

7 ●●●●●●●●●●
PRIVATE DICK
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IT WAS A DARK and stormy night. November and
all. led to the scene by
a team of psychics
in a trance.
“In the fire, bodies upon
bodies.
,” they seemed to be saying, moving
their mouths in silent accord. Then vanished.
I found the fairies, charred
and starlit
, maggots gleaming in the light
from the Chrysler . It was a
stark
and wormy sight.
The psychics had mouthed the truth:
bodies , collected here without
a drain to circle .
pooled as though cruising in a spheric
leather bar.
“Not a case for the cops.”
The last ember of the fire , the North Star
of the coming investigation
. I pulled a butt from my deck of
luckies and bent over for
a light, but it was lost. no ember at all!
the glowing asshole
of a corpse , gripping my butt in its mouth,
whispered, “Gotta light?
and speak to me 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 ●



IT WAS A night alone with
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 .
or unlike death entirely.

*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 me
makes love to then stops because it disgraces the memory of my infinitely
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
us in this world. installed last summer. Our doppelgangers scoff at our
house, our whole life.*

The smoke from the pit billows up but

*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*

7 PRIVATE DICK

“DEAD!” THE HEADLINE

the grainy photo

the byline and

, a yellow

pencil

of light

on the corpse.

pan

up to

the face of

our

star,

reading the paper while standing

on a stool.

pan

up to

the noose.

“Cut!”

to the

swinging feet.

pan

up to

the face of

our

star

who has hung

himself

“I was only trying to cheat

life! I was only trying to

enjoy

for a little while

the darkness that

all my life

has come

rolling in

on me and

obliterated me

!”

and

“Cut!”

the director

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.