helpless. God waited for Dinton to make his move. Dinton, compulsive from the most sinister drive he had ever felt, flung his arms at God's neck. God turned into a small golden scorpion, crawling and then settling, stinging Dinton's heart.

Dinton froze in paralysis, stiff as his own cock. God returned to his familiar form, crying large bitter tears. Dinton was forced to watch as God cried. "Oh Dinton, Dinton, Dinton," cried God. "You have proved a most pitiful and dangerous creation." God buried his handsome face in his large white hands. "I am afraid that there is nothing else to be done with you but your own death." Dinton's body may have been frozen but his mind raced with trepidation and woe. God lugged the frozen man across his shoulder like Jesus carrying the cross. God sobbed as he bore his weight, approaching a somber field of clouds. God summoned a coffin with his thoughts and removed its lid.

"This coffin is laden with mirrors. It is the only thing I suspect you will appreciate, your own image. Your eyes

should provide all the light you will need...Oh Dinton!” God wept. He placed the perplexed, frozen man into the coffin. “The poison should almost reach its effect. You will die and where you will go, I do not know, but I forbid you to return here. You are simply too chaotic, and for that I sincerely apologize.” God’s face was very wet. “May you die in peace my troubled son.” God placed the lid, which under gleamed a long shiny mirror, over the coffin. God sobbed with all his heart as he buried his child in clouds.

The Coffin of Mirrors

Dinton, naked, left to rot, lay silent and restricted in his tomb of lace and cushion. His reflection, like an evil twin, gazed far into his poor confused soul. Sweat quickly filled his coffin. Every repressed memory, every shameful moment, every false move, every black intention, flashed before him in hues. Dinton grew terrified, swiftly shutting his eyes. What he found there was an even more terrible reflection. Chided, he screamed for the mirror to rupture and die. Let the ugly glass fall onto my face, let me bleed finally into permanent death! In fact, the glass stayed the teacher. Pulsing, the mirror did not yield. Sweet Dinton, your phobia against yourself has reached its extreme end. Flashing and flashing. Good night, Dinton. You have died.

Part Five

Confusion and the Lure

“A big ass is no reason to kill yourself Betty,” said Patricia, both of them whores.

Dinton and his whores ate a meal of rare steak leaking blood, buttered bread enduring the blood, and asparagus. At his elegant table, smoothed with white cloth, he scarfed every morsel from his plate and every drop of wine, he made sure, from two bottles, eyeing the whores. It was a rather silent and strange meal. Dinton left when things got meaningless. He wobbled to his huge sitting room, where much was gold and all so breathtaking, and he had collections of ancient desires and precious things. He plopped into an armchair and sighed, smoking a pipe of numbing opium, then kicked out the whores rudely. He closed his eyes in sedated reverie. He found and drank another bottle of wine and dressed himself in his beloved gold suit.

Dinton went out into the streets. Horrible rain came crashing in long sorrows. He should have worn eight raincoats but hadn't any. He wandered the streets for hours, trekking through the alleys of the wallpaper city. In his boot rested a tiny gun, a gun like a baby mouse. On his route he passed the homeless, many of them sick veterans, rotting like radishes, purring in the streets. Dinton walked on. Dinton did not wish to speak to the veterans. Rain poured into Dinton like a great spout. His face was wet. He wore no hat. He stumbled into various people with umbrellas. Dinton had never walked so long in his life. His feet were surprised of all the steps. Dinton wondered when he would find himself.

Feet stopped walking because intuition has a way of stopping a man in his tracks. He looked up to see the words U.S. Army, flickering red neon. Dinton opened the door. The man inside was fat and working, hopelessly busy, nestled with typewriter, seated at a desk with a nervous twitch. He was the only one there. He was in the center of the room. He wore a green visor with the words Las Vegas atop his balding head. A dark green suit with suspenders fit tight over his stocky girth. Thick glasses shielded his tired and dehydrated eyes. Papers were thrown all about the room, all across his desk, and nothing was in order. He sat like a nervous obese seal. A single fan drooped down from above him, to keep him cool. He was very surprised when Dinton walked in. The lit candles on his desk seemed to burn differently.

“Oh no, you're not from corporate are you?” he asked, gently in southern accent among the wonderful chiaroscuro. “You're not gonna fire me are you?”

Dinton answered in shadows. “No I'm not gonna fire you. I just wanna join the fuckin' army.”

The obese man looked confused in the silence. “But. But sir, you're white.” He began lighting another candle. “You don't have to fight.”

“I know I don't have to. I want to.”

“Sir, you're white.”

“Listen faggot, I know what fucking color I am. Quit wasting my time. And what the fuck is your name anyway? Ethel? Just look at you. You look like an Ethel to me.”

“No, my name is Terry.”

“Big fuckin' pile of shit! Listen Terry, I'm joinin' the fuckin' army! That's all there is to it! I'm joinin' the fuckin' army!” Dinton grabbed Terry by the tie and slapped off the green Las Vegas visor.

"Alright Mr., please! Okay, you're in!" Terry wiped his red face. He was very exhausted and wanted his composure back. He looked like a wreck. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm just so sick from all the paperwork." Terry put his head on his hand, massaging his eyes. "Sometimes there's just so much paperwork."

Dinton didn't give a shit. "So where do I sign up?" he barked.

Terry looked to his desk, scanning for specific papers.

"Is that it?...No...It's gotta be here somewhere."

Dinton waited patiently, watching a fool. He didn't wait long. "You pathetic fuck! Just find it!"

Terry hurried. His hands moved like bees. He smiled when he found the appropriate papers. "Here it is. Just sign here and you're good to go."

"Is that it?" Dinton barked as he signed his John Hancock.

Terry looked down at the sheet of paper. His eyes grew big. "That's it Mr. Yule. A bus will pick you up outside this building tomorrow afternoon. The bus is scheduled for 3:00. P.M. It's never late."

"That it?"

"That's it," Terry replied with eyes on a soldier. "Welcome to the U.S. Army." Terry surrendered his hand to offer a handshake, but, to his bewilderment, Dinton had already left.

The Phallus Bus

Dinton slept outside the minimalist army stand, dreaming of big titted whores, lampooning like a clown at the side of the gutter. He woke up into the sun to the sound of a bus as a crazy man went nudging him with a stick, speaking gibberish. Dinton shoved him briskly to the ground, then entered the bus, the yellow lit bus, not caring very much. The bus was covered in blooming graffiti phalluses, bursting from rosy tips.

The bus driver was a stern man in the prime of his forties. He smoked freely a cigarette, taking very long drags. The bus was loaded royally like the barrel of a gun with black gentlemen and bears. None of them had ever once graced a man in a shiny gold suit. Shocked as he strutted, Dinton had never seen such a display of Negroes.

With white uniforms of war, they looked as organized as eggs in a carton. Everybody was sweating in the devilish heat, painfully sweating. Carrying nothing, Dinton paced observant through the aisle, through the ambush of foreign eyes. He breathed the scent of comrades, who stared ahead or in lockets. No one knew each other, though now they shared a common purpose and formed a family that would die for each other. Cattle facing the blades with tolerance. Stuffed, the bus resembled a dangerously crowded chicken coop. Some Negroes held briefcases on their laps.

Dinton felt claustrophobic in the heat, strolling past a pair of Grizzly bears. The bears growled off and on, complaining on cramped leather seats. Dinton looked to his wrist and then realized that he had never worn a watch in his life. He suddenly spotted a white flower. Dinton was surprised to see another white face, especially one that he knew.

It was Buddy Brisket, reading Gone With the Wind, which he held with both hands.

"I guess they'll let anyone join the army," Dinton said firmly when he reached the white flower.

Brisket squinted.

"Dinton? Dinton Yule? Hot damn, if it ain't Dinton Yule, joinin' the good fight!" Brisket was very excited to see Dinton. On a whim, not a proud one, Dinton took a seat next to the barbeque dreamer. "You ever read Gone With the Wind, Dinton? Heck of a book!" Brisket presented his book. The bus driver placed his foot to the large gas pedal.

"I don't like books about war," Dinton said.

"But..." Buddy stumbled into a lake of silence. "Oh heck, more of a Dickens guy ain't ya? I ain't never read Dickens, but sure is a funny name though." Dinton didn't say anything. "How bout those damn Indians," Buddy started,

“trying to steal America right from under us? Bullshit! They ain’t gonna do it. I’ll kill em’ all!” Dinton looked to his feet. “Those fucking Indians. What do they know? Let them go back to where they came from! This is our America!” Buddy Brisket threw his fist into the air in a fit of patriotism. “This is our America!” Brisket went on and on and no one joined him in his protest. Dinton fell asleep during the tirade. The bus sailed on for hours.

Dinton awoke to the sound of a bus stopping, clouds of dust stirring and rising from the abruptly halted rubber. His eyes were still tired. Static played on the bus driver’s radio. Dinton rubbed his eyes with his head down.

Outside, the sky was black with a whipped cream moon and stars of crumb. Brisket, wide awake, was reading Gone With the Wind. Buddy had never enjoyed a book so much in his life, probably because he was not much of a reader. He was much more of a dreamer.

“We’re here Dinton. Wake up.” Brisket nudged Dinton.

“I am awake you moron. Fuck you.”

The War Psychiatrist

As the soldiers exited the bus in elementary single file, the driver kicked back as much as he could in his tall hulking seat, and lit a cigarette. He was humming a diddy as the smoke poured from his mouth, and when it did, he repeated the process of sucking in the well-learned fumes. He fixed his hair in the long mirror. Dinton, as he came down through the aisle like a confused bride in a tunnel, was about to walk past, vanish from sight, but instead he stopped, turned his head, caught glimpse of the enigmatic bus driver.

“Where are we?” Dinton inquired.

“How the fuck should I know?” the bus driver answered. Dinton left. Brisket followed. The bus then disappeared. All of the soldiers gathered in the open field and they did not know what to do. The soldiers waited for someone to appear. Someone soon did. It was a man in a dark blue suit and he looked like Sigmund Freud with his glasses and his beard, strolling up casually, judging the soldiers, each one of them. He smelled richly of tobacco and arrogance under the moon and stars. He was smiling as he approached the soldiers, carrying a book in hand. It was entitled How to Kill Indians. He was the author.

“Allow me to introduce myself,” he began, already sounding more pompous than two doctors; sounding a bit foreign but the accent unclear and shaded, “My name is Dr. Stuart. I earned my crisp doctorate in war psychiatry from Johns Hopkins University in just shy of two years. I was the smartest man they had ever seen. Still to this very day, that I assure you. I will be your personal psychiatrist throughout your stay, obviously, in this most crucial and important war. The Indians are violent my friends. Yes, they are most violent indeed.” He paused to make sure the soldiers were on track, “Violent as fuck, my friends. They will release kites of despair and death and you will be the wind that carries them. The Indians will most likely act as the catalyst to a variety of impairments within your conscious and unconscious mind. You do know what the unconscious mind is, don’t you? You’d better! It will most likely feast upon your soul, raven like, and it will not be pleasant.” He shrugged his shoulders, lifting his hands up a bit, as well as his involuntary eyebrows. “Perhaps repressed memories will arise. Who knows?” He paused again. “That is precisely where I come in. I am a psychiatrist and I can guide you through your pain. Your terrible, terrible pain.”

There was a silence and then Buddy Brisket interjected, raised his hand slightly, spilled the knowledge that was present in his mind. “Listen friend, my wife’s a psychiatrist and she don’t know jack shit.”

“I assure you Mr...”

“Brisket. Buddy Brisket.”

“I assure you Mr. Brisket, I am much more learned than your wife,” said the war psychiatrist. Some of the

soldiers laughed at his response. The ego was funny. “Like I said, I can guide you through your pain. My office is room 302 in that cabin over the hill.” He pointed his learned finger behind him, a cabin barely in view. “There is limited occupancy I’m afraid. First come first serve. I hope some of you brought sleeping bags.”

One of the soldiers began to sprint into the direction of the cabin. He wanted to get a good night’s sleep, hopefully in a bed he could be proud of. He envisioned silk and a hot bath. He envisioned a nice jerk off and dreams of bliss. But this sprinter could only be met with controversy. A considerable and unpredictable soldier from the pack rushed for his revolver. His big arms loaded the tiny machine. “You ain’t gettin’ a bed before me mothafucka!” he yelled, and fired two blasts into his comrade’s faraway back. The sprinter fell dead into the dirt. “Mothafucka!” cried the assassin.

“What in the name of...” began the perplexed psychiatrist.

“Suck it doc! I’m gettin’ me a bed!” said the assassin as he ran into the direction of the cabin. The other soldiers followed, as did the bears. They all wanted beds. It was a mad race. Now, in the open field, there stood only Dr. Stuart, Buddy Brisket, and Dinton Yule. Brisket turned to his hero.

“You can borrow a sleeping bag Dinton. I brought two.”

The First Battle

“You eva smoke herb white boy?” Jerome sassed as he pulled out two enormous joints. His jacket smelled of strong marijuana that stained Dinton’s nose with a tranquil kiss. Both Jerome, already high from an early morning toke, and Dinton sat on a large tribal blanket made of Indian’s wool. Gustaf McKibben supplied the Indians with a fair price, sympathetic to their abusive past; also, Gustaf accidentally robbed dozens of Indian casinos for no other reason than drunkenness and sadness. Sitting, the relaxed pothead spread his large legs across the floor of the wool comforter that he slept in nightly. A horse and an Indian with a prideful smirk spilled across the wool canvas; Jerome thought it was satire.

They overlooked the first battle, atop a hill with a gorgeous view. Dinton said he had never touched the stuff and reached for the joint that dangled before him. “Here brother, let me light that. This is the good shit. The real good shit,” Jerome smirked like the Indian beneath his ass; he was always smirking. Dinton inhaled, slowly, ignorant on how to breathe in the earthly, tasted fumes. The smoke gargled and he exhaled. “My man, you have to breathe in like this,” pausing to demonstrate the proper process. Jerome was an expert, inhaling smoothly. He held in his hit and exhaled until he coughed violently. “Your hit, chief,” Jerome coughed as he passed his jewel. Dinton placed the foreign object to his lips and breathed. Dinton’s eyes immediately became stained an awful red. “You high as a mothafucka,” Jerome quipped as he noticed the morph of Dinton’s eyes. The beginner had not yet exhaled when Jerome began to guide. “Hold that shit in,” Jerome said. The exhalation was unlike anything Jerome had ever seen. There was enough smoke to fuck up three burly elephants. “Careful with that,” Jerome said. Dinton took ten more hits, without passing the slow burning joint to his gracious companion. Jerome had to take it back himself.

“I’m as high as Vietnam,” Dinton had said.

Enjoying the cream of smoke, Jerome and Dinton finished what they had started. Then they feasted upon the second number, slower burning and fatter than the first. Dinton and Jerome enjoyed their fits of uncontrollable laughter. They inhaled and laughed under the hot sun. Overlooking the first battle, they hazily followed the war. “I can barely see shit,” complained Jerome. The blood from the battle was far from reaching the two stoned gawkers. Both Dinton and Jerome were safe on their hill. Indians maneuvered wisely through the terrain, and seemed to be clearly winning. The Indians were raised as warriors before language. Some of them wielded chains. Most though, used bows and arrows. It was their classic weapon and they respected it as such. A grenade burst open a trench, blowing out three black men and two bears. “Oh shit! You see that?” Jerome nudged Dinton. Dinton was high as fuck with his pal Jerome. Heavy, red eyes

weighed their thoughts. Unconscious took over their thoughts. "Can't wait till this shit makes it to the history books," Jerome laughed. He pulled out five blunts and some cocaine, which only delighted Dinton. After 14 games of chess with the high man, they both took a 7 hour nap.

Bud's Troubles

"Damn Dinton, I've never felt more alive," Bud enthusiastically spoke to his companion while peeling a kiwi, both hidden in a patch of forest. Tired and aching, Dinton was dreaming. Reveries attacked him until reality seemed to disappear. He didn't think, for a second or moment, about the enemy Indians.

"You don't peel kiwis you fool," Dinton responded. His headache began to ache. Bud seemed startled and looked at Dinton within silence. The rapist seemed puzzled.

"You mean I'm suppose to eat all this hair?" Bud asked. "I thought it was poisonous. My gran-daddy always said that plums and kiwis were delicious but that the skin was murder. He said that, no fooling. I guess, well, I guess I assumed wrong." He bit into the skin of the kiwi. A content scowl grew across his face. "Say, guess it wasn't poison. Figures, the old guy was always tricking me. One time, I lost my bubblegum and he told me that it was in his underwear. I was digging around, looking for those gumballs till supper. Turns out it, was in my pocket the whole time." Bud continued to chew kiwi. "Say Dinton, you got a condom? I used up all my condoms on those chicks from yesterday's battle. I'm horny Dinton, help me out." Bud groveled in woe; the war was one week expired and Buddy Brisket had already used his government rationed condoms.

"Don't you have a wife?" Dinton stared with his eyes intent to judge. "That therapist?"

"That whore!" Bud pounded his fist onto his knee. Tensing from restricted anger, doves across the peer began to chirp, humming and singing, as Bud fell into tears. He laid over his lap, drowning in sorrow of an afflicted heart, pressed across an expensive shotgun. He reached for his handkerchief. "All I ever wanted was to be loved. Why are women such cunts?" He pounded his fist to his knee. A great blast hissed across the trees, catching an Indian in the gums, nose, cheeks, and eyes. The Indian had been hiding with a painted face. A patient Indian, he had been inching closer, with plans to scalp.

Both Dinton and Buddy turned as the painted corpse fell to the ground. "I got one!" Brisket yelled. He wiped the tears from his eyes.

Smiling Amputee

A smiling amputee emerged from distant depths into the bursting war of the battlefield and grabbed Dinton by the arm. The sky was red. The amputee was hopping on one leg, dressed in bloody garments. "I'm going to give you twenty dollars, sir," said the smiling amputee. "I'm about to die and I will not need it." Dinton remained stiff and was reluctant to take the money. The amputee held out the patient bill. Dinton smiled at the amputee but did not reach. An Indian swooped by on horseback, snatching the twenty. The amputee frowned.

Hearts

Tiny breezes curled across the sky like a woman after she paints her nails. Powdered smoke from fired guns. Black bodies covered the grass like cream. So did some Indians, some horses, and some bears. Animals and men died next to each other. The sun gaped like an asshole. Dinton roamed. He stopped, curious at everything that stuck to his

eyes. Beneath his feet two corpses lay. Black men in bloody white suits, eyes swarming all the time with gnats and horseflies, and their mouths were open too, suggestive, soft frowns. Two days deceased, thought Dinton, two days dead.

Indians were on the prowl like a panther's breath; Dinton could sense their emerging presence like a whistle through his teeth. The horses carried an efficient step. Dinton thought it best to hide in the shrubs. Two Indians hopped from horses. They stood in front of two dead bodies. The Indians looked at each other in the eyes. There was blood in the eyes from dead enemies. They could not have known how close Dinton Yule was. They began to speak in a foreign language. Dinton was confused as a deaf peasant. The Indians were dressed in bright feathers, were warriors. They sampled hearts. They were amateur surgeons.

One of them, already, held his raw device of stone; it was sharp and clever and ambitious as a shovel. He began to dig into one of the corpse's chests. What he found was a heart. Shoving it into his mouth, he began to chew. He began to spit and complain. This was the worst heart he had ever eaten. He vomited. The second Indian now looked confused. Placing his dagger into the second unsuspecting body, he pulled out something gooey that did not pump. A small bite. And vomit croaked like toads from his throat. Dinton jumped out from his shrub. He shot and killed the Indians, wielding two pistols. He did not give them a chance to sample the brains.

Blood Snails

Brains, Dinton could never eat. He had enough trouble handling his own. Alone, for now, on the battlefield there was Dinton. He stood tall like any man and glared at the sun. Pacing through the smoke and the mess, there were so many dead, so many stages and ages of death. Everyone dead or dying.

Under and over the hills, Dinton came to see blood snails. Blood snails look extraordinarily similar to regular snails but they glow crimson and like to feast on rotten bloody soldiers, moving the slow way they do in the wounds. They scurry into the intestines sometimes. They hide in odd places, burn like huge salt, and drink blood in gulps. Dinton had never seen blood snails before and he thus examined them very closely, the first ones he found, which slowly but surely devoured a dead Indian's face.

On his voyage, not meeting any assassins, Dinton came upon a dying black soldier, the dying black soldier extending his hand. Dinton had barely heard this weak soldier's voice, faint and slow as a monk tongue. The voice was just enough to lull his attention. Dinton walked over heaps of the dead to get to him. Someone is alive, thought Dinton. "My brother," the dying black soldier coughed despairingly. "Dinton Yule."

"Jerome?" Dinton answered upon recognition. "Goddamnit, not you, Jerome." Tears started to form as he knelt down.

"My brother. Why is it like this? This nonsense? Everyone's dying. All my friends are dying and now here I am, dying." He paused to vomit a little cough of blood. "Here I am dying, Dinton."

"Yes," Dinton answered, his mind racing and empty all at once. Dinton couldn't think of anything to say.

"You wanna do some cocaine with me...fore I go?" coughed Jerome.

"Sure buddy. Anything you say," said Dinton, a tear in his eye.

"Cool. The stuff's in my jacket pocket. Next to the weed." Dinton retrieved the vile and both of them snorted a line. The dying Jerome smiled, about to be rescued, from this war and this suffering life. He felt the gentle cool breezes of death sweep upon him. He was about to be taken to another planet. "You know what Dinton?" Jerome said, "The patriot sleeps in the wind." And these were his last words. Dinton watched as the dying black soldier's face became frozen in time. A dead black soldier now. The smile was still on his face. The maggots had already come. They were the most beautiful last words Dinton had ever heard. He cried for hours next to the man who said them. Then Dinton began to

wander again. Dinton came to sit on a stump near four corpses. Dinton pondered the meaning of existence for quite some time. The corpses were huddled near the stump. One of the corpses had blood snails.

Indian Piñata

Around an elk tree, strong and aged, five black men crowded around a dangling dead Indian. The roots of the tree were firm and wide. It was a most proud tree. The Indian hung from a rope, tied to a thick branch. The black men were laughing and joking in riot. They all had baseball bats, except for one, who brandished a long samurai sword. Up until now, they had taken turns beating up the dead Indian like a piñata. Blue bruises covered the dead Indian like flowers. Carl had the samurai sword and he waited while the others had their fun. He was going to finish off the Indian in a grand finale. "Where's my candy mothafucka, you cheap red bastard?" cried a black man with his bat, bashing the poor Indian's head with a thwack. "Where's my Snicker's?" Everybody laughed and started naming off other candies and chocolates. Dinton waltzed up from the grass once he heard Almond Joy. Dinton, outraged at the scene, said he was going to kill all of them if they laid another swing. Carl was committed and didn't know who Dinton Yule was. He swung his sword at the Indian's stomach, intestines spilling to the grass. Dinton called Carl a coward and then threw an arrow he found on the ground. The other black men reached for their guns, but once they were retrieved, Dinton had already killed them with Carl's samurai sword.

302

Dinton sat cozy in Room 302, home of the war psychiatrist. He lived, slept in the erupting earth tones of his office. "I think I am going craazy... doctor. Yes I believe in blood snails slicing single laced heart hams. I am cozy here and I would like to stay that way."

A blood snail somehow slipped its way into Dinton's pant leg. Dinton wasn't paying attention as he passed the bloody snails and one slithers in through under his trousers. It was drawing a massively important amount of blood from Dinton's calf. Dinton was progressing in the art of language in a whole new way. The blood snails had taken control of a particular part of his mind. That part of Dinton's mind no longer belonged to him. It was running on a completely opposite frequency. The blood snail frequency.

The war psychiatrist unleashed his word hoard. "Hello, Dinton Yule, how are you? You have come to me because you have a problem, no? Something is on your mind, no? Something very necessary to the core of your being, yes?"

"The is cotton word strength plunger? Force utter ghost crawl. Young host rough luck trench board." Dinton's blood snail was about to finish the last drop of blood Dinton had in his body. The blood snail was now in complete control of Dinton's body and mind. The blood snail could choose how to use the shell of Dinton in whatever way it pleased.

"Oh, I see Dinton. The blood snail has taken you over, has he? The little devils deserve no better than the Hell from which they came. Well, I have a remedy for that. Of course I'm going to need you to sign a few forms before I can perform the procedure. Is that all right with you?"

The blood snail purged its words through the throat of Dinton: "No, that will not be necessary good sir. I appreciate your concern though I must really be going."

Then the snail pounced from Dinton's mouth onto some papers stacked on the war psychiatrist's desk. The snail slithered as a slow nuisance, leaving scent and sludge. Dr. Stuart quickly grabbed a leather black shoe and smashed the

snail to pieces with it. "You fucking snails!" he cried. "Vile beasts!" Dinton massaged his throat. Dinton's throat felt like acid. "I really do detest these blood snails," said Dr. Stuart. "Where do they come from? I do wonder."

Old Timers

Dinton hopped into an open trench, eager for the shelter of the safe abyss. Three very old looking soldiers were sleeping peacefully along the dirt wall, guns laying smooth at their sides, arms crossed at their chests. They had been decaying fast with skin shedding like old leather, or yogurt, amongst dead fumes that lingered in the hole. Off to the side, a dead man with shuteyes gathered flies. Dinton was reserved in his breaths, preferring not to breathe in the fetid nonsense. Dirt dribbled down. Dinton looked at all of them briefly and then went to shooting at Indians from his pistols. The old timers groggily awoke, rubbing their eyes. They focused on the strange man in the gold suit and admired the way he carried himself. They would have much preferred gold to their tattered and withered blue uniforms. Pistols hot in his hands, Dinton gave the wilted soldiers a nice look over. "How old are you guys?" he asked. A grenade exploded in the distance of the mysterious, velvet night. It took a few seconds for reply.

"I'm ...twenty three," said one of them.

"I'm twenty four," said another.

Dinton nodded and looked to the third.

"I'm thirty," barely said the third. The third appeared the most dead with his voice sounding the most decayed and rotten with age.

"Very funny guys. How old are you really?"

"We just told you," the youngest replied. "We know it sounds absurd, but it's true." Dinton was shown a face of extreme sincerity. And at that moment, Dinton believed him. Dinton understood all along the nature of the absurd.

"You guys look ill," said Dinton.

"War has aged us...terribly." Said the thirty year old.

"You guys look ninety, maybe one hundred," Dinton said.

"We know how old we look. We can feel it." Confirmed the twenty four year old.

The twenty three year old slammed his rifle into the dirt. "If I'd a known war would do this to me I'd a never have signed up for this shit," he cried. His slightly elder slapped him for his false speech.

"You didn't sign up. You were drafted. You're a nigger, remember?"

The twenty three year old peeled back into hazy memory. "Oh yea," he said after he pondered long enough, though not actually remembering, "Drafted."

"We were in the very first regiment to be drafted," explained the twenty four year old. "It was about six months ago, I think."

"Though it sure do seem longer." Said the twenty three year old.

"They now also draft bears," added Dinton.

"We've seen em'."

"Yea, we've seen em'."

The thirty year old had not said a thing since Dinton entered the trench. He just sat in his silence next to his comrades. When Dinton came back down for the third time, the thirty year old spoke emphatically out of nowhere. "You've got to obey your liquid rations of bread!" he cried.

Dinton turned around. "Liquid rations of bread?" Dinton delivered with a prodding curiosity.

“It’s what we’ve been eating for the past six months,” explained the twenty four year old.

With a corroded tongue, the twenty three year old interjected. “The government supplies it. Though they haven’t lately.”

“I feel rather skinny at the moment, actually,” said the twenty four year old.

“Obey your liquid rations of bread,” continued the thirty year old, with his face nothing but intense pudding skin. “You’ve got to obey your liquid rations of bread!” He stopped talking. His eyes closed and he drifted off into death. He made no sounds but slouched deeper to the ground, sideways. Dinton checked the old timer’s pulse, having his suspicions. Dinton waited for pulse of the rabbit, but instead only received the pulse of the dead tortoise.

“He’s dead,” Dinton said. “I feel nothing in his pulse.” A somber mist settled in. The two remaining old timers couldn’t believe it. They both started crying. Tears flooded their eyes, green tears of memory. Dinton left.

A Costume

He was approached by a bear in the unexpected golden morning. The dew was fresh and clear, though it wasn’t a bear. It was an Indian dressed up in bloody Grizzly skin. He stuck out his hand and said, “I am bear.” Dinton stared blankly, resisting, and his intelligence was much insulted. The outfit was pitiful, though would probably pass in the bear community.

“You can’t fool me,” said Dinton. “What, you just stop at the Salvation Army?”

The bear gasped and said, “I am bear, you are mistaken.” Before Dinton knew it, the bear had picked its fight. Black men, Indians, and bears immediately surrounded the scene like a cockfight, pulling out money and yelling out wagers, temporarily postponing the long threads of violence. Dinton and the bear both danced in flares of intimidation. Dinton knelt down and threw forest dirt into the bear’s eyes, then swiftly beat the disoriented bear to the ground. Dinton threw kicks to the bear’s ribs till the foe was dead and settled, cries of loss and victory ringing like the loudest war bells. The spectators hooted and hollered in mayhem cream. Brisket was but a blur in the sea of waving cash. Dinton threw his fists into the air like a boxer. A black man threw a rose at Dinton’s triumph.

Dinton and the Indian at the Pond

Dinton wanted a cool drink of water and thus searched for a pond where he might snatch a long sip or two. In a maze of forest, he was guided by thirst, his stomach cracking whips. When he indeed reached a pond, clear and seemingly safe to drink, he was enthralled but had mixed feelings about the Indian who sulked there, legs dipping inside up to the knees. They met eyes, these two, neither of them wanting to kill the other. The Indian looked rather depressed, not moving at all in the presence of the white man in the gold suit. Dinton took out his revolver, but upon seeing that this man posed no threat, he threw it into the pond. A splash rose up. “I do not intend to hurt you,” said Dinton, staring deep into the Indian’s eyes. “I’ve never seen such a depressed Indian.” Dinton tuned in to the peaceful ambience, the lush green trees, the birds singing, monkeys even, swinging and rustling in the branches. “Do you speak English?”

The Indian took a long deep breath. “Yes. I am fluent.” He smacked his hand into the pond water. “No I am not, but pretty good.”

“I respect you for your efforts,” said Dinton.

“Thank you,” the Indian said, gazing into the water. Dinton stared at the Indian for about fifteen seconds, both of them silent. Then the Indian spoke. “My girlfriend just dumped me.” Sighing his dilemma, he looked to the white man. “I feel like shit.”

Dinton said nothing.

"I cheated," said the Indian. "I was unfaithful."

Dinton was about to say something.

Just then a woman came out from some green trees, hands on her hips. She abused her ex again of his infidelity, in a tongue foreign to Dinton. The Indian man quickly succeeded the woman's shrill temper. He spat on the ground and ended up grabbing her and shaking her, slapping her. Then they both got shot. "Hey what gives Dinton?" said Buddy Brisket, coming into view, holding a hot silver shotgun, chewing bubblegum. "You makin' new friends? Friends with the enemy?"

"Shut up," said Dinton.

Mass Burial

Later that day, Dinton conducted a mass burial. It took about five hours to dig all the holes, but he had some generous help. Even Buddy Brisket was there. The Americans dug the graves with their rifles and the bears dug deep with their claws. No one talked much. The sun was hot.

Blood and Discovery

Perpetually starving, with not the time or food to eat, traveling the trails with forced grace, the soldiers carried on with the spirit of men in coalmines, exhausted and determined and ready for steaks. Not surprisingly, copious baffled men died of starvation like knives to the stomach, for steaks were nowhere to be had and food was what you brought or what you could find, and most of the soldiers didn't bring much and found very little other than berries and dead horses. The war had become routine, unavoidable, and it was the sweat that the soldiers did wear, all on their skin, in their hair. Everyone kept asking everyone else where all the food was.

Buddy Brisket and Dinton Yule chatted listlessly one hot day, down a path past vast green fields, spilled blood gentle and glossy on the grass. Gorgeous white clouds overhanging and swaying could have been knights in chess the way they hopped into place. The sun was a giant queen. She breathed reckless red beams.

Packs of scared black men huddled by Dinton. They wanted to breathe in his glow and feel rejuvenated. Sometimes Dinton would be glowing with fantastic white light. He was like a bright star charging the battlefields. At the moment, Dinton shined fiercely. He led the tide like a human flag. Buddy marched alongside, intimidated tremendously by the flowering growth of the Indian army. Buddy clenched his shotgun with crimson face; he feared his war pants would soon drip yellow streams. He pissed in them yesterday with flood of embarrassment and shame; now he lugged a more frightened soul. Buddy had to pee regardless.

Indians started charging toward them. They were small off in the distance. It was as if they were coming from the other side of the world. The Indians were screaming, hundreds of feet to go before clashing but they were coming in fast on their horses. Buddy said he was scared and that he wanted to finish reading Gone With The Wind. Dinton told him to buck up. Dinton had been getting antsy and they dove into the mess together. Dinton wielded pistols. He shot Indians in the head as he pleased. He killed souls from left to right. Swiftly, he attended to each demand of warfare, not discriminating or ignoring any deed. When he found wounded or dying horses, Dinton assumed responsibility and finished the job.

The Indians were beautiful in their makeup. They rode on their horses like roses in the wind, slaying black men who did not have time to defend. White, brown, black horses, the Indians rode them all with extreme confidence, having

belief in a good tame. The Indians had fresh and clear minds, never missing a fired arrow from their bows. The American bears roared and slashed, stumbling big and vicious, getting hit with arrows. They shot dumbly with their pistols, as if in the dark. Buddy, always cautious around these allied beasts, aimed and fired poorly at the enemy Indians with just the accuracy of bears. Buddy dropped to the ground, thinking it would be harder to be seen amongst the tall grass, hugging and crawling and shuffling with his silver shotgun. He hoped that the two foot high grass would protect him. He had become separated, castrated from Dinton. Sweat lingered on Buddy's red face and heavy was his body with the weight of camouflage and fear. Buddy looked up as arrows ignited the sky. Brisket was reminded of fireworks and the Fourth of July. It was his favorite holiday.

Buddy looked into the dead eyes of bears. Grenades were exploding and there was much screaming. He even smelled some mustard gas. An ominous yellow cloud took over the scene at a faraway hill. Machine guns rattled. Buddy guzzled some tequila from a flask he kept in his boot. He let it pour down his throat and then placed back the flask by his foot. He stood up awkwardly amongst the noise, finding himself lost and beaten in every direction. He needed a map. Buddy was crying. Arrows whizzed past his face and his blurry vision. Heat stroke lured him like a naked woman. "Dinton, where are you?" he said in a leaked voice. And then, like a mirage, a slick Indian rode by on horse, with white fire in the iris, and he managed to slice with a great swooping motion, the better part of Buddy's leg.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" cried Buddy. He fell to the ground and wailed at the fiery sun, all alone on the green android grass. It took thirty minutes for Dinton to find him. When he did, he picked up the barbeque dreamer and carried him in his arms. Dinton ran across the heat. Dinton searched for a boy he supposed was banging a drum. There was a forceful beat and pulse in the worried air. Everything boomed.

"I'll kill that boy banging that drum!" Dinton exclaimed. The heat was getting the best of him.

"I don't hear anything Dinton. I see white light though."

Dinton escaped successfully, after many runs, ducking into a forest, fresh with trees and life. Dinton could hear the faint sounds of water crashing along rocks. He followed the scent. Surprised was Dinton when he found the tents, nestled along in a row by a stream. This was where the Indians lived. This was where the Indian mothers gave birth. Dinton had made a discovery.

The Old Woman

"My friend needs help," Dinton announced as gorgeous native women approached him. Tenderly, their arms were open.

"Help me!" Brisket pleaded, as he lifted up his head. "I've been attacked!"

A wrinkled old woman emerged from the flaps of her tent, draped in a kimono and with a scarf wrapped about her hair. Her eyes were calm and blue and lured Dinton like a lake. "Oh my," she began, shuddering when she saw the leg. "The horrors of war."

"War is Hell, ma'am," Buddy said, looking deep into her eyes, as if she were his own mother. The old woman called forth one of her daughters, who quickly appeared from her tent.

"Yes mother?" She said, long hair resting across her back, flowing beauty.

"Prepare some hot tea."

"Yes mother." She turned and left, a daughter of duties.

"What a beautiful daughter you have," Dinton said to the old woman.

"All of my daughters are beautiful. Even more so than I." With that she smiled warmly and introduced herself.

“My name is Maria.”

Dinton smiled back. “My name is Dinton Yule.”

“Dinton Yule? What a fascinating name,” Maria said.

“Not as fascinating as Maria,” Dinton said, trying to see more smiles. Both shared a warm and tender laugh.

Buddy chimed in moments later. It was a bit rushed. “My name’s Buddy Brisket. Please help me.” Buddy’s eyes were pained from war torn insomnia and blood dripped from his leg like soaked towels.

“Yes of course,” Maria answered. She looked into Dinton’s eyes and saw something. “Follow me Dinton.”

Buddy Brisket awoke on a small cot with his gashed leg wrapped in giant green leaves. He was in Maria’s tent, which smelled of wild herbs and rising incense. The darkness was gentle with burning candles on distant tables. Maria sat beside him, hovering about him with wisdom in her cheeks. “Where’s Dinton?” Buddy questioned, somewhat frightened. He still needed hours of the essential sleep.

“Your friend went on a walk. He said he had a headache.”

“What a guy,” Buddy said and then laid his head back down.

“How does your leg feel?” Maria asked with concern.

“It burns like Hell.”

“Healing leaves. They have a peppery spice.”

“Will I ever walk again?” Buddy asked. At that moment Maria’s daughter entered the tent, delicately, with a cup of hot tea.

“Drink this,” she said as she placed the tiny cup to his dry lips. Buddy slurped the tea loudly, the hot steaming tea. He fell fast asleep and bit some dream candy.

Philosophy

In the woods of timber, Dinton yet again sought to find himself. He searched very long but found nothing. Dinton was back to thinking about his purpose, disappointed by the lack of pride he thought he would feel while weaving through this war. Grief and murder were all he had seen. He had expected something more.

In the woods of timber, upon spotting a bear, he wondered, wondered why it did not hold a gun. The bear was just eating berries. The bear was glowing in the sun. In the woods of timber, Dinton sought to cleanse his mind. He was thinking more and more of his mother, though he did not know why.

It was a few hours before Dinton returned to his native tents. Maria was outside washing her grandson in a wooden circular tub. She rinsed him with hot water, herbs, and soap. “Welcome back Dinton. How was the walk?” Maria asked.

“It was okay,” Dinton Yule answered. “How’s Brisket?”

Maria wore a wrinkled face of reality. “Only time will answer that.” She paused for a moment. “Ah, the horrors of war.”

Dinton had been wondering why they had been met with such open arms. He and Brisket were both white and everyone else was brown. It made no sense. They were clearly enemies. “Why are you being so nice to us?” Dinton asked Maria suddenly as the little boy giggled under hot water.

“We will always care for the wounded,” she answered. “Always.”

“But we are your enemies. We are killing your husbands and your sons.”

"You are not my enemy, Dinton. No one is my enemy. Everyone on this planet is linked in ways they will never know." Dinton paused to absorb what was said. It was such a bold statement. "Tell me Dinton," Maria began, "why are you fighting in this war?"

Dinton searched for his words. He took his time. "I guess I'm confused. It's nothing personal." Dinton looked away and his emptiness and vastness collided with one another. "I guess I don't know what to do with my life."

"Men are at war with each other because each man is at war with himself." That is a quote from Francis Meehan. He was a smart man. Are you at war with yourself Dinton?"

Dinton thought for a moment. "Yes."

"It is nothing to be ashamed of Dinton," the old woman said. "My husband was at war with himself. Long ago, don't ask how many years it's been, I don't keep track of time; my husband killed himself. He bashed his head against a large rock. When I found him he looked like a, well I don't know what he looked like. I hardly recognized him. He left a note beside his corpse. It read, 'I'm sorry.' That was it."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Dinton said. Maria wiped away a tear that had escaped her eye. She was still washing her grandson, who giggled lightly as the water ran down his smooth young face.

"You see Dinton, we have our own private wars to deal with. We should not wage wars against one another."

Dinton was a small boy in a classroom.

"This war confuses me," Dinton said.

"Greed, Dinton. War is greed. The white man was greedy when he first took our land." She looked serious and stared deep into Dinton's eyes. "And now he is greedy again. A second war is upon us."

"Greed," Dinton echoed. "I'm so sorry." Dinton's bottom lip began to quiver.

"It is not your fault, Dinton." Maria closed her eyes and took in the energy of the universe. She took a deep breath filled with the wooded atmosphere and lush shrubs surrounding it. There was wind in her breath. There were trees and soil, seeds and death. She was an ecosystem abundant balloon, a blimp. She smiled deliciously and opened her eyes. She was addicted to the universe. Some say she needed help.

"Spinning dragons live deep down inside of me. They make a fool out of me," said Dinton, "life pours out of my eyes and dies in my way." Dinton left to sleep after his own words.

"Good night, Dinton."

Maria Sleeps

The moon was a white hole on a black screen. Maria had gained Dinton's love and trust. He was her son and she was his beautiful, beautiful mother. This was not easy to do for most. Dinton felt like a pink child. He had always wanted to be a child again, to run and play through laughing meadows. He did not want to rape and kill Maria. She made him feel warm. He did not want to burn down her village like he had promised himself to do at the dawning of war. He loved her like a mother.

Dinton awoke in the heart of the night to an intricate pattern of mammoth poundings to the inside of his skull. Sweat covered his face like seeds on a strawberry. Dinton did not know what he was doing. He wondered why he had been here for so long. Why hadn't the blacks and the bears come looking for him? The hugging fur of comfortable bears drove Dinton into a devilish nostalgia. A confused man was he. His feet wandered outside of his tent into the icy eclipse.

Dinton sat now next to a golden campfire, fueled by the blood of a dozen quail. His head was shaven, as well as his eyebrows, armpits, and cock zone. Maria had told him that this would help him start anew. He thought about Maria

until his head grew red and was sent into tumbling flashbacks.

“When I was a child,” Dinton began. “I wanted to be a cop more than anything in the world. I stole a steel gun.” Dinton’s smile curled like a worm. “I would take my gun out at night. I would shoot homeless men pretending they had just stolen a sack of cash. My intentions were good, I promise.” Dinton’s eyes were darts, shooting back and forth from Maria’s eyes to his own hands. His own dirty, fucking hands. They had done too much. He knew he could not change his past. He could not lie to himself. His intentions were darker than death. His soul was a piece of shit. His eyes fooled even the most enlightened of women. He was a jester.

Dinton was ashamed of himself but knew that he was trying only to be happy and that was all that mattered. His father had told him this. Dinton gathered warmth from the dance of the fire and closed his eyes. Maria sleeps.

The Giant, the Man, the Mountain

Alone in his own robotic despair, Dinton was vulnerable and defenseless for the first time in his life. He could not fight even if he wanted to. His emotions had gotten the best of him. This was a battle he had been fighting for his entire life. He was giving in, going underground.

A rustling sounded from the bushes. The sound was colorful and carried scents on a cloud of burnt death. The scent was one of bloody battles. Courage scurried from Dinton’s closed mind and found a comfortable place far away from him. He trembled in a cyclone of phobias and qualms.

A man emerged from the bushes. He rose like a young giant, a mountain in training. He was a black man dressed in a white suit. He was a loner of war. He had fled from the pack in search of fresh Indian blood. An axe rested comfortably in his grasp, which he held with both hands. Death owls sung in the trees.

The man stood tall. His eyes did not blink. The bulk rushed from the bushes and screeched a reaper’s song of departure. The axe was swung blindly through the thick, windy night. The Devil approached his first tent and tore it down like a tree. Tears made a waterfall of his face, but he smiled. His insides were torn.

Maria’s daughters, sleeping soundly, side by side, naked on a large woolen blanket. Their day had been long, serving their mother’s requests and attending to the daily needs of life in the demanding forest. Their dreams were well earned with red peacocks and they slept smiling with faint warm smiles. The Mountain smiled as well but in a wicked manner. Quietly, he peeled the folds of the tent, stepping inside like a flock of bats. He clutched the axe tight in his grasp, and listening to his pounding heartbeat, watched them sleep. He wanted to squeeze their perky, plump breasts. Rape sounded appropriate and uplifting. He inched forward in his polished white shoes. He pushed his rapist buttons and in the clumsy darkness knocked down a table. Dreaming was over. The daughters awoke at the sound of a fiend. Their screams were perfect. Each note was a salmon jumping the bear. In poor defense, raising hands at twirling axe. He hacked them absurdly. The axe was given, without warning, a feast of the flesh of womanhood. Bloodying them like the Star Spangled Banner, he bloodied them in bleeding shadows, never relenting. He drained their lives dearly, till they were no longer beautiful, it was sad and true, and there was enough blood to fill the entire Grand Canyon, all the oceans and fountains and mouths of America.

The Mountain tore through tents wailing battle cries. Tent by tent, hustling horrible music, the Mountain hunted women and children with his mighty axe. No men were around. Spirit of a cheetah, he treasured the chase, fond of the reward of race. Dinton was sleeping by the fire, dreaming amongst the slaughter. He was in the deepest sleep of his life. He floated on the ocean of dreams, warm and soothed by the fire. Despite all the nocturnal slice, the Mountain failed to wake him. The Mountain carried on. He chased a woman that held a crying baby through the dark and green trees. He

got tired and stopped, trying to catch his breath, hands on knees. The axe started to cry all of a sudden. Tears poured from the axe and sunk into the dirt. "Goddamn pussy axe!" steamed the Mountain. The axe cried but made no sounds. Though the killer could never understand, his axe was very depressed. The axe was sobbing. It did not like blood. The Mountain returned to the village, killed more women and children. Dinton slept in isolation. Buddy was also deep in sleep.

Bodies were everywhere like socks. Dark red blood of the innocent coated the Mountain from crown to toe and got tangled in his eyelashes. His white suit needed to be washed in the river. He had never been so bloody in all his life. The women of the village had never seen or been part of a massacre before. Now they were woven into its history, their skin stretched far into the web, a tapestry as silent as moths.

The Prophecy of Hearts

The entire village of Indian women and the babies cloaked in eternal innocence had been slaughtered by the horns of a single man's ill will. His hope had been decapitated from the point at which his soul entered his body when he was born. The axe man had been born with a destiny that thirsted death like any crying creature, behind his eyes, an unconscious soaked in the residue of satanic past lives, gatekeepers of Hell.

Buddy and Dinton had survived solely for the color of their skin. Luck for them, axed man was willing to put aside the deeds of past blackened behaviors of enslavement.

The Mountain had kept enough of his sanity to realize who was on his side. If Buddy and Dinton had not killed Indians before this man's eyes, though, he would have not manifested a badge of trust for each of these men and would have hacked, hacked their heads to the dirt immediately.

The blood soaked loner clutched his axe with the pride of a false prophet swimming in his mind. He viewed his creation with the eyes of Judas and took a long swift sip of the universe. "Now my soul has been put to rest!" The man screamed aloud, with the vocal chords of a fat wave of thunder.

This awoke Dinton from his nest of dream ribbons, explosions within his energy body. He had been dreaming of angels more beautiful than any woman he could have ever imagined. They had no physical body to restrain their souls, were pure light and shined brighter than the infinite Sun, spinning eternal love within the vastness of the void. Pure. "Now my soul is shining!" The man expressed boldly to the night of overflowing sin, the harvest of his intention reaping an incredible amount of careless karma. He licked the blood and tears from the blade of his helper and swallowed deeply.

Dinton sat up to the sound of a familiar voice. Recognizing the voice as one of his war comrades, fright clung to him and set screens beyond the vision of his transcendental eye. The universe was closing in as he realized that the two opposing sides had become one. The enemy had entered the enemy camp and death was eminent in crystal clarity outside of Dinton's tent. Dinton thought instantly of Maria and the wisdom he had gained from her and how much he had grown through the strength of her speech. He had finally found someone or something that had calmed the armies within him. She was a part of him that he had been trying to find inside of himself for his entire life.

Dinton stood strong within the tent and tore the entrance open to the sight of the Man chewing on the severed jaw of a young Indian girl. The head was removed and wore an expression of unexplainable shock and maybe a hint of revelation. She had gained some kind of wisdom before death but now it was lost and floating into the clouds, losing itself with the mixture of wind and rain.

The Giant spotted Dinton and gave him a peace sign, using two fingers, then counting down to one, expressing now a thumbs up. He was pleased with his work and wished to gain power and approval from a member of his tribe. It was a common thing that people did. This is why flags are created and conformity thrives. The Giant knew this and

abused the nature of the concept. He lived by the juice of the primitive, tribal lusts, a foolish tool of the untamed ego. It's alright though, other forces exist.

Dinton feigned an impression of approval just to gain the trust of the man who had disrupted the fragrance of utopia. His muscles loosened, his face was as calm as the sea locked in serenity. His eyes were shifting brightly from corpse to corpse, nodding his head as he stained his feet with the blood of those he had recently loved with the new found affection from deep within himself. Closer and closer, Dinton grew towards the beast with a grin, severed jaw in hand. The Tower held the bloody bone draped in reddening skin in front of Dinton, offering him a prize of obnoxious pride. Dinton paused within the frozen fragility of time as an army of anger struck him and took complete control of the perception his skin thin windows would allow. All grew threatening within the shifting eternity. Dinton's fists pulsed with potential energy as the Giant's intuition began kicking in. Dinton raised his fist to pierce the man's heart but he was ready and had grabbed Dinton's arm and twisted it behind the back. He brought his lips close to Dinton's ear as if whispering deep secrets, "A traitor, huh? You know, I looked up to you. I thought you were the baddest of them all. You used to glow Dinton, bright and cleaning light. Illuminated inspiration for all the soldiers to bask in. You gave us drive but now you reject my intentions! This is the end of you Dinton!"

Dinton separated himself ghostlike and leeches into the body of the murderer. Views were now morphed into that of the layout of human organs, muscles, tissue, and bone. That which stood out among all other things, though, was the heart of the giant. It was wrinkled and emitted an energy that confused Dinton and sent him into twisting thoughts, chambers foreign to his understanding. It was cloaked in a loving green glow and reminded Dinton of the Divine Personality of Nature's tree. "What is the heart trying to tell me? Shall I move closer? I thought that this man's heart was going to be as dark as the face beneath the Holocaust but here it was, feeling as if it had been floating into the Heavens, complete with the singing of angels and the harmony of flutes and lutes." Dinton was afraid this may be a trick, devised by the black magic of the slayer outside.

The soul swam closer to the heart and made a discovery. The heart had the face of an old man, eyes closed, face full of wrinkled wisdom. The eyebrows were bushy buffaloes, the chin, a thick and firm stone. Even while asleep (or dead), integrity filled this face with an intense glow that grasped the pit of all that was Dinton. "This is what I want, complete peace, freedom of thought. No place to call home but what is already within me. It's all so clear now." He had made the decision to become one with his body again and kill himself but the eyes of heart sleepily awakened. A deep and raspy voice leaked from the mouth of this thinly canyoned heart.

"Dinton," it coughed and hacked gobs of blood onto organs and bones below. Dinton maneuvered through a jungle of veins to get closer to this strange creature. "Dinton, I have waited a long time to see you. Just as I thought my time was over and my prophesy false, you show up. You have awoken me, my savior." The face of the heart expressed and stretched its facial features in the solemn sights. Although it spoke of the fulfillment of the prophesy, it was beaten down by a lifetime of accompaniment with the man which it controlled. The heart was infected by what it described to be some kind of invisible black gas. Although it was invisible, the heart said that not only could he see colors, but also feel them. Dinton understood what he meant. Sometimes senses mix together and convince you that maybe everything we have learned from societal design is not as cut and dry as we have thought it out to be.

"You are the beacon of light that is supposed to save me from this black gas, Dinton. You have felt it, I know. There is a reason for this. You are meant to share your glow with others, including me so I may be set free and leave this shadowed chamber of death and destruction. This is the way, Dinton. You'll know, you'll see."

Dinton was then brought back into his own body and fell on the hard dirt floor of the Indian massacre site. Out of fear and demons, Giant ran from Dinton, as if he had sensed what was to soon happen. He ran deep into the night with

Dinton close behind, with fists clenched and the eyes of a hero.

Heart in the Stars

Dinton continued to chase the man through the night that stunk of the smoke of a dozen quail. There was an upcoming tunnel that was covered in the fresh morning dew that had arrived just a bit too early. It was a confused dew, but it worked itself into the scene very nicely. The dew had friends, fairy friends. Fairies that would grant wishes only to some. Even the fairies did not know why they chose who they chose. It was decided by a presence that was more magical than the fairies. It was the heart in the stars.

The Metamorphoses

The Axe Man was overflowing with fear, exuding toxic gas to the surrounding scenery around him. Fairies were very in touch with the phantom hands of nature, so they could sense the dark force drawing near. They had expected this. They were consciously interwoven with the Master Plan of this Divine Universe and shared eyes with the gods.

The opening of the tunnel was open and inviting. The feet of the killer carried his gigantic mass into the tunnel of infinite magic with Dinton behind him. Swallowing the immediate past path of the entity in front of him. The planets were aligning up in outer space's face. There were cosmic bodies with newly opened eyes sending down signals through the skies, synchronizing situations.

It was a tunnel of pure darkness with the echoes of foot drops bouncing off of the concrete walls of vine and berries. The exit seems nonexistent. The tunnel seemed to be a living creature, stretching farther and farther in front of them with each breath or moment of early morning time. One light appeared in the distance near the ever changing exit. Disguised as a firefly for the purpose of physical form, the spirit was a fairy with intention, divine. The tiny, bright lights reproduced and scattered the walls with awesome and altruistic blinking sequences. Auspiciousness beneath the pattern charged the foreign fairy power and pulsed potential energy beneath the surface.

The axe disappeared into the thinning air and departed with a quick weep while the owner of the blade began to sparkle, glitter and glow within the focused fairies' dust. A magic forced life onto the skin of the malicious man and morphed him into a gazelle, quick paced and still. Turned now to a stop, facing Dinton, fangs were glaring towards a hero on the verge of metamorphoses. His human skin slipped off as easily as a robe and rest motionless upon the floor beneath him beside a patch of blue lotus.

Flowers danced in the wind as all stood still, two newborn gazelles on the platform of an emotionally fueled, fierce fight. Black axe wolf threw up his heart in front of Dinton and dropped to the floor, dead. The face on the heart vanished with the passing wind (and the fairies as well) into a niche within space, a cosmic kangaroo's pouch.

Comfy

Free and safely from the massacre, Maria had been sleeping in a comfortable berry patch not too far outside of her once happy town of oozing estrogen, many ovaries. She awoke atop the grassy floor and extended her tongue into the itching maze of thorn and juice fruits. Mouth full of berries and the occasional pain of thorns, she whipped them into her mouth and water slid them down and through her throat. She stood and touched her head to her toes for a quick wake me up and it worked, too. She had birthed the blood, had it reborn from her back, slid down into her head. Blood baked her brain with wonder as her eyes opened, awakening and expanding the world in front of her. She walked back to her

home, began.

Mutual Bliss, Chaos and Light

Buddy had witnessed it all. The entrance of the murder shifting into the slaying of all of the beautiful women. "God damn it!" screamed Buddy. "I wanted to fuck all of those women!" He pulled himself up in a wheelchair that had been prepared for him and began to wheel himself around the scene. He wanted to gather any signs of life for a chance at a heroic fuck, although he had done nothing heroic, he could convince himself of these things. Mud gripped the grooves of Buddy's convenient wheel machine. He plucked mud and patted his face and chest with it so he may seem as though he had put up a fight. He so badly wanted to be respected. Within the corner of Brisket's eye, life made motions. It was Maria, walking slowly and serenely as in tune spirit beings seem to represent themselves. The golden archetype. She floated with soft steps towards the camp with a speech on the tips of her teeth. No emotion crept its way to the expression of her face. Already, she had seen and understood what had happened. A fairy had told her through a tiny tunnel in the wind, invisibly attached to her eardrum.

"Buddy, I have saved your life and healed you. The horrors of war have taken a hold of you and I have granted you the bright, white nursing of feminine care. All I ask from you is a single favor." Buddy stared into her eyes, his mind no longer supporting his sexual endeavors. Instead it was somewhere higher, ascended. If this state of mind had a body, the body would have wings.

"I want you to bash my head on that rock." She pointed her slender index finger at a rock, which was a shrine. There were many candles lit, countless smells dancing within the tiny dimension: Mint, cinnamon, lime, thyme. Animal bones were scattered atop the rock: deer skulls, a lion's tooth, and a bison's rib. "This is where my husband killed himself long ago to escape the piercing horrors of war. A coward, but a genius in several other respects. You may think that I am wishing to conform to the same cowardice, but I assure you that I wish only to join the soul that has been slain here today. I have been left behind for reasons I do not understand and I can't help but feel that the Great Spirit has made a mistake. Kill me, Buddy. Send me home, to my husband and my ancestors."

Buddy raised his meaty hands, triggered by a request to kill. He had become addicted to the act and could not even process the spiritual aspect of which he was just told. He was just thirsty. Thirsty to live and to kill those living. Swollen with the murderous fuel of the unconscious, he wanted to follow within the footsteps of the unfinished quest. The nomadic killer, jumping from joy to joy. His hands were around her neck and she smiled, crying tears of revelation. She stroked his manly, tree trunk arms sweetly as if they were about to make love. Her white, winding hair blew gracefully and full with the wind. He squeezed tight, orgasmic joy and let out the laugh of a jester, unleashed. Blood splattered his face like a painting by Jackson Pollack, except Buddy was the creator. He giggled manically at the thought and gurgled on his insane spit. With the strength of one arm, he pulled her body into the sky, eclipsing the sun and brought her down, full force onto the dull face of the rock. He felt like a child that had just gotten away with a dark imaginative thought. The Indian souls lost in the night smiled from above and welcomed her freed soul into the warmth of their womb. Now all was complete. Her soul of light free, and the blackness of his heart, satisfied. Who would have known that dark and light could work together, mutual bliss?

Vapor Tombs and Thickened Gloom

Dinton watched as a witness from afar, his friend murdering his teacher. He had grown strings of love attaching to Maria and now they have been broken. He let out a scream from the primal pits of man that broke Bud's high and clung

him close to fear. Dinton charged, a valiant force within himself, his pure point of focus being the death of Brisket. Being in a wheelchair, arms could not outrun legs, so he sat still in his crippled inferiority.

Birds from beyond erupted into song throughout the entire landscape, the depth of nature being their badge. Whistling crispy chirps, they followed the two towards the topside of the towering cliff, ears cracking at the tips of the lonesome peak. The moment was purely beautiful if it had been viewed from the eyes of an enlightened person. Two halves to the same whole, swimming blindly, violently within the toxic sea, when peace and understanding lies just north of the border. They were birds swaying in sequence, a molecular uniform blazing with divinity. They were living lives as gracefully complex as a Chopin concerto. Smooth, moist, and buttery cream. The results were the arms of Dinton pushing Brisket off of the cliff, the diver screaming notes shrill enough to burst every blood vessel in his neck. Viewed from afar, you would have thought him to be a large, red bird, having lost the ability to fly and shedding feathers. A bird dropping naked and bald, chirping death cries until the unfolding of it all... "it all" being the shifting of death to void, eventually leading back to life... You know how it goes. Whether you believe it or not, pay attention.

Now, the body of Buddy was a bloody lump, slumped over on top of itself like some lonely ventriloquist dummy. When a body twitches after death, it is said that it is getting all of its nerves out but what they do not tell you is that it is also suggesting the departure of soul to above. Up and above, the soul of Buddy shoved through the thick wind and up to Dinton for a final, conclusive anecdote. "You have done a deed, Dinton. Now I am one with the universe, something you will never understand." And his vanishing did commence, a dying vapor and voice.

Waterfallen Tomb

Back at the camp, Maria's human suit lay, fleshy on the ground, soaked in dirt. Tears escaped down the face of Dinton Yule, free falling from his chin into the mysterious vastness of the grass below, in all of its greenery. "She deserves a proper burial," he said to himself, boldly. "One that has not been tainted by the countless sins that have occurred here today. I will bury her within the waterfall." And so he traveled, carrying her limp body in his arms for three days and three nights in search of a waterfall, nature's most beautiful creation. At least that is what Dinton thought.

Using hands as shovels, he dug the rock beneath the crashing of the waterfall, preparing a permanent home for the remains of a wise wonder, Maria. Sweetly, Dinton brought his hands to her cheeks and admired her face. Even with eyes closed and dead, it was a face of hardened integrity. He spoke the words which he could not hold back and which he knew not of the origin from which they came.

"Maria, a gentle wave, stable in the violence of the sea. Never a sliver or shiver from darkness unknown. Only pure purpose as swollen as silver. A whisper through the throat of an angel's ability to float. I bury you underneath the climax of the waterfall so you may return home again because I have been convinced that your body was birthed from the unclouded purity of wonder waves crashing. So I give you this water, fallen tomb." He placed the body in the grave of gushing water, the pressure enough to keep the body sealed to the cut stone grave below. Dinton left, his mind in constant convulsion of colorful thought. A minute later, a grave robber came and stole the body, taking it to a place where no one knows.

The Switch

Deep within an underground shelter, a place without longitude or latitude, rested the headquarters. This place, this evil, evil place, rested like Achilles sharpening his blade.

Crisp steps clapped in unison as the two men walked to the room of business. Their Brioni suits dry cleaned to

perfection and their thick brown folders were clasped tight to their sides. The hallway was as silent as mice on cotton clouds. The two gods of war, Generals Otis Ashby and Brendan Wayne, were late.

The two men entered the room, and it was utter chaos. A dog pile of fists and blood danced across the vast military tabletop. The President of the United States had his shirt off and gripped a golden switchblade. No one fucked with the President. The Vice President, however, wore a face welted like an elephant man from brass knuckle bruises. The two Generals had seen enough. They drew their revolvers with lightening speed and fired shots into the ceiling.

“Go to your seats gentlemen, we have much business to discuss.” The two men said together, they always spoke together. All obeyed, they returned to their seats with diligence and order. It was of their best interest to obey, no questions asked.

The two men had white hair and red eyes that could melt a lion into dust. Their hair was kept with elegant precision combed over in perfect waves. Their faces bared no mark of facial hair. Their faces bared no mark of anything, barren as graveyards. Their skin, pale and unscathed, glowed confidently. The inferior men were seated, ready to listen to their two leaders.

“The war against the Indians is failing.” A long moment passed before they continued. It was as silent as mice on cotton clouds. The men held their breath, making sure not to offend their masters. “A switch is in order. The blacks and bears are not getting the job done. Land is wealth so the mission must continue. We will switch the draft from bears and blacks to cougars and Mexicans. That is all, gentlemen and it was nice to do business with you.” Finally, they paused once again hearing the fear in their silence. “You have a week.” The two men got up and left in silence, each step reverberating in a marching echo.

Part Six

The French Doctor

The doctor entered the room, handful of lollipops, of bandages, and of beetles. He wore a large nametag, covering most of the left side of his doctor's coat; however a name appeared unwritten, simply, blank. Stepping in figures of motion, as would a person listening intently to a waltz, the oversized flip flops he wore broke meter. Black and white, checkerboard tiles surrounded the room, both ceilings, floors, and each inch of dry wall. There were no lamps, windows, light bulbs, or any source of light but the room lit like ten suns. Although his oversized flip-flops accented each step, the man, Dinton Yule, laying beneath a thin white sheet, did not move. He was dead asleep.

"Wake up blue eyes." The doctor spoke with French overtones infecting his speech, looking pale as he smoked a fast burning cigarette. He was cryptic with stares. The smoke poured from the doctor's thin lips as he continued to speak. "Wake up blue eyes." He nudged the stranger with a known name softly. Ceiling of tiles dripped black water, sufficient for lazy eyelids. Beads of radar black pounced upon Dinton's sleeping face.

"Have you ever danced the French Tango, Dinton?" Still asleep, he must have been speaking to himself, without open ears, we are all just talking to ourselves. The doctor twirled himself like a ballerina with the grace of a golden gazelle. He danced atop the waves that were the floor. Earthquakes erupted on the checkerboards of white tiles, infected in black paint.

He collapsed to the ground, exhausted from sweat that leaked down his face. The doctor's face was held together by loose stitches and was stuffed with cotton balls. French Tangos left him weary. The loose stitches were too loose to hold, leaking liquid across his face. Along with the sweat, wet and watery, broke his face into strands. He couldn't breathe without a nose. He couldn't see without eyes. He couldn't hear without ears. He couldn't speak without lips. Speaking to Dinton, "Wake up, I have other patients." His lips didn't move.

The doctor, dressed in one nameless tag on his left side, became grass on the floor. The beetles grew dark, loud, and fell into the grass doctor. They were too loud for ears. They were buzzing like fuzz into Dinton's open mind. He could only hear their buzzing. Infesting in golden honey nectar, the beetles mimicked bees.

Dinton would not wake up. Noises did not bother.

The doctor stared at him. His name wouldn't reveal itself, impersonal, talking for hours. "Dinton, I know your name. You must respond to those who know your name." He began to nudge him with his monkey palms. Gnawing on bothersome habits, he couldn't stop and continued to speak. "Please wake up, I need your money. This is important; it's my damn living. I sleep two hours a night goddamnit. I need sleep." He paused to whisper. His cheeks began to hurt, red and full of anxiety. Nervously he left the room.

Dinton would not wake. His eyes were cocooned in closed eyelids. Bright lights shined on him for hours. He felt naked again. Dressed in golden underwear and socks, but he felt naked. Insecure, he felt naked.

Butlers began to enter the room. They carried trays of silver, silver teacups with no tea. A butler placed a daffodil

under Dinton's nose; it was the poison that would send him into consciousness. "A drink, Master Dinton?" one butler suggested. He presented the tray before him.

"Where's the tea?" Dinton questioned. Dinton was groggy and confused, but willing to absorb. The butler was embarrassed and stood motionless with his tray. Black water dripped from the ceiling, conveniently filling the empty teacup. "Am I supposed to drink this?" Dinton looked into the eyes of butlers. Black water continued dripping, from all inches of the ceiling. Slipping like coffee drips.

"It's raining," the butler said. One of the other butlers began to play a violin.

"Don't play that, not now," one of the butlers said.

"Master Yule does not like the music of violins." As moments passed with the butlers, Dinton was continually confused, unaware of his surroundings. The many butlers crammed in the room full of tiles did not help. "Don't you play cello?" the same butler in black and white questioned the part time musician, the full time butler. An answer didn't appear, only a cello. "Play Rachmaninoff's cello sonata in g minor for our master and patient." The violinist played the cello sonata with effortless ease. In the presence of Yule, he accelerated the tempo to show his virtuosity. As he played, Dinton became nauseas. His face turned blue as a strawberry. The violinist slowed the pace of the song sensing his nausea.

"May I offer you some honeydew for your queasy stomach? Honeydew eases the uncomfortable pain of indigestion." Another butler entered the room with a large silver tray of sliced honeydew. Dinton puked onto the floor. The mess was as green as avocados and smelled of honeydew. Chunks of vomit, green and fruity, yes, it was honeydew.

"I fucking hate honeydew," Dinton said with his eyes on the floor. "It makes me sick."

One of the butlers pulled out a large easel with a ready canvas. He had many colors on his palette. "Do you mind if I paint you Master Yule? I am feeling rather inspired."

Dinton thought for a moment. "Okay. Just don't fuck it up."

"Would you mind taking off your clothes?"

Dinton thought for a moment. He removed his underwear and socks.

"The body of a god, Master Dinton." The butler began to paint. His hands waved colors onto the canvas. Dinton reclined as best he could, exotic and suggestive; he looked like a king. The other butlers began to masturbate, their black pants spilled to the ground.

Dinton Yule felt too naked and dressed himself in a robe. On the mantel covered in tiles, a tablet read Dinton Yule in silver. He fell into despair. The artist butler was half way through with his portrait. Incomplete, he had not added the blue to the eyes. The butlers quieted their masturbation. They looked at one another and the short one began to speak. No bigger than three foot, five inches.

"Its okay Dinton," said the short bald butler, "We are all number two sometime."

Weeping, Dinton cried in gentle confession. "I'm not number two." He lifted the robe to rub his eyes clean. "I'm not number two."

Dinton fell into his lap, wailing like a young child. The butlers turned their backs to Dinton. Golden letters marked each of their backs. The whimpering child looked at their backs in agony; Dinton Yule.

The French Doctor exploded back into the room with eyes like bombs. "Get out you fucking butlers! There is much work to be done! Dinton is still broken! He needs to be fixed!" The butlers scattered and became an animate blur. They escaped the room as beetles to abolish the blur. One butler was left. He stood with his hand over his heart. He was ruthless.

"Well, what the fuck are you looking at butler?" Dinton's mouth was still drenched in chunky toad vomit. Puke

dripped from his face onto the floor, the checkered floor. Dinton felt like a pawn in a game of chess. Then he felt like a rook, then the king. He was standing on a black square and it was his move.

The butler started turning red; he was pulsing.

The butler then began to cut out his heart with a knife meant to slice honeydew. "One heart coming up Master Yule." The butler tried to be diligent but it was a difficult task. His face winced with pain but he made no sounds. He soon held his heart in his hand, a sloppy hole left pouring blood down his chest. He placed his heart on a napkin and began to approach Dinton. The butler's face was wrinkled with fatigue, blood all the while spilling from his chest and mouth. "I think I'm dying Master Yule," the butler said. Then he collapsed to the floor. The heart followed.

The French Doctor was not surprised. "Well that's what happens when you cut out your fucking heart. Dumbass." He began to light another cigarette.

"Why did he do that? I didn't want his heart," Dinton said.

"You want everybody's heart Dinton." The French Doctor smiled and then became very serious. "It's time for your operation Dinton."

"What's wrong with me?"

"Everything." The French Doctor reeled in an operating table and Dinton placed his body horizontal. Dinton stared at the ceiling of mesmerizing checkered tiles. The French Doctor ran a scalpel down Dinton's chest. Pure blackness escaped in beams. Night and stars. "Your insides are black. Your insides are rotten." The French Doctor took out his bright syringe. "This is pure sunlight Dinton. It will make you better."

Dinton became scared. "Will it hurt?"

"It always does." The French Doctor jammed the needle into Dinton's neck and injected the golden sun. Dinton suffered seizures and strokes, shrieking like a pterodactyl. His body flapped like a slimy fish with flailing arms slamming like giant hammers. Medicine sometimes hurts. In efforts to subdue the spastic invalid, the Doctor strapped him down with leather belts. The Doctor continued to jerk needles into Dinton's soft peaceful neck. Bright lights flickering. "I've invested a lot of time in you Dinton! Don't fuck me over!" the French Doctor wailed, injecting more needles. Dinton continued to shake, foaming at the mouth, bubbling rabies. His body became scalding as the sun; he woke up too soon to die.

Sweat covered his body in the forest.

The City of Gold

Dinton walked with mindfulness through the bliss of nature, passing shy animals and colorful flowers, still confused as to just where he was. Trees were everywhere. The sun shined in the forest with strange peace and language. Dinton tried to understand it. He got pissed off. It was time for a change. It was time to leave the war behind him and never gaze back, not even for a moment, his arbitrary footprints like coffee stains on the dead. Dinton did not care for notions of war. He felt like a murderer in another dimension.

He held tight onto a legend.

The City of Gold kept him going; it was ticking within him.

Dinton had heard talk of this mysterious land one night by campfire, weeks past when the war still rolled like a tire downhill. It was a Sunday and soldiers had built the fire together in an unsteady and fumbling manner. It was teamwork.

Buddy Brisket attended this gathering, an opportunity to drink distant from the shell of drinking alone. He saddled up next to Dinton, who appeared contemplative and still. Buddy guzzled under the moon, drunk as a buffoon,

his lips kissing the canteen. He still had his legs, legs like his own thick brisket, though he did not put them to much use. Black men finished the circle round the fire. The soldiers ate relish. It was somebody's specialty, spiced carefully on a skillet.

The soldiers told stories of their lives, their desires and loves, but never their fears. Dinton kept quiet. He listened with jolly ears. Buddy abandoned his will to contribute conversation, going in and out of consciousness. Two soldiers began to speak.

"That City of Gold riff, is that true?"

"Sure is, at least that's what one of them locals said. Some native, you know how it is." He took a bite of relish. "What a delicious pussy! Had me lickin' my fingers!" Ruminating on vagina, he slapped his knee, laughing.

"But where is it? The City of Gold?" the soldier bore on.

"Beats me. Far as fuck nigga! It's a legend. Probably somewhere far away. Deep as fuck in the forest somewhere. I don't have no goddamn map!"

"But she ain't never been there?"

"The fuck you mean nigga? Why would she be whorin' her pussy if she been at the City of Goddamn Gold?"

"I don't know nigga. Cool it."

Dinton thought back to this night. He kept the City of Gold in the back of his mind ever since. It was a matter to be dealt with after the war, a gift at the end of the tunnel. Now the bodies were stacked, scattered; the war was over, at least for him. A new path was already in front of him.

The Cave

For days and nights he wandered, lonely, sleeping only when he collapsed of exhaustion. He marched till his boots disintegrated. His hot feet bled on the hot ground. Dinton sponged the wrath of the sun, which made him yearn for the shade of a gold hat. Other elements attacked him as well. Lightning and thunder and rain tried to instill doubt. Dinton didn't mind, laying like a corpse, mouth open, on the soaked ground of leaves.

Eventually, after fourteen days, a cave appeared. The cave was the only one of its kind and came out of nowhere, composed of giant stones. Dinton was very surprised when he found it. It was morning and Dinton heard ramblings from the inside. Even before he heard the low echo of voice, he sensed with his many eyes that somebody was living there. It was too much of a home for somebody not to be living there. After the ramblings was the deepest and cleanest of silence.

A blind man emerged from the cave, crawling out on all fours. He strangely howled like a coyote. His eyes were missing; he was of African descent and he wore no clothes. His body naked revealed many scars. The blind man sniffed the light seeping from the trees. "A soldier? A traveler?" said the blind man.

Dinton pet the blind man. "I am both."

"Are you a visitor?" said the blind man.

"No."

The blind man laughed and rose to his feet. "No one ever comes to visit. No one knows who I am." He laughed a thick aged laugh amidst the new presence. The blind man was middle aged, had a big gut, scratched himself, and occasionally farted. His baldhead glistened in the sun. "You have killed many people," the blind man said. "I can smell it on ya."

"In war, that's what happens," Dinton said. "Now I'm trying to find the City of Gold. Do you know where it is?"

The blind man smiled. "Never heard of it. Sounds like a myth. Myths can be dangerous."

Dinton could see his point. "Have you ever tasted blood?" Dinton asked.

"Yea," said the blind man. "Hundreds of times." There was a pause. "And are you aware that there is an Island of Virgins?" If the blind man had eyes, they would surely be twinkles of galaxies.

"No."

His breath was new and deep. "When I was young, I tried to find it." These words came out painful, his youth bitten. "The world was my goddamn oyster. I was free. I was cuckoo with adventure. I was a nut. Virgins filled my future." The blind man sniffed the light seeping from the trees. Dinton looked into the sky. "It was just out of my reach, an island of dreams, an island of hope, and then..." the blind man's voice got real low, almost inaudible, "The Kracken. That fucking Kracken."

"A sea beast?" said Dinton.

"Indeed, a sea beast that took my eyes and defiled my boat. I floated on water for days and nights until I felt the touch of land. I was hungry for wild meat, something real bloody, I could even have gone for human. I found berries and small animals. I ate them raw. I was still getting used to the blindness." The blind man began to leak tears from his empty sockets weeping moistly. "My dreams, my hopes, my..." The man fell to his hands and knees, his dirty garbage hair to nature's rug softly like a young peach.

"What of the Island of Virgins? You're not just giving up are you?" Dinton asked the blind stranger. No response, he ignored Dinton to feast on a leftover rodent saved from night's past. "What of the Island of Virgins?!" cracked Dinton until the blind man could not refuse his words.

"We'll need a boat," he responded.

Building a Boat Out of Nothing

On a beach, near the cave and nowhere else, building a boat out of nothing. On a beach, the two strangers built a boat to sail into sexual fantasy. On the Island of Virgins, condoms did not exist. "Let's build this fucking boat. I'm horny," Dinton impatiently confessed.

"I'm horny too Dinton. I'm horny too." He paused a little, trying to remember what it was like, the intimate moments of the fuck. "Goddammit I'm horny," he concluded.

Dinton was working hard on the boat, eyes fixed, snapping thick wood like bones. The blind man lingered. The blind man wanted hands in pockets but was draped only in skin. Dinton sighed and wiped his brow and sent the blind man to fetch some wood. The blind man jolted away, feeling good and useful. He ran with the enthusiasm of a child running through butterflies. Crunchy leaves beneath his feet, he ran with no sense of direction and then stopped into a jagged saw. His foot was cut with surprise, salty blood gushing. Moaning, he picked up the saw and made his way in confusion back to Dinton. The blind man presented the saw but insisted on using it himself, mesmerized by its touch. "You're fucking blind!" cried Dinton.

"I'll be careful," the blind man said defensively. "Besides, I found the damn thing."

"Whatever, just get to work."

The blind man began to scissor away at stumps. Shortly thereafter, he abruptly stopped. His lips trembled and tears poured from the empty holes above his nose. Dinton noticed this lack of work. "Hey man, keep at that saw! I can't build this goddamn boat by myself. You want to reach that island of dreams don't you?"

The blind man smiled as the tears fell to the hacked stumps. "I'm just so happy... A second chance." Days turned to nights and the boat was built, a boat built out of nothing.

Setting Sail, Two Strangers at Night

They set sail at night and Dinton made friends with the moon under flaming white stars. It was a modest boat, rippling across the water. They would have to be careful of weather, however, be ever vigilant of krackens, however. The blind man was very scared of krackens. He had wanted to wait till morning, to grace the water with the golden sun. The blind man thought it would be more beautiful that way. Dinton scoffed, saying he wouldn't be able to tell the fucking difference.

The food they brought, they thought would last. If not, there would always be fish. Never forgetting the power of hunger, the blind man brought with him a satchel of small animals. He also brought on board the carcass of a deer, an animal slain the day before in the sunlight that was murder. In the moment of chase, the blind man had pounced upon the deer like a fierce komodo dragon. He and the hero had only managed to dine on it lightly, so by the time said animal was lugged onto the boat, its contents were that of about eighty percent. Its wounds were opened and red so Dinton stitched the beast with waxed mint dental floss that he had found in the woods earlier on.

The two strangers slowly became friends, sailing deeper and darker. It took time to open up, but once words were said, connections and similarities appeared and stayed. They had always existed, these connections, but only became known once words were said. The blind man and Dinton began to glow with the understanding of one another. Stories made them glow. They were lanterns in the night.

The blind man told of his parents who were shackles. They had wanted to send him to an all black, all male college. The young man with clean eyes wanted nothing to do with it. The chance of pussy would have been drastically slimmed. The chance of meeting a nice white girl, a nice brown girl, a nice Chinese girl, didn't matter; it was all drowned like a horse in this notion of college.

But it was either that or get a job. However, the black man did not feel like being a slave. So one day he built a boat. He was given a map by a man named Charles at a bar he often frequented. It was a map to the Island of Virgins, he was told. Charles explained that he was going to become a priest and quit his drinking and thus had no use for the vile map. "This is my last beer," Charles had said. The black man thanked him and asked how the wannabe priest came across the map, though he would not say. The black man sensed strangeness but believed firmly in the island. He had to.

He did not need college and he did not need work. All he needed was an Island of Virgins. Dinton completely understood with every inch of his dick and heart.

Stories swapped, Dinton told of how his father was a goddamn drunk and a closeted homosexual, forever hidden in a closet, forever hidden from the world. He told of how his mother was suffocated by a dildo, gagged purple by Bob. Opportunity for cheering up, Dinton told the blind man that vision was not that great, but that hearing; hearing was the most important of the senses. "It is very important to hear your own voice," Dinton told the blind man. "I wouldn't trade it to see all the naked women in the world."

When the sun had slipped into a fallen crevice beneath the ocean, the smell of dead flesh felt pervasive. Without ice, the small carcasses spoiled but the two men did not notice. It would be four nights until they would.

"Let's set sail," Dinton had said to his blind stranger, dressed in the blackness he could only see.

"At night?" the blind man responded in question and in shock.

"Fuck it, you can't tell."

"Yes, I can smell the night's air. The morning's fragrance is much more appealing. Not only that, I can smell the

kracken.”

“Don’t worry about that goddamn kracken!” Dinton boomed in the silent night autumn air. He paused to bite a rabbit’s stomach; the raw meat dribbled down his brow. “You’re with me now!”

They set sail. Cascading winds pushed them across the water’s service. The map to the Island of Virgins was absent, grasped nowhere in the blind man’s hand. The beast that swallows eyes had long digested the paper. Without a map, the two strangers set sail, believing firmly in all that is not paper.

The blind man yielded strong intuition and so too did Dinton, as he claimed; so together they were guided and confident. Two intuitions are much better than one and can propel men through cosmic levels of the divine.

The blind man joked that he would be able to smell the pussy in the air, if the winds were kind enough to waft pleasant aromas. Dinton also claimed a mighty nose. However, the disability of sight handicapped his hearing or at least compared to a blind man’s. The blind man commented on how he believed the ocean was God’s Tears. He had always loved water and the curses that stuck alongside the sea. The krackens, the jellyfish, the sea squirrels. The men buried in water where fish lay eggs.

“What do you want out of life?” the blind man peeped, as the hours of sailing seemed surreal.

The sky was rich and dusk and vague. Dinton thought hard while the sound of water mimicked his mind. He stood up on the shaky boat. Eyes on the moon, he bellowed triumphantly, “I want all that’s good. I want virgins. I want all that’s mine.” He sat back down and gave his eyes to the lonely passenger. “What is it you thirst for friend?”

The blind man sneezed. Hand massaging chin, he engaged his mind philosophically, remembering what he had learned from the great Plato. He thought for some time and tried to remember the logic he had gained from this world. His mind was a field of chickens hunting for seeds. Brooding, he tilted his head in a manner toward Dinton, scratched his head and smiled. “I want virgins. I want gold.”

The two men sailed through oceans, which they pretended, were made of paper. It was just a fun game that helped pass the time. There is nothing wrong with it really. There really is not. They had fun playing games. They were not too old for games. They felt like children but they were not. They were two men who wanted more than their fair share of virgins. They wanted twice the fair share for each of themselves.

“Well, well, well, well. I sure could go for some of those small, dead animals that you’ve got stashed in your leather pouch there, blind man. I don’t care what your real name is, I really don’t.”

“Dinton,” the blind man raised his head from a maggot carrying death carcass that used to be a rabbit, “I think they are spoiled. There are worms crawling through my teeth like snakes.”

The Fight for Food

After four days, the satchel of animals was becoming less and less filled with meat. There were only two critters left, rotting ready in the blood of their brothers. The blind man had just awoken, and, rubbing his eyes, yawned in the night. He reached for the satchel that should have been at his waist. “What the...Dinton give me that satchel. I’m starving.”

Dinton had just taken it. This was what woke up the blind man, the sudden absence of something that was his. “Sorry asshole, but I’m more hungry than you my friend. I guess you’ll have to catch some fish,” said Dinton, reaching into the bag. He scooped up a carcass and stuffed it into his mouth, a pungent and salty taste.

“What? Fuck no! Give me my animals!” cried the blind man, blindly clawing at the god. Dinton could not retort because he was chewing. Dinton swatted at the attacks, fending all of them.

He swallowed. “There is only one carcass left, and I’m famished.”

“What? You just ate one! Now you’re going to eat the other one? Be fair, Dinton!”

“I’m more hungry than you.”

“How the fuck do you know that?” cried the blind man.

“I just know, okay?” said Dinton. He tilted his head back and emptied the bag into his mouth. The chipmunk sank down the red hole of Dinton’s gullet.

“You bastard!” cried the blind man as he threw punches. “I ought to kill you!”

“Stop hitting me blind man, or I’ll throw you to the sharks!”

“What makes you think you can eat, while I starve?”

“It’s nothing personal,” said Dinton.

“We could have split that last animal!”

“I’ll catch some fish.”

“I don’t like fish, goddamnit! That satchel of animals was supposed to last! You eat like a pig, Dinton, you know that?”

Dinton rolled his eyes. “Look, I’ll go down into the fucking water and fetch some new meat.”

“I don’t like seafood, Dinton! I told you that!”

“Well, it’s either that or birds.”

“I’d prefer birds.”

“Fine.” Dinton zapped some gulls with laser beams from his eyes. The birds landed in the blind man’s lap. “There. Bon a petite, faggot.” The blind man did not have time to defend himself from insult, already feasting into the feathers and flesh of the fried birds. Dinton slapped the blind man’s gut and dove into the salty blue water. He met and strangled a hammerhead shark. He brought this to the surface and dined with his companion.

Island of Virgins

The Island of Virgins crooned for Blind and Yule, bare and pulsing lonely on the tiny curling waves. The magnificent tropical trees stood tall and swayed and beneath them young women bounced. In the morning bloom, their hands waved for the sailors to come. Dinton wanted to become a part of everything they’ve touched. He wanted to bathe with them in saltwater at night, run his hands along their slippery breasts. The blind man also wanted to do that.

What the men realized right away, even from afar, was the smell that the virgins radiated. It was in the air, the virgin spirit. The magnificent Virgin scent, nourishing and electric pink, it was fresh milk in the bones. Both Dinton and the blind man had never been so hypnotized. The boatmen smiled, huddled in their boat, pitiful ocean behind them thrown. The blind man winked. The horny men pulled their hearts to their sleeves, pushed the water in heaves with powerful oars crafted from oak. Both Dinton and the blind man cheered as they continued sail for the sparkling diamond. Timid seagulls flew. “I can see them,” said Dinton. “I can see the virgins.” With pace and pride, the men paddled faster. The virgins stood preposterously pretty and tempting, a sexy epidemic glowing in the sun. Men have found this island, they thought. What could this mean? And so they jumped up and down, about 250 of them, delightfully naked and beautiful.

Almost completely drained, the two men in their boat made out of nothing gently washed ashore. The vessel looked shabby and miraculous and then dissolved like so many memories left untouched. Into nothing and made of nothing, the boat was gone.

Adrift.

There was a pilgrim breeze weaving through the warm weather. Dinton and the blind man invaded the island.

Abandoning prologue, famished and horny, the men had lost about fifteen pounds each. They felt they wore the clothes of rich Christopher Columbus, with pointy shoes and expensive silk, though they felt much less intrusive. Their feet felt calm and cozy on the golden sand and it was like standing on a beautiful moon.

At once the virgins embraced them, like frantic gypsies. They greeted the tired sailors with intimate flush and insane curiosity. Dinton smelled the perfume of innocence on the wonderfully flirtatious mob. Dinton could smell all of the blushing pussies, could tell at once that they were all at least eighteen years of age and were proper to blend with.

“Welcome to Shy Pride Beach!” they said emphatically. “We’re so glad you found us!” Clouds moved slowly as dreams and the sun shown red as a vulva. Virgins hugged Dinton’s bare body warmly. The blind man was not shown as much care as Dinton was, but he was still overcome with joy. He just didn’t have the charisma and charming face, the eyes that Dinton had, that’s all.

The virgins all had perfect hair. Each haircut was perfectly suited for each particular individual. There were babbling blondes and depressed brunettes and red heads. Dinton liked all women, even the black haired women who were not present. “Where are the black haired women?” the blind man asked. Dinton scoffed and told him that he couldn’t tell the fucking difference. “That does not answer my question, now does it?” said the blind man. He just wanted to occupy himself with words to show the women that he was confident enough to speak.

In the uproar of the landing, leaping upon him like a frog in the swarm, one of the virgins said to Dinton, “Be careful with us, treat us kind.” Dinton heard this distinctly, despite the crowd, the mob, heard these words distinct and clear as if all other noise was drowned in its beauty sleep.

Then she said, “We want you, but be careful with us.”

And Dinton nodded. Dinton decided then and there that he was going to be careful with these beautiful young women and not leave them to a blackened pulse. He had shifted his sympathy dial. After all, he didn’t want to ruin this moment for the blind man. It had been the eyeless fiend’s dream to see the Island of Virgins and now he had finally stepped foot on sand.

Dinton sniffed the Virgin air like cocaine and locked magnetic eyes with the woman who had just spoken to him. We want you, but be careful with us. “Why is he crying?” one of the virgins asked Dinton, noticing the blind man’s tears.

“Because he is so happy to meet all of you,” replied Dinton.

Welcome Feast

Olivia took the sailors’ hands and led them to the temple where the feast was ready to be served. There were fat faces all over the temple walls with their mouths open, revealing stone teeth as big as dinosaur eggs. “There had better be chickpeas, Dinton. Or it’s your ass.” Dinton gave him an elbow to the throat and told him to shut the fuck up and be respectful and patient. They made their way through a candlelit hallway covered in the scent of a drunken sun. Olivia lead.

“This is our temple,” Olivia said. “We come here to pray.” Dinton snickered right behind her.

“Pray? Pray to what?” Dinton sneered.

“To the squid’s eyes. Don’t laugh Dinton. There is something holy about them,” argued Olivia.

“Holy my ass. What’s so holy about eyes?” laughed Dinton.

“Hey Dinton, be grateful you son of a bitch. Not all of us have eyes,” said the blind man, playfully smacking Dinton on the chest.

“Yes, Dinton,” said Olivia. “Be respectful or you won’t get any food.” Dinton’s stomach was righteously hungry.

“I’m hungry,” Dinton said.

“You are about to have a feast,” Olivia said.

“I’m hungry too,” said the blind man, wanting recognition.

Olivia led the way in. There was no door. She, the blind man, and Dinton, along with forty chosen virgins entered the dining hall, an expansive room lit only by the many mellow candles on the table.

Corn on the cob, roast hippo, mashed potatoes, steamed coconut, strawberry daiquiris, chickpeas, brisket, fried starfish, octopus, seaweed crepes, hot tea, lobster, squash, collared greens, string beans, fresh mango, blackberries, lamb tortellini in white wine sauce, chicken pesto, yellow crawdads, eel, several salty sardines, deer meat, bison, ox, ice cold water, various liquors and wines, and New York strip. It was quite the feast.

Chaotic Harmony

All of the virgins ate in unison showing no signs of surprise, like it had been preordained. They were all perfectly on point. Even the slightest body gesture, such as the scratching of an itch on the ear was not left unattended by a single virgin. Dinton and Blind would have stared at each other in amazement if Blind could see, but he couldn’t. Dinton leaned over to the blind man.

“Hey man, I wish you could see all of this succulent tail that is staring us in the face right now. I’ll tell you what, after this feast, I’m going to pick out the ugliest, fattest and most obnoxiously offensive girls and give them to you so I can take the rest! Ha!” Dinton continued laughing to himself, drunk on his own confidence, pleased in his ability to manipulate any situation he wanted, especially if it was calling trouble to someone disabled, such as the visionless man, his new favorite target. He took his evil eyes off of the blind man who sat nervously silent, a tear rolling down his cheek and onto his empty plate, and shifted them into a more charming mindset. He then scanned the ladies, observing their breasts with a deep longing for intimate affection. Dinton spoke to himself internally, “My, would I like to suck all of these tits until they are as shriveled as a room full of raisins!”

A woman who was sitting next to Dinton broke the unison the ladies had shared and turned to him. “Do you like what you see, Dinton? All of these naked virgins and they all want you to take their virginity away, or “pop their cherries”, if you prefer. It must be very empowering. It must seem a bit unfair to the blind man next to you. Well, I assume he can hear so I will just ask him myself. Excuse me, blind fellow?” The blind man, happy to have finally been recognized by who he understood to be a very attractive naked virgin, smiled and turned to her.

“Yes?”

“How do you feel that this man has such an advantage over you, with the confidence of a god, and all his senses being intact, and I assume...” she turned to Dinton, “perfect?” Dinton nodded with his still eyes. “So how does it touch you, blind man? I am very curious to know. You see, I am quite interested in the psychology of men. I did not even know they still existed, having never seen one, only hearing stories from the Elder Virgin.” The blind man thought deeply. How did he feel? He had never been never been asked that. He was convinced that God had put him in a position inferior because he himself was an inferior man. But how did he feel deep down? He thought long, then spoke.

“Dinton is a good man. I believe him to be the second coming of Christ. Whatever actions he takes are very important to the master plan of the entire universe.” The blind man truly believed this. Not having eyes, he had a lot of time to sit and think, which can be dangerous when you have religious folk coming to your cave trying to convert you. They know how to plant seeds within the mind so they will not leave. They told the blind man the story of Jesus, literal. Word for word of the Bible, without the concept of what a metaphor even is, the blind man believed it all: Noah's Ark, Sermon on the Mount, Genesis; every story of every disciple was directly transmitted from the book and imprinted within the deepest wrinkles of his mind. He would pray for purpose everyday, wishing for a disciple to come and lead the way

for him. Really, how was he going to lead the way for himself? He was fucking blind! That's why when he met Dinton, he believed in him fully because every word he spoke gave him the feeling he gained from another reading the Bible to him. He was at peace and needed not to think any longer, because all was clear light.

"A religious man," said the virgin. It would have normally been a question, but this woman was wiser than most. The blind man had already stated that he was, indeed, a religious man. She was merely restating to clarify an abstract picture within her own mind. She swam, a dove swanning and gliding, another magnificent creature. Dressed in her own skin, her honest lips moved with sincerity.

"You truly are magnificent, your body is perfect and has any one ever told you that your eyes shine more beautiful than any sunrise or sunset?" She extended her hand in love of a very pure form. Dinton stared back, his eyes growing and growing and he couldn't remember what he was doing. Those eyes gripped him, entranced him like no other. He blushed and stared, awkward for the first time.

"Thank you." He stared away. "So what's your name?"

"Lilian."

"That's very pretty."

"Thank you."

"You have very pretty hair. I really like your red locks."

"Thank you." She responded, quivering from tingling shivers. "Is it true what they say? Are you the one?" Lilian questioned. The pierced stare ripped him into a pool of still vibration.

"I guess."

Just then the room grew into a respectful silence. The Elder Virgin had arrived and paved her path to the front of the room where a podium stood like a skinny assistant and symbol for her leadership. She was to speak and all were to remain in an un-obstructing silence so she may perform her mind to the best wishes of the community. She led every ritual towards righteousness daily and set her sights and self into the mass of nudist nation. She spoke.

"We are here today as a necessary piece of the process to fulfill our island's prophesy. I have worked my whole life to maintain our days to match its frequency and function. I was there, twenty years ago to the day, on the shore of Shy Pride Beach when the Giant Squid had washed up." The blind man's interest was immediately heightened, having caught word of something so familiar to him.

The Elder Virgin carried on with her speech. "I approached this Giant Squid, sensing a divinity which morphed me to become devout in the study of this creature. Nothing had ever occurred on this island that had seemed as strange as this. It was vital to the connection of humankind to the realm of those who had created us. It was all based off of a very impulsive emotion but I believed these were subtle surges of angelic energies being sent into us from a place of such unexplainable ascension. So I gathered a group of researchers to dissect the squid in attempts of finding some kind of holymap to magnetize the connection between us and them. Maybe they were trying to reach out to us and wanted us to prove ourselves worthy of their presence. And what we found was truly amazing." She smiled as the blind man listened closely. Just then a purple snake of intuition swam into his ear and settled deep in the gut.

It told him to wait, in whispers.

"It was a pair of ruby jewels. And we believe that it is you," she turned to Dinton and the blind man, "Dinton Yule, who is the chosen one, the prophet of God. You are somehow connected with these jewels and we would love to know... how? What do they mean? Can you help us?"

"We shall see how this plays out," Lilian remarked to Dinton with one eyebrow raised.

Dinton's sights shifted outwards, away from the personal situation with Lilian that he was a part of. It was chaotic

harmony, a pattern he had seen countless times throughout his life. He quite enjoyed watching the act of chaotic harmony. It made him feel connected.

Bark of the Blind

The snake of intuition lived within the blind man, now in control of every circuit of his cells. It told him to stand. It told him to bark. "Show me to the jewels of ruby red!" The women gathered themselves back into the unison they had once been and switched their visual focus to the form of the bark of the blind man. The blind figure stood tall, with a new personality, confidence beaming from every pore of his body. There was no indication of the timidity he had once had. He was a new man, making demands. "Show me to the jewels of ruby red!" Veins shown through his neck, squirming like the snake he was beginning to become.

The Elder Virgin stepped down from her perch and felt her way towards the voice that did speak. Walking down the corridor, next to the stretched table that carried the feast, one lengthy platter of exotic creamy crumbles. The helping hands of virgins along the way led her to where the serpent spoke his channel aloud, proud, shrouded inside of pitch-black surroundings, clouded.

She had been urging forward her entire life, always hoping for the single opportunity to transcend it all. The situation was molding together perfectly. You could smell God's glue and if you closed your eyes, you would see his grin, spinning into the dark abyss, trembling into oblivion. He hovered his phantom hand above the Elder Virgin and motioned her towards the blind snake. He was still growing as a ghost, expanding his awareness, with the sips, the sounds, the surroundings of the present existence.

The Elder Virgin took the blind man's hand and knew immediately; visions of the future flashed within her mind's eye. Turbulent shivers of horror wrecked her and her face grew as frightened as a child's worst nightmare, his first force perceived as threatening. Birthed into a pool of regression, she felt young fears, but knew within herself that now that she had seen the future, she could not change it. At least that is what she convinced herself to be true. She took his hand with her own trembling paw and spoke. "Come with me."

Rejection

Beneath the room of the feast, there was a chamber, connected to one another by the convenience of stone steps. The virgins had a medicine woman bless the steps with a ton of sage once each week, so as not to allow any negativity make a passage to the sacred scene that rests at the end of the stone steps. They reached a door covered in mist and moss. The Elder Virgin performed a whispered chant, her voice now covered in a magical green mist, the color of her notes. Creaking open, the door crept open, with no hands. Upon a pedestal on a comfy pillow of indigo royalty, the jewels of ruby red sat and slept in crimson glow. She spoke.

"You know, I had really thought that Dinton was the prophet of our island. But it was written though that the Messiah would specifically demand to see the jewels with a force as daunting as yours."

The snake inside spoke through the blind man's hands and grabbed the Elder's neck in the intimacy of murder. He was all smirks as he twisted her neck, ripping tendons and snapping her head from the support of her backbone. Dead pulp of a holy woman, seeking an answer and ending in nothing. He held the jewels in his hand. Could it be? His eyes?

Dinton stayed above with the room full of naked blushing virgins, the hopes of infinite orgy flooding his mind. He could not contain his speech, for he had no filter and allowed his inner ape to escape to the outside. "Who wants to have

sex with the best?! I know all of the right places to touch on a woman: the sensitivity of my tongue on your necks, the girth of my cock penetrating your skin tight tunnels, oozing with cream, awaiting its release! You see ladies, I am the man you want, the man you need to fulfill your island prophesy! I have been sent by God himself to take you all up into Heaven with me! But as a metaphorical key, to ascend the gates of Heaven, your unified virginity is all that is required. Then eternal bliss shall be your own.”

Lilian found words and poured them gracefully into the empty cup that was Dinton’s ear. “I speak for us all when I say that it was indeed the original plan for you to strip us of our innocence. You glow bright Dinton but it seems as though plans have changed.” Dinton’s face became infected with painful disappointment. His hopes had been high, hovering within the yearning of a hundred hungry virgins. The representative of young virgins continued, a born diplomat, “I speak for us all when I saw that you were originally the prophet within the scriptures of ancient virgin culture, the dawning of our way of life, our comfy tradition. You were not the man chosen to see the jewels. It was written that the prophet will stand tall within the eye of the feast, and will bark demands of interaction with the red rubies of which our island has been blessed. These beliefs are so precious to us, Dinton! I was personally looking forward to sleeping with you, and I’m sure the rest of us were too,” everyone nodded, “but we must follow the scripture. We are to lose ourselves to the prophet of God, and according to our elder, it is the blind man. We are sorry Dinton.”

Dinton did not wish to force rape onto these women, which is something he would have considered before, as a past Yule, but he wished to move forwards instead of backwards into the ribbons of the past. So he gathered his integrity as well as his understanding that he was not needed on the island any longer. He left the rest to the blind man and wished him the best of luck, telepathically. Dinton exited the building and took flight to the skies, in search of his next calling.

The Island of Chimps

Soaring through the skies, Dinton passed through the cotton clouds, and inhaled the breeze and the honey sunshine. Quick visions of birds, different shapes of the same kind, passed his eye, isolating the idea of oneness even further into his own mind. One was everywhere he looked. It was Himself, the Sun in the sky, the concept of Bird, the concept of Virgin. Things were beaming crystalline to him. He was not sure where all of these pieces were leading to, but he knew once the provided wisdom had become solid, he would have eternal life, infinite power, separation of the body and the mind.

A large piece of land, slightly smaller than the island of virgins appeared with the mist of the distance. Larger, it grew until he had landed upon it. His flight would have to experience a slight postpone. There was something to be done here. He was submissive, listening for the next move.

The island was a twisted maze jungle, complete with a thickened, healthy canopy, lush with the nests of countless birds. Laying their eggs then leaving their homes to chirp new lands, the cyclic continuum of life on this island. Dinton’s lens captured motion in the distance through a bush. What appeared next was the figure and form of a foreign familiar friend. Dinton could have sworn he recognized him but he was very much mistaken after having had his eyes on him for at least five seconds.

It was a small chimp, with a face as pure and natural as the blood that binds us all as well as the infinite consciousness. Dinton saw this chimp as a fellow breathing manifesto, creator, artist of life. Merely another perceiver from the main vein of life, one source.

Just another second within this energetic map of bouncing potential waves, points of focus, and vortexes of energy made manifest through intent. It was a chimp and his family formed behind him in a perfectly symmetrical pattern. The original chimp sat in the middle of a massive bunch of chimps, the biggest ones resembling gorillas but were actually

miracle chimps, bloated large with muscle through excessive tree trunk pull ups. They would not have gotten so large had it not been for those tree trunk pull ups. Dinton remembered, recalling the residue of a memory, that Buddy Brisket had enjoyed starting each day with fifty-five tree trunk pull ups. Those times were over, dead, rotten corpses of the past. Dinton set his sights forward and spoke: "Hello chimps. I am Dinton Yule. I am here because I have been put here. I come directly from the Island of Virgins that is located not too far away from here."

The tiny chimp stepped forward. "Virgins?" Dinton nodded with a slightly sloping frown and said yes.

"Yes, and they are naked. The island smells of fresh and fragrant pheromones." Jealousy bubbled inside of Dinton. Why had he not been the one to be chosen as prophet? He was Dinton Yule! The most powerful man in the universe! And they chose the blind man? The bastard got lucky. He said the right thing at the right time. It couldn't have been deeper than that. Dinton drowned, draped in jealousy and denial.

Dinton had won over the chimps through the art of persuasion, which he had always prided himself, being of great skill. He was swift in every aspect though, until violence crept into his mind. At that point, his eyes were loaded and there was no opposing force in the way to halt his beautiful arrow. When Dinton affirmed an idea, he pictured his mind glowing brilliant, bright colors, exhaling, rainbows, every wrinkle in his brain acting as a throat, pushing hands to the outside like the constant expansion.

Dinton had won over the chimps through the art of persuasion, their attention diverted into the creamy dream centers of naked virgins. Being an island of chimps (all male chimps), they had obtained personal balloons of bursting sexual desire. So as a collective, they have evolved with one another, birthing the act of having sex with moist tree holes. They have grown tired of this natural pornography though, so to them, Dinton was a sexual prophet, sent to bring them to places of pure relief. They wore masks of genuine smiles, neatly placed over the faces of sexual frustration. They spoke in human tongue as one, the small chimp acting as the mind behind them all, for he stood in front of all others. "Help us Dinton, for we are alone here, our minds clouded with fleshy desires, we only wish to clean our slates, so we may return to our true purpose...My, it would be helpful if we remembered what that purpose was, but we have been bonded into lower levels of consciousness since the Great Sex Famine, which began long ago. But that is a long story Dinton, and we have grown weary as a whole. You hear our cry, now please aid us! We know not any forms of transportation so please aid us with the intellect of a true channel! What is your genius?"

Dinton felt empowered once again. He had grown into a cold isolation since the rejection of the virgins. All of the chimps looked up to him, as if he was the Holy Father himself. Dinton's glow was beginning to grow as his momentum began to pick up, a spiritual snowball!

His eyes widened with the newly formed sack of invisible potential, hovering as a phantom within his mind's eye. The plan had been formed. He would bring all of these chimps to the Island of Virgins so they could woo them and steal the orgy away from the blind man. He did not deserve all of those women! Who did he think he was, Poon Master, Ultimate Extreme?! No, no, no. He pushed aside his moralistic perception and decided that he would put a charm spell on this chimp collective, so the virgins may be attracted to them, to the point which their vaginas were the magnetic north pole to the chimps' cocks (the attracting south pole). He was dipping back down deep into the blackened shadows of mental swamps, but he was addicted to immediate power, an addict's quick fix. Then he would kill the blind man for being the cause of all of this emotional distress. Dinton let the rays of the sweet sun beams burst upon his scalp of thickened sweat n' dirt.

"Yes, I know the perfect form of transportation my friends." Dinton scanned the crowd, ingesting their obedient eyes, converting their gazes into an energetic fuel for his satanic ego. "I will teach you a technique that will never leave you stranded again! The secrets of the birds with the beaks! You, my chimps, will be ascended by invisible wings, terrific

flight!” The chimps all cheered and followed Dinton onto the sandy shores. All the chimps learned to fly quickly and set their sights to the soaring skies. Just before departure, a chimp came from the forest with plea in his eyes.

“Wait! Wait! Take me with you, please! Teach me to fly! I don’t want to be left here all alone!” Dinton glared down at the chimp and screamed aloud, the bellow of an angry god.

“I DON’T HAVE TIME FOR LAST MINUTE CHIMPS!” Dinton sent down the rigid bolt of Zeus and struck the chimp dead, a sizzled pile of monkey ash. The flock of chimps took to the skies, their direction aimed forwards, to the Island of Virgins.

Triangular Flight

Dinton led the flock of featherless flyers through the soaring skies, the hands of wind acting as the force of resistance. Many of the chimps formed their own forces of resistance within their own minds, for they were not evolved to the point which they could control their thoughts. They could only heed word from the depths of their tiny chimp guts. Some thought to themselves: “This does not seem right. Only birds have the ability to fly. How is this even possible?” The chimps that thought such things fell to their deaths in the sea below, having lost their faith in the flight. Oh yes, I forgot to inform you that the number of chimps was slightly higher than the number of virgins, but now that the last minute chimp, as well as those of little faith had met the grips of grim death, the numbers were evenly matched. What a coincidence! Do not let me sway you though with this subtle sarcasm. I’d like for all of us (writer and readers) to share the same wavelength of thought, so I must express the truth that there is no such thing as chaotic coincidence. One can see, all can see.

The faithless chimps added volume to the sea below, one by one. Ordinarily, an animal would not die from such a height, falling into a body of water, which is free of any toxic chemicals, by the way. The cause of death is much more graphically gruesome than one caused by chemicals. Through certain spots in the ocean, there are jagged rocks poking their sharpened heads out of the water. Anyways, the chimps of ill faith dropped softly like snow into the sharp sea while the perfect formation began to shift shapes, having lost some of its members. The shape of the mass had now formed into a triangle. We could all learn something from the triangle. In an ordinary state of mind, Dinton would have picked up on the symbolism immediately, but his mind was mud with the aid of his obscene and twirling ego, a vortex of the black light energy. The chimps did not notice. Their minds were mud with the aid of their sexual desires.

From behind Dinton, a force moved forward. It was an energy focused on revenge, a blackened gassy heart leaking from within its own chambers. It flew quick, swift, and graceful, a knife in the blue eyed chimp’s hand. It was Francis who stabbed and dragged the neck of Dinton, exposing his vertebrae to the oxygen. Dinton had not felt so much pain in his life. Well, the only time worse than this was wrapped within the shame and humiliation of his great bout with the Sun.

Francis shrieked into Dinton’s ear, “You sick fuck! Swallow your death whole so you may drop into the rapid, shifting seas beneath you! Die you bastard!” He was still angry that Dinton had made love to his baboon wife. They were on bad terms, worse now. The cut in his neck was a fleshy canyon, swallowing the passing breezes. Enough wind had moved inside of Dinton’s body to bloat him like a blimp. Deflating himself and resurrecting the skin of his gash, Dinton engulfed himself within the flames of his deepest hatred. It was Hades inside, waterfalls of liquid fire and thick gripped destruction pulsating in patterns for all to feel. The more intuitive chimps focused their eyes on what was going on at the tip of the pack. It really was a beautiful sight. From an island not too far away, one would see a triangular flock of chimps being led by a man gushing streams of blood, making the sea below a bit more human. It was a scene that would morph itself in an instant into a melody of memories, each second perfectly placed into those soaring skies.

Darkness

Back on the island, Blind admired the rubies within the home of his hand. They sparkled and shined, glittered and gleamed, bursting outwards with the eternal force that has always been. He had troubles inside, a new found power struggle between the angels and the demons, inside of himself. He then realized, the blind man holding these precious jewels, that they seemed to resemble (using his sense of touch) something so familiar to him long ago. But what was it...? Sparks flew within the darkness of the maze until his focus resolved into a bright razor beam inside of the spinning imagination that was his own mental chambers. One ruby in each hand, he pushed his energy into his palms, then pushed his palms up towards his empty eye sockets. And a perfect fit it was! They had been his own eyes the whole time, having been gathered within the ancient amber of the Kraken's crimson stomach fluids, which gave it this blood red shine.

It was loosening now, floating its essence from the surface of the eye. As it came loose, it spread like vapor and mixed with the snake like energies that had already been present within the head. Their target was the brain and took flight into the weakness of its wrinkles. Blind began to lose control of the bright light spirit within, as the eyes of demons did sprout horns through the tip of his top. Pulsing through the blind man's skin, now becoming physically visible. It was an overflow from the spiritual realm, manifesting now as a physical nature. Black snakes wrapped in midnight gas forced themselves through the enlarged pores of his skin. He needed not to chase any ideal any longer, for he was the embodiment of Evil. The concept of all Darkness focused right here, in the displacement of the ritual. The formation was complete and He was born.

Soaring through Skies

Back into the eyes of Dinton, he grew closer to the blind man and his virgins with his flock of chimps, sweet revenge on his mind. His entire life had been leading up to the fulfillment of this orgy and now, he was not the one to be chosen! Dinton thought deeply for a time. He was being fueled by the same source. There was a face behind all of this, he thought. Not only did he think these concepts into existence, he was being fed these concepts through his mother of thought, the favored face and keeper of the womb. She made Dinton feel rooted, connected to all. She turned him into the receiver, a vessel of information, making Dinton feel slightly out of control. He convinced himself that this Mother was merely a helper of who he was ascended above. Or was he just the pawn in her twisting torsion? All of this thought confused him. All problems swam into the exotic emptiness of these foreign skies. They were now the abyss, the Great Stagnation. These thoughts of tense torsion were free to roam as they pleased, boundless and invisible, never finding home.

Darkness

The virgins, having been dehumanized through the blind demand that they shave their heads, clung to the faith of their prophesy and could only pray that their story would end well. Perhaps this occurrence was merely unwritten within the scriptures, so that it may serve as a test of their faith. Whatever it was, the slaves stayed strong with their false freedom. Blind had set a throne for himself, constructed through the hands of the strongest slaves. T'was made from purest crystal quartz which he believed would cleanse and purify all energy that could potentially stain the focus of his rule. There were no homes for the women because they weren't allowed to sleep. When they were not working, they were constantly being

stabbed with endless whippings. Each strike struck the spirits, forcing them to spit their souls into the black gas of reality. They had been tied and stabbed through the kneecaps. When he discovered that this led to them not being able to work properly, he tapped into the powers of his holy eyes and sent all back in time, before he had stabbed their kneecaps. Instead he stabbed a spike through the right eye of each woman, and tossed the eyes into the ocean beyond the shore. Into the infinite skyline.

The entire island was bare now.

There were no trees in sight.

All was stretching land.

The fields had been plowed and the sharp seeds had been planted. Each virgin had shed blood, the pools dripping from their fingertips into the ground, where the seed had been lain. The virgins were exhausted and were forbidden to speak to each other. They were not allowed to unify in any way and would be put to death if they made eye contact with each other. Many had gotten disturbingly well at tuning out each others' existence and had forgotten that there was any life on the island besides that of their new leader. Many had grown fond of him.

He had cut out their tongues with a dull rock that he had found in the water of Shy Pride Beach. He had cut off their thumbs with the same stone.

Approaching

Dinton and chimps were coming closer.

Darkness

So here we are, on an island with an ultimate ruler. Evil to the core, snake energies flowing through his entire being. This darkness triggered by the eyes he had lost so long ago. These eyes, having been stained by the stomach fluid of the Kraken. Sent from some place, it has all come together. One pulsing creature, this situation, experiencing itself through separate perceptions. Sacred twisting tentacles, spinning through eternity. The virgins thought to themselves as a whole, "What has happened? Who is this man? Why?" Tears covered their faces day and night, day and night. They had lost all sense of themselves as individuals as well as a society. Their culture was that of a pawn now. They were trapped like cages. Hope was growing thin. He whipped them, stabbed them in the back, killed many through the slitting of throats. Many collapsed through loss of faith, their souls giving up. Their fight was over.

He gathered their tears and watered the soil of the sharp seeds with it. Salt, water, and blood. They grew out as thick whips extending their reach twenty feet, slapping the ground like testy tentacles on an obnoxious octopus. They wrapped their plant arms around the necks of each virgin, pulled them into the air and swung the rag dolls. Satisfied with the amount of terror that they had received, he ordered the plants to put each of the woman down but kept the arms around their necks. He had done it, achieved complete control of the island. But he was hungry and wanted more. What could he have now? Scanning their naked bodies, he slapped his forehead within a mist of insight and said, "Of course! We have not yet fulfilled the ritual of my true master! How could I have forgotten?" He had been so caught up in his own egotistical games that he had forgotten to grant gratitude to the one he owed all credit to. Because really, he had not done all of this work by himself, and he knew it.

Being blind for so long, he had been able to tap into certain places in his mind that no ordinary man could. He had searched the darkest corners of his mind, looking for something more. He had known that his vision had been taken from him for a reason and he had made it his life's purpose to discover why. After years of meditating, a voice swam into

his mind. It was the presence of something powerful. This force, being so powerful, was able to disguise itself as something it was not. It told the blind man that it was an angel, for it had knowledge of his religious interest. It spoke of wonderful wings that could create waves of enlightenment into any man whoever so had faith in him. It spoke of the blind man's favorite quotes from the Bible, having read the blind man's mind. It won him over and invited him into ultimate salvation, so long as the blind man continued to communicate with him. After each meeting with the "angel", both grew stronger, mutually. With each visit, the gate between imagination and reality became slightly more obtuse. The blind man fed the "angel" information of the human spirit and sacrificed a great deal of time in order to transcend within the Divine.

On the island, the ruler released a chant from his deepest guttural, sounding like a bursting beast. He ordered the virgins to follow his chant or he would kill them. Their fear led them to follow, so they chanted. "Now, fuck each other!" He looked over all of the virgins from an ascended place, looking down on all of them. "NOW, GODDAMMIT!" They looked each other in the eyes and pulled each other close. Expelling every beautiful emotion they had, they sweetly touched tongues, pressing their breasts against each other. They had enjoyed this more than they had expected they would. All of them laid down in a pile and began to make sweet love, each of them with a finger in another. "Now, this was beautiful", he thought to himself. "All of this spiritual momentum, a sacrifice to my Lord! Now, I must insert the final piece. My piece!" He jumped down and raped the entire orgy. It was not easy, for he had to maintain the endurance of a madman. But he had completed the task and had spread his sperm in monstrous amounts all over the orgy. Masks of black semen covered every face, melting onto the ground below. He chanted the final bellow, wishing to unlock the sacred force that he had been communicating with for so long. Dinton landed with his flock of chimps onto the sanded scene of semen, black. He ceased his chant and stepped forth, towards his challenge.

Dinton did not know what it was he was looking at. This was not the same man he had left here before. Was this all part of the prophesy? Of course it was, thought Dinton. This man had red eyes and glowed intensely with an energy more powerful than anything he had ever experienced. You could see the faint aura of sparks cracking like fireworks off of his body. Dinton had lost interest in all revenge after he had seen what poison the virgins were in. They lay there in a pile with their heads shaved, their right eyes stabbed out, thumbs cut off. They had turned the sand of the island red and wore black, melting masks. Dinton was nothing but confusion in his mind. He knew, though, that it was this man that had done it. He needed no explanation. He was a man of action and walked forward, towards him.

"Dinton Yule!" the man boomed his voice, which spread across the surface of the entire planet. It went in one direction, circled the earth, and made its way back into the ears of all for a second time. "It's so good to see you! Look at what I have created for us! We are an Island of Virgins richer. Their will is our own and we have infinity right in front of us. There is nothing we cannot do Dinton! I have obtained the jewels and am now all powerful!" A ball of disgust formed within Dinton's stomach, realizing the gold that could be done in a moment such as this. Dinton held the man by the throat and demanded that he let all of the virgins go. He smiled back at Dinton and sliced his hand off with a sharpened fingernail. Dinton stood back, a pond of blood pouring out onto the sand below. He regenerated his hand, a trick he had learned from a newt from his youth.

"You dare challenge me?" questioned Dinton, the golden god. Dinton shot barbed wire from his eyes and wrapped Blind within its cocoon, laying him on a reddened spot on the sand. The chimps and the virgins watched intently, their minds basking in the bath of this warping reality. Dinton no longer wished to do evil deeds. The emotion he was now receiving for doing what he truly believed to be the right path was more ascended than anything he had ever felt. How had he passed this up for so long? How had he been so blind? It was all so clear to him now. He tightened the barbed cocoon, enveloping Blind in the spikes. It pulled him tighter and closer to death. He had an eternity of emotions to spill but thought better than to release them. There is no language to express, he thought. There is no point to express.

This is my time and I shall die, by the hand of a man greater than I. The snake spirits left the blind man's body and spread throughout the universe, once again. With his mouth agape, the jewels within the sockets turned to ash. He was dead as the ash fled into the wind, intending to follow the snakes that had escaped.

The virgins shouted in unison, "You saved us!" The virgins looked to Dinton. "How can we ever repay you?" Dinton did not view these women as sexual objects anymore. He was a better man, now. Dinton spoke.

"You know, it was the chimps that requested we come back to this island. They said that they felt as if there was something wrong not too far from here. I told them I had just come from an island of deep prophesy. They demanded that we come back. So really, it is the chimp's intuition that saved you, not I. I was merely the brute strength and that is nothing to be proud of." The virgins stood, wide eyes. They set their sights now on the chimps.

"You saved us! We wish for you all to be our husbands forever and always!" The chimps all looked at each other, Francis letting out little monkey giggles. Every other chimp was struck with fear and took flight to the skies as quickly as their tiny monkey bodies would allow them to. A flock of wide-eyed chimps took to these soaring skies, after having watched the most influential thing they would ever see. They now strove to be heroes, forever and always.

The Country and the Train

As Dinton voyaged across America, he met many people, many kind people, and he smiled and bowed upon those that let him sleep and eat in their abodes. Dinton drank Cokes on a porch, watching the thick road of a small town unravel, the townsfolk surely feeling the waves of Dinton Yule amongst their morning wake. Embracing departure but respecting hospitality, Dinton shook the hands of his hosts, the warmth of palms in the early sun, and tenderly left the wet eyes of those so struck by his unshakable essence. He traveled on, refusing to fly, and did not mind sleeping on his back in the anonymous dark grass under a thousand luminous stars.

Dinton decided it was an all right country. As another dark night settled in, he walked along the edges of ancient railroad tracks, tracks silent as ghosts. It is then easy to understand how startled Dinton was when he heard the blaring belch of the train's screech, smoke consuming the sky like industrial nightmares. The train roared with the power of something freed, charging and charging and charging. Dinton stepped from the tracks and simply stood, admiring the bravery and the function of it all. It was then that he saw Hank, who stood atop the train, content and triumphant, even with a smile, despite his horrible bleeding demeanor. Hank was waving at Dinton and it took a long time for Dinton to again find his mind. Dinton raised his hand and offered a simple wave. Hank faded into the night.

It is the Widow's Code to be in Repulsion to Swooners

The flowers bloomed pathetically. Dinton arrived of her new house, flushed, worried, and waited, suspiciously dressed in cashmere. Once she let him in he knew he was done. They were at the bottom of a large flight of stairs with a very large overlook. Dinton was ominous, war sadness scientific, movements frail, eyes not knowing how to glide, completely unable to make his precious swoon. She did not expect such a visitor. Audrey knew she would have to tame her combating emotions soon, like the pulling of horses. She had not expected such a visitor. Meanwhile, the man in the next room, sprawled out on a reclining soothing couch, grew worried without Audrey. She took care of him. It was called psychoanalysis. Removing himself from his corpse position, he approached the pair. Dinton heard fluttering upstairs. "Oh, Dinton, you've come at a dreadful instant," Audrey said, anticipating the resentment of her forgotten patient.

"Huh?" said Dinton.

“Who the fuck are you?” stomped the patient, with veins very sick in the head.

The enigmatic therapist sneered. “This is an old patient of mine. I assume he has no place else to turn to.” Audrey was erect and confident. She made no caring embracing movements. Dinton crumbled, crying like a soft island, like clouds drifting by. The patient studied him, his own quaint sadness trumped.

“Audrey, I love you, you crazy cunt. Can’t a man change?”

“You’re a sad mess Dinton, a sad incurable mess,” said Audrey.

The lingering patient took Dinton in his arms and told him it was all right, that love did not exist. Dinton flung him off into space, through the chimney, a curt scream, a burst of blood through bricks, a senseless deed but a hearty deed. Dinton’s heart beat madly with hatred. Audrey’s eyes were hard to read from her tears. A significant portion of the house sank into the green android grass, letting in streams of golden sunlight onto Dinton and Audrey. “Call up some Mexicans, you bitch.” And then Dinton was gone.

Dinton Thompson

He was standing there like a neglected statue in the street, biting his nails; Dinton was, when down the road he spotted a long black Mercedes easing with slow tires, hood wet and bouncing with pummeling meek rain. The Mercedes was wet with not only rain but an aura of misery as well. Dinton picked up on this. He could detect sorrow like a bat detects necks.

The rain bounced off the hood, tears that suck back into the eyes. Misery was uncommon for Mercedes at the time, though this auto was doused with it, was driving with it.

Windows rolled down abruptly while a man peered out wearing a bowler hat, his pipe of smoke billowing from under a great English moustache. His accent begged for ears, amongst the loudness of rain. “Excuse me sir, do you have a moment?” He was wearing a suit that was clean, spotless and crumless as the inside of his car. He was courteous and respectful, aware that men standing in the rain don’t like to have their time wasted.

Dinton took steps and gave himself to the presence. The driver’s face was stern yet sensitive. His car was very dry on the inside. Dinton smelled leather. “Sure friend. What has happened to you?”

The man puffed his pipe. Looking ahead, he then took a long drag of easy oxygen. “My son,” he began. “My son, he died last night. His heart stopped beating. He was dead before breakfast.”

Dinton failed to respond, not immediately at least. “You sound like a good father. You sound tolerant.”

“Don’t have much to be tolerant of now,” the man replied, looking away.

“Was he sick?” questioned Dinton.

Mr. Norwood looked full of angry sorrow. “Sicker than an eighty-five year old man. He was only six years old god damn it.” Dinton witnessed the tear, which the Englishman had tried to hide. It dropped like a salty bomb from the man’s sad brown eye. Dinton took note of it. The father looked behind him, to the casket, where his son slept eternally. “My name’s Mr. Norwood, by the by.”

“Mine’s Dinton. My son also died yesterday.”

Mr. Norwood underwent a metamorphosis, went from opening his heart and identity to clenching his English fists, his eyes spewing rage and frustration. “You dare jest? Black! What a black sense of humor you have! How dreadful! I ought to...”

Dinton’s face did not dare alter. It stayed the same. “No, it’s true. Please listen. His heart. He died of a weak heart as well. I buried him last night. I...I cried more than the rain you see before you...I still haven’t told my wife...I feel like I’m going to die.” Dinton was beaming into sorrowful brown eyes. He shed a tear. Dinton immediately became very

proud of that tear. He always had ambitions of becoming a great actor.

Mr. Norwood was dumbfounded at what was set before him, like an unusual dinner. Dinton had sold his little fib. The Englishman was indeed persuaded by the stranger's curious and coincidental tale. "Has this world gone mad?" quaffed Mr. Norwood.

"So you see, we have met for a reason. This is hardly an encounter to be neglected," Dinton said.

"Get in. Get in now, sir. I simply insist. Let us share our woes. We shouldn't be alone. You shouldn't be in the rain. I shouldn't be miserable. I will bury my son next to yours."

Dinton hesitated but stepped inside. Next to Mr. Norwood, he situated himself up front, the dead son behind them like a cruel joke. "It's a new car Dinton, a Mercedes."

Dinton instructed the driver to advance north, simply waiting for a graveyard to appear. Stories and observations would be swapped in the meantime. Mr. Norwood mainly took control, his gums flapping to ease the soul. He explained of his roots in England and his pilgrimage to America, six years ago when the Statue of Liberty was given a new coat of green. Mr. Norwood loved that green. He wanted his son to grow up in America because he was so sick of England, the way the food tasted, the ugliness of its inhabitants, the way England reminded him of the color gray. America was a rich red orange, he explained.

"Still sporting the bowler though?" Dinton quipped.

"Oh my yes. The only hat for me. Couldn't manage a baseball cap. I tried my hand at three different teams," he responded in a thick British accent.

"I never cared too much for sports," Dinton responded.

Inside, their hearts filled with tears. They both had lost sons. Rotting corpses plagued their minds. The Englishman had class and he refused to cry. Dinton couldn't cry unless he was lying.

"I've seen what tears bring. I'm not going to let them get the best of me," Mr. Norwood said sniffing.

Dinton started to cry. It started as an acting bit but half way through the performance he realized that the tears were real. The tears were like little caskets. For the first time in his life, his heart was not filled with hatred. Tears continued to weep. It was a livestock of emotion.

Then Mr. Norwood started to cry. It was a very liberating experience. Sobbing faces spoke a new wet language. The graveyard was coming up. Dinton probably would have missed it if it hadn't been for a horse in the middle of the road. Actually, the horse was leaving the graveyard, having just galloped through tombstones. The rain accentuated her impressive stature.

"Look a horse!" cried Dinton.

Mr. Norwood slammed his brakes to avoid the travesty. The horse raised its front legs into the air and neighed loudly as a crack of thunder struck all silence, heavily huffing through its nostrils, standing proud and staring intently. Dinton stepped out from the car and into the rain. Dinton stared at the horse. She responded, "Nee." She responded "Nee." Dinton began to think of Maria.

The gates of the graveyard were on the right. The truth was, there were no gates. Dinton told Mr. Norwood to park, that they were already here. Mr. Norwood had only one care and one shovel. Dinton looked at Mr. Norwood and he knew it was time. They both took out the casket and lugged it through the gates. The casket had the weight of ten children.

They weren't talking. Just carrying. The grass was absorbent of tombstones. The two men passed the tombstones as if they were puddles in an intricate maze. The tombstones were subservient to the weather. Had the rain been blue, so too would the tombstones. Had the rain been orange, so too would the tombstones. But the rain never did change colors. Rain was, and always has been, the transparency of tears.

Elderly tombstones stared dead at the two men and the casket. Dinton carried the majority of the casket, Mr. Norwood, sickly weak from the illness of grief. He could barely walk forward. Heavily, rain continued to pour. Mud seeped, grappling them, each step, each step like the divinity of oppression.

"Goddamnit," impolitely screamed the Englishman. He dropped the casket. The body lay in place. "I could have done more," he said to Dinton, tears pouring like the rain that fell on his bowler. "I could have read to him at night when he was asleep. I could have whispered I love you in his ear when he was afraid. I could have played with him in the park instead of working extra shifts for a job that didn't matter, that never mattered." In his tortured misery, he couldn't pity himself. He sunk in the soil, a rock without purpose. "How could this happen?"

"I am terrified, a child nonetheless, a man who died decades ago. And of what, of who, only myself!" Dinton responded, exclaiming his words with brute honesty as the casket skated across the mud. Falling to that wet, clean earth, the men sank, another tomb washed down the graveyard's hill.

Both the men felt deader than earth.

The Englishman found forgiveness in his tears.

Dinton felt his soul lift as he stared deeply inside the dead boy's open casket, his dead eyes staring back at him, dead white. Honest tears fell into the boy's open eyes, his own eyes reflecting back as a mirror.

Dinton never realized he had such big, beautiful, blue eyes.