

# 13 fragments of a somniloquy, overheard by a burglar lost in the basement complex on midsummer night

*by James Knight*

1. there's nothing more to say about it and I don't want to be drawn
2. beautiful she couldn't hear me anyway I was desperate and there were moths
3. they'd replaced his head with a picture of the moon he looked
4. none of them were speaking English more like a ticking a crackling dripping on me down on me hot stinging on me none of them
5. where's the door I can't see it can't see anything where is it there must be one can't have a room without a door where is
6. the treacle men are back
7. her teeth like a flower her teeth machine her teeth blue rose her teeth birdseed and anemones stretching reaching out to me
8. whenever whichever whoever whatever why ever the evergreen scream fills the chapel

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9. trying to trying to read the instructions by the flame of the candle  
by the moth blown flame of the candle held in her teeth

10. sharp and I think I must have cut myself when I looked my face  
was broken into thirteen pieces

11. hissing and wishing in the well worn time before

12. someone laughing or loving in the radiator lost his top his  
spinning head whirling whirring across dusty floors into her dusky  
drawers

13. hear me I couldn't say still can't anyway there's nothing left  
nothing look for yourself there's nothing

