

I.

*It is July, and I can only think of the Blue Lagoon. Sitting next to my computer is the Dead Sea mineral bath, that, if living in the blue lagoon, wouldn't leave a trace. When covered in mud I would imagine myself as a native, tearing through the jungle, letting the vines and ivy whip my face but not hold me back. I would pull through with my teeth and my mud covered arms, plowing through the jungle on all fours.*

*II.*

*They burned the sugar fields, first tearing the roots of the cane out of the earth with their teeth, thus acting as the natives in a symbol of resistance. Sugar can be understood as such: opulence with no regard to permanence, watching the purest resource, like black oil, disappear in smoke.*

III.

*I once had a sister. I killed her husband and she tried in a futile attempt to hide it from the police. It was inevitable that she couldn't conceal the crime, but it was alright. It came out in the end that we were separated Siamese twins, and that I didn't even exist. One woman saw the crime, but no one believed her because she was lying journalist scum. My connection with her – this sister – was monumental, and not completely asexual. I felt like Job's wife turning to salt. I felt a similar feeling, though with sugar. This is an ancient sensation, its origins unknown. As you may know, Cleopatra never had any sisters. She wished she had. She is famously quoted: "for whom a sister shan't have had, let all of Egypt weep for her sorrow." Don't worry though, this is not about feminism. It is about cultural appropriation; it is about taking Sisters to mean something completely different, something outside of ourselves. I never had a sister. I thought I did, though when that happened I didn't exist. I could only have a sister if I didn't exist. I don't have a sister: I exist. Beyond this, the narrative is about sisterhood and informal fluid sexuality. Sexuality that knows no bounds, no mountains or rivers that stands in its path. Sexuality that transcends borders and moves freely between nations.*

#### IV.

*The bell tower of the House had been heard before, back ten years ago when we were young enough to understand Tom Cruise in the light of virility, and were still concerned with finding our place in space-time and the home's architecture. The Dune had reared its head twelve years later, once we had already understood epic sagas as failures. Philip K. Dick is now pronounced Philipkadick by the Germans and the Depth of Dejenol has become a place where only the villains know what we know that they know. Why does this sense now that the Warrior, Sorcerer, Healer, and Thief are all ascribing seem appropriate? The warrior is the one who now creates fibers like Gortex, who travels to the sands and returns. Like the sorcerer he conjures these things, but in a less 'gay' way. The warrior willingly glimmers, like history, which is hard for all of us to deal with. The warrior we can then call an Indian summer, never really a threat but something that maybe once but only for a second we actually want to experience. The sorcerer understands the use of the words "pastoral" and "scatter." The healer brought our attention back to the heart of the matter, Delacroix and his travels to North Africa. Spelling AFRIKA to his children in the sands of Algiers and telling them stories while galloping towards home.*

V.

*I feel differently about these things at different times. I have resisted intrusions like this for a while now but today, only today, I will give in. Typing on this keyboard I am getting electrocuted a little more with every letter. I am going through a lot just getting this out there. "I like being a catalyst" Julian said, "for letting people understand technology as pain."*

VI.

*It was not but only the second time when he met her and remembered the first time he was her and dreamt only of recreating her whole body in wax. He dreamt of the third time he would see her and drag the wax version of her onto a barge, a huge barge named "A Whiter Shade of Pale," after the song. Though the reference was as meaningless on the side of a barge just as its invocation here. But whatever, it couldn't bother him, he would carry her through the sand and onto that barge but then she would melt. He wouldn't even have to light the wick that ran down her spine because the great beautiful sun that has shone on for all of shimmering history would melt that yellow wax straight into the wood of the barge, the wood of his wood on his wood. He thought that it was so great that something like this could happen to a man like him in a world like this with technology and the Internet and everything.*

## *VII.*

*Although relationships between parents and children tend to be closest while we are children, the death of a parent is eminently and unavoidably a seismic change. See: Hamlet.*

## VIII.

*Once, I remembered the sky blue, almost the Russian grey, at the moment riding through the prairie bareback and side straddle on that magic, magic Johnson. Thinking only of the Orient, dreaming of that Cherokee rose, that once lost in fall I found again in the wake of a brilliant flash, like a bomb, again only in spring.*