

Long, rubberhose steps over this earth that spins only to receive Sabine's movement, she spots peeking out from behind bushes, oh, what's that? Masonic symbol. Revolver stabbed into his mouth, punching out two teeth and lodging in between the canines, BLAM, bullet pings, ricochetting painfully but rupturelessly down his throat, into his lungs where it lies dormant, til another bullet follows suit, blasting both apart a very painful interior explosion of shrapnel. Goons start pouring out around this time, since they're onto each other, the archons and Sabine here. Out from cardboard trees, out from turf trapdoors in the green, out of the fog falling, drifting down off moonbeams, emerging out of wolves' bats and plague, all wearing the uniforms of every uniformed force sans the Red Army. Whipping underhand a knife into the Moonbeam squad-commander's head, she jumps Tsui-Hark style onto the blades-edge, and as her weight drives his twitching corpse into the well-manicured grass of hole nine, she hammer-fans out eight rounds to meet his remaining unit in the descending alphabetical order of their secret names. The platoon's stiff corpses, thunk-thunk-thunk domino into the blood soaked green as Sabine whips her bandolier off the shoulder, and throws it into the air over the heads of the crowd.

Quick-drawing, she lets off a single rapturous shot into the airborne ammunition, setting off an initial explosion that unmasks the nearest antagonists, revealing pink flabby NYPD faces. The remaining shells, most of them buckshot, encouraged by revelation, fly from the enlarging field of heat and light to find rest in the brain tissue of everyone who raped Sabine or the people she knows.

Over bodies, down the ninth hole... Past shutter doors swinging she strides slinking, leaning on every inch of the wall, scent-marking it. A right death, a right pain, applied in places that never knew that end of it... would the world be made right? No, But-

A dim light at the end of the hall, as she reenters (?) the Harpers Ferry CGBT Commercial Center. I thought it'd be more Manichean, an evil one here and the other one there... But every fallen soul she understood as "like me" here looks "like them." Their novel prison not even inverted, bond villain tables flipping out from the floor (separated, blissfully) but recast in a slight different light that reveals translucently and darkly, a complicity and interconnectedness forced into conspiracy by a structure only capable of producing relations as such. Down here, no light and no spark, only an assembly of self-devouration concentrated until constituting something eschatological and still, infinitely continuous.