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by stephen hastings-king

When the signal sets the faint young boys into motion, each sings along to remix himself while the strobe light makes of him a chronograph.

Loops made of displaced pop songs arrive again and again amidst rhythms and bass, movements of the body and cinematic reveries of composite sex and revolution that stretch indefinitely into the pulsing of the lights.

Later, the faint young boys will disperse into another night of twinkling razor wire, each pulling a coat tighter against the cold that creeps along planes of sweat, head filled with the dissolving ghosts of pop songs, traversing alleys along the silent geometry of the cracking towers.

The future is recombinant.

