

condensed matter sharp shooting: the existentialism of an idler

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Out-Of-Body disillusionment; a trisected cleavage

FIRST FRAGMENT - I am possessed of a morbid caste; I see the decaying in all things life. I look into a pretty woman's face; I blink once, twice, shut my eyes for three moments – no longer! I open. I now see far into an all-too-real distance. I see a haggard maid, old, wrinkly, spoiled of beauty by alcohol and stupidity. I see her before me, not as before, but as an all-too-real expanse which is certainty; certainty beyond the certainty of the present. I shut my eyes for two moments – no longer! Oh, Pythagoras! How you were right! Of a divine mind! Indeed, the odd is better than the even! I open my eyes after two moments. I let the fumes of a primordial self-deception work its secret and – alas! She is pretty once again!

SECOND FRAGMENT - It is midnight. The night is bright and shining. The sun is of a meek and humble mood. I stare far into a scream of twenty-thousand hues of dark and clear. I see the mortality of the artist. Angels descend, column after column, with – words! They bring words! Words! Words! Words! Words! Words! Words!

THIRD FRAGMENT - The mother of a gasping suspense. It is here, in my bosom. Here, give me your hand! My hand is cold, yes? Frigid, frozen! Indeed, yes, it is! But, feel here, the pointed fingertips. Yes, here, my fingertips. Oh, beloved! It is hot, scalding, seething with sensitivity, yes? Alas! I am of a bisected temperature. Yes, but feel here, my bosom. Do you not frighten that the beat of my quaking heart gallops at the speed of sound? Alas, it is tied to an infernal carriage, angels its coachmen, devils its passengers.