

## 7. Plaza San Juan

Sat in plaza **San Juan until sunrise**, there in under the Telmex concrete tower strung w/ stringlights, had my identity card out in hand but no one asked me, in a stretch of benches outside the church, in a blue sport coat, w/ a **74 muskoka lake camp tshirt undershirt**, a bottle of dm coughsyrup and cigarettes, with the idea of staying until sunset to get a sense of the **bassline** of this part of the centro boxstore

In the lighting section, where Burroughs would buy heroin in the fifties, look for heroin, on Dolores in Chinatown, **some homelessness**, the artificialized clean, normalizing panoptic lamp post streetcameras, the aestheticized pressed concrete plaza stone with posted instructions for use, listen to music on grass, in a linted navel where landmark caricatures **of place are signs for metro stations.**

White on white, with a white center, **had had** my identity card out in hand but no one asked me, **under the posted plaza hours**, laying it out quiet on a plaza bench, waiting for that slow sweet rude fuck of a song the sun, or the **first market farmtruck**, the sound of street sweepers brooms of treebranches scratching at the unconscious in me, like birds, up in the **botanical section high canopy at first light.**

Few homeless men washing grocery carts in the **fountain water, emptying the contents** of the packed carts on concrete for the coming warm light, or unrolling wet cigarette ends on warmed rock in the sun like laundry, rolling steel garage doors open down the narrow side alleys like aisles, police with pricing guns, charcoal street corner steel grills on barrels, and men **in weightbelts carrying iceblocks.**

Tracks of wet traces where icewater met the stone, different when looks dry with the dust prints in potholes, **looking sun baked, gray** and conceptual; not that **its not the same thoughts on the same ruins**, in pedestrian precincts, it's that everyone who comes here commutes, neighborhood homelessness, and it looks like it looked, just encased in tourbus camera.glass, with fishermen holding flowers,

who are dressed like fishermen.

the **bardo** deathdrive in tarkovsky's barbed zone: **drenched water**, police in riot gear & the cold damp

the **open wound wouldn't close**. the out of synch of sound to **image** was of **footsteps** but in water a **foothigh**, beside abandoned barrels **bombed** w/ an unspecified grey. there were **also invisible dangers**. electrical coils that oiled the halfstreet, warehouse stalactites & tramcars on missing **tracks**

the **chainedup chainlink** fence door at the **tracks** beside the wired trees, **there** outside out of synch **with the water**. the lamella of bacon's **72 street** side in an abandoned barrel in standing water; **thawed sludge like slosed shrubs**, invisible **gardens w/ drenched rhubarb recently bombed.**

but when the barbed interface was cherrybombed **the barbwire appeared to bardo by the tracks like drugged trackmarks dried out** to invisible traces as traceless as gap deathdrive out of synch w/ what you see on the **screen as sound**. water, but like **water** a foothigh in shit sludged the street

police in riotgear packing handguns police **the tracks** their neo-colonialist csa steel toes shit sludged in gardens w/ drenched rhubarb recently bombed

**stalks of rhubarb in sewers in bombed streets barbed silo's would siren before any bombs** would fall, whether falling out-of-synch w/ the water or **faling** into it insynch w/ **the raining, railtracks** that lead **off-track** in soundimage to synchronize w/ a storyboard in post-production not yet visible.

the **waitingroom is awaiting us**. **other** invisible dangers remain unseen, even unheard of. streets that fell into stairwells still somewhat out-of-synch w/ the excremental objects that fell out in bombed sludge from the upper windows. broken tracks **and** railway ties abandoned to standing **water.**

**bonethin abandoned** women & children in water a **foothigh in abandoned buildings**. invisible police in riotgear packing handguns police **the tracks and** railway ties abandoned to standing **water. gardens w/ drenched rhubarb recently bombed.** traces as traceless as gap deathdrive out of synch

w/ the excremental objects that fell out in bombed sludge from the upper windows. to synchronize **the fishermen who were holding the flowers**

in gardens w/ drenched rhubarb recently bombed

the righthand **sidepanel tristesse** in **black** triptych 73: **alcoholism**, the tranquility of solitude & **george dyer**

**differing angles** of the **same doorway**. friends like **flies** on **continuous walls** excluded in & **an unlit** light bulb unseen or included out. **spent the hour** overhanging the bowel of a painted sink shitfaced. in **the dark the** scalpel carved out a pink blob of **halfmoon** that **scurried** on the **floor in grout & formaldehyde.**

**my head like a sheep's head in formaldehyde grey**. my hands stiff like **rheumatoid hooves or like** stalactities in apparent stasis look perforated w/ moon dogs. an **emaciated wire** on the **red wall led to light but the light was off**. the **light had not been lit** in years: prescription drugs made them prelapsarian hours.

the years we were fucking were **prelapsarian hours** until i **jarred the hours** in years of **joyride formaldehyde grey**. **stoned drunk and naked & excluded in**. gastrointestinal **holes** like **aborted ghosts or like a fetus** in a jar of formaldehyde alien eyed. half a halfight stiffened **to arrow** the fingering of an arthritic moon

the same offyellow bile i vomited dry heaving just now. **walls** that continue **on unplugged w/** the plumb of any **other** wall only wall you in on what you want to wall out

**but nothing works**. **painted windows only moon** light as small poems to replace the years w/ slow hours. **hours & weeks indoors w/ out a desire to see** light made me **light sensitive**. **felt jarred** in formaldehyde or **locked out even though** i was locked in. light like licking a thinblade: to be included out was to be locked in

**3 open doors spaced evenly along a long wall** in a squatter's one room roominghouse hallway. the moon **even seemed to moonlight the bowel hole like toilet bowl white porcelain**. i **coveted these hours of pickling my brain and prick in formaldehyde joyride**. this until the lie of **the/our** light became unlit.

it was out of joint w/ the doorjamb in the lefthand halfit **triptych sidepanel, lacking fronesis, somewhat in-**nomable: **the pickled lie** of our dead sex a formaldehyde grey to grey burgundy i'd call shitbrown. the moon **knows such mockery**. **even over years the hours always seem more dire, if undesired**. **mock like.**

like stalactities in stasis look **perforated** by moon **dog white porcelain porcelain grey**. **as to death: nothing will stop me**. you can call it **what you will:**

i myself i call it **dyer's detention centre decentred**