

No eyes dry

It was night, dark, and all the tire had coated those susceptible to sleep. The rest had gathered nicely in special zones of pleasure. Arcades. Restaurants. Bars, etc.

A woman walked into one of these bars and sat down somewhere without ordering a drink. If anything, the light at the bar was only designed to illuminate the dust particles floating around in the best possible way. It was a special light. Sets of luminous beams travelled straight through the air, seemingly at random, but never crossing each other's path out of some kind of respect among them.

Impossible to tell which source emitted the light if anything at all. Impossible to tell what was architecture, what was not. The dimness made her appearance vague, no color or apparel shone through the darkness except her pearl earrings that appeared to exhibit some previously harvested lumen. The woman immediately noticed the special light, and it made her enter a state where her whole sentience was gathered on the edge of any single piece of nearby sharpness, any piece of cutter. She underwent various impulses of layered emotion, but they were all suppressed by a translucent, yet heavy, cargo and the effect of this

flattening were aligning all layers, as four dimensions experienced as two etc. Equally not felt was anything 'bad', which opened up the possibility of a personal temporary mystery. She addressed this to herself; *"how is it possible to feel and not feel at the same time... or... how is it possible to feel, so intrinsically and complete, a non- feeling? ... I think of this flatness as inexhaustible. The more I feel less, the longer it will last, closing in on the forever ungraspable point of perfect nullity. Is it full moon? What other than a full moon makes me thrive in these no-vibes pulsing from everything inherent in my soul? What else would make me outlive these enduring seconds of clear zershship?"*

She kept her head down, looking at the floor or nowhere in particular. Her speech was quiet and private, not directed at people, not looking for answers. A few guests at the bar noticed her, but quickly continued tending their own nocturnal solitude. She lifted her head and was able gaze a bit at the innards of this, her mood.

What makes me wholly fathom this encompassing ambience of the all-out incomprehensible? There must be an artificial grain of inversion flowing up the logic stream of this sentience, how else can I truly enjoy this withdrawal from traditional pleasure but not towards its exact opposite, but towards its Promethean next. Is it full moon? No, it's not full moon. Is it the music? "

She turned her head towards the jukebox and listened. A quiet tune oozed from the speakers, one that did indeed maintain some mysterious, fragile stamina. But it was difficult to

distinguish its character from the sounds emitted by all other paraphernalia and utensils of the bar. The ice machine also had song in it - the ventilation from the bathroom area as well. Everyone else at the bar was having trouble even noticing the jukebox through the lit dust and smoke floating around. She listened carefully and her eyes rested patiently on the machine, until her sight had accustomed to the darkness and she could read the title of the song from distance. *"It all seems... It all seems so limitless... I can read it perfectly."* Her shoulders started shaking slightly, then increasingly, until she turned around. A terror rarely seen had conquered her face. She stuttered; *"the song... s full moon..."*

Then everything happened without much hesitation. The currency of her tears reached a pivotal point, where everyone else understood the flawed nature of this different world they'd entered through her shadow's monolingual tongue. Everyone was listening now. And she cast a spell on the entire room and pronto gravity seized and all things slowly lifted off their place and started floating around the room with tranquility. The spatial vacuum

swallowed all sound and consequently all that could be heard was the intimate crackle of dust falling softly onto the lower slopes of their ear canals. All the drinks left their glasses and floated around the room in small, mute clusters that magically seemed to constantly change according to something else than motion and vibration.

Nobody understood, the incomprehension trumped all reason. And as some cherry wine slowly merged into a pilsner right in front of her, her hand grabbed her ear and with relative force she pulled a single pearl earring straight out from the tip of her ear, cutting herself as the lock was pulled through the tiny hole of the lobe. Blood began to geyser from her ear in small parading bubbles and she took the pearl and dabbed it in the perfectly red and reflective droplets. Breaking their formation, smudging the pearl in blood. She whispered another spell at it, repeating those accurate words over and over before pushing the tiny pearl into the middle of the room, the volume of her voice rose so the chant would reach the pearl while it floated away from her. But nothing could be heard in the vacuum. Only her wild mouth spitting mutely.

The pearl started to grow, various parts of its uneven surface was swelling significantly, as if it was inflated and reacted very differently to the air, expanding its thinning material; like a bubble made of bubble gum. She held out her hands flat towards it and kept speaking in silence. As it rapidly got bigger, the pearl started evening out its surface, soon reaching a perfect round shape. The lights in the whole room flickered collectively but so did the swelling pearl as if it sucked all the electricity from the establishment into itself and as all light faded entirely, it lit up the room itself with an anti-sentient glow

perfectly matching the descriptions of the woman's inner concept just minutes ago. Darker spots emerged on the surface of the pearl, darker spots as if diluted ink was seeping through, producing a visual imbalance to the 100% singular ambience. The woman cheered and screamed and clapped her hands. Everyone else was busy accepting the sudden inversion of reality. Mouths agape they watched the pearl continue to grow while emitting that glow, as they floated around and into each other and into things until the pearl was pressing everything against the walls, squeezing itself into every single part of the room and crunching them all. *Full moon*, the woman's lips read as her face disappeared behind the still growing pearl pressing her against the yellow wall. She had made a moon. A full moon.

Jesterhead

LVCIFERO kicked open the door to the bar. Acting as a breeze, an organ octave sieved kindly through the room with a strange confusion of joy and tristesse, as if both ends of its emotional spectrum were attached to two ships heading for opposite land. Even though his body was small and gnarly it seemed ancient, with features quite animal, like a primordial teen forest creeper deprived of accelerating growth. His eyes were huge, they made up the biggest part of his small face, and inspecting the floor beneath him, they seemed filled with a collected white foam, a seedless sperm that flew in all directions from his wild entrance. At the very border of his upper and lower eyelids, multiple infant ticks, had snuck their snouts deep into his thin sepulchral skin. The rest of his body was covered in a total crust, all skin scorched and all color and detail was difficult to detect from all the burn.

LVCIFERO didn't pay attention to the room. He walked straight for the bar, looking down, looking left and right. He didn't even notice the fresh ash that trailed all of his footsteps. An instant production of ash with zero flame, both feet perfectly mirroring each other without setting ablaze anything. As he neared the various people inside the bar, they realized that his body emitted an unnatural warmth. At first it felt like standing near an overstuffed woodstove, but as he moved further into the establishment, they realized his heat was incredibly high, fatal, more like magmatic matter ascending from beneath but in this case it came from a small, strange creature. Everyone moved out his way as the immense warmth hit them like a wandering, miniature sun.

The way he toddled towards the bar was reminiscent of a child, but his relative size made him appear clumsy like a jester, whose only skill is creating overloads of tearing pity. He reached the desk and pointed at the bartender, but the bartender quickly moved away to avoid the intense heat. The hand of LVCIFERO stayed put, pointing at the wall of dispensable spirit behind the bar. The bartender turned around and tried to figure out which one he wanted, his voice was shaking as he named the various spirits, but LVCIFERO kept pointing. In the end, the bartender simply asked him; all of it? LVCIFERO's eyes turned to him, beaming, with his steaming finger still pointing. All of it! his eyes communicated, red with red fire. He received a huge pint filled with a bastard mix of all the alcohol the wall had to offer. The bartender placed it on the bar and stepped away. A brown and orange mixture filling the glass to the very brink, in fact the commotion of all the guests moving around to avoid the heat made the drink spill over and onto the bar. LVCIFERO bowed down and sipped with his arms spread out wide and his fingers pointing in all directions with a bonzaiesque contortion. The very first sip he took, made the substance turn completely clear. Clear like water. The bartender gasped, a woman and her escort rushed out the bar since they were placed near the door and had an easy exit. Everyone else was

trapped inside and couldn't pass the scorching LVCIFERO. He grabbed the glass with both hands, turned around and staggered towards a table he'd chosen out of complete indifference. As he trotted ahead, his eyes remained fixed to the transparent matter he'd conjured and he seemed very content, even proud of the transformation his sip had caused.

Two men were sitting at the table LVCIFERO was heading for. Dumbstruck and far too late they realized his exact direction and didn't have the possibility of fleeing. They tried to crawl up the wall but failed miserably and the rest of the clientele watched with horror as their bodies dried out within seconds from the intense temperature of his presence. LVCIFERO did not even notice the instant death of the two innocent drunks, he couldn't stop looking at the drink in the huge glass his two burned hands were carrying.

He sat down and gulped down another sip, his eyes flickered around the room as if his only way of communicating was through sheer awkwardness and desperation. Something about the wild flickering of his eyes called for a maximum amount of sympathy, even pity. Pity mixed with love, a love mixed with warm sorrow. All his movements were beyond clumsy, his motor skills at an absolutely minimum, and yet everything was executed with some kind of accuracy based on pure inelegance. The little devil had the clientele bound, the danger of staying at the bar was diminished by the magnetic pull of this odd combination of traits his character held.

What are you? someone yelled from the back. LVCIFERO didn't notice the request at all. Nothing about his being suggested that he'd understand language nor speak it. Why would he tell us? another one said, as if this person had a better understanding that LVCIFERO was from another world. Then people started whispering. A gossip from table to table. But moments later, LVCIFERO slowly began making strange sounds, growling softly at first, like a teen lion trying to sleep. Then the sounds started to have the contours of language, words, unintelligible words. Soon, though, as everyone was quieting down a bit they realized he was whispering a word: LVCIFERO.... LVCIFERO.... LVCIFERO...

LVCIFERO....

People looked at each other and said the word: LVCIFERO? LVCIFERO. Is that who you are? LVCIFERO? The word left an odd taste of something burned in their mouths. People started to clean their tongues, as the strange taste of ash appeared to them one by one. A fascinating reaction, but that's what he was; burned. Freshly descended. A drop down from above. We know your story, someone brave yelled from safety. LVCIFERO

longed out his grey, crimson tongue and started laughing, his voice all squeaky, regular and dark at the same time, as if inside him lived a choir that possessed actual vocal multitudes. The tongue still dripping from his open mouth, he put his hands above the glass and crunched them together. From this simple friction the damaged, arid skin of his palms crumbled into tinier fragments and sprinkled into the big glass with the liquor mix. Still chanting his own name in various pronunciations, he suddenly went silent and stopped moving. Then his body gently slid down the seat, as if it was lubricated in extreme grease, and when his face was leveling the table, he pulled his torso close to the glass. His face swelled up through the enlarging qualities of the curving glass. Especially his eyes got even bigger, eagerly looking around the content of the pint. He spotted the tiny flakes of skin fluttering around the liquid, descending slowly like feathers. For long, his dedicated gaze kept observing them. Then some of the flakes started popping like osmotic sparkles on an invisible thread of biological progress, curling their tiny shapes open as if they'd been in a special state closely resembling death, and the almost boiling liquor was somehow rehydrating them, giving them bodies. The flakes were coming alive. Brilliance glistened in the huge eyes of LVCIFERO, his eagerness notched up as he'd very obviously been expecting this to happen. Soon his whole glass was alive with tiny creatures swimming or jetting around from single propulsive jerks.

LVCIFERO had just produced some life somehow, and the creatures were rapidly growing as they consumed the many types of liquor they'd been born in. He noticed that one of them was already significantly bigger than the rest, so he cracked his little finger and the noise of it rang around the room. Then he stuck it into the mix and let the little swimmer climb onto the long, gnarly finger nail. It was steaming as it exited the hot liquid. LVCIFERO brought it close to his face to inspect it more thoroughly. He was satisfied, a smile spread across his face and somehow it was evident, that the little creature returned his affection. He opened his mouth and without hesitation it jumped straight into it, completely carefree as if this sacrifice was part of his foundational genetic maintenance. LVCIFERO was electrified and his body shivered and twisted in pleasure of his achievement and rapidly he downed the whole glass and swallowed every single creature. The people at the bar could only witness the joy the jesterhead experienced. As all the creatures tickled his throat in their descend, the infectiousness of this endearing joy made everyone forget that two people had just died from simply standing too close to his body. Everyone was smiling as LVCIFERO stood up and started jumping around on the spot. He tried eagerly to hug himself with his small, edible friends inside him. People looked at each other and smiled and laughed and after a while, LVCIFERO went to the bar and made some wild, incongruent gestures, while making sounds that communicated a now publicly accepted illiteracy. The bartender laughed warmly and shook his head a little, and then he

poured another pint of the complete mix and served LVCIFERO. The bartender's hand received 3rd degree burns as he put the glass in front of him but managed to quickly throw it straight into the icemaker as he laughed at the ridiculous pain. LVCIFERO sprinkled some more skin into the mix, this time from his crusty elbow and again he closely studied the development of the flakes sprouting into life inside the alcohol. He repeated the birth and the sacrifice just as before; observing every single creature come to life and then consuming them all with zero objections. Everyone watched with awe as he started walking towards the door that he'd entered no more than a few moments ago. They watched with awe as he left the bar and went his way. What they had experienced was original. It didn't make sense but it felt original. Someone went up to the bar and requested to pay for the drinks LVCIFERO had consumed. Then they all shared a silent toast.