: : · · : : · or Braillespeech



1. The overlooked:

- -a Bhikkhu's sewn-eyes lead him off the scarp and into limbo.
- -a Spaceman stares amber-through-gold lens- floats derelict.
- -a Bookkeeper reads in low-light till the wick flames out, the paper rots, and The Muses no longer see their arts.



Anon: conjoined at thenar space. Lamed ducks whose webbed extremities clutch-grip this hold until melded in body horror *last grasp*.

The one-palm(s) swelters something fierce. She pulls away, lurches back like a bitch whose leash is taut, just now.

3. She, who lays there, her skeletal frame barely impressing a hospital cot mattress, distorting the chalk-outlined prospect of last seen alive in too long to remember, while tendrils drip IV liquid feed into dried roots.

A blind man fondling pulse long after flat line.

4. Chapter 109: The Lift¹

he Girl forces my fingers across braille.² I speak it, her mythos.

Am I feeling this? She levitates in the boxed-in air next to me.³ Pushes my finger to this floor and that one. All of them. *Up*, I say.⁴

Up.

¹ The use of the chapter heading is irregular, as no novel has ever been published.

² It is unclear which girl, if any, exists.

³ The "Girl" is not capable of levitation.

⁴ Surveillance footage indicates that the male did not look to be speaking at any point in time

[Fin.]

5. Epilogue

My life-poetess, muse-revenant, dearest provocateur- my own Leona Delcourt, who were you? How came you to be my Magnum Opiate? Be my goddess from the machine:

I still don't know up from down.

6. Afterword

