

I read the words lilacs blowing across his face glad he brought you, and I looked out into Athens while you drooled on a chez-long behind me. Athens is full of statues but I still can't believe that pepper grows on trees. It seems to me that for days now I keep thinking what if someone was running to meet me and had a heart attack and collapsed and died then and there and I missed it? And what better time to do that but an indian summer, since it could be any time?

I'm still a fool, he wrote on a hotel napkin on which you shed a tear. Literally, like, one day later he was under a buggy at the beach, dead! Then a teenager cut and pasted a picture of his pensive ass face looking out into New York, and a slapped a quote that doesn't belong to him under it on Microsoft Paint, and the first meme was created. Years later neatly indexed to the Internet. The cliché is that older people look back and younger ones are gnawing down on the edges of the world. But all I care about is how they'd like to take you away from me. So naturally, I called in an umpire, who concluded that there are rumours of a gold rush again. Oh baby, this is a crusade! Because tundras melt and turn into ice-cream, we must not look back. This morning nobody went for a run. Asphalt is just pebbles and tar and warm weather. In my dream I walked down a long avenue only to realize that you were the avenue. What makes a street a boulevard nobody knows. I just lose grip as the boiler cold starts and its noise fills the room. Boulevards are astringent with objects. Wouldn't it be easier to fill cities with tennis courts?

But I want Falke socks, someone to reach out and hold my hand from the back as I pose for the Falke ad; a soap store that sells body paint for festive days. The soldiers are guarding the people. Where did they come from? Now that people are dead just look at me and here I am! Said Zeus. Those were the times for irresponsible all-out orgies, mind you. All I know is the world is in need for new slogans for certain venereal diseases. Herpes, it happens to the best of us.

And sometimes isn't there a hope somewhere, when you start your car and you think, I won't drive back to the orgy, but in the age of self-driving cars an offender is a repeat offender. People will hail the sun but not the heat. What gives? After untidily arranging all the affairs there was a desire to lift the clothing from the floor and remove all the people and fill the room with chairs for some seriousness. In the morning when the pupils narrow and we all start a car or two and drive off into the boulevards, towards the orgies. Every morning your eyes were like crumpled blue shopping bags, sagging for mercy but I am wicked. Snow is blowing into the crevasses and if you stand under a street lamp you know you'd turn a certain shade of saffron. We worked the whole night outside and when you came to pick me up it was already too late; the cold was not only in me but in you too, confused at everything you found in your pocket you shyly emptied them, held my hand gingerly, took me to the bedroom carefully and made love to me cautiously, and said it was the best you've ever had. I thought it was fine. The bamboo towel you passed on was now stained with blood from an ankle split open: a mussel shell buried deep in sludge. True story. All of us took our shirts off and swam, even the redheads. But there were more people in this world that I wished was there. Sometimes an address book is stolen to kill people. In the water press me to your chest that's turning blue from the cold because I have seizures but everything can be cured with a gentle rubbing around my forehead. I am repeatedly sorry that I used to be so fat and blind, and deaf. I am sorry that I have a hard time chasing my drunkenness away on sand dunes because I lack the stamina to do so. I would like to be so fluid as to flay your face with the elegance of a lace flag waving in the air. If I touch your shoulder repeatedly would I be able to heal it? What do *you* think? Isn't that the question we all should be asking all the fucking time? Even though it takes 9 months for a baby to be born, even though it takes hopefully, thirteen to fifteen years before you bust the weed in her bedroom, don't life go as fast as a smile from across the room, from your ex-wife, at your child's college graduation? Yeah dog, life spreads fast like pestilence, but it goes on, you know what I mean? And as you arrive in Frankfurt, walk around with a hangover, and think, is there anything else at all, under this blinding sky, under which we are all so small, than the new European

Bank, and the answer seems to be the most dubious of it all. Seventy years onwards and we are still talking about a truce with Korea, and the real estate is an entity of its own, and your wife is asking did you pay the rent this month, I'm coming home in ten days but you've already left and this is the answering machine speaking. You're almost thirty and cars can drive themselves finally, now that you maybe want a driver's license that you cannot afford, and as rockets blow across the face of the earth like flowers blowing across yer face, summer is over and your dentist says you need more implants and the mole on your chest seems to be growing.

In that other summer when me and a friend broke off from the group of kids who were in the middle of the fields and ran towards the sprinklers and got really wet, there was nothing sexy about it. Around that time when I wrote sappy letters to girls, I hoped that I would be an architect of shadowed fame, perhaps in the 1999 earthquake would be responsible for a thousand deaths to say the least. But now that you are out of the fault line and the land is flat I keep thinking of how if we turn on more sprinklers I might be able to pound you deeper into the ground. I was an earthquake expert then caught upon the TV screen, finally making full use of my stage to address the animated cuties that got away. The collapse is going to be great, I would have said then, my expert hair curly, my expert glasses I didn't lose in a nightclub yet, but nobody would have known if I was talking from experience. Because as an expert I hadn't blossomed and fallen apart yet like a peony.

Between the earthquake and my grandfather's death then, I went with a handful of friends to the seaside, where I made lewd remarks about girls to my then girlfriend, signaling the wicked and strange sight that was to become me. I remember two phone calls from that holiday, one: my cousin calmly telling me that I need to come back because my grandfather will die, and the other one: the same night after 20 shots of tequila (which is a bottle), me picking up a payphone and yelling "Operator, get me the president!". Yes, it's true that all anything has left on me is a smear of sadness, the lump in throat, the kick in the teeth sadness, and yes it's also true that I have tortured animals.

I remember that as I was running with her into the fields I had to be left behind for a second because of a fly that got in my eye, but that was fine because what else is an eye after all, but a venus fly trap?