

# Psychic TV, Terminus - Xtul

Quiet and hooded, his eyes stared out, small hands make patterns on the window. Body shifting on wood, dog outside the door, flickering memories as trains maneuver in the old men's eyes. Forever part of a sleeping world, waiting for him to come. Lost dreams of childhood forgotten like hope. These lives are grey stones made for cemeteries, this time the victim is desired, like misery. He stepped down from the train, dust on road and clothes, across the way a boy was grinning, hard-on obvious in torn grey trousers inherited from an earlier victim of the white horse. Filing past the flowers and signs full of dreams, light of night filtering where wood tiles slipped, into that darkness. Each ritual makes demand, a hopeless coil of expensive death affirming our existence. The direction never changes, never falters. Along those derelict lines lines to journey's end. Small hands smear juice on flesh squeezing tight crinkling of skin against worn eyes. There is no need of light. Somewhere, in the secret cathedral, small movements, the whole area covered in sheets of snow, pitted by huts. He had no expectations, there was no reason, breathing short as the text on the wall. Whenever the dog moved, the night trembled, shimmering like water moved by leaves in a forest. Marks of cold spray in the dust, as in the future faded by choice. Our appetite for miracles is not enough. Here, only animals remain, immaculate, seduced by pain. Ending fear into specters of welcome. Floor stained with patients. The moment of least action. He moved like a rat in rubble toward the sheets of snow, awake and empty, like an old house, the place where all dreams meet. "He was grinning before he jumped"

Las night the boy came. Open arms. Black hair. Strong. Empty pale face. A volunteer. Unsure of why he came. Seduced by pain. A faded painting. Waiting for release, he blinked, looked up at the ceiling, let out a tiny gasp praying for oblivion.

No engines anymore. The machine engine's stopped. No ghosts of death playing in the grass. Just simple, as you would expect. No physical core. No smiles of love from pitted carriages. Just an empty town. Derelict. No way to identify. Sound playing across skin like fingers. Just as empty as flesh. What do you want? Nothing in particular. No reason at all. Just a noise of dreams at the door. Just as before. Did you see that?

This is the place where all roads meet, the place where all is the secret. The Place where time stands still in the comfort of night and love becomes will in the presence of light. I never want to leave. I never want to leave. I never want to leave.