F. J. Bergmann - Contrarian

a false translation from *antikoerper* by Dirk HuelsTrunk

The director commutes the death sentence of a bird. Massive clouds, laden with burning rain, cause the signal to go astray. It is eventually found hiding in Aunt Erma’s china cabinet (a cheerful place, despite the lonely porcelain shepherdess). Although the signal knows itself to be urgent, it shivers and huddles deeper, dangling from the cupboard’s lean rungs like an empty cup, a tool with no intentions of its own. It is sufficiently educated to understand the benevolence of its new home, but the odor of saintliness, like a species-specific pheromone, makes it intent on debauchery.

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