

The Ghost in the Lake

This is not in the slightest a new story,
And the following text of it has been derived to
substantial degrees from books
printed and published in the year 1639
of the western Gregorian calendar.

“Be careful what you get good at” True Detective,
“Nothing grows in the right direction”

The death of slithering evidence

The death of ignorance

The death of obedience

Death of adequate words—death of precarious kisses

The arrests of death and the idea of that stranger

Who fears nothing but leaving

To the gate-keeping great contrivers of massacre,
who, in a thunder of horsehair and duck under wheel
blisters for want of sense ought much to muck no
thanks

The death of evidence

The death of ignorance

The death of obedience

Death of adequate words—death of precarious kisses

The arrests of death and the idea of that stranger

Who fears nothing but leaving

And—and—and

—And of the filthy rich who profit from the misery
of others

On the condition of—

Leaving, along the hedgerows of displacement, with
nothing

But a basket of cherries to bribe their
desperate ways

And fled from a plague of hatred in the city and from
they who fled towards the city—to spin nothing into
gold

without it, nothing will do us good

without it, nothing can do us hurt

To fly by stealth at night to a secret refuge, while
the emperor altered his pitiful conspiratorial mind
thinking a stay against straying

—And of the filthy rich and of religious persecutors
who profit from the misery of others

Unless to take refuge in selfish virtue

Concerning these words

Take refuge from the ones who lord

Over whom will they fly into an audience

Where they can relinquish their safeguards

In confidence

The bulwark of their damned their next refuge

Shot on the road out of town

shot under cover

Without a warning

To say nothing of us, amended use
To nothing but of hate in place of love

The bull-work their next refuge as if a fence made out
of refugee offences

The death of evidence

The death of ignorance

The death of obedience

Death of adequate words—death of precarious kisses

The arrests of death and the idea of that stranger

Who fears nothing but leaving the cherry brandy

Subsequently hot on the road out of town

Shot under cover

Dearth shot her a look

The death of breath

Death before arrows—death resolved to stand in
terror, dearth

Shot out of town

Shot beyond cloven

Shot hir

Forced, to seek out a country wherein to boil an egg
stood to attention in the smashed stall of life looking
down at the toy in her unwashed hands, dead weight

Whose flesh is being dragged

By the instruments of art swallowed

Burning coals as an act of refusal

The death of nourishment in the buried hours of
death showering the self with feint praise
The death of an army in hot pursuits of the lost

That nothing might fall
From nothing, else

Negation the hypnotic golden death in a fever of piss-
pot insincerity for using the word crisis

A backbeat skin-stamp, sea of hissing by a weak
moonlight of forged papers
Paper containing falsehoods

Paper lately dispersed

Paper having been read

Paper scattered, made common

Paper being in most parts full

Papers intended to be added

Paper for remembrance

Burned in a hurry burned without

Thinking of the consequences burned

Papers the moderator desired

To pronounce the following sentence

The death of reason by execution

in a refugee camp in another country.

Folded leaves among cramped passages indebted.

out of Egypt, out of Egypt, Indiana, out of . . .
, out of Cairo Mississippi, out of Greece, out of
Syria North Dakota, Out of the inky darkness and
so the writing of pollution, Out of the clouds
above Lebanon, Ohio out of this outed world out
of the Warsaw Sparta world out of this rag from
Prague out of Afrin

lying, crumpled on the stone floor

judges, juggling a pestilence of papers to
fashion a stitch of proof

and and and

Out of, the undocumented – out of the disappeared,
out of, the referent of out of trafficked, out of war to
further banish out of forced displacement
harassment, hazing, intolerance and the
inflammations of intolerance, bringing massacre upon
massacre, twinned with sorrows offering fucking
thoughts and prayers in a sappy virtual sphere of
confiscated interaction, calamity on calamity of
commodity in frosty times most starry, barring
anything except more of the very same

like—And the filthy rich who profit from the misery
of others . who close borders, who send the hope of
the homeless back into homelessness, harvest despair
for the lost

Out of their own selfish endeavor without redeeming
feature

without the right paper

the documentation of the documentation of the
undocumented, the belongings of the disappeared,
the articles of faith of those who have ever been
executed in or to cut their faces and their trace out of
the picture

To be the vomit that survived the ships wreck

To escape the administered cruelty of their jealous
gods' vengeance

To be not so much forgotten as permanently erased

To be the more than ever. To be the more than ever
marked. To be all bingo-d out, such that surely a
lottery's fortune hath not all deathly blanks as to
suffer for want of imagination. To wander too far and
to die out of wonder

For this it is that annual moment when migrating honeysuckle
blooms that scent the air around us
among these eastern forest woodland songs performs narcotic
on the urge to uproot all their plants
plans that make us seasonally swoon "B-i-n-g-o-b-e-e-n-g-o-b-i-
n-g-o-b-i-g-l-o-b-i-n-g-o-g-o-b-l-i-n" (deconstructed cadenza
improvisation)

—And all they who profit from the homelessness of
others and do nothing to offer unconditional love
good welcome

Shame on

The ruins



And the clamor from Rouen