F. J. Bergmann - Transmutation

One delusion that would be disturbing, if I had it, is the idea that inside any layered surface, any covered object, the thing underneath constantly changes its identity, unseen. The table, invisible beneath the tablecloth, takes on a blood-red opalescence, subsequently becomes checkered malachite and chalcedony, and after that a conservative tweed. The foam rubber inside the sofa cushions is transformed in sequence to spun sugar, a cheese soufflé, wads of small dead birds. The sub-flooring momentarily becomes solid platinum, then asbestos foam, briefly materializes as a huge sheet of peanut brittle, and, finally, radioactive ice. Under my clothes where no one can see, my skin tingles with flamingo-pink feathers, followed by bird's-eye maple, blued steel, mercury amalgam, a jaguar’s maculate golden pelt; I feel each transformation trickle across my flesh. Beneath my skull something is changing to an entirely different substance.

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