

0: portent

Oil-black streets, slanting rain, endless rain, sheets and shards of flailing dirty nickel crashing down from bloated skies onto polluted pavement. An external washing paralleled by an internal washing, a washing away, a smothering, of pain, an endless pain, an eternal pain, with the death-dealing booze that slipped from the bottle to strip my ailing soul. Rolling through the endless rain, towering corpses of times long past glowering down with ember eyes, shaky stoplights warning of the impending extinction. Rising to seek comfort in the velvet, green forest, the shadowing forest, glare extinguished by the interlocking, veiling hands of innumerable firs. And through the soft hands, slick, wet, I staggered, spilling out onto a little plain, bleached with soft, sullen snow, an isolating cold, encircling a small, violet lake. I cast through the crystal cold, and, magnanimously, spotted European trout soothed my withering for a few glittering moments. Then back down, a bleaching world, crunching over dirt roads crushed by angry machines, down, down, swirling down, bleach turning to ash, ash to tar, a black air, black streets, and back to the aching emptiness that was my apartment, by which the old, black river ran a gauntlet. To recur 'til death-dealing damnation claims its own.