

And tobacco stained fingertips tremble restlessly.

And the charcoal pencil rolls across the desk and through the ash piles with every carriage return.

And dissolution.

It is liminal space, neither wakefulness nor sleep

Where we rewrite hymns.

Where we unveil, transform glory to glory.

Where we commune and expel the godhead from our chest.

Where we spread our slick viscera on the sand in spirals and chant silently of our naked being.