

# Ruptured, Weeps the Hole: The End (ELECTRIC DELIRIUM 10)

*by* Jamie Grefe

Her lexicon is muttered dumps and uncluttered mind. The mind, Rosalind thinks, a mutable space dependent on how we interpret it, as are all the things of our world. Growth in a state of inquiry. The mind is our primary life of being forced by others to live in ways only they claim are credible.

She dips a toothpick in ink, running prick over paper, simply to prove herself wrong. Rosalind, I cannot write a poem with a cup, though the cup is a friend in the process of the poem. She smashes the sink. I cannot write poem with cup as object. I cannot write a poem with soap, unless the soap dyed, dripped or twisted onto the surface of me. Make it seamless, as her own teacher, the director, said: the tool, the user, like the dancer, the dance, or the cook, the bike or the dog or the finger and the tongue and the nailed hammer hit seamless, the seam of a perfect dress worn by Rosea like the pink paper shreds. Cut: she is down the aisle in slit black. It is not her wedding day, but she finds herself in empty churches on Easter Sunday, alone.

The director is dead in a pew. He convulsed a spasm before dying. She doesn't know how she knows this or why this image comes to her at this moment, but it does. (How can one man have so many holes?) Perhaps, he, as a performable character on the stage, mewling, lost interest to her before she realized it.

Now years have passed. Mourning in red. Rejoice as the hymn goes. (Morning glory or how a glory hole mourns the loss of genius?) She

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has the right then, in the face of disinterest, and given her craving for things unwholesome and mysterious, to simply do away with him lest his influence persists. She asks: (What does it mean to be able to think? How can we think about thinking? Can I actually think, get a grip, on my own thought? Do I have the ability to think to the core of things or only about--and the about is the key-- the things of which I think? Is it enough to be able to think about things so that we get to where we want to go or achieve the consequences that open us to a better way of making the life we hold in regard? What are the consequences of this thought? How can I learn to think in new ways, assuming my own thought-ways are not serving my purposes?)

Teach me, she pleads to the emptiness, until a flourishing ruptures her mind like a stuffed hole reducing her to an epileptic fit on the floor. She cries with wonder, naked in sap, beginning, finally, to ask the right questions and what she hears is.

