

DEATH!

(for François Legault)

Kid Catholic
is wearing mascara in the park again.

Kid's watching clouds

Like marshmallow tufts

Hung to the bellies of great sharks

“Oh, it's so beautiful,” He says

“It does no good, no harm

We cannot destroy it,

And yet it's neutral—

Maybe, just to piss us off..”

Silly Kid,
One does not shatter the sunset with aviators—
I was starting to wonder if Kid was on ecstasy
Talking all that raver-sounding neutral energy shit.

“The clouds are back,” He said to me nervously, (His upper lip twisting and quivering convulsively)

And then He punched me right in the stomach.

He punched me SO hard

I was levelled, rolling, gasping for air.

Imagine being punched by your best friend—(??)

Silent oceans are roaring in your ear

while you bleed all over the paalace

Where was all this blood coming from anyways??
I could see, no, I could feel it leaking through my hair

while watching

tiny bugs—skirting sharply around blades of grass

Scaling the Sinai on my sleeve

I'm wondering if this most excellently clad exoskeletal creature
feels like me just now...

In the middle of Beaver Creek Parkette

With a pound of blood leaking out your head but

You feel like you could LIFT anything.

Kid pulled out his cigarettes

He always pulled out his Mother's cigarettes

"My Mother smokes 100s, did you know that Isaiah?

—Super long pull"

This fvcker had just levelled me in the gut and head

And he has the nerve to lecture me about cigarettes?

I'd rather watch Him on the soap box

——"Wait untill 2012" because

——"The Mayans were right."

——"They worshipped God on a whole OTHER level,
Like Moses, they SAW things—"

Kid tells me one day,

"Isaiah, my son," all casual like,

Like we aren't best friends

Like we aren't *blood* brothers. He says to me,

—— "Isaiah, my son,"

I shall let soon you enter into the house

You shall become its Master

Your Mother is sick,

Your duty is to Protect Her
If do this you not, then
Surely shall you strain your chords upon 'the song of the
family'

Love always,
Dad'

All I could think of was: WTF!!?@

Cryptic motherfvcker.

As Kid retreated
I made myself at home in His garage—
Splintered with pieces of His life
Items base or too spotted to be
Admitted into “the House”

I discovered old comic books
brilliant array of wrenches, vice grips,
corrosive chemicals with exoskeletal hand diagrams
And—
Shovels, old coke bottles (the small kind), corks, thousands of glass jars all
filled with screws.
And—
Not even matching screws, every last one of them mixed sizes.

Meanwhile...

Mother Earth explained how it all happened
How one day He had stopped talking all together

Can you imagine what it takes to fvcking sweat blood—(??)

Kid?

(He only ever prayed anymore

Which was fvcked up

Because that meant he was actually praying to Himself:

— OMG, save Myself from Myself, Me you're the only one who
can

do it! Me, You've got to create man and woman with original
sin.

Then impregnate woman with Yourself as her child, so that I
/

You can be born. Once alive I / You will sacrifice Myself /
Yourself as a sacrifice to Myself / Yourself to save man and
woman from the sin I / You originally condemned them to.

TADAAH!!

..I imagined His prayers to have gone something like this—)

Still—

Mother Earth was Love-sick

I found the map of her face hiding in the trash

behind an old Church dumpster.

I was afraid. Was she throwing herself away?

—Like a clergy cloth, so officially unclean

Beneath cucumbers, pears, knitting darns,

Assorted coupon pamphlets

(Why weren't these Church fvckers recycling?)

She moved among the Hymnals, so:

I said a prayer

I swear I said a Prayer for Her, that went:

After blessing your bruised bones

We—

*Battered your face with holy-water, and
Licked your bark clean off
Revealing a new body
Unbroken for you.
Tiny jeweled earrings
and stamp necklace
A little longer, here with me..
Oh,*

I picked up the face and took Her home
I put Her on my mantelpiece
Heraldic bust!
 Like the head and haunch of a stuffed deer
 On knotted mahogany wood

At first I splayed out all of her continents from West to East.

I cut it up, put Cambodia at the centre.

(I like Cambodia)

I bundled up everyone else and put them

(approximately)

Where each would have been at the start of the big bang (??),
This was wrong too..

Eventually I settled on the “one-globe-giant-continent” or “uni-world”
formation

Mother Earth just before plate
tectonics and geothermal
radiance created
millennia of
autotrophs, colonialism, dinosaurs.

Alas! I brought her milk
and gold and Frankincense
And she was coming round

She was being resurrected. In fact,
I was feeding her with some Ajax
When there appeared
A ring-ringing upon my doorbell
Who could it be?

Open the door, what have you

But the very: Mother Earth,
In the flesh

Fvck, She was everywhere.

I fled away:
Mother Earth was about 2:1 Billion² my size, and She could tear me apart
with any number of natural disasters.

Closing my eyes was the only way to escape her *knowing* gaze,

Could I hold her off long enough to find an answer?
How to—Escape
A natural disaster?
In one of His bibles?

After 50 pages in:
I realized
I did not currently own an ark
nor two of every animal in existence.

WHAT good could the good King James do now???

I fled.

I recalled the once beloved dumpster,
The trashy likeness of Her face
(which I had subsequently cut up, and
stuck back together

In formations congenitive to healing racism forever!)

When—
what should I do me-thinks of a plan:

Have you ever had to deal with your Dad taking huge shits on Sunday mornings and using the bathroom for hours?

You know He *never* goes in there

(Like once a week tops)

But when He finally does you're out of luck

Because He's going to be in there for about 3 hours and
He's going to be leaving the nastiest stench you've ever known

That's how I felt,

Standing outside in Kid's garage.

Hands curled around thumbs in my tight jeans' pockets, ring-
ringing the bell

In nervous electricity,

I felt His gaze on the inside of the insides of me
His hot iron drenched in MacDonald's Frutopia juice
Filling my body up with lightness and joy..
I watched closely; saw Him inevitably playing—In the glass corridor of
secrets..
—but for How long??????????

We'd never know unless I did something fast.

I fvcking hoisted His garage's rusty birdcage
There was a stuffed budgie inside,
I hoisted it over my head and I threw both cage and budgie directly at
Him.

He was beside Himself with watching our sons and daughters
If I tell you anything, remember I told you He's a voyeur—

The people of this town had realized their God was a salicious humour with assinine argyle
and perverted tendacies

He was however—
also a man of action:

Our God swiftly ducked my rival birdcage assault
and, to top it off,
He shot me one of those—

“I-have-lightning-fast-God-like-reflexes-motherfvcka” grins,
the kind that make you just crazy

I thrust my fingernails deep into my sternum AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Drawing a hinged flap in my chest cavity
removing thoracic vertabrae
with my fingernails

I withdrew Her—
The flighty bird of My Heart, and set Her free.
“You are freed Isaiah.”
“We are freed,” Kid said.

Free in the days lost

His biceps were like dinner rolls, we
Had gotten into a fight again at Beaver Parkette

Standing with Adam, wedging insults—
Throwing chestnuts at our bikes

What if they’re all mindless as ants, Kid? I asked Him,
“Why they’re so mindless even their Uncles are Aunts!”—Kid chimed.
— ROFL
Kid laughed it off.
Undermine all robots!

Jesus H. Christ.
That fvcker had levelled me right in the stomach

With the clock stopped,
The holy water was being pulled out of my face with such force
The sensation was hectic,

Like someone grabbing hold of 2 thick cables
Connected to my eyes
I couldn't remember having ever cried like this, I was bawling.
—it was pathetic.

Then Kid lit the cigarettes again, smiling

“We sure showed them, didn't we Izzy?”
Delicately laughed into my ear,

We hadn't in fact shown them anything at all
And Kid was perhaps nursing a fractured crucifix

Besides WTF was he talking about?
Hadn't we just been fighting each other?
We had exchanged a moment, the Creator and I,
When our intent to kill had been real.

And—
Before the memory is gone
from the harddrives filled with cache
left over from dinner cooked left over from last week's dinner over left of the left over dinner
preceding the dish first left over that had been cooked and moonlighted as risotto....

$(1+1/1\cdot1-1/1\cdot2+1/2\cdot3 / \phi^3=2\phi+1=F_3\phi+F_2) ..$

Kid had said this in speeches one day

During the reign of Canaan over the schoolyard

Canaan—
to this day, sitting in Tim Horton's and
Sweating blood from Gethsemane around the elastic waistband of his
joggers

Only one thing irremovable as the stone on Christ's tomb:
Kid's name on the courtroom ledger

Peter's hand flitting pages with inhuman speed at the gates of beyond

Put your hand on the Bible, hey Kid!
They're swearing you in,

And watching his beautiful lips mouth, Amen
I'm still mesmerized by those blood sucking lips

I must admit I loved Kid.

Kid always said it was 'wrong' to love your creator 'that way'
(He used the word 'Father' but I found its use here creepy)

I still saw Him now and again though
Hanging out back and
Getting stoned with the altar boys on house arrest
frowning at me and sticking his tongue out

He knows I am never coming—
Into the house.

It's not about going in or coming out of there

It's not about doing anything
Descartes was wrong

As energy inertly disperses
I am reminded—the character
for the number O

chosen for its shape remaining in the sand
when a counting stone was removed

Kid lights the cigarette for one last time
but fortunately, or unfortunately, for me,

This last time will last an eternity.

<https://www.cbc.ca/player/play/1656126019944>