

| It was a dark and stormy night. | | | November and | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|------------------|--|
| all. | led to the scene b | y | | | |
| | a te | am of psy | chics | | |
| | | | | in a trance. | |
| "In | | In the fire, | bodies u | pon | |
| | | , | bodi | * | |
| | ," they | seemed to | be saying, | moving | |
| their mouths | | in silent acc | | vanished. | |
| ureir ino deno | I found the | in onem wee | fairies, charred | , will officer | |
| | 1 Tourie the | 0.6 | nd starlit | | |
| | | ai | | | |
| , maggots | | Τ. | gleaming in the light | | |
| from ti | ne Chrysler | . It was a | | | |
| | | | stark | | |
| | and wo | , | | | |
| The psychics | s had | mouthed | d | the truth: | |
| bodies | , | collected here | witho | out | |
| | a drain | | to circle | | |
| pooled as | though | cruising in | a spheric | | |
| | | leather | | bar. | |
| "Not | a case for the cor | os.'' | | | |
| | per of the fire | , | the North Star | | |
| | of the | , | | g investigation | |
| | | | | 5 6 | |
| | | . I pulled a butt | from my deck of | | |
| luckies and b | ent over for | | | | |
| a light, but it was lost. | | | no e | no ember at all! | |
| 1 | the glowing | | asshole | | |
| | , grippin | g my butt | in | its mouth, | |
| whispe | ered, "Gotta light? | | | | |
| and | speak to me o | of death. | and | enter." Then. | |

■ The Case of the Starlit Faggots



IT WAS Starlit

faggots circling

SiX

reels of footage

from the 1930s

a young cast member

a bit part. The film itself

A few years later, the documentary

a screening

at New York University.

an evening of

mannered nostalgia.

A hotel

a fictional hotel.

cycles of elegance and desire

The faggots

, frozen in a filmic netherworld, a

bit apart.

The avian flutter of

the fall.

The bird

itself

a few

beers

later, Green River Cemetery.

the

last member of the Walt Hitmen.

a line of questioning

behind a mausoleum.

an answer

a stuttered answer.

an exposed member

at half-mast.

The Case of the Starlit Faggots

night

IT WAS A



alone with

installed last summer. Our doppelgangers scoff at our

the diary of the deceased. dated 2032: There exist an infinite array of worlds. carry a thing to its logical conclusion and suddenly a diary is like death a point of no return unlike death entirely. or I cry for the infinite incarnations of whose throats are slit The riding a dildo as an asteroid crashes into the house the who leaps gracefully and is eaten mid-leap by the carnivorous cops, which in some world must exist. This then stops because it disgraces the memory of my infinitely makes love to deceased he throws the lilies in the garbage disposal cancels the orders for more lilies burns every last black suit in the expensive patio firepit that the

The smoke from the pit billows up but

house, our whole life.

us in this world.

has a sort of ceiling and
holds there, like blood in water. When this me dies
blood will spray out of my chest in bursts across
the surface of our backyard pool. I think about the infinite patterns
it might make. Across the bedroom wall across dress shirt
and face. I think about waking up In a world where there are
flying, carnivorous cops.

slaying such a cop and opening it in hopes

● The Case of the Starlit Faggots ●

Detective sir, Johnson on the line! says, " body on the sands of Fire Island. around 3 A.M. blipped off by a beach bus." "My, my, my! Such a lot of bodies around town and so few brains!" is not all. I've been tipped "Yet this missing. An parts floating above Johnson erect the sink in public mensroom. Two a gink in the clink hands jerking off . The head doing lines of cocaine behind a museum." "I'll be right there," "Try and reach us on the shore. feet are scrawling messages on sand AND SO LONG COPPER WISH ME LUCK AND I GOT A RAW DEAL AND **ALWAYS DOES** MY KIND

THE CORPSE FOUND

| "I ELL ME THE NAME Of th | e driver! | ´ J | ohnson flung it |
|--------------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| self into the | | mouth of | the |
| head, which | | mumbled somethi | ng with a smirk |
| | , Johnson placed | firmly in | cheek |
| "Why, why, WHY!" | | | |
| two middle fingers | | two sandy feet | |
| spelling words | in | the fogged | window: |
| YOU ARE NOT | T A DI | ETECTIVE | SO MUCH |
| AS WITNESS | ARRIVI | NG FASHIONABI | LY LATE |

■ The Case of the Starlit Faggots



"DEAD!" THE HEADLINE the byline and the grainy photo , a yellow of light pencil on the corpse. pan up to the face of reading the paper while standing our star, on a stool. up to pan the noose. "Cut!" to the swinging feet. the face of up to Our pan who has hung star himself "I was only trying to cheat life! I was only trying to enjoy for a little while the darkness that all my life rolling in has come on me and obliterated me and the director "Cut!" approaches him. "I have only a small suggestion for your delivery. Try screaming navy men flit around the ball Try sobbing I wave and utter, 'Kill them all!' man up, be loose." The spotlight hits the star

clean off the chair.