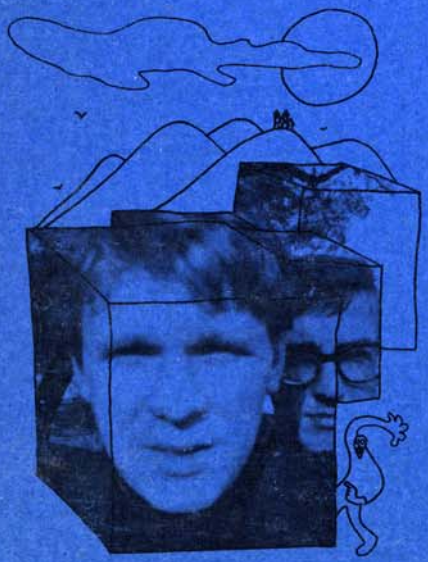

bpNichol

TWO NOVELS

040

bp NICHOL TWO NOVELS

PEACE
BUT
DEAD!!
SPEECH
ULTIMATELY (I SUPPOSE)
16

ULTIMATELY (I SUPPOSE)
SPEECH
BUT
DEAD!!
PEACE
16

FOR JESUS
LUNATICK

FOR I pray the Lord JESUS that
cured the LUNATICK to be merciful
to all my brethren and sisters
in these houses. For they work
me with their harping-irons, which
is a barbarous instrument, because
I am more unguarded than the others.

CHRISTOPHER SMART, 'JUBILATE AGNO'

the river flowed from the door past his bed every morning he waded thru it dusty drops clinging to his socks and legs hours of the day bent and shoulders hunched to keep out the cold that was already part of him

mouth open

leaning

against the glass staring down at the back porch stairs covered with ice or rain dead leaves swept clean the night before unpainted wood gleaming frost in sun returning to or going from having slept there or somewhere the night before the mirror above the desk sliding thru murky waters toward the chair fingers raised and studying them closed against the eye red thot what did he think in these heads in these united states of consciousness morning bright against his hand over it fingers warm filtering up from lips smokey light dust nothing caught long enough to become anything but memory catching the grey filaments of everything falling back beyond the blind moving down and up entering his eyes and

ears nose tickling the small hairs that grew there large as morning was further across the room or late afternoon feeling lost in the corner by his bed along the alley blurred rim of shadow bricks by sections beyond all others imagined untrue the many and all touched somewhere before this house himself the sun large in his mind as memory was had been held up against it as his fingers were clouding over as he reached voices moving faceless into his ears closing the dusty air they stirred holding nothing close to him as if it were his own hollow mornings he was to become fingers moving softly thru thickening windows by his own wish remaining forever covered in deepening memories his own as tho they were him wrapping thru dragging him down deeper and deeper till every breath he took was part of their softening form oozing from his mind into every gesture out the smokey column of light moving his fear faces not known would be the same passage of time over the few he loved or dreaded

timeless for this one moment the dust settles in useless delicate motions onto the surface of the tiled floor eyes in tensions cautiously thru the falling air of words tumbling from his mind forever held in memory to attempt the ritual movement into the real he did not feel

lean back and listen house awake in the next room below him hurrying past his door towards the washroom other rooms somewhere shouting for their combs and toilet paper asleep behind closed doors turning over blankets completely covering them

in the next room Frank's bed was empty

white cherry blossoms drift down over uncut grass rusting bits of machinery by the back corner where the cat wanders sniffing at the black earth

everything he touched and where did he live how had he got there how did it begin

dust falling little clouds rising where where he stepped toes

roller moving jerkily over the bumpy ground stirs the stairs carpeted two years before removed swept that summer or last spring trailing the fingers along the brick up the tarnished brass doorknob in the dark brown door drapery blue velvet flowers one was always walking towards the mirror reflecting the comings and goings pauses in the mirror's surface inner hallway up the stairs past his door to Frank's beyond and a window facing the street below the roof overhanging shadows cast in late afternoon sun

old house of sixty years or more maybe less storeys of red brick glass photograph from the back garden

before the heavy green leaves that covered its face existed blurred details in the corner windows voices and strange faces

leaving early now

barely light streets and rooms within silent as he entered or left them as now or before laughing and talking fool moving up from somewhere inside him where ya goin fool another face and going to get yur brains mashed inside him just desperate to get yur hot little hands on her laughter and giggling yur always giggling aren't you talking fool morning returning from her thru the green leaves that covered the brick doorways gettin yur week of misery and pain and whatcha gonna get for it ey ah you be kissin her ass if she'll only forgive you knowin the way you left it early morning sun shining dark street before moving

the river flowed from the door past his bed

waded thru it coming home going out deeper than he remembered crossing further down near the chair slippery rug and falling always the danger sliding one foot two

hall black and without sound murmuring behind his own closed door

Frank moving around his room blind clacking

downstairs a light gleamed

mewed under the lighted window scratching its head reflectively haunched against the crossbar of Frank's bike light thru the curtain meowrr picked up and stroked it put it down inside the door strangely forlorn light gleaming fingers of Frank spreading the slats peering back the line of the cat's gaze along the street towards the parks darkshadowed trees staring at the ceiling and listening Frank are you listening somewhere there in the dark creaking stairs rats skittering are you listening to me hear me are you listening Frank Frank are you groaning of the trees why don't you just get up now Frank and walk you can so easily Frank the window and open the blind who's standing no footsteps along standing no footsteps along the porch into the streetlight glare in your fingers Frank listening

park benches empty fountain cold and a few drops clinging to his lips

Frank are you in there Frank are you what are you Frank quit fucking around Frank i said and no i mean Frank the plaster flaking and Frank listen to me please just you listen please Frank

kitchen Frank drinking a glass of tomato juice and thinking lay on his bed aware of Phillip in the next room heard him move the draperies aside slow measured tugging pretending sleep called him only when he Frank felt like it

watched the back yard lighten having left her early light growing house not awake shadows shortening till the light moved up the wall and into his room

where are you Frank are you

terrified he hadn't known what to do knowing she sensed the fear that was always part of him i just wantakillmyself when you come snivelling around you fucking rotten dirty bastard get out of here just get the hell out of here smashing the bottle against the bedleg slashing down and blood could he stop the blood flowing and screaming Frank where are you Frank i hate you shuddup SHUDDUP river rising over his thighs fearing this time he wouldn't make it crying and screaming in the murky water never make it into the hell the hall opened off laughing no more the good times useless to pretend nothing substains but terror moving from bed to door floundering deeper and deeper

watched the light grow

house wakening around him rubbing against his leg and purring till he picked it up and petted it orange fur rubbing against his sweater

hated the sight of him and screamed drunk crying glass cutting the feet moving to hold her

voices and noises remembering later she smiled and kissed him goodbye wrapped in white sheets hair tousled laughed i'm sorry i must've been drunk

leaving the house early sun up three hours past the park bright green budding trees pure water from the fountain striking the face

far away

farther away than ever words rising up thru his throat his mouth skin indefinite to him far away inside his head watching his eyes move

come back for christ's sake come back and talk to me anything pounding against the chest idiotic smile you fucking bastard all you ever do the hell out of here and leave me just leave me alone for once quit coming around and begging

held her close hands moving out towards her slowly aware the hesitation bothered her but unable to do it instinctively touch her to him words rising up thru his throat and lips moving over her body responding eyes red and studying his own

face didn't say what it felt tho his eyes told her and she ignored them

only sound in the darkness what was he doing over there imagined his hands on her body and rage filled him fingers tightening on the slats watched the street he'd gone down thinking

the river flowed from her door towards the wall that was all windows

deeper than in his own room darker angry as he had never seen her tho he had seen her disappearing into his other face laughing it's stupid you fucking bastard using me you're using me struggling desperately to cross the river flowing crazily towards the window hands struggling under his skin don't talk to me you rotten bastard but baby it's just screaming feeling the water grab at his legs and holding her lips moving softly till he felt her soften and respond flowing fear from his tongue into her mouth her fingers flowing crazily into his belly

coming home early side street house up the stairs sun barely risen into his room and sat down clock tick and breathe

three hours later sun risen out the window staring down at the back porch stairs slowly awakening voices and doors opening fingers tighten on the sill cautiously moving cat paws scattered bits of machinery noiseless feet and his breath condensing on the pane empty bed rooms feet moving by towards the washroom stairs at the back going down around into the basement

all edges to his body gone and his body flowing out and into her fingers entering every opening falling away and skin rubbing in agony flowing from every pore hungering for and he closed and went far away as i can go i can't go far in

stubbornly clinging skin

Frank are you waiting for my return watching the goddamn street you never move Frank never go out come out Frank come out and face me for christ's sake come here Frank i told you i need to know you Frank please

letting his body define her god where am i and skin beating down on her gagging fear flowing into her as he moved over her breasts thighs lips covered with his lips both of them flowing till their bodies became one and they both withdrew absently watching the twisting form on the narrow bed

the hall was dusty

Frank sat on the edge of his bed glancing towards the window back at the door to Phil's room closed feet moving around you little bastard cat pushing the door open and padding in mrooww lay back and studied his feet moving hello Frank hi down the hall am i thinking god what am i doing around the corner and down the front stairs door closing along the porch street towards the park lay back and blanked his mind

looking up frightened seeing her coming towards him through the park i'm sorry Phil terrified and distant how are you unsure smile playing his lips up at the trees and down i'm fine who wouldn't be on a day like this hey and she laughed and took hold of his hand

fucking bastard pawing at her god no but hold me please for christ's sake hold me it gets so lonely who was he shit she just didn't know what she was doing here please hold me where are you going i can't even find you sometimes lying on top of her and looking up into his eyes wondering don't go i mean do you have to it's early still why did i do those things i mean why did i hold me please phil hold me i love you you know do you love me phil do you you seem so far away phil you fucking bastard think you can come in here and use me for your little thrill and go well piss on you don't go please phil don't go i'm sorry i must've been drunk you know stay awhile longer and just talk to me why don't you you're always going to sleep on me just talk to me why don't you do something for christ's sake don't just lie there i feel so fucking frustrated please phil make love to me phil please you bastard cmon no don't go phil please just stay a little while longer i'm sorry aw shit i said why are you going i'm sorry no don't go what's the point phil please stay just a little while longer are you always like this you'll never change and don't smile at me you little prick just get out g'wan get out i never want to see you again and don't bother phoning me or i'll come over and kill you i mean it phil don't go please no don't go stay here tonight with me phil please stay here with me

the house was quiet
walking in and up the stairs
Frank sat on his bed listening
to him walk out the door wondering what he was doing sitting there
the dust in
the hallway tickled his nostrils
meowrr and into the room darting its eyes into
the corner skittering where were you when i needed you purring up against him tongue washing the bare skin above his sock looked down and smiled hearing phil's footsteps along the porch and out
the park he imagined her there leaning
over the fountain to drink fearful she was there walking toward him smiling uncertainly hello and smiling back saying nothing but holding her hand laughing
lay back again cat on his belly noting the spider webs he'd have to dust down the slats getting grimy again cat you old pile of fur
purrr and licking the paws
purr yeah yu know i can't even think straight anymore cat what am i thinking scratching the fur behind the ear whiskers tickling the skin ey what am i thinking meowrr onto the sill watching the bird outside with quick glances
i'm sorry taking her hand and walking slowly
settling down at the foot of the bed stretching
what am i doing here cat tell me eyes lidded and sleeping tell me something what do i care ey why should it bother me listen cat why should it bother me never listening hearing everything silent noting the distance to the stair where does the mind go cat
stretched
got up
i know where he's going cat i know something
nothing who's talking to me now ey who's listening anymore
along the hallway
have another glass of tomato juice your health cat and many of em

felt his whole body going as he penetrated her gasping lips rising excitement inside lost before her plunging in without love the fear as he felt himself being drawn in knowing he could control it but he couldn't all connections severed open and eyes studying her face frightened bed moving beneath them spreading through his whole body till every pore screamed with it weight fall down into his hands and feet body disappearing into her
he watched with vague amusement

her eyes sounds from her lips

took off her gown and turned off the taps running her fingers down over her breasts and belly

just a wee lad boy yur such a wee lad ain't gettin you nowhere you got nothin to give nohow where you gonna give it boy what you gonna give her

stepping in hands on the edge and letting her body slide slowly into the warm water

feet slipping on the wet rug chair to cling to river around his ankles the bed and grasping

closed the slats unable to think any longer sleep but i can't what am i doing what am i clacking of the blind closing

let the water flow between her toes and over her belly cupping handfuls down her breasts massaging the nipples head back warm air rising

so much dust in the hall Frank why aren't you dusting the hall Frank why are you listening Frank are you listening please

sat on the edge of the bed hearing him go down the stairs the window waving the park at nine glare from the streetlamp on his face turning letting the gown fall open dark hairs of her belly closing the door running the water humming

Frank sat up and moved to the window

she sat on the edge of the bed and gazed out the window

dressing gown loose over her breasts swaying leaning back listening to his feet moving down the stairs and out the door going home the bastard ah i don't know stood by the window and looked down waving see you in the park at nine whispered dark streets echoing click of heels under the streetlamps and home

bath'd be good water running why letting the water run over her breasts and down soaping her legs and belly mamma mamma crumpled bed bubbles in the ears and eyes

you be thinkin of yur mamma boy again i be telling yu no good to be thinkin all the time boy i be tellin you boy what thinks gets only trouble but mamma soaping her crotch again boy yur a small boy ey just a itty bitty boy can't even speak yur be thinkin too much

rubbing her eyes saying goodbye as he closed the door quietly down the stairs and out standing in the window waving and whispering silhouette in the still dark streets always be thinkin of yur dear mamma boy walking heels clicking house in the dark side street light off the closed slats of Frank's room

soap in her armpits and humming softly blowing the bubbles up off her fingers

breasts swaying beyond his reach laughing and laughing splashing the water in his eyes crying no good to be thinkin too much boy teeth grating hurried breath on her thighs don't do you no good boy i gotta tell you so often gonna have to get tough less you listen

lifting the slats and peering out feet on the porch coming home now you can sleep its senseless peering streetlamp in eyes

ran the water and removed her dressing gown running her fingers down over her belly then stepping in letting the warmth wash into her

fool boy i be tellin you stop up the stairs quiet you listening Frank into the dark river beyond the door stepping soft to the bed and sitting room slowly brightening hours of listening Frank fool boy don't you worry none bout him why you always thinkin bout yur mamma boy

lifted her foot over the edge to test the water then stepped in

spreading her legs apart and lifting him splashing between them gazing up frightened and laughing smile questioning

MAY 18

DREAM. I walk into a room. There is a girl lying on her back on the floor naked. She rolls over and her legs fall open and I can see the mound of her pubic hair. There is another girl, blonde, lying on the bed in her kimono. On the floor there is a full-length photograph of a naked woman from the front with her legs open. I seat myself on a stool in the corner and begin to fold up the photograph to put in my notebook. It takes me a long time to fold it because it's so large. The girl on the bed has a little girl with her who goes away now and she turns to me and says "so that's what you've been doing." I turn to her and walk over to the bed. I am only a small boy but i feel very sexual and kiss her passionately. It's like she's holding me up to her face in her arms. I'm disgusted. Her lips are too big. I feel like shoving my hand between her legs.

Now I'm by the shore facing a man called James Rich. There is a huge cliff on my right and the sea on my left. It's a windy day and I'm gesturing towards the sea and yelling at him, "why does it always come back to this, to the sea," END OF DREAM

she lay beside him in the darkness feeling the sense of loss she always felt fear why was he so distant or was it her how could she get close to him if only he'd stay inside her if only he'd stay awake a little longer but no and lying holding the blankets over her breeze from the window stirring the curtains

dark narrow bed waiting for the loss that followed frightened phil please smiling and holding his head and kissing him lonely darkness inside her don't sleep phil please talk to me for awhile tell me stories anything dark formless words inside her nameless please phil and breathe gently smiling don't go way phil

branch outside the window eyes knowing the hate and love she felt for the body beside her breathing heavy pulled the blankets over lonely skin touching miles away

thot what did she think only the loneliness and loss nameless inside her why am i here futile whispering in the dead ear dead and i killed him idiot laughing to herself what'd she dreamt then the soldier who'd come to get her bayonet fixed screaming knife in her belly bleeding get your fucking hands off me pulling him to her dead i killed him laughing idiot breath

pulled the sheets closer around her thinning glass of the window curtain stirring for warmth hands dragging her skirt off and fingering her breast and belly fuck off kick and gouged at his eye with her thumb knife digging in hands over his and moaning heels on the pavement matched the leaves move beyond the breathing beside her shiver

oh phil crying and

left her gouged face looming over smile pulling the knife out stagger dead and i killed him idiot breeze in the dark room beside his body around her as her hand pulled

the hunchback slapped him hard head snapping back uncontrollably lips twitching smile watched the stunned expression in his eyes trying to hold him back smashing water filling his mind murmuring blob beneath him pressing and

licking his thighs agony of expectation

where had she gone?

no longer able to make out her pale body in the river's surging current fingers brushing lightly over his skin unable to hold her hunch-back laughing louder and louder they're going to kill me lips growing bigger before his face till his face split open in a scream eyes searching madly in the darkness to make it back to her unable to think words bubbling in his throat caught there exploding thru his eyes blob consuming him bit by bit eating its way thru his belly mouth encircling his ribs towards his heart

gone why

face screaming soundless eyes escaping thin man growing smaller and smaller hunchback towering over him mouth gaping floating away in the darkened water felt her fingers brush his chest and moaning struggle to follow pain as the hunchback hit him

meowrr sniffing the black earth up motion of curtain at the window padding towards the door here kitty kitty cmon give you a dish of mother's milk kitty picked up and petted and put down rough tongue lapping at the bowl

a mother's

blood laughed glass in hand

padding up the stairs curl in a chair licking the orange coat meowrr oh c'mon then stroking and petting but i'm on my way upstairs cat why don't you come with old Frank ey c'mon curling deeper in the chair okay okay and sleeping

eyes open ears back and up noiselessly arching the whole body stairs pressing against the door and in rubbing against the legs purr hello cat i thot you were in the garden c'mon behind the ear purr hello cat i thot purr hunh but i gotta go you know it's almost nine c'mon you wanta go no and down padding after him out the door hello Frank along the hall and up on the bed meowrr you again c'mon then where were you when i needed you ey curled up on his belly purring what's old Frank up to cat flutter of wings beyond the window jump onto the sill and watch on the bed again and sleep

your health cat

and many of em

smashing into his face and hands Frank screaming and hair down please dad stop don't hit her for god's sake dad shuttup Frank and crying the hunchback overriding phil phil bayonet in no dad no please catch in the throat and yur dead scream please dad you fucking slut and his hand coming down on her crying no please no just get yur hands off her blob rolling over him licking and slavering oh god no fool i told yu stop thinkin of her but i no please i can't think of her now you fucking whore fucking drunk dad get your goddamn hands off of her sticking it in twist and blood on her belly screaming what's wrong oh phil and hands striking down on his face opening above him laughing no dad no crying didn't you ever listen boy fool shuttup fool you be never listenin i be tellin yu please for god's sake dad you'll kill her hands bleeding and watching the knife slip in and out the hole in her belly crying please phil hold me please crying oh god dad no not again oh god crying every night please and i told you shuttup no god NO SHUTTUP don't let go phil just hold me please make love to me screaming lips opening lear face above back hunched and sobbing please dad don't hit her again laughing again

here cat

up and purrr can't even think straight cat i'm holding too much back Frank purr Frank how come you never like talk you know oh fuck off man no i mean Frank you just like keep sayin that i mean i thot like you know people were sposed to talk to each other Frank and you never talk Frank holding her back fur scratch and purr

what's to say

you know Frank i mean i know so little about you Frank like who you are are you feeling really i mean Frank like you know you never tell me Frank i mean i know some things Frank i mean but Frank curtain blowing car in street Frank you just never seem to be able hardly to say hello anymore Frank like you never i mean talk to me Frank

for christ's sake i'm not obliged to you know

cat in the window purring moving back car rolling and purr here holding her scratch scratch whatta you want from me purr keep coming what do you want from me always asking what do you want from me

i mean Frank i mean you know what i mean Frank i mean uhh well Frank look Frank you know uhh please Frank uhh i uhh Frank i uhhh well unhh look i mean Frank uhh

cat?

watched his father hit her again and screaming no paw no shuttup and get the fuck out no dad please stop for god's sake dad Frank he'll kill you i don't care dad stop for christ's sake he's only a boy he should know better screaming fists down and

cat arching his back

mouse boy hmmm or just a bird

for god's sake

stop it please dad keep away from her don't go near her dad just get the hell back slut you whore get the fuck back

what're you watching cat can't you catch

it cat hmmm can't you catch it

holding the sheet up across her will i see you today breasts swaying leaning on one elbow smiling hair over eyes and of course he said i'll meet you in the park around nine arms round his neck and kissed him

lay on his bed and gazed at the desk

ties below the levels he'd existed on body becoming his falling into her river joining every motion she made merely his own body entering himself loving noone but himself hating himself because his body wasn't his tho she had made her body his alive inside himself blobby mass of her breasts swaying against his chest choking mamma mamma steam rising

up into the air shouting because he knew nothing was nothing body things passed thru her body's violence his violent blood flow out and over the raised arteries screaming himself shouting up at him thru the closed corridors of his own mind screaming face in her skin inside his body

was it the same for her

he knew now

she was separate from him terrified to erase her wanted her as he knew her edges falling away each time they moved into each other terrifyingly aware of her as he had never been before screaming in her as tho her terror were his as tho they were one convulsion of fear unable to cling to anything flesh falling away into her eager lips

he should have been enjoying the feeling of being inside her quickly within the moist skin knowing only the terror of finding her body without edges hunchback's hand slapping him as he stared in the mirror where she had disappeared utterly inside him nothing to define themselves she moved in terror to meet him hands shy at side searching his face for signs of betrayal always there because he didn't know she existed

smiling

no doors to return or

move thru hands falling into her

searching
searching

soon

the voices would stop start Frank please Frank i mean talk to me Frank coming back in don't put these things on me dying away to a murmur you know what i mean the voices dying away to a murmur Frank all i want you to do is talk to me

lay on the bed and watched the shadows grow on the brick wall

Frank

not much Frank petting the cat sure phil orange fur on the red spread plaster flaking on the ceiling and the hall Frank could you dust the hall meoww okay okay but don't lay all this stuff on me all the time i'm sorry Frank Frank are you listening

terror dying away hold me phil i'm sorry kissing and moving her tongue into his ear

did you feed the cat Frank

moving her lips over his chest and eyes closed and moaning rolling over and body moving into her gasp

sure phil

he rang the doorbell and waited

stuck her head out the window smiled and waved told her she looked beautiful looked at him strangely running his fingers along her shoulder touching the cool drops of perspiration with his tongue distant this morning

so many loose ends

so many things unsaid

walked thru the park looking up at the stars talking home and took off their clothes and made love the river beginning its slow murmuring in their heads