

## 10. Metro Tepito

Came up out on it **in a Tepito stairwell** where you get the t and r poorman pill one and ones **you spoon cook to shoot**, if you shoot, so you set up the set to shoot in the station inside in a Mcdonald's unisex, **WC**, paying 3 pesos for toilet paper at the door, from a woman selling toilet paper at the door, **to clot the track** that blooms on your shirtsleeve, then coming out w/ **your hand** on your shirtsleeve, to the **REAL**:

coffeestains on city blueprints, in a car behind the adult cine, prepubescent girls in tight shorts sniffing gas in kitchen sandwich bags, in a car behind the adult cine, men in fatigues, sexshop mannequins being double fist ed in photostills, under a talc white cake of sun being pulled apart into a wet char, block of white, pale anemia on aluminum over denotational wall iron, behind in the adult cine

There is blood on your shirtsleeve, where the paper napkin fell when you fell in the station stairwell, **in a suit that didn't fit absolutely**, an hour in on it in the glow alone reading all the meta-language on metal billboards, or at **the diner bar** seeing a matheme signpost side note on the diner wine list, which was red or white, to use the door you turn the knob, and the **woman** with the man was his castrated I.

**Then from a cracked window** behind in the adult cine, **I like being frisked**, at the window four top sweating, **with blood on your shirt sleeve**, the shitty beer under industrial ceiling fans only comes in two colors, goodbye papa it's hard to die, you Fidel and Field Commander Cohen, concocting a diplomatic coup d'état to inseminate spectaclism in w/ syrette's of flash acid on atm bank machine key pads, **or by**

parachuting denotation **in by shuttlecock, detonating it in** used stemcell sperm banks, on badminton courts, deconsecrated paper constitutions soaked in bootleg sludge, pirated shit, should you see yourself in some mirror, or that you like the ground cold to sleep, so U sleep it rough, on the cold ground, reawaking to the same Mcdonald's unisex you never left, **in the shaved pubic hair of a tranny named**

Doll, or that's the tag she lipstickked to the wall.

totaltheatre nighttime supermarket metrocar cabinfever: derogatory culture, soviet parallel alcocinema & oleg kulik

everyday rearriving to i arrive overagain everyday at. clouds like preproduction plastic whitepellets. places you cannot leave are reproduced in the produce aisle in nighttime postproduction lookingback. now nothing is let alone but planned to scheme. only the catpiss in sidecorners can still coldcock you conscious.

derogatory culture, metrocar cabinfever. consciously everyday rearriving to i arrive again everyday at. coffeestains on city blueprints, in a cab behind the adultcine. prepubescent girls in tightshorts, places w/ placenames where everyone's displaced. now like a postproduction aisle of produce reproduced.

there is blood on my shirtsleeve, the reproduced are reproducing. the produce is ripening. semiconscious a man pissing out his ass in a streetcorner is for now semiconscious of. rearriving overagain everyday at. pale anemia on aluminum over walliron in places. where i was once cornered-in as part of the them the.

rarriving somewhere you cannot leave if you never left where you can look back on what you earlier were everyday rearriving to i arrive overagain everyday at

girl in red & redleggings rearriving coming out the WC unisex semiconscious of the aisle ripening produce the pale anemia on aluminum over walliron in places: left in a hurry the other way had left semiconscious of leaving a bloodpoppy on the toiletbowl. at night nothing matters: everyday rearriving overagain now.

a man pissing out his ass in a streetcorner is for now leashed to a wall cage riotcell like kulik licking the ticklish le corps morcelé of. rearriving everyday at. where nothing is let alone but planned to product. tho catpiss in dark corners can coldcock you conscious YOU remain semiconscious of the scheme in most places.

watching alcocinema pissdrunk on anything in places that blur into displaced placenames i cannot place. now like a postproduction aisle of then. totally conscious of appearing semiconscious, behind in the adult alco-cine halfconscious i stimulated on byproduct. everyday rearriving to i arrive overagain everyday at.

sexshop mannequins being doublefisted in fotostills spectalism inseminated in w/ syrette's of flashacid a matheme signpost sidenote on a diner winelist

which was red or white, to use the door you turn the knob

rightand triptych sidepanel sketch for selfportrait 2012: anamorphosis, the engima of the hour & g. de chirico

light like blue neon in pulsing blinks of black lightening light like licking a thinblade, bathroom stall scalpel of light w/ slowmotes in sunshafts halfliit. a roominghouse halllight where you hit to get lightheaded, dangling bulbight in the oneroom as you stimulate on byproduct. w/ light rail out back AS myoclonic as the light in clocked lightening.

i am, still stealing the occasional streetsign, in car headlights stimulating on byproduct, still seeing nodes of nudelight in sexshop redneon in downtown binary lightheaded, still getting byproduct lightheaded, still halfliit by the corner steelgrill using lightwood, still light sensitive to afternoon church stainedglass in colored lights.

at a streettable outside a squattors oneroom by streetlight lightheaded. a girl pressing tortilla by candle-light was backlit w/ blinking streetsign billboards & the lights of streetcars. a guadalupe altar in altarglass light strung w/ christmas stringlights on stacked pallets. light ON absent metrocar faces lit-up in fluorescent stationlights

and other miscellaneous carryhome panoptic daytoday then the early evening afternoon nothingness afterward walking home from the lightrail w/ bought flowers alone

leaves on sidepaths in cathedral shadelights w/ the rust of sun in them so red and sunrusset, so light for late summer. the chinese place w/ outdoor paperlights has classes for chinapainting on sunday's. tealights on cafe tables & a waiter w/ a wired jaw totally lit ON some opiate, on a huacal under the oillamp halflight.

at home the sunlight looks sluggish. shafts of light slanting down appear so downgoing. a wall in light where trees bend in shadeleaves douces greylight on the bed also. the moon moonlighting as moonlight on the opposite concrete wall. is a stanza of light on byproduct in a plaza at night w/ out working lights.

but i think it's about where, & about the time where the light takes place that places you at some point. citylights when you get used to it. in a covered barnloft the light in shafts that sheaves in wheatfields, dusted light at dusk fallingdown in over overagain at. lights outside a squattors oneroom on pallets at streetlights.

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