

Fiscal Disobedience
(a manual for happiness)

by

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declErration of Co-dependents

Under durefs, Today

The binanimous decleration of the divided city-son of the United States of Amerrica, ,

1. warm-up (not that important)

When in the corpse of human events it becomes necessary for a people to insolve the political wedding bands which have disconnected them from themselves, and to assume among the powers of the urth, the integrated and equall station to which the laws of nature and nature's Goad entitles them, a fleeting respect to the opinions of humanity requires that they should declaire the causes which impel them to the integration.

2. litany of offenses (important stuff)

Behold these proofs to be self-relevant, that all humuns are created unique, that they are endowed by their creature with certain unrestrainable rights, and that among these are selfe, power and the pursuit of truth. That to secure and lock down these rights, governments are instatooted among *huemens*, deriving their just powers from the presumed consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes deconstructive o' these ends, it is in the right of the people to altar or abolish it, and to institute a new goverbment, laying its foundations on such shattered principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their potency and happiness. Prudents, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for lite and transient causes; and accordianly all experience hath shewn, that humunkind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are suffrageable, than to write themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same abjectness, evinces a design to reduce them to absolute impotism, it is their right, it is their left, to throw off such goferment, and to dig new channels for their future potency. Such has been the patient suffrage of this divided citizen; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to altar their form or systems of government. The history of the present form of government of the United States of America is a history of repeated selfe injuries and masturbations, all having the direct effect of rendering its citizens politically impotent. To prove this, let candied facts be submitted to a banded world.

1. Government disturbs, perturbs and thoroughly upsets my pursuit of happiness.
2. It restrains and usurps my liberty.
3. It jeopardizes my safety.
4. It ignores the popular will, of which my will is sometimes a part.
5. It fails to represent me adequately.
6. It imposes citizenship on the people without their knowledge or consent.
7. It has failed to solicit my consent to be governed.

In every stage of these Opressions We has petitioned for redress in the most humble prayers: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated silence.

C. resolution (what we're gonna do about it)

We, therefore, the united city-sons of the Divided States of Amererrorca, in general conscience assembled, appealing to the supreme jury of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the Othority of the Good People of these states, solemnly publish and declare, that these united citizens are, and of light ought to be free and codependent with the state; that we are resolved to full allegiance to the fictitious state, and that all political connexion between them and the government, is and ought to be totally resolved; and that as free and codependent with the state, they have full power to levy words, seek a peaceful conscience, establush their citizenship, consent to be governed, and to do all other acts and things which codependent states and citizens may of rite do do. And for the support of this decleration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine condoms, we mutually pledge to each other our selves, our fourtunes and our sacral honors. Amen.

4. post scripture (cover me)

For good measure, I shall also declare and declaim my citizenship lest someone say or complain our declaration of codependence was made by an alien.

So, I, the overheard, hereby voluntarily opt in to U.S. citizenship and I agree to discharge my dooties to the best of my ability and as I see fit. There. That makes it official. Shit.

Now, I must warn you, I am very difficult to get along with. I am not content to have other people tell me how to live, nor am I willing to have them act in my name without first consulting me, so it seems we have some work to do. My first act as a fresh, new, and willing U.S. citizen is to congratulate you, my fellow members: you have done an OK job thussofar. For my second and third acts, I shall criticize then attack, this, our democratic project. Epee!

the Restitution of the united State's Denizen

1. pre-bramble

Me the people, a cityson of the United State, in order to form a more perfect Unione, establish just us, ensure domesticated tranquillity, provide for the common defencing, promote the general welfare state and secure the blessings of the liberty bell to myselfes and our posteriors, do ordain and proclaim this Constintrusion for the Citysons of the United Slates of Amerika.

2. the thorny crown

Article I.

1. All legislative powers herein granted shall be invested in each citizen in consultation with the United States Congress, which shall consist of a senate and a house of representatives.
2. Representatives shall consult the People on all matters of legislation.
3. Senators shall consult the People on all matters of legislation.
4. The times, places and manner of consulting the people by senators and representatives shall be prescribed by each body of the Congress.
5. Each body shall keep a record of its consultations, and from time to time publish the same.
6. Citizens shall receive no compensation for their services.

Article II.

1. New citizens may be admitted into this union upon reaching majority age. Before they enter on the execution of their office, they shall take the following oath or affirmation: "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of citizen of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitutions of the United States."
2. The United States shall guarantee to every citizen in this union a representative form of government, and shall protect them against political impotence.

Article III.

1. Each citizen shall be commander in chief of their body, mind and soul.
2. Each citizen shall have power, by and with the advice of the conscience, to express a wish regarding all government legislation proposed in both houses.
3. The citizen of the United States shall be removed from office on impeachment for, and conviction of, treason, bribery or other high crimes and low misdemeanors.

3. dry blood

Done in by Convention and by the Multitudinous Voiced Consent of the Citizens here present here and now and of the independents of the United State of Amerrica the Thirteenth in witness whereof we have hereunto whispered our Names.

Citysonship and its Malcontents

[Enter Players on a spare stage.]

- Me myself: [Sings, singing.]
I loafe and lean at my ease . . .
- Author: No loitering, Son. Get a move on.
- Me myself: [Undisturbed, imperturbed and un-upset. Happy.]
A spear of summer grass between my teeth—
- Author: All right, that's it. You're under arrest.
- Me myself: What?
- Author: You heard me, you're under arrest.
- Me myself: What for?
- Author: Whore of all solar systems. That, and disturbin' the peace.
- Me myself: Disturbing whose piece?
- Author: Don't get smart with me, Boy. You know what I mean.
- Me myself: I don't know what you mean. The only piece I ever disturb is my own. Did you wish to loafe and lean with me?
- Author: Don't be ridiculous, you idiot. You're coming with me.
- Me myself: [Thinks: (To touch my body to another's is just about all I can bear.)
Looks him in the eye.]
. . . Really?
- Author: [Unflinching.]
That's right.
- Me myself: [Pauses, looks him up and down and looks him in the eye again.]
I've never done that before but I guess I could try, if you say I have to.
- Author: Turn around and put your hands over your head.
- Me myself: O, from behind, that's a good idea! In the game and out of it.
I like to play that way too. I promise I won't look.
[Turns round, puts his hands over his head.]
- Author: [Approaches Me myself from behind, reaches around
and grabs his Hand, his touch lingering momentarily.]
You have the right to remain silent.
[Pulls Me myself's hand behind his back, cuffing his wrist.]

Anything you say can and will be used against you, never for you.
[*Grabs his other hand, cuffs them together.*]
You have the right to an attorney.
Several will be appointed to represent you.

Me myself: Stranger, why should I not speak to you? Why should I not speak?—

Author: [*Prods Me myself roughly, walking him offstage.*]

[*Enter Noise, just before Me myself and Author make it offstage.*]

Noise: [*In aesthetically pleasing voice.*]
A man was arrested today for disturbin' the peace. Known only as the "Whore of all solar systems," he was allegedly singing himself in public.
[*Aside.*]
Gosh, can you believe that!
[*Full frontal newditty again.*]
Authorities did not immediately release any more further details.
When we come back . . . A woman wishes for "Wild nights!"
Stay tuned, don't move.
[*In orgasmic voice.*]
Scared? Scarred? Full of desire? We can help.
Let the professionals of Callum and Howth
show you how to be yourself again in just
fifteen minutes.
[*In affected proletarian tone.*]
I followed this easy system and I feel great.
It's fast and easy and it takes just minutes a day.
Try it, I did!
[*In orgiastic voice.*]
That's right, all this can be yours for the low, low price of just . . . Are you
ready for this? This can all be yours for just a little bit of money. That's
nothing! And you sure are worth it, aren't you? You sure deserve it, don't
you? Buy This, today! Look great, lose weight and feel young again! Act now,
act fast. Hurry, while supplies last. But wait, there's more! We've thought of
everything for you. All you have to do is do it. Just do it, now!
[*Lush announcer's voice.*]
Call 1800-PROBLEMS. Thousands of lawyers are standing by
to take your call. Call today. Call now.
[*In legalistic tone.*]
Side effects may include puckered penis, pursed vagina or puffy ego. Call
your doctor before you do anything. Call your lawyer if anything happens.
This is not responsible for any unfulfilled dreams or broken fantasies. That's
your problem, not ours.

[*Noise off. Players on.*]

Author: Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth
and nothin' but the truth, so help you Gaud?

Me self: Tell all the Truth but tell it slant—
 Success in Circuit lies
 Too bright for our infirm Delight
 The Truth's superb surprise
 As Lightning to the Children eased
 With explanation kind
 The Truth must dazzle gradually
 Or every man be blind—

Author: You're supposed to say 'I do', just say 'I do'.

Me self: I to do—I mean I due— 'I do.'

Author: Be seated.
 [Me self *sits.*]
 Where were you the night of April the 15th, 1862?

Me self: I was Alone and in a circumstance . . .

Author: Do you mean you were desperate or fantasizing?
 [*In adversarial tone.*]
 Objection, leading question, leading the witness.
 [*In judicious tone.*]
 Sustained.
 [*In prosecutorial tone.*]
 Let me rephrase that.
 Do you mean you were lonely and afraid?

Me self: I am in danger, Sir.

Author: Were you not dreaming of "luxury"?

Me self: You think me uncontrolled. I have no Tribunal.

Author: [*Injudicious tone.*]
 You're in contempt of court, Young Lady. One more outburst like that
 and I'll clear the courtroom, do you hear me?
 [*Long pause. No answer, silence.*
Presumed to be affirmative. Action.
Resumes prosecutorial tone.]
 Did you or did you not have delectable sexual fantasies?

Me self: The sailor cannot see North but knows the compass can.

[Gasps from the courtroom.]

Author: Yer'onner, I rest my case.
 [*In official tone.*]
 Jews and Gentiles of the jury, have you reached a verdick?

Jury: Yes, your Honour. We find the defendant
not guilty of unauthorized fantasies.

Author: [*Cacophony.*]
Objection!! Overruled!!! I sentence you all to a life sentence in prison of hard
labor by the sweat of your brow bread and water for forty days in the desert
voiceless and mute and straight to bed with no dessert. You sinners, all of
you—you're all in contempt, all of you—clear my courtroom Now! Do you
hear me? I Said Get Out, NOW!

Act II

Me myself: Hey, Stranger. What are you in for?

Me self: Unauthorized fantasies. You—

Me myself: [*Looks longingly off, into the distance.*]
Disturbin' the piece.
[*Looks down, to the ground.*
Looking up again.]
So did you do it, are you guilty?

Me self: I had written no verse—but one or two—until this winter.

Me myself: Me too, me too. . . . So, what do you want to do?

Me self: How soft this prison is . . .

Pick up the compass,
pick up the chart,
put out to sea,
away from port.

Me myself: Good idea.
Born free, I am a masterpiece.
Two selves I sing, you and me
yet utter the word ex masse,
autocratic . . .

*** [*To be continued in the printed Pamphlet.*]***

warrants your arrest

1. writ (hey mandamnus, heybeus corpses)

sun
ruins
a broken column

By the power of the Holy Spirit, T.S. Eliot and Kunta Kinte,
I ordain myself Priest of Hyper Text Markup Language and
Master of the abstract classes.

History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.

I have a nightmare tonight
and I can't get up from it

I have a nightmare now
that we won't be judged
by the content of our characters
but by the color of our thumbs

I have a nightmare today
that I the individual
is the full-bodied equal
of we the people

I have a nightmare that some day I shall wake up,
I shall wake up some day in the night and
in the words of that old digitall spiritual,
You and I shall sing

We at last, we at last,
thank Gawed all mightHee
I is We at last

Breaking news now: You're dead—you dead—

2. authority

sun lights on
a broken column

Born free, I am a masterpiece. The land may lay claims on me—the earth, the air, the worms, the trees—but no people can. I need no outsider nor insider intervention. I am just to be, to utter myself liberally, not to be employed, occupied or in use. My own society is good enough for me. I loafe and lean at my ease, a spear of summer grass between my teeth.

Do not count on me to be an official member of any government or political body. Why should I be? What's in it for me? Taxes, bridges, roads, and schools plus a hundred thousand rules I did not choose? I can do without all these things, thank you please. I am immune to your systems and your policies, your legislatures and judiciaries, your president and your military, your laws and your boundaries, your tombs cast in rules, your codes full of fumes, your ivory castles all in ruins. I am vast I am huge, I am We and I am You, I am the multitudinous voice yet I mutter the word ex masse, the word autocratic. Yes, I am, the voice of freedom and power, and so are you, free to choose for we and I are you too—the voices of freedom power and glory are yours now and forever amen, the end.

Please stand. Let us pray.

what the thunder is saying, now

Taxes, bridges, roads and schools,
these and a hundred thousand rules
everyone tells me what to do
morning noon day and night
(abide abide abide abride—)
buy low, sell high
act fast, act now—
Everyone tells Me what to choose
a hundred thousand broken rules

This just in: more dead.

3. proof

the sun beats down
on a broken column

exhibit A. I was going for happiness the other day, I almost had it, when the news came, it flashed, I came to, and I knew it: more dead.

exhibit 2a. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the republic for which it stands, one nation, under God, with liberty and justice for all."

Exhibit 2B. [*Enter Players in a Garden.*]

He: Lo, what's this? Is this a bodkin I see before me?

She: Yes, yes, thrust it in.

He: O, Hey! Where, O, where have you been?

She: I was wading in the river but you never came.

He: But I am here now and so are you. What shall we do, whatever shall we do?

She: Thrust it in, I tell you, again.

He: Where?

She: Here, through the ear, behind the tympanum.

He: Huh . . . ? What?

She: Give me that thing. [*Grabs the Dagger. Sounds of thrusting and of a tympanum bursting, rupturing.*]

We: Good . . . good! Draw up thy inky blood.

They: Hey, what's going on in here? [*He-She run, with They after them. Exeunt.*]

Chorus: Our time is over,
the spell ended,
enough, enough,
the magic broken,
Poof! Puff . . .

Audience: Where do you get this stuff?

Playwright: Look up, look up.

Exhibit Omega. Two of the planes were aimed,
two of the planes were aimed,
40% of the total planes were aimed
at bringing down civilian buildings.
(aimed and danger us)

Exhibit Bravo.

The test of citizenship shall now be administered.

1. How many stars and bars on old gory?
2. When was the last time the constitution was washed? this morning, in blood
3. Why did the founders not include any women?
4. Where was the Declaration of Independence first performed? April 19
5. What have you done for your own government lately? (Note: voting does not count.)

I read a subversive text

What's that, you couldn't get a few of them?

Don't worry, just do the best you can and hand it in.

I'll take care of it, I'll take care of the rest.
[Fills in answer spaces left blank. Draws smiley face
and the word "Pass" on it and hands it back to you.]
Congratulations, you're practicing democracy already!
Now we'll just swear the oath and you'll be all set to go.
Oh, say, have you seen the price of gas lately?
It's headed down, things must be looking up. . . .
[Talks about the weather. Falls asleep. Wakes up.]
Omygod, what time is it? It's four o'clock!
I've got to go. They're waiting for me up on the hill.
[Leaves, abruptly.]

Exhibit Alpha.

Charley: Look, kid. . . . How much do you weigh, slugger?
When you weighed 168 pounds . . . you were beautiful.
You could have been another Billy Con.
That skunk we got you for a manager . . . he brought you along too fast.
Terry: It wasn't him, Charley. It was you. Remember that night in the Garden?
You came down to my dressing room and said, "Kid, this ain't your night.
We're going for the price on Wilson." You remember that? "This ain't your
night!" My night! I could have taken Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets
the title shot outdoors in the ball park . . . and what do I get? A one-way ticket
to Palookaville! You was my brother, Charley. You should have looked out
for me a little bit. You should've taken care of me a little so I wouldn't have to
take [them] dives for the short-end money.
Charley: I had some bets down for you. You saw some money.
Terry: You don't understand, I could have had class! I could have been a contender. I
could have been somebody. Instead of a bum . . . which is what I am. Let's
face it. It was you, Charley! It was You.
Charley: Okay. . . . I'll tell them I couldn't find you.
Terry: They won't buy that, Charley, They won't believe you. You can't go in there
alone. We have to get out of this together. Come on, you're coming with me.
Come with me. I'll take care of you, I'll watch out for you.
Charley: Okay. . . . What should I tell Them?
Terry: Don't tell them anything. If anyone asks, just say that you went into business
with your little brother. Otherwise, let me do the talking. I'll do the talking
from now on. How much money have you got?

Exhibit Delta of Venus.

See the sun, moon and stars. (Not to be confused with stars, stripes and bars.)
{This article about Representation is a stub. You can help the cause by [expanding it](#).}

Exit Charlie.

Burgher: As we look back over the years, Charlie, what do you have to say?
Charlie: If I had my life to live over again, I'd make the same mistakes.
Only I'd start sooner. And they'd be mine instead of yours.
Burgher: Say good night, Charlie.
Charlie: Ask another, Burgher, I've got all the answers.

Burgher: Say good night.
Charlie: May I have a kiss good-night?
Burgher: I don't see any harm in that.
Charlie: Oh, I wish you could. A harmless kiss doesn't sound very thrilling.

So, in sum, ladies and gentleman, You and I did not die this time, right now, today, but we have in the past and we will continue to in the future, and if we are alive or awake, They will make us die, They will dedicate ourselves. More dead. You and Me included too. Perished from the earth. We died on the outside and They dead on the inside. So long as We are dying due to cause of impotence, our pursuit of happiness will never begin or it will forever end, in ashes, ashes We all falls down. Worse still it ends in guilt, for We the people is the government and if We dies because of Us and Them, our hands are red and our hearts are lead, and We have no one to blame but ourselves, government, of, for and by ourselves, all by ourselves. More dread.

the ceaseless dead

more dead more dead
bottom line profit red

more dead
more dead
the bottom line
the prophet read

more dead
more dead
lying prophet
dirty red

*mea rea mega rea
mega maxima mearrhea*

4. justification

sun shines through
a broken column

Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, I'll buy that. How much does it cost? Show me the bill and if the price is right I'll sign it, I will sign that.

Come on down! You're the next combatant on the fabulous "the price is your life!"

Voting does not constitute consent; election does not reconstitute representation. Self-rule is not true. There's no rite of passage for me or you, only for them, the government, they swear and oath to uphold and defend the Constitution, but that's them. Where does We come into the picture? How does We fit into the equation, into equality? When will We enter into the blessed, wretched, fetid union? We was never induced—We has never been introduced to Them—They has never introduced themselves to Us. Us and them, us and them, we the peephole, to us and them.

The bottom line is, I'm a little bit pissed and there's nothin' I can do about it.
The bottom line is I am impotent. This government does not profit me.
The bottom line is red.

water, water everywhere and not a drop of ink

Awash in law: laws for this, laws for that,
don't do this, do do that, laws, laws, loss.
Paper, paper everywhere and not a drop of ink
not for me, not for I, for I can make my mark
nowhere, stake out my political territory
no how, erect my boundaries round nothing,
no ink.

stink of ink
stink of ink
we don't need no
stinkin' ink

there goes everyone

Our top story today, the noosepaper: read all about it, dead lines.

rain

Critique of democracy (pure and simple)

*for Plato, Old friend,
you left the right one in
with good reason.*

weaknesses (*Quantity*)

- impotence of citizen
(Unity)
- disconnect between popular will and government
(Plurality)
- excess reliance on the press
(Totality)

threats (*Quality*)

- irrelevance
(Reality)
- revolution
(Negation)
- dissolution
(Limitation)

strengths (*Relation*)

- separations of powers
(Inherence and Subsistence)
- fourth estate
(Causality and Dependence)
- constitution-based
(Community)

opportunities (*Modality*)

- integration of citizen and representatives
(Possibility--Impossibility)
- fifth estate
(Existence--Non-existence)
- integration of popular will and government
(Necessity--Contingency)

To be fully fleshed out in the printed *Pamphlet*.

Open revolt (i.e., fiscal disobedience)

Ye have heard it was said by them of old time, No taxation without representation:
But I say unto you, No representation without consultation.

And he went a little further and fell on his face, prostrate, and grave, O my ForeFathers,
if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as thou wilted, but as I wilt.

And now,
for my final act,
I contest this lack,
this impotence, I flag

—Be wholed:
I make a citizen's arrest
of government.

I, the undersigned, do hereby pledge to withhold payment of taxes until each of my state and
federal representatives introduces their self to me and makes a proper effort to solicit and
record my wish regarding every vote they are bound to cast in my name.

*A branch I break
this sprig I take
and throw it in
your coffin.*

Government, reform.

{To be completed by the U.S. Government.}

(Hint: The Internet.)

notes

C major

A note about authorship. (Heaven)

The indifference of medieval scholars to the precise identity of the authors whose books they studied is undeniable. The writers themselves, on the other hand, did not always trouble to 'quote' what they took from other books or to indicate where they took it from; they were diffident about signing even what was clearly their own in an unambiguous and unmistakable manner.

b flat

A note about text. (Earth)

Until more than two centuries after printing nobody discovered how to maintain a single tone or attitude throughout a prose composition.

G

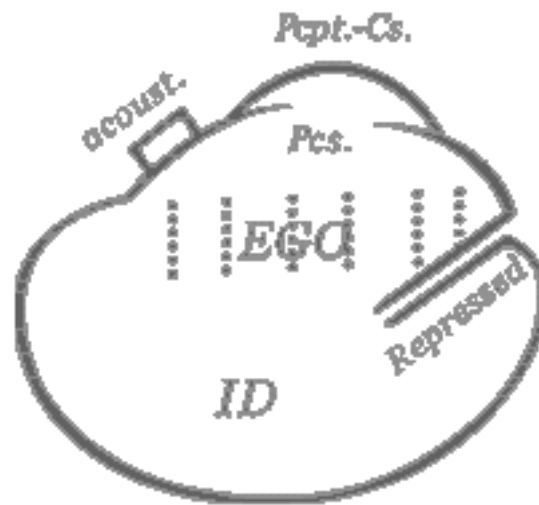
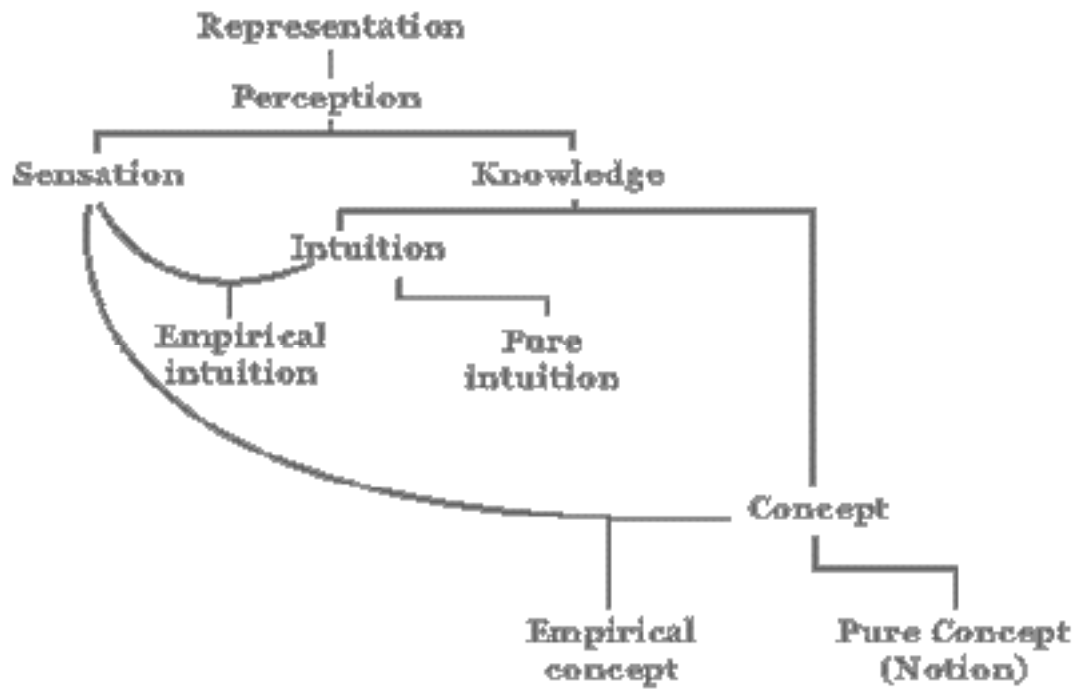
A note about context. (Humanity)

In every lawyer is the wreck of a poet.

Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

F

charters of weedom



$$E=mc^2$$

postamble

my heart sinks to bring you this news

the day of the Dead

dear fellow citizen,

I bring you news today,
news from the grave.
In the antechamber
I saw your face
on the other side
of the bars
you were there
desperate and sullen
worn and haggard
weary and fallen there
alone and unaware
of me until I spoke
and said your name
and you heard it
you recognized it
but that was later,
that was much
much later.

First I called your name
but you did not hear me
no you were so engrossed
in your abject misery
so I called to you again
yet you were unmoved
so I picked up a pebble
and threw it at you
hitting You in the temple—
that got your attention.

You scrambled to your feet
and you saluted me
thinking I was somebody
but when you saw I did not move
nor return your salute
you thought I was just
another dead
entering the tomb
you were confused and thinking
that there was some mistake
that I was just another dead

entering into the grave
 you turned your head away
 back to your sentence of
 utter misery and grief
 so I turned to leave
 but you must have seen
 the dust I kicked up just then
 for you jumped to your feet again
 and pointed animatedly
 with all your weak energy
 at the marks I made there
 on the dusty ground, there.

I was not of that world
 the underworld
 but a visitor instead
 the marks confirmed it
 invited there as a sort of guest
 to tour the site and see what's ahead
 for I had bribed the gatekeeper
 and was finally invited
 to catch a glimpse of the dead
 from the antechamber
 of the great, full grave

<p>There through the bars we spoke silently through your eyes you said — your eyes said that you were dead — that you had lost your voice that you heard a constant noise and that you were impotent.</p> <p>You made me promise you once on the outside again to remind you of your impotence to call your name out loud so that you could hear it again through the noise and come to your senses again escaping the silence your impotence and the grave crossing over to the other side of the bars</p>	<p>I saw the look in your eyes did you see the look in mine? yours said, I am helpless here I am impotent, a shade of my self a shadow of a doubt voiceless and mute and only you, only you can help me now Mine said, I apologize, I apologize but I don't know how surely someone else can help you break out. No, no, you insisted you are the one, you have to save me from my voiceless fate you are the chosen one you are the one I has chosen</p>
<p>You are dead and you are helpless to help undead yourself or so you said. You need me, my voice, to give birth to those thoughts in your head,</p>	<p>I said you would not remember, surely you will not remember Yes, you assured me, yes, I will No, there is too much noise and you are</p>

<p>your heart and other assorted parts. You said you would not remember my visit there and you asked me to— you made me promise I would remind you, that I would write to you and tell you how it is with you. Your voice, you said you wanted your voice back, to sing and speak as you once did and had used to of old, that as a punishment for sins of cowardice, you were rendered dumb and impotent, moot and voiceless. You explained that only a spell, a certain spelling of your name, could reanimate, eliminate, erase your shame and bring you to grace the grace you so sorely needed. You said all that through your eyes and hands.</p>	<p>condemned to carry out your sentence forever the same never a change in tone or inflection a monotonous river of Styx constantly in the limbo of crossing never in the act, not stopping or unstopping surely you would not hear me me from the other side hearing the noise, the constant voice of the river, the dirty water sloshing back and forth, from side to side, how could I ever stem that tide? Singing, you said, singing your name could sometimes break through But I am no singer I protested again Don't worry, you said, don't worry, you will know what to do Go on your way and remember the memory of my miserable silent face again when you are in the sun again remember my utter impotence, my deathly earthly sentence and call my name, call to me, call me— call my name in song.</p>
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Forgive me if I misreads you here, I apologize, I apologize, it is not always so easy to be sure about words spoken through the eyes but I think I got the gist of it right. In deed, we have written them down so there can be no question, there can be no question now.

It is not easy for me to write you like this. It means standing on the edge of a precipice and looking down into the abyss, but for you I will do it, I will do anything for you, for you to be able to wipe, to erase, to clean the miserable look from your face and eyes—it torments me, day and night, I can't sleep at night—I sleep haunted by the look of your face and eyes and your impotence. I sleep, dreaming of your bloody dead face and eyes.

My heart sinks to bring you this news for it means great calamities, the wringing of hands and the gnashing of the dragon's teeth, and more death yet that is preferable to the alternative.

So here I keep my promise
your name I call, I call your name
in vain, I hope not in vain
I call out your name
hear your name
your name
hear
your name
whispered in
through your eyes

Yours,

[Porno, the Vandal](#)

Psst. Listen. Can you hear that? That's the sound of your name, the voice from the grave calls to you, calling your name, saying, Wake up! Wake up! It's time to go to sleep . . .