



Scales work by imaginative analogy, and with the aid of words, a fragment from the past curls up in the present moment. Hanging around in oblique participation...

*"Vengon' coprendo l' aer di nero amanto  
E Lampi, e tuoni ad annuntiarla eletti  
Indi tacendo questi, gl' Augelletti;  
Tornan' di nuovo al lor canoro incanto:*

*Thunderstorms, those heralds of Spring, roar,  
casting their dark mantle over heaven,  
Then they die away to silence,  
and the birds take up their charming songs once more"*

Its costing fifty-five pence a minute for this call, and I've smoked my last cigarette. Four seasons: Spring. Every time I hear this allegro that's another four pounds.



I can feel every line of the grain of this oak, as its sliced body rests against my forehead, my body resting against this cold table - speakerphone is on. Thinking  
- A Pagan Oak is Strong,  
it endures.

In this perpetual glow the plants know not the seasons anymore.  
Summer slips into Autumn,  
Autumn in Winter, Spring is just Winter, there is no Spring.  
Samhain;  
the year slips into its darkest half. It was once believed an age of  
darkness heralds an age of light. After the Empire collapsed; a long  
dark age. An empire that collapsed in decadence, guilt and hate.  
*Pax Romana*, die away to silence, and the birds take up nothing  
once more.

∣

It's late fall. Born to encapsulate a kingdom, the forest is a fence  
from an outside that broke with the inside. Some last graceful  
leaves are balancing on the branches. It's difficult to accept decay  
when it's your own. Metamorphic is the timbre of the fall, and  
distinction makes some visible.

To summarize a year can lead to a conquest of the mind. Ghost  
stories offer bare skeletons to come. They stay. "What's there?"  
This is a group of four walking through the woods. With garments  
that sweep the rocks from green moss, they stir the leaves to  
microscopic whirlwinds. Story is simple: they found faith in a past  
that offered consolidation in historical voids.

*There*, is a pocket in the oak. Illuminated by their excitement for  
clues hiding in places hidden from sight, their leader grasps  
through the hole. Similar to falling through the hole in a pocket,  
finding all those missing pennies in the lining of the jacket. Her  
voluminous sleeves entangle with the bark that ornaments the  
entrance, but her instinct is trained, and from the oak she pulls a  
rolled paper, tied up and all. Unfolds and reads.

I get a night bus home.  
Its nearing 6 a.m.

*"Nomine Patris, et Filii, et.."*

I buy a Fanta®  
to wash out the taste of sick.

#

A pagan oak is strong,  
it endures.

Inside.

A group of men in suits perched on stools, all over 60 or 70, or something like that, I'd say. All of them overweight, arranged as if blind, speechless, in a dark bar-room on the first floor.

She introduces me to them, but none of them to I. She has asked me not to speak until I am told to, or I won't get paid. They don't smile, some of them whisper, others drink. Its as if I can taste the vomit from my dream. I want to order a drink - I want her to offer to buy me a drink. A glass of water. Clearing my throat.

When she finally addresses me she says, "what does it say there, above the door?"

*You are nineteen or so. Your father is a lawyer, you have had piano lessons since age six. Your mother is dead, and your sister is ill.*

*"ILLE CUM, TU SINE"*

And I'm thinking, fuck, these Tories are going to make me take off my clothes. They're whispering amongst themselves. I'm trying to make conversation, "who's that in the photo?" pointing to the far wall, I say. My stool is plastic, the veneer is blistering. I feel as if I'm slowly disintegrating. Silence. More whispering. For fucks sake.

The tallest - I can tell we have the same condition, his voice confirms it;  
"Alessandro Moreschi", he says,  
with an auspicious tone.

"My son, you are entering a new echelon of benefits, all this owing to you endocrine glands, you know.."

↓

I'm on a dark street, surrounded by industrial buildings, glass and marble storehouses, storefront shutters rattling in the distance; no windows; no lights. A road surges in the distance, but beyond this silence.

The sky is a hungover blue - slept with its makeup on - and either alcohol or *it*, makes me want to throw up. Do you know what it's like to throw up in your sleep? Retching without a body, trying to find peace.

I enter a building that smells like piss and finally hurl from the stairwell to the balcony as I'm walking. Behind the wall is a small congregation, Tabernacle Church Ministry of G.O.D. The light is washed out, now, my ears are ringing, and then I notice the voices of birds.

↓

"The concern and the consideration belongs to another. But the sacrifice is mine. I have been asked no questions, agency needs to be reconsidered when your body is programmed to alterate.

Situated in someone else's blur of distinction, I inhabit the immobile threshold more than the person surpassing. An operation is a temporal demarcation, what follows is an alteration, a simplification of an embodiment of uncertainty."

♩

The birds, the birds which sound like ringtones, ringtones from a decade prior to now.

What's more, a bird is on this balcony,  
it says to me:

*"Grand Vals, Francesco Tarrenga, Nineteen-Oh-Two".*

Silence. Another bird has begun to peck at the trail of vomit running down the stairwell. More and more of these tiny birds, pecking, chirping, Grand Vals, Francesco Tarrenga, Nineteen-Oh-Two.

I wake up

Silence.

Hello?

*Pax Americana*

*"...die away to silence, and the birds take up their charming songs once more"*

Six-teen Great British Pounds.

Fuck.

♪

There is no time to explain, so I say this: with the rejection of the written as testimony, some doors close. Preempt all metaphors available! (Amputation here collides with muscle memory). In accordance to the cultivation of a preference, the leader rolls up the paper and ties it. She returns it in the oak.

♪

I remember I could hear Vivaldi - His house is full of sexless angels, reproductions of icons - the scent of Frankincense and Damask Rose.

You text me, amongst other things, "why vivaldi? - the red priest who writes holy vibrations for abandoned angels.."

Cessate! Omai,

Cessate.

My fingers are blistering,

Stop!

♩

They've replaced the words with a formula of the unsaid. It's like everything had been dissolved. How unfortunate you missed it. It didn't happen. But some said it was like a crescendo culminating in deafness. They witnessed how he trespassed release. It brought them clearer sight even.

♪

It began when she approached me in the street, near Regents Park or something, I don't know. I remember it was a mild November, or maybe it was earlier in the year,  
I don't know.

Above the entrance is a woodcarving to commemorate this dutiful guild, the scored eyes of the artisans holding it aloft, one catches my stare.