

In The Heart of the Financial District

I'm waiting for a call.

I'm writing inside the fucking hell zone.

It's all coming apart here. No prospects of improvement or of things getting better. My life is short and all I think about is - death.

I'm praying that no one is answering my prayers. I'm trying to write but I feel but it does not make me feel better. I

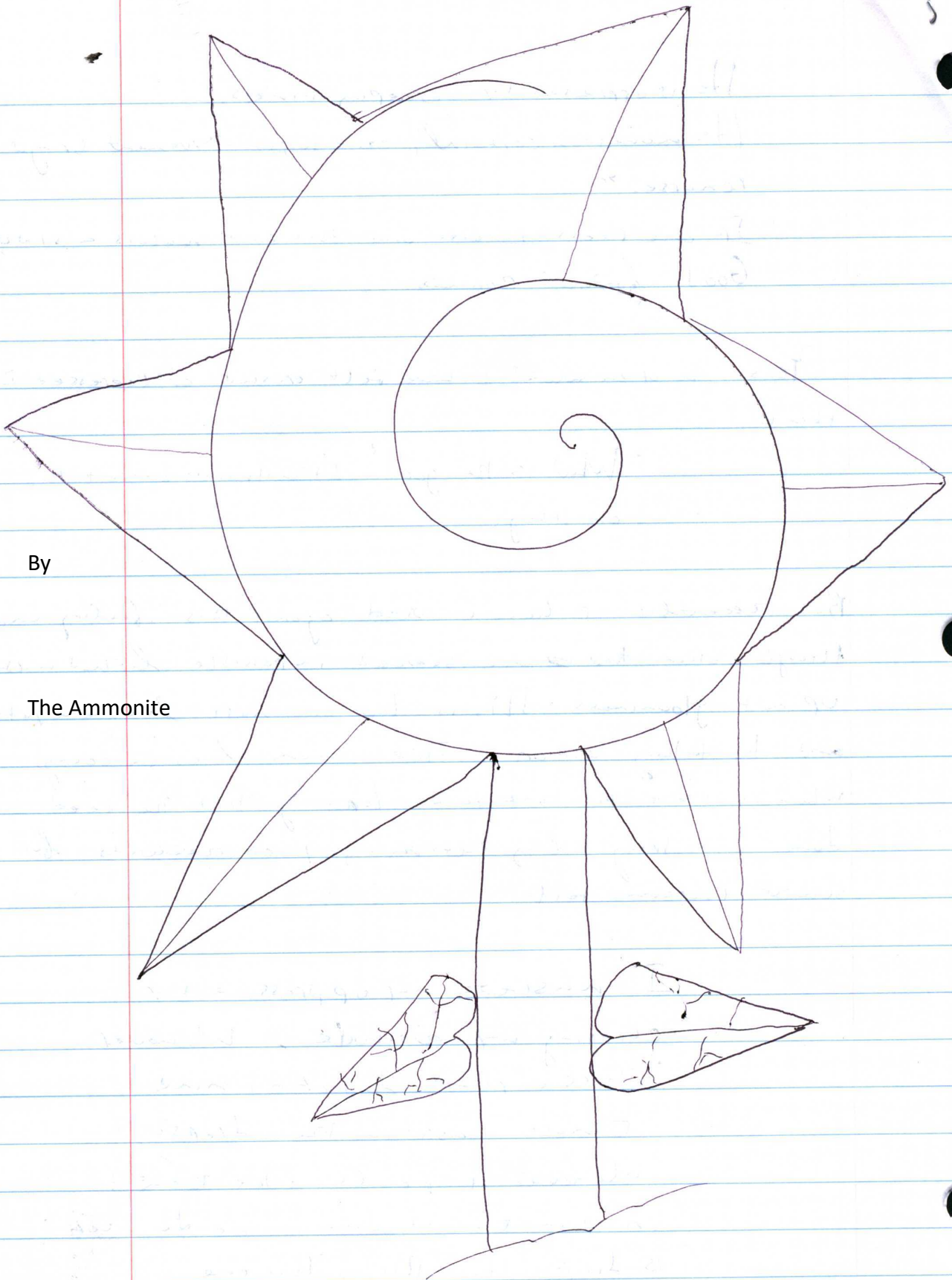
write all I can but still my mind is a zoo. I lack discipline and seek pleasure. I don't know

when it will end nothing is

beautiful to me I can't

even to calm down or relax when I'm

I write it feels like a burning. Isn't it escaping? What is special about me color this page fucking blue.



By

The Ammonite

Daylight

Daylight, which chases stars from the sky
And breathes in yellow sun,
Which wars against the pools of shadows
And dissolves night between sunny fingers.

Daylight, which raises the dark world
By illuminating trees
And brightening buildingsides and houses
And casting light shed from the sun on the hills.

Daylight, cool and clear as the water
On which it plays its shimmers like a guitar;
Daylight of oceans I fall into
Giving my body to blue music.

Heavenly daylight shine on me
Chase away the clouds and darkness,
Raise me into the sky
And burn away doubt, worry, and self-loathing.

The sun sinks beneath the buildings in floods of yellow and apricot. The workers have been let out of the towers and begin to scuttle over the streets. They ride the underground trains back home.

Buses loll on the sidewalk hissing. Their exhalations sound like someone panting fast. The ferry cries for passengers to board; and glides off the dock.

The rhythm slows.

Airplanes zoom and cleave the sky while paragliders float over the building tops. Your own two hands press paper to folder to stone, pressing ink into a page a floor above the city.

This stone mound looks over the water. Cars run at my feet and in the earth; the evening sky fades and drains to dark blue. Clouds drift over the water, their edges gold with sun.

Set.

Armillaria mellea

Night Bullstrode's mind waited a beat before flowing to the page. The train would push off of the rail and shoot into Long Island. Groups of memories burst over him like stars; the roulette wheel spinning and the balls cast in; the yellow of a fry when he was young; and a black bikini stretched in the light, dim and wavering, of a hotel pool. He listened to a rider cursing his son on the phone.

—Does he think you're a candy ass? Slap him in the face Billy. Billy, I want you to slap him in the face. Running away like a scared little faggot...

Night's mood had brightened when he had gazed at a building between the air and the moon. He had been pent the entire day. It felt like his mind had unwound, coming slowly apart as he scrolled through page after page on the screen, unable to think, his memory effaced. To Night the words on the screen seemed knotted together—as he rode paranoia edged through him like a knife.

—This guy is scaring me.

Two black bubbles popped in the ocean.

—Right.

Flahhh.

What was happening to him? Why did he feel like he was trapped, pinned beneath savagely lilting waves? He cast his thoughts forward and backwards like a net, trawling in memories for solace. In the morning it felt like his dreams had been crushed flat. He felt as if the life he had built had been crushed by the week's pressure, tight and cold as water in a trench.

Condominiums stood against the sky. Pale blue was deepening to periwinkle, and a few sooty clouds drifted above the chimney pots. From stop the train whined forward, the scenery outside flowed in a dark blur.

Night sorrowed while his pen twitched across the page. Spikes of hunger pushed into his thighs; he was neither living nor eating, he felt enslaved by hesitation and doubt. He was ripped by a sense that he was living unnaturally and that he was powerless to change it.

Had the pressure cracked him? He tried to think over this problem objectively. Where was he, right now, and where was he going? He could not tell. A cold flow was running through him. He was petals in a flowing river, powerless to change his course or resist. A feeling ran current to this one. He sat in his room, strumming alone, as groups of notes locked together in the air and in his mind. He strummed the notes of an ocean song, the notes flitting off his fingers and into the water of daylight. Music peeled off of his fingers and the strings one after another like the layers of skin molting off a snake.

Night looked through the window at the flood on the sky. The crescent moon floated in dark blue ink, the ink draining under the horizon to black.

His words preen her body. He stands above, anxiously letting his bag strike his leg, craning his words down to her body. And she looked up at him: his words splashed against her eyes while his body bent to the rhythm of her speech.

Night no longer doubted himself or his passage through the world. Its layers peeled off and then he stood in the to— The door of the train car slid open and he saw a large figure at his side. Night's eyes glowed up at the conductor. Their eyes met three moments. Night looked at cracked stone plates.

—Relax! we'll take care of it after Jamaica.

The conductor sneered, his lips parted to show locked teeth. He trundled up the car towards the doors, grumbling in answer to a rider's question. After a stream of passengers flowed out the conductor stopped, looked at the dark platform and someone yelled through the open door:

—Hey! Fatty! Get a job!

The conductor hollered at the top of his voice in recognition, mixing rage and joy, chuckled then lurched forward through the train car checking tickets. Lentigo like flakes of dried onion lay scattered around his nose.

Sorrow flooded Night. He was returning to Long Island. It was Friday night and he would be alone again, hidden from the world. The maddening pressure might rise up again. He would spend the night in reflection and writing, stopping often to change projects then becoming flustered. Nothing was fusing as he hoped it would. Endless pages stacked up in the room around him but nothing was coming together. He was a clown and an impostor—an artist doomed to obscurity.

The sun had crawled into the grave of the horizon. The column of its final life faded from the night sky. Night's eyes turned from the window and rested briefly on the eyes of the rider across from him.

Trees floated past in the window.

A lakehouse glided past.

pulled him apart	a	in	sky	as he	Floating tides of light
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cloud	down in the				His thoughts turned to
a	s l	linke			slush his pen inked
g	set				the words.
e					One. Two. One. Two.

In darkness they sat together under a moonless sky. He did not feel apprehensive. As she spoke his lips approached her cheek. They closed in a kiss then glided slowly to her lips. Her lips returned his kiss, she curved them gently to his lips. As they walked he squeezed playfully the tips of her fingers, tracing his thumb in slow circles around her knuckles.

The morning's wound glistened at night. The pain was unlike any he had felt before. It hooked into him, digging into his mind and sowing there strange, bleak thoughts. He was unnatural, confused. His mind crowded with delusions and one by one he felt his dreams ripping apart. As the train rattled towards the tunnel vicious thoughts carved into him. He

looked at the lapels of his obscene blue suit. He looked into the sky and tried to stir his emotions; he felt nothing but a low seething pain. Why was he shredding his life in half? All the money he would make he spent on train tickets and debt. The gash in his soul festered; and he sank under the city with a blackened mind.

The window was cracked open before Night. The panes of glass in the building opposite peered at him beneath veins of stone. He looked across the gulf to the windows: each showed a desk: and on top of each desk stood a computer. Regular as cells in a body there were computers and desks against the walls, and people sluggishly pacing the corridors like moles. He looked down to the street and imagined the fall. A giddy rush of terror would blossom into a rising euphoria and, if there was time, final peaceful oblivion—then end. He looked up the building's façade—to a gargoyle. Its head of stone was crowned by blue sky, it shone in the light.

Thank you.

His feet tapped the doorsaddle.

—Come on you've gotta have a piece of cake.

He would have to eat if they cut him a piece and handed it to him. He could not refuse or turn back now. It was covered in white and purple frosting.

A voice, his own, burning in hell flared up. A wave of embers flickered over his soul and the voice told him his doom was near.

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C	falling		was	
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H	masonry		like him	
	plummeting		they detailed?	

For a moment the train ran parallel with the road. He watched the headlights blow down the highway. Let go Night. Let go. It does not exist. Nothing exists.

A black star cracked open in the night sky, smoking a line of water and carbon dioxide as they froze. Crushed in open air, insensate save for the pressure, he strained to move his hand.

