

Soul Coughing, Moon Sammy

Moon Sammy walks. Across the floor. Below the floor. There is a wall.
Behind the wall. There is a chair. Moon Sammy knows. The chair is there.

But that's OK, that's OK, you can do that--if you're wound up, full of tension,
incoherent. Your mouth is buttered with lies; you ask why, but you could
call it enigmatic; all your thoughts about the chair are full of static.
Automatically your mind goes down the stairwell to the chair; your body
says Moon Sammy, can you come back?

Strum it.

Moon Sammy washes. In the sink. Below the sink. There is a drain. The drain
goes straight. Into the sea. The sink itself. Is porcelain.

Obsess yourself with causality. The information you hear is a loophole,
technicality. Behind every object is a mathematic; an obscure substance
infused with a kinetic force, energy, an obscure conscience shoots a gun at
the feet the world dances.

Babylon, mystery, mother of harlots, and all these abominations of the
earth, that sits on many waters, drunk with the blood of the martyrs of
Jesus.

And I wondered with great admiration.