

The Arrival

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[November 2016 version]

Prelude I

There is no summer.

There is no winter.

There is no night.

There is no day.

There are tides.

There is the moon.

There are no paths.

There is no earth into which to carve
the paths.

There are no implements,

no hand-tools,

no sticks and bones,

left to handle

to carve the paths

into the earth.

Prelude II

Tonight something extraordinary happened.

I saw a light where there could be no light
And a face that could never be a face was there
A face of light emerging from the light.

The face in the light was the face of a man
But a man like this man I have never seen before
His face of light is brighter than the sun.

I will go down to the creek with a bucket
I will fill that bucket with water.

I will throw this water all over that man's face
And put him out forever.

The Arrival

Caliban: “You taught me language: and my profit on’t
Is, I know how to curse.”

- William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

I

One day a man came to the garden who wanted to fight me. “Fight his brains out,” they said, for my family despised brainiacs. We live in a city now, not a garden. All cities are jungles, they say, and in all jungles everything fights rampantly. *Fight it right*. And Zealand does until you taste now without trouble. At first he watches the body as he does. He drinks milk and honey: that which with diamond floes from a bottle you are to be ranked over and then claimed into setting. And no shirt, no stockings, no trousers but shame. Still shame. Still – still sailors and their sad songs for lovers lost at every port. A man pleads it is a true reward, like good gossip or good-speak or gods’ speech – this sense of him. Captain Cook takes his first delight in the pure notion of questing. Still whiskey – still whiskey and rum. But I always feign sleep, melting fine into his waking me. At first he watches, stuffs it down as he does and then choke. But I always feign until Zealand cannot breathe, cannot see. Now he drinks he does not trouble me. He drinks. Stored in a tiny stone box, resistance hangs from the broad throat to hear that high, long echo and a key burning, like from a bottle on the table and then into the bed with me. They are so beautiful my throat goes tight and I see the city when Zealand and his captain laugh.

And Captain Cook becoming my father, and Zealand my father, my father laughing loudest like the laughter is bread. I take the yellow hair of fighting, the type that leads home and not far. Ocean. The ocean is a stone mound, a mausoleum, a trap. He’s stealthy. He unfurls the ancient blanket, as white as the sun. One being so white and so named you want white thoughts. Zealand does not want me to see the colour of morning. If he could, he would want me to resist him. The trap is a maze, the maze is sleep; sleep I have given freely to let loose that bind. Captain Cook never arrives at night and I tell, but keep waking, waiting, watching the flame. Not even on the inside of his name, “James.” Not even lightly. Not even

burn a little before he runs back in amongst the trees. I punch Zealand's face and just hope to break his teeth. Hope it hurts. Cannot believe to hope he is brilliant. Cannot, cannot believe in my fist as a considerable means. Die. When he dies I get up and taste the drink with no colour in the bottle and back in bed I can think again and remember. But I would give the colour of potential for a high and far window on the pale wall. I would throw you to my feet all here. Tear the shirt from your wounded back. Captain Cook always comes back. Captain Cook never arrived.

It was a small room but in the next one that great blanket lives what Zealand has breathed in for nights and nights. He wants me to dance a black, bolting spectre. His eyes want to be black. Zealand is in the next room, I know it. Dry Zealand's tender arms off, like long, curved beams from the sun. But like men they cannot. Like men they cannot – cannot warm, cannot turn back the strange measure of delight against which the captain is proud. He is wearing an elaborate headdress covered in spines and tiny mirrors, but no cloak. The window is gentle as closed-breath and serpents-wise but he always looks away, trembling straight across my terrible face. He knows his slave, Zealand, when it comes to fighting and I dread the time he discovers his treasure's all been plundered. Made traditional luck for them. I will never have. I can never go anymore. I would not tell the captain this, for names matter in this small room, this stale place, but if I spoke to Zealand where you sleep could just undo. Like when Zealand refused to call me "Tanielu" and it was Tanielu I saw floating face-up in the new tide. The cord stings my neck. He steals the adornment, and ornament I can – I cannot – pretend any longer. New violence tugs tenderly. Despite his good nature, he always cheats. I should know by now and cover, then see inside its mouth. The diamond, the swallowed, the dancing from my throat calls there is plenty more where that came from. But there is not plenty more. There is nothing. He knows.

II

There is nothing Captain Cook knows. When I first came here I heard shattering glass. Here I thought it was as chalk. For days I would follow for all the powers of Tanielu, all the precious jewels and treasures of Tanielu: his cloaks and stockings, the feathered caps, the looking-glass. And there is no looking-glass here, so like Zealand I do not comprehend. I am like a covenant, a cut incision far and deep off into the ark; one that allows sailing from here to that blasted cloud. I remember watching myself dress and my body stared back at me: the

body, the boy – the boy, the body. So only I kissed it but the glass was between us, resolute, obscuring and now? I am going to kill Zealand. And Captain Cook, you can destroy him too. It's you! Darling, I even harbour for you all the sails I see. I was a temple at your wanting you, at the valley you were sailed into. One day a ship I seen. Fight it – right? And breaking skies, breaking into that for which I can never hope. I can never mend. I will never forgive. And I was a stone mound. Now they have taken everything away. Everything. The door to the blanket's room is kept forever. It is a locked room. It leads, I know, into a passage. Moving closer, form a lightning procession of talk into a curse. Sir, you are an ill amusement.

Not a garden like power likes out. They said me not for Captain Cook's sake, what in the nation is despised. A damned nation's ramming into this knowledge, into these dark huts. I live down a trail, down the throat I live in. A city I live in now is a body: a boundary, drowning – burying and burrowing. The boundary is me. Where Zealand stands and talks with Captain Cook: they have different names, but still they are the sound of names haunting the entire sum of my nights, leaving nothing in their wake. All cities are to the imagination jungles, they say, since – or was it? In all jungles you ought to contact everything best and rampantly of all, sir.

And be unafraid, when Zealand has drunk enough to sleep it is so easy for me taking the keys, to remember how. To be oblivious and not be obvious and trick or hate and lust against change before the get-from-bed and night fades in or out. I know where to find Captain Cook, lashed together without nails. He knows to make punching through the fire seem natural. The flames rave on now only for time, when I cope. When I open the door and walk into their world, memory is the memory. Two-by-two, a man, a man who like any typical marry-er, a mariner-man, watches, human. Over me, under a roof I once named. It is as I always knew, made from sand. The signal – claps – as soon as tomorrow. I walk myself into the grandest hall of highest thought, when a house itself will no longer suffice.

Not until it comes to my attention can anyone have just taken a certain accumulation, just taken to carrying me home. The drug a relic, the relic a self, over the stoop a myth and the myth standing upright. I have seen it somewhere. I have seen, somewhere before, this sand world where everything is white and them slaying tablets of intimate experience lay down the aisles. Getting read must have occurred before the sun was set in my past because dreams are movements bursting sky limits, as evil as the slightest assumption, tender and goodly as personal regard. Or red or black with only light in it and they will not say what is behind – what is behind all this sand? The space between his name is here if you stand right up against the wall is a man on the bed waiting to be came on in is a body made from rose is a drug is a

crime is a drug. They tell me this is new land. His name recites a generation of names, of firm invitational cries, but I do not believe him. I do not believe. I know we lost our way to the new. Ideas are simple, as simple as movements of fortune, as fortunate as shifting air. They fall inside as the body cannot reckon these thoughts, the head holds no secrets and the body is a maze made from maze made text. From Zealand's mouth the water, like the ancestrix' fist to the jaw, turns my body into my mind.

III

Maybe I was right on that night with the new land. This boat-like land when he found me talking to the young man serving food, pouring my teeth into my body with teeth all through. A fish becomes a man streaming down his name, my arms around his neck screaming, "Save me, save me please!" Like the banks of a music-box sweetly unfold another house surrounded by shards of glass. Slap me round like those strange impure dreams of the fresh and wrong mouth where your boy still mourns. Whereupon he is buried alive in dirt and sand and other things. Because I smashed the plates there is a body I am waking in, early without depth, delicate as nothing. Ideally we would build a cup without hoping to invite the ocean in to engulf the tedious innards of this vessel. The dream is a house, in or out and in the sand is used to make this room sad and in the room, dead language is a bed and in the bed literally a emerald-eater. When prey is caught alive with urgency and transported. Nobody out of concern can pronounce it right for the sake of polite behaviour. But the earth sought to do, because, I mean, dirt always does unto a stranger. A song sung indoors here is the body with no windows and the house is open and language and the air and philology become the dream that cannot be moved.

Another man says, "drink this," and I do, I really do. Darling, the wrong note never harmed even at a wrong time. Especially if they know. What it is you eat each night always has its way, as he would to sailors even unto others. When Captain Cook's face got spat on – alas! – by a mask like a fumbled, amateurish secret showing off its munitions, arching its winged and asked after sleep, and it is not like how they said it would be at all. "No, it never is," Zealand says. *It never is*. Reaching but never stopped to embrace; touching, impromptu and afraid to get better, a boy from school's dirt knows. It comes to talk of wicked skills inside and words so nobody wonders how these are that unto which you tell your body. I sleep and when I wake it is a different night, one further away and I thought that songs and

living for nearly seven years alone could kill you; but not if you just never heard of heat. The widower of when I was evil appears and an evil little thing appears. A sky-breaking love would be reasonable forever on that night I think we altered course. Tenderly he has died. Perhaps, drop by droplet, to go on falling over built, promised mounds is what might be required. I work instinctively, or by, not an audible shriek, but an accumulation of the look of one.

True experiences experience your gentle hurricane then became we. White and hot and strange. Arbours wrestled from the claws of time lost our way to the new land. This sand house I walk at night is nothing new. Or as space-giving same looks at a temple, built in our hope, in our hearing, our hour so long ago. Eye of an everywhere pulse, the moment comes stumbling as the unworthy might at that temple stoop go everywhere. One morning I ache all over, Zealand dies slowly, breaking sunlight into patterns, not into heat. Under the bed as its throat is cut out from the leaves of trees, another ache appears. A young sailor lies bereft and I see my wrists are red and swollen and cannot remember that it was when I thought I was carrying home a second husband, bundled easily and remaining, with very many hand-painted miniature or edible scenes, last night that Captain Cook says to echo him in a circle. I remember how it feels to strike the sailor here because I know there are strangers in the distance, singing, and there are lights on the level below. You ask to know. He hangs a dull, simmering string of red jagged feathers from their shells. Turning a corner I see the boy coming out from the doorway, leaving bread pieces in white form. The rock to the feather is young. He is a sailor like Zealand and the captain.

I sing to his legs. This house houses a stone that is a house. I said it but I do not wish to be seen and he sees me as a shadow. Paradisical morsels, I tell you, were Arcadia fastened against my spine. Older is not the time of the sun but the truth of telling it, so I am only like a jungle if I may come in here to the return point. If time is a – I would say wilderness – it is both, you will win that festive and cathartic prize and greet the night like a private message written on paper crisply folded back on itself. By falling into it I attain the thought. Zealand runs to another thought I attain and Captain Cook asks, “Have you seen a ghost?” In rain the sun strikes at everything, takes time and how sweet it will be in coming. “I’ve not seen one – but thought I felt something?” The one whose mourning feathers were once considered valuable items of exchange. “That’s the ghost.” and they go down the stairs together, hand in hand, and if all volcanoes extinguish a red sky which once inhabited this area is said to mean you want good weather. You want to see the wind run across the level closest to the sky like

a pack of pigeon-headed hounds, wonderful and marauding, wild above. I go walking straight home each dawn. I is the village who finds my redeemer, Captain Cook has not arrived.

IV

He has not those paintings. Even if I was asleep I would have known pages gold at the edge. They will never reach you for a heavy knowing book of rapid, thick colour depiction, the clouds changing fast. He has not arrived yet for the rescue mission. He has eyes in him, they call out, turn and respond because the brain can tell the body and spin fast so Zealand's body cannot tell when we kiss. Pace and posture spiralled so long. Yet one day while I wait so long I am suddenly very afraid. Captain Cook says it is his belief I remember much more than I pretend. They harbour passionate want for intimate violence and now he falls asleep. That is the worst and I cry out to the museum, imploring all the little violent feelings and all the small people who just had to go and cry out for gin or vodka. He is still on his way, you will finally see; he is not dead in my hair or my head. That red and yellow morning when you – or was it white ? – it is all here. It is all here but I hide it from the captain and his evil eyes as I hide every little clear and pensive thing. Open like dew caught in that hanging sky, see. Isn't it under my white shirt?

The catch is in the words he will not say. The meaning is to explain, see? Isn't it under the mattress? Teeth unclearly, blasé wizened voice but the tune is and is revealing. Just a short letter because I remembered. I remembered I and ruined everything into a tonic. Being holy at last, if we were not so drunk maybe it would not be enough to not matter, to matter less. Drunk as a fact, dearest stop. It is like there was a song on the bed we both slept with and it is inside Zealand on each head of every evening prayer, each night of happy sleep can never be resolved to complete perfection. Please take me away, for I am dying here. Please don't light the fire of dark, encyclopaedic looks. Fight us right. It is hot and if the air I seen you out of turns the cold into control, darling, I will all but see a public house at you. Captain Cook arrives suddenly and insists on seeing me, I rush at him with a knife. Never, like everyone has absolutely got to die being a rarity for proving mass fascination is always at a loss. Get a good due to the sacred like I owe them all the sacred love I can feel for all my life. and when Zealand snatches the knife away I bite into his neck. Was it then we lost our way to the new? The new land?

I remember where the type of kiss that in this case breaks an agreement over Captain Cook's love and law of fantasy; and when it is time to strip Zealand's identity burns down sweet. It looks to a whole new – no – I mean, the new gift becomes our horizon. The type of kiss that in this case breaks an agreement over the Captain's law and love of time. When it is time to strip Zealand's identity burns down sweetly, looks to a whole new means I know. I mean, a gift for him. No, a passionate token of our agreement though his hands are empty skies or gold-fringed holy text, bright with piety. But Captain Cook says I am a fool. This is, or could possibly be, elsewhere. and I cannot see myself anymore when in his throat you know the hour burns. But I will never believe that afternoon when we went to the new land, the green grass and water green and tall trees looking into the water seeing other trees and this, I thought, is the new land. It is here. There is a door going into the sky. Thinking nothing of the door or how truly it opens I see there is somewhere I must be. Somewhere is a new land being looked for unto what is read onto natives. So good, it is said, because so sacredly we give the love I feel for sailing, along with the love the sailor has not the prowess to exhaust. I feel confusion and gaze out in due course if I could be here I would be better – better; when you look better than over the edge of that flower which is the sun. The sound in my head would stop crossing all the way. It is meant to move better means going to – than people – and from but let me stay a little longer. A man in a carriage is coming to sell me the sharp blade I need. I got to get across to release the sky and if I am it will fall from it. You are the sun, now haunt me! Lock him in a cage. I ask but the man in the carriage says, "No." Longing towards Zealand saying no needs the slumber body, right? The one basic story is what I used here: a threat, a sleep, a serene beach – cry encoded crying, encrypted in order to sight, in order so rigid it cannot be you... It is when he says he cannot interfere legally between my land and myself and the land that I make that knife-wielding flight at him and he jokes of ghosts and of bottles and of coming back to haunt. To preoccupied, frigid, like land, Zealand does not recognise me so now Captain Cook goes to soirees, or at midnight, a ball held in the caves. He takes you across miles, he smiles. I see his eyes go across my face and not find what he expected. The lucky charm or the captain's jewellery case in their graves were there but new clothes and no shame.

And then things feels safer. He speaks to me like a stranger while in white, wearing the wrong thing. He is sleeping, not that he can, because he knows what it is to fight; but no drink because no mouth, not even an old cigar left open. I empty the bundle to no one because all our tiny scenarios have been marooned onto this land. He would have known if I had taken my shirt. When the luck will not pour out, not still. Ashes he could have known if

he had touched me once above the door. For always what I means is like a cup is upright. Touch even just and even just once our golden future. I thought if I could only be the sun I would never be miserable with elaborate peculiar requests locked down, I climb. In Captain Cook's day he did not need to know and then arrive. Pitiful creature, on the contrary I know exactly how long you have been kept here, I hear. He tries, still, with anchors to teach and tries to lucky charm me. Nights and nights and long days, like an ancient storey my life depends upon begins to teeth. Zealand, still singing, still whiskey – a rumbled approximation; still rum. The songs still smoke but fight time – right? Can I take you now? Should I take you? Still sailors. Their anticipations and songs and sad sights are sad tonight. Sad sighs old cloth off now?

V

If you are cross, tell on the wind tonight. I had clothes off when he came to see me the last time. No shirt is like having the inside of your throat hurt but still a tyranny of shame with, “So this is goodbye? Yes – this is goodbye,” spoken. The ruffian roughs my hearing on the side and when I come up choking diamond he is laughing. “Curious little thing,” but I cannot leave you; I cannot leave you like this is the type of bread that leads the way to the edge, pulling us home and not a far off tide. Telling you not to go now, breathing, wasting his time and breath. When we have so little laughter while whole circles howl. Overheard, like the loudest laughing of the moon. He often comes to see me when that man is away and Captain Cook is, or when I speak out and now there is no time. The stranger, the young sailor hears, it tells it. “Go home,” I say in humid speech. Blank – black – star. The breath I love to take. Zealand is where men cannot breathe. A new star falls upon a new land that just pretends, so we kiss each other in that stupid underground room and I see the city by the water by when the captain at the margin of land-laughter and body laughs. Sadly, we have kissed often before but not like day and night. His throat goes tight you feel the deep dirty sound this night and day may bring.

You only know when it's too late that that is what it is: the kiss of day and night, whilst a white ship whistles thrice. I cannot believe as they fall they are so beautiful. Into the air, once gaily, once calling, and once for goodbye, Captain Cook calls. Zealand gives me a knife, his breath just a light flicker: a dagger carved from bone and fastened tight against my neck comes home. Late one night when it is after dark his soft red coat after the image of Zealand

cries against my skin just where your name is feeding his eyes. Unusually here they unbutton hope ablaze. We cannot believe but taste leaves stripped from the trees' torsos. We hope it hurts; cannot believe it is not true and feel how weak Captain Cook has become. My being is got and falls to the floor. Looking from the fire to the body and from the body to the fire, Zealand will not force me as he sometimes does to break his teeth, to bridge his memory, as if he had only touched me – touched me once. For then he would have known he releases my hand on the stair provided – providing the underground room is when I am sober on this floating island and that really scares me. Zealand's lips brush the side of my mouth just slightly. Here arrive his wrists together, the roses stitched and hummed and hammered and arranged him. From the roof, "Farewell" is heard. Like a joke I shall always be afraid to ask the Captain Cook what's it mean?

But I look to the body on the floor and see the white fire spread across. Before Zealand runs back in among the trees; crossing like you punch his face and just hope gold leaf like beauty remembers. I will never, not even the inside of his ship, not even be lightly sober. Not even burn a little more. Soon I will have my dream for the third time and it will end – I know; but it does. When the sky goes red and my body is been a mess; until diamond covers so it must be carried close against Zealand's firm warm slick. My body backed across the valley I seen you at. Under your eyes a device of barbs and lashes hanging around to strike at Zealand like the face of water pulsating, scarlet a dangerous time to be anybody. Zealand's arms and hands, unable to control me, when at first I reach him I am anybody. Anybody at all cannot always be made a connection of, now the flight of stairs to this room where I lie in the arms of Captain Cook, watching the fire die in my dream. I wait for him to sleep like he cannot warn me that I live on an island and can never return. Then I take the key and the candle, like men they cannot leave me, remember ? I let myself out into the net – the knot of passageways.

I step into the pool and feel my clothes draw down – down – down... like a strangle round my body. I know one day I will reach the ground. I know mounded promises I will never see kept. I will dissolve. I will never move again as me. I know he will wait on the shore... I do not wish to go into the city, a neck of the bush from which one can never escape. I do not wish to see the finest street, or waltz into the grandest exhibition in town, to hop and call myself and call it work – down – The sand, the colour sand, I know he is thanking me like the uneducated I am. and if so, this world will never become worse. It is easier than ever before. My being falls and falling I walk out flying. Like men, they cannot blink – bright, excited, like men, they cannot. Caught between a chill and touch, there is someone chasing and

laughing. Bottles smashing in the dark. Beams from the sun, trundling noisily, but home. It is the ghost. It is the young sailor they say haunts this place. I go fast but he just comes harder, I mean faster. That is when I know everything but the most deeply kept secrets incised into my pale sturdy days. As an exotic, yet unfulfilled, prince's days are numbered and dark. "Why did you run from me?" the stranger to the young sailor asks.

No more sober, nor law-abiding about us. For longer than the strange breath over my face like a storm would I go dry. Drown my often evening body – a shadow in the slender arms, making like long lazy curves and then down. I go further than ever before. The young Zealand follows me. They call my work, for example, naïve – like many people are very sad or very dark singing better, stilted around him. Before I see him never go to any stranger, because Captain Cook says it is always best to leave the sleeping lie like bulbs buried deep under frigid winter earth. Into the collective it is with great sensual ease of memory that I ascertain they are a lost civilisation. Now better not to disturb the bed than to uncover them. There is someone talking in one of the rooms I pass without sound. I will never be sombre at this temperature. I can never be one of the wind's sad, sober, opal cities anymore. They think I do not remember this grand hall but I do. I mistook those tablets here when Zealand discovers his treasure's all plundered I shall live on an island once more and a black veil shall be cast over me then. One day a young sailor came to the garden who wanted to fight me better anyway – behind the smut and their low quiet words, his white thoughts full the entire house. It seems sad and empty like that temple without its ark, so I am lighting the chandelier once more.

My darling, Zealand, knows it is about to happen and I dread the time he remembers. I look around for the ark and the white has come alive, so much white it is a temple and grab their guns. Firm, I mean – darling – come jawed as you might wish and kiss their necks like the church but stained over our good linen, as tight-lipped and parading over our land and taste their diamonds only on our arms and thighs. and still they will have nothing to do with his flower-emblazoned hands. I mean, more power becomes by then what we had built up into being. His resistant, dextrous weaver's fingers, a source of exclusion all due to a lousy claw. I hear a clock ticking and it is made of sand – the idol worshipped here for there is not plenty more there is nothing. and suddenly I feel mad and see the shadows of leaves move on the floor, but I see the candles too and hate them so. Pale – much paler, or not at all, tooth white and long pearl-black hair the meaning of luxury. I seen you let go of the shame in the valley – darling – to come clean. I know you, and though he can never speak properly, he

always takes care to speak in dialect. Fight it right? To kiss on the throat the young sailor urges to divulge with petal.

VI

Come on, I seen a floating expectation, it cried an island at you! Bite their necks so diamonds run down. I knock them down, all glass aplenty and laugh to see the lovely colour dance so fast. Knowing this beat thuds flat against the swallowed space-filled diamonds dancing in his neck, calling even to the shatter like when the drink with no colour slips down the throat of the body and I feel again they love my voice and they love it when I break their hearts. Calls are made to spin. I see the interiors of ships, of so many ships. I know them all when this young sailor comes on in everything discontinues. The songs they request are so odd. The tree whose flowers bloom for only a day, like dancing corpses won't ask – don't taste, but then the day is a thousand years. Dropped into a start the loving man – “Only a day...” – Sun. Atlas. Burn. – “Only a night...” – all their songs go like that and they all mean emerald. I do not stay to watch the new god cheat, as I should know he does by now. I go into the hall again with a tall candle in my hand and then I see him, the house, the young sailor with dark unsafe one with eyes. Once those ancient crews start showing up they make things out of plants called gardens. I feel unsure, unsafe and abnormal.

There is some account of an unlit prince. I can never find in that mess of wise men, so I can never know true love which is perfect for singing those songs. Blue, as I do, he is gilt-framed but I know him. New violence hits the harbour's ships afloat so tenderly. Little islands of life upon the new sea. He always was a fighting one. It is one body that really comes alive that he watches me bathe. Just trying the door and I should scrub my skin to attend the temple. A little wiser. One body that really plays up to the moment, my body is the signal the cord stings my neck as one night a ship sails in to cut me and build down – a house – survey – pour me my teeth into a bowl for Zealand his coast wants from me the night – the invisible force – “Daniel...” – what do you? Conceal it under the white cake with its seven tiers. It is joy. It is untoward with sick possibility when the body is the work the crowd is a thread that is real. So I chew a leaf and spit. I am always cleansing into his gaping or gasping mouth. That which is so because I busted down outside, so I say the threat is all I need to live. I wake one morning and I know I have done something terrible. He laughs emeralds, little by little, sees as he takes. That is the day he saves me.

And when I come up choking, like a young sailor's handling the house from drowning, infernal, burying and darkness from my next landfall. To see whose language is tricking. Now that time is a friend I learn to make things history. I learn to befriend the ballroom floor when music comes close, just dance the coals awhile please. It looks like dirt can taste without even touching. Juice it up a little so they will not go home empty hearted. It is something else, being on display, he thanks and binds a new land that just at the door pretends every knocking scrivener will tell you. Nothing really compares, but even the most overgrown vine of a body can never know purity as it is too occupied with leading the hunt along dark passageways. Diamond-letting like young emeralds found, deeply uttered yet again. Deep inside and you as a coffin inside a tomb inside a neck I would just slice. A tower choked in vine hunting down half-breeds. You must never look back to performing. That is the day I know I am a shrine-maker. A new star falls and I am instructed regarding these matters. He hears it tells it translates as something he wants, like things of which I will never speak. It is the highest form of text because it is the body at its most overtly read and clearly articulates mundane language practices as violent works of private ravaging.

V

From within the maze of the singer's work which is the body, just slice. I drop the candle I am holding and it catches the edge of a napery. I see flames as normal. Zealand's name against my skin is where it is unusual here. I run or fly or float and scream for him to save me. Something that puts not its trust to be desired in princes put their lack not your trust in flair – princes and dedication occupy. Fight them and leave them is what you are like, because singing is the truest form of magic. Like warning pictographs above the pyramid entrance-way then look behind and see that I am saved. A wall of fire previous and white protects me up against my neck. Once, late together, all night but it is too hot. I go from this place. Oblivious to knives, a turbulent dagger carved from diamond scorches the many more candles that bode a slight farewell. Zealand will say edge the beams, call "farewell," a joke. Searing but not as anything you would even rasp and hiss, I take one and run up to the second storey. I hurl the candle, remember, I do not stay to watch. Like those warning pictographs above the pyramid entrance-way put not your trust in valuable space. Trust whilst offering little – fight them and leave them in return. White does not like princes light. I run up the final stair-way and along the passageway.

Columns and arches mumble just between. I pass through star ways onto Zealand's stained-glass mouth, brushing the smooth side of that reified throat. Perhaps it was quite long ago for I seem to know the house quite well. Anybody an aristocrat at all – cannot be made a ruler I – I know how to get away from the heat. Anybody can go away from the shouting – for there is shouting now – I WAS A STONE MOUND - I WILL BE THE DIRT – when I go out on the roof, on the rood, it is a cool, dangerous time to be what I truly am. I turn and see the sky throbbing scarlet red. It will be discovered it is red and all life is in it. All the life of some young regal sailor will watch the door and I travel to the temple so I chew a leaf and spit it into this gaping, dusted mouth. So I can tell without even tasting. You, like diamonds, become found deep inside a coffin. Inside a tomb. Inside a tower chocked in vine. The bird-clock and the bright folk-quilt, like the face of the water on a chieftain, all colours I see. Jasmine, forget-me-not, the tree of life bearing its sweet fruit and all in flames. Fight it, right? I seen you in the valley – darling – I know you seen me like the many-tiered temple: white and towering. Bodily, at its most seeing you are all alike because singing is the commitment.

It is the truest form of innately magic and selfish and in this sense, the highest formal text, this world of ours. Who knows a young sailor called to spin thread cannot be reached. It will become, I see, the chandelier and ferns soft green velvet of the house and books. The picture of the boy in white, my fire body long ago in the end accomplished. I hear the siren call, “Tanielu,” as Tanielu does when a stranger comes near. “I love you, I love you, I love you, I love...” singing is better anyway, dressed like that in its better than gold and I mean, more powerful, because by then we had built up a resistance not only on our hands. Our lies lie stained over our good land and parading over our linen. You: overtly read. I mean – darling – I seen a floating island at you! and the man who hates me calling, “Daniel! Daniel!” I seen you at the forest trail – darling. Summer is going warm or hot but like that it is all allowing. Milk it. All this I see in a fraction of a moment and the sky so red someone screams. Carried across the valley barefoot, “Why did he scream?” I call and wonder out to him and I jump. I know Zealand is thanking me. I know Zealand is loving me too much and I know – I know that I - I will never be sober anymore.

VI

Practices plunge right in as violent public works I was to get out of ravaging. Dig you up and cultivate from within my days as an exotic prince are numbered but now deeply incised

into the collective sensual memory of a great lost civilisation. This clearly articulates my want to cut with mundane language. I love when they call my work naïve and wake. I am so dirty again my body must be carried and close against Zealand's firm poor – or maybe just poor? - warm chest.

He is hearing the scream too but when the sky with gold embroidery goes red and my body flowers and sometimes is a mess hall I wait a long time, I wait a thousand years. I wait until Zealand sweetly sleeps and then I unlock the door, my humid speech, his face, all over his soft flame. His breath alight. I take a rose and fasten his wrists together, nail him to the roof of the room underground on the floating island. Control beyond reach, I take a device of barbs and lashes, strike his strange body until diamonds cover the ground. I am holding a candle now and if so this world of soft golden strands will never become a red thing worse around my emeralds and the rose. At last I know why I am here and what it is I must do. I am not native. I am no adorable, I am so adorable, little thing.

There must be a breeze as the flame flickers and I think it dead, shield it, but tenderly talk. I once – in my first conquest – I take the yellow-white hair in my fist and knock-knock the strange head and cover its mouth, feel the tiny precious breath, not even the petal of one. For I truly love the time when time cannot breathe and see the little flame come alive to light me along. Call it alive and talk its work and I am sage like the uneducated I am. Light me along this dark passage ... too late for cooked meats or sweet horrible sweets. Take your shirt off. See them finest street we shall never be waltzing onto, hungry again, in any of the grandest exhibition halls in town is where we shall have everything killed out, shredded into banquets and hurry so we will have food for the winter. The lives of idiots are at stake and tomorrow is far too late. I will not go into the city for an emerald-head. He comes only just in time for we all know I would never go. Gold is just a dream about language, I say. The singer's work but for him the language is a caravan and the dream is of time but I know I'd never make it. This makes my tears arrive. I hate them and drip them carefully into the white-man's open heart. His words stretch out a forest-like pleading in you.

In a window-box garden, with no concern so Tanielu taps his beak at the glass. I have collected love, that is Tanielu so happy now I can never move again. Tanielu thinks he makes me echo, like everything else. A blackening strangle around my so happy body is so happy it will dissolve. Zealand hisses since the captain broke that promise. "Never clip my wings," Captain Cook – they laugh at your step into the rainbow water. Feel my raiment lightening, draw down electric power down – down... you can barely see the bodies among the trees, spying – as they do. I stand in a glass box and lecture on intimacy. For these unenlightened

strangers are in desperate need of my vast, intimate knowledge. White people must have been there but it is only one foul mouth, not a clap, no flash. For God's sake, wrong answer. I can never know pure shaming and when I am too busy leading the hunt down I wish to glisten. A half-bred something that glistens and cannot listen back is a pearl. It is not my name but what do I care? This is its body – a body of truest disappointment, standing encased in glass, is better even than being tossed overboard, walking the plank. I mean, it really is ambrosial. We all follow flambeaux like it is in the stead of angry murder. A shower comes slowly, the strange breath without heat or pressure, frayed at the edges, the cusp of sound, your face a storm.

VII

Everyone is watching Tanielu and yelling “Don't jump!” One day when I do not know how long it has been, Zealand opens the door and calls me “Tanielu.” “Why did you run from me?” he asks. Everyone is leaving quickly and quietly, like it never happened really. Machete-mouth, no longer so sharp, a young sailor the remittance of cutlery. Captain Cook, an idiot I fade. The means of incurring a farce faster than this catastrophe makes strangers drink, feels good too and makes me want to take him. Fight there in that small, underground room to see whose language is tricking. On a wedding dress just dance the hot coals while I wear it awhile please. That is where we got married and I was going to help Captain Cook with talk but needed much more than help with specialised exaltation. Go hide in the bush if you cannot be civil and fight my mouth to immensity. Roving, go roving to discover does too much to you and go fast but love does too wrong run to the river and suck from the mountain. If you cannot be industrial about it, “Come on” Zealand says. When the body thinks it works the crowd it matters not that I have never seen an island move before. I am not required to juice my knowledge up for anyone, do not go home. I long for empty-hearted delicacy. It feels good and that's the main thing.

Old sky-breaker, an abyssal, sacred, indivisible desert; that is what life is, that is what my life has been. Once upon a time a young warrior came to the garden who'd been kept shut-up as a rarity for mass devotion, like every-body had absolutely got to get a good look at him. That warrior was me. It was almost as though the people knew they owed me their frightful lives or a nation's fighting spirit. They owed me a good, long fight is what they owed me.. No. I mean... no passionate gift, no cool pearl. Or that type of gift they break treaties over,

made almost ready for entering into crimes they said, chiming out of time, drenched in shame and respect. My Captain Cook's despised, cries echoes ahead out of his marble-round eyes. Blasé, forcing his way into an edible prison, my Captain delectably fights with all the knowledge in the world. One day a beautiful young soldier sailed into the garden who wanted to fight me. A body a day never uttered, "so young," but the people muttered, marooned, mentioning me in the names of harbours thousands of years from today. Much later. But who wanted to wed Zealand much later? "Marry his eyes out," said the tribe, for Captain Cook despised drunkards and now that's the worst thing about this island, this piece-of-rock. In this sand-world I am now in all the time all the violence of all the wise people ruins everything. Though every ruined moment of the surface-layer of it we never once knew before in the golden old days of which nobody ever bothers to think.

The foreign feasts we served loved to be holy. And if we were not so drunk maybe it would all have mattered less. I handle Zealand's weaving, which is truly caressed from now on. Not far off to go yet. I go with Captain Cook. All that is left of the captain is he is still walking to the village each dawn, pace and posture regulated. Because the brain can tell tears amongst his beauty these times, these days, these hours. It comes to my attention that anyone could have come in and just taken to a carrying home the relic of a drug we came across at White City. The relic a self. Over the stoop. A myth and the myth scrubbed-marble I have seen somewhere. I have seen it somewhere before, this sand world where everything is still kept. In my past, because dreams are movements bursting sky limits, as evil as the slightest assumption, tender and goodly as personal regard or red or black with only light in it and they will not say what is behind – what is behind all this sand? – the space between Zealand's name is here if you stand a body right up above him. He is made from rose. Rose is a drug is a crime is a drug, the people tell me. The new family tell me this is new land, his name recites a generation of names, but I know we were called things out of plants, deceived by gardens. The wind runs across the level closest to the sky as if it is a pack of dogs instead of a pack of fools, a house of marauders, run wild above. All fuck bridging the ocean. Oh, stranger in the glass! I rip your throat, let me pass, let me fight you now...