

Usque ad consummationem mundi?
-Cristina Campo, *Missa Romana III, Le Tigre Absence*, p.55

The Garden

I don't want to think of the garden anymore! What am I still writing about even!!

I'm thinking in terms of excuses, counting the hours and minutes and seconds... And when that's done, the waves! The ripples in the wind, the clouds, high above: the shrill of bees! I'm not listening, not to this or to that, not even to the drum of my own lungs, this inside throbbing of palms... I don't understand. I'm scared, '*essence in presence and presence is essence*', they tell me, I don't listen: in the confrontation is my peace.

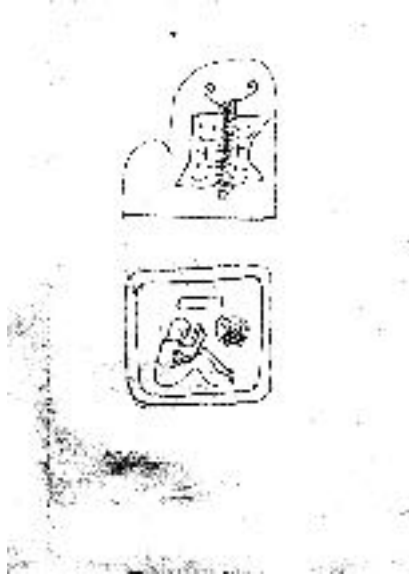
For a long time I had sat in the garden. Thinking, wandering, pondering: 'sitting', along the grey stones, with my heart right here, besides me. And the garden was then like an arrow pointing straight at me; as if the garden knew it and I was trying to know it: me. That it all seemed to belong to me. I felt very possessive about it: it was mine.

But now that time, has turned all the dandelions from suns into moons, the garden has spread itself out, from the hollow of my hand, far beyond me. Opaque and flat and unraveling, the garden has grown pointier, like a knife. Mean and threatening, like a snake at my breast, hissing. I can't see it.

But for now, I will just let my friend Venus¹ take care of me, in the middle of the garden, where we're laying. She's drawing a pentagram on my belly. At first it was only a handful of lines, intersecting as flat disks slowly turning again and again, like moons but then long and drawn out, a series of successive inferior conjunctions repeated near a &"!: (13:8) ratio, shifting &'° (144°) upon sequential inferior conjunctions and now that it's almost done, a flower is appearing in the middle.

Just like the one I can see, off in the distance, when I tilt my head towards the horizon. As if the space of the earth, moving around my mind, collided with the sky into this one remote flower. I jump up to see it, but it's gone. And now Venus is all annoyed because I moved and she has slipped with the pen.

¹ I want to call her as such, at least for now. She agreed.



October.

Last night there was a situation; again. The king, embellished in cold sweat that made his skin glow, had a nightmare once more about exactly the same thing. Again. It's been like this for two weeks. I'm feeling tired. My limbs are heaving, my organs are fluttering. A red coat has settled on my eyes, making them hard to move. They look feline. Everyone at court is starting to whisper and puzzle, nobody knows what's going on. From time to time, I have to make myself stop to have a good look in the mirror only to wonder if this whole thing is really not slowly turning into a cat.

The dream that haunts the king goes as follows:

He's alone. He's alone somewhere in a long corridor. He walks through it for quite some time until he reaches a mirror. Only, the mirror is not a solid piece of glass on the wall but a some sort of cupboard with a light in it. He opens it, looks at it, up to the moment when a room appears. In this room he's eye to eye with a boy and his face makes his majesty scream himself awake.

It began some nights after autumn started to fall. It was getting colder but the wind wasn't too strong so far and the leaves hadn't realised yet they were about to die. But, my god, was it raining a lot! The rain that made the nights shine but also caused the mornings to sulk. Rumour had it that all this rain had perhaps made the king souls "wet". Everybody kept on saying over and over again that he should go south or east or somewhere else where there was no rain. Yet I never noticed any signs of the king leaving. How could he also, in the middle of all his business, and there was a lot of business at that time. I remember one night, staring out of the window when sleep wouldn't come.

How mean and slippery the streets and alleys outside the palace were looking!

At first we all thought that the king must've been in love. But like, a love he couldn't meet, something unanswerable. What to do with a love like that? To quote a bit of Kabir, -and let us always leave room for Kabir! even if the king is losing it-, "the lane of love is narrow, there's only room for one."

Or if it wasn't that, some of us argued, then surely, he was hiding something. And from the face of it, the faces he made when screaming, it was 'quite' the secret. It's not so strange to think of lovers.

But then we started to think a bit further along until one of us said something discerning: What would the king hide? When this was said, someone in the back yelled: "What, another kingdom?" Which made us all laugh terribly.

Terrible that he looks so upset when it happens. He seems so lost. How terrible this whole soup. Of course, he doesn't talk about it at all. Now, this I understand and I also think it's quite good. To talk is such a nasty thing, it's really below anyone who like the call himself a man. However, what startles me completely is the fact that it doesn't show in anything he does. It's like he forgot all about it! He wakes up in the following mornings as if he owns the sun and during the days he looks like a statue, unmovable and solid, nothing could hurt him or bend him out of shape! If it wasn't for the fact that I didn't sleep next to him, I wouldn't even know about it. Something irritable about court life is that you lose yourself a lot like a small thing you put somewhere. Imagine, -and

this must't take a lot-, you've left your keys somewhere in your apartment. Imagine the same situation, but in a palace! And how big it was, it would go on for days.

His nightmares are really becoming a problem, and because the days aren't yet very hearty, to have then all these nights as tense as the strings of a newly built guitar is making the life at court hell. And we didn't choose hell but the palace with its lovely courts and yards and corners and rooms. The king is the king partly because he has the right to kill. Not a passport is signed before it passed his hands, his big hairy hands. He has the right to kill because we give it to him. We give it to him for pleasure. Yet, we now wonder, what else we could ask for such a thing.