

There was a pull-down stairway in the hall ceiling that you used a chair to reach, you'd stand on the chair and grab the rope and leap off the chair to the floor and the leap would pull the ceiling open, the leap would pull the stairs out of the ceiling and the air would fall out, the thin cold lurking attic air would fall out the ceiling and inhaling it was what you did before you went up, before you grabbed the chain that was attached to the side of the stairs and pulled on the light, you inhaled that air, it was a airlock you had to acclimatize yourself before you ascended

I had the rifle and I was on the chair and he was pulling on me so I wouldn't pull open the ceiling but I kicked him with the toe of my boot, my beige workboot, kicked him in the solar plexus, but not too hard, more kind of pressed him, because we were still boys, we were still playing, here, and he dropped off my arm and I jumped and the ceiling pulled open and the stairs fell out with the open yelling they made of springs, a huge, long accumulating shouting that I hear now when the subway makes tight turns, slowly, these years later —

And the air began falling out the ceiling, onto both us — me off the chair now eye to eye standing on the floor with him, eye to eye, me with the rifle and him starting to plea, just in his eyes — we stopped — we'd entered the lock — the air was on us, now, and breathing changing our place — And I slid the steps in the stairs down, they would slide out, telescoping through, and fall, with the heavy impossible slow fall of the massive things of the world out into the air and then to the ground, the two stair feet like hooves on the floor, steady, solid, open.

We were boys, and like boys have always been given — will always be given — I had been given a — an — a man's job, which means a inhuman job, a job not fit for no one. I guess. Be honest I still don't know the divisions of these things. And it's many, much time gone now. And the repetition doesn't fade. So. We were boys, we hadn't yet hit half of thirty, we drank alot and sexed one another and smoked herb almost all the time. No one was around, except in the guise of commands. And no one was around, especially in the guise of no commands. But the job had been given me and he had been there, and me I jumped at it because to tell you the truth that was a time I killed things on my own, I was given to destroy to let some of the pressure off, and a lot of little carcasses could prove I am not lying. There are scenes which are pure. Pure pure pure. They are the outline, not just of what happens when it happened but they are the apparatus of the dream itself, the riveting, they go back and down to the root and are locked there, frozen in a blown fuse of light into a tableau which cannot — ever — be destroyed. They are more eternal than light itself, because light will die before they do. This was one of those. Everything was in position, except we didn't know it until the power of the set-up had run to automatic, and took us along behind, under it. I was there with my mother's lover's gun, in a struggling embrace with my best friend, my boy lover trying to take it away from me — as I try to get up to the attic, where my father,

who had left a year ago, had had a painting studio, where he received the message from God himself that he was no longer an artist, and I am going up there to kill a nest of pigeons that had begun to family in the cage of the enormous fan which blew hot air out the top of the house interfering with its spinning, with its motor, making the house hot, ruining the air, here in the late spring. And it was my mother who had given me this job, see. And I am up on the stairs, and my boy, he's on my leg now saying "No no no don't do it its sick don't" and me, I turn and cock the rifle and point it down the stairs point it straight at him face, straight in his eyes, from my eyes to him eyes and say "I fucking shoot you too let go" and the terror fell down on me, then, fell down on me like the mass of air that fell out the ceiling ever time the stairs were pulled out of it the terror that I was all true and serious and would shoot him actually, no question: He felt the shock of the terror hit me and it broke his hand from my leg, and he said "You're crazy" and I said "Yup" and I was the fury of my mother, then, I was the acid that cut its way through her veins as blood, I was the fists and the voice of the hyena in her night, I was the murder she had stared me down into and I was going to make it all connect, blow these baby birds heads off and leave their dirty bodies there to rot and feel like I did my fucking job and clean and good and I would have the airlock all around me from now on, no matter where I was, what floor, any level, what friend or sex or drug, I had that air locked now, and it was mine for good. Then I could sit in that green walled studio under the rafters and hearing the pigeons cerl and sit and bloat up, me that is not the pigeons, I could feel myself sit and bloat up in that airlock in that studio especially on the hottest days of summer, stoned and with the Thirst and an erection like a vine crawling and twisting, tightening all around me, hot summer not yet half thirty alone, in the empty departed studio, like sitting in the dented center of the abandoned mating-bed of heaven and earth, stained sheets of the world run through the typewriter, picking up a phrase lapidary-like, entomologist-like, a phrase here and a husk there I could find one of the stories of how some of it started.

I came down them steps

I killed all those birdsaaqaaqaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaqaiaaaaaaa

I left them

Not yet half thirty and we were and weren't boys, by the time I show my face again.

The terror it fell upon us unreeled reels and tangled us all in, the projector with the film spiraling out it falling in celebration at our feet, binding us together soldered as part of the enjoyment machine itself now

Til eyes and light unfuse

Til The End

No I don't remember that