

After murder, anyone will pause to dwell in the horror of the moment. Before we move on to consider the consequences. A Ukrainian handy-man, witnessing his handiwork,^α may learn the true meaning of why we fear murder more than death. Now the worst was done. It occurred to him. To me. Perhaps you cannot possibly think so. Meanwhile, a Shtick poured his red red portion of pints onto the shard-strewn floor of a room and a half. Perhaps, once we have separated a fool and his Ourmoney, we think to remove both suit and soul from the twenty-second scene of the crime.^β Shall

we pull a horseless carriage into the hallway between a room and a half and a room and a half? Not yet. Let us say it was at the moment of wrapping that red red head in old news. We glance into the glazed eyes of the utterly by-

gone. A beheader beheld his murderous mistake.^γ This was not the occasionally suspicious demi-baguette and fistful of bananas we have suspected from time to time. This time, it was a case of mistaken identity leading to a sudden loss of subjectivity. This neck was a cut above an Ourmoney suit. We feel the error of our headstrong ways on the back of our own neck. Was it a concierge's tidy instinct, or fear of the consequential advance of

time, that cradled that shticky head in the arms of old news and down the hallway of a refugee's remorse? In either case, no matter what. It was a very heavy stone. In that hallway, you crane your neck (I mean the one beneath your head, not the one you cradle lower down). Escape from any scene is a practice we have pencilled in. Nevertheless, the less we say about that the better. Every escape is interrupted by the sound of steeply rising elevators. Two, why do I need two?^δ Or perhaps what demanded a retreat was rather their coming to a halt on the floor that contained simultaneously yourself, your crime and a Shticky head wrapped in the crimes of some other day. Those elevators were uncalled for. They stopped a concierge in the track of his bloody tracks. Shall we vanish into a room and a half across the hall from a headstrong act and a headless victim? Who threatened a lack of thinking straight? Let us stand together then, by the head of the bed in a room and a half, in the arms of a Ukrainian witness – let me be Ukrainian, you be a Shtick's head – and gape at the passage of a dozen opaque curtains in a hurry in the arms of an eyeless intruder wrapped in the arms of nature's call.^ε Shall we say that unbeheaded head headed for the head in a hurry? Perhaps we had better not. Let us rather take advantage of that narrator's moment in the half room of a room and a half to deposit our own head, I mean the one we wrapped in our arms, not the one beneath which we cradled it, at the head of the bed, and head on out of there. Those elevators remained patiently open-mouthed and unmoved by an incident of blood. They would not descend beneath our pressing need. Here a suspension.^ζ Shall we flee in an elevator and abandon a narrator in a room with a head? Though remorse may not propel a reader, it will drive us to one of the few remaining telephones in a tenement.^η Let us say he reported that crime? Invited the police to discover his dismay? Now, perhaps you are thinking, a headless shtick and a shticky head wrapped in the news of yesterday on the twenty-second floor would certainly reappear wrapped in the front page of tomorrow's news ::

⌘ Remorse is a cold dish continuously warmed over. We must have our remorse and eat it too, again and again.

α A saw will see clean through a Shtick's shtick.

β At such times, we begin at the top. I mean the head. Not to mention the building. A verse does not depart from its literal meaning.

γ Or was it the cut of an Ourmoney beneath the sliced neck that redressed our witness's memory?

δ Doubled elevators, when they bring trouble, will make double time.

ε And perhaps a reader's momentary motivation to read on. But perhaps not.

Shall a reader protest some failure of narrative? A suspension? There were no sheep. I made that up.^α To fill a page. They do not generally pour sheep to fill a room. Something else is what they used. Less sheepish, less solid. And life, not death, was smothered there. Not to mention language. But perhaps you are thinking: That was some other room. Perhaps a digression will not return us to that place of no return. Or beyond, before. Bereft. A generalization needs a detail needs a generalization needs a detail and a generalization. But the place of which we were speaking was only a room and a half. Or merely the mirror image of that room and a half. Now it was a father's lunch of blood. Once we have begun, a story makes its own way. We can only add and subtract the bodies. Mustapha, Legrand, the dentist with too many letters in his name, Owley lacked one, Betty Boop – not yet – a nosy Booger's tongue, and a wad of Our Shticky Money. This was merely a Celanian pause, a word gap, a vacant space (leerstelle), you can see the syllables all standing around ::

α I mean I found them grazing alongside a fervent Eirin Mouro's stream. See *Sheep's Vigil*.

⌘ Sefer Yetzirah 2:2

⌘ Sanhedrin 106b

⌘ P. Celan "Go Blind"

⌘ February. No pasaran.

⌘ Who will go up for us to the heavens and get it for us and have us hear it, that we may observe it? Who will cross for us, across the sea, and get it for us and have us hear it, that we may observe it? Deuteronomy 30:12–13

⌘ When nature calls, we are blind to our unnatural surroundings.