

my heart sinks to bring you this news

the day of the Dead

dear fellow citizen,

I bring you news today,
news from the grave.
In the antechamber
I saw your face
on the other side
of the bars
you were there
desperate and sullen
worn and haggard
weary and fallen there
alone and unaware
of me until I spoke
and said your name
and you heard it
you recognized it
but that was later,
that was much
much later.

First I called your name
but you did not hear me
no you were so engrossed
in your abject misery
so I called to you again
yet you were unmoved
so I picked up a pebble
and threw it at you
hitting You in the temple—
that got your attention.

You scrambled to your feet
and you saluted me
thinking I was somebody
but when you saw I did not move
nor return your salute
you thought I was just
another dead
entering the tomb
you were confused and thinking
that there was some mistake
that I was just another dead
entering into the grave
you turned your head away

back to your sentence of
 utter misery and grief
 so I turned to leave
 but you must have seen
 the dust I kicked up just then
 for you jumped to your feet again
 and pointed animatedly
 with all your weak energy
 at the marks I made there
 on the dusty ground, there.

I was not of that world
 the underworld
 but a visitor instead
 the marks confirmed it
 invited there as a sort of guest
 to tour the site and see what's ahead
 for I had bribed the gatekeeper
 and was finally invited
 to catch a glimpse of the dead
 from the antechamber
 of the great, full grave

<p>There through the bars we spoke silently through your eyes you said —your eyes said that you were dead— that you had lost your voice that you heard a constant noise and that you were impotent.</p> <p>You made me promise you once on the outside again to remind you of your impotence to call your name out loud so that you could hear it again through the noise and come to your senses again escaping the silence your impotence and the grave crossing over to the other side of the bars</p>	<p>I saw the look in your eyes did you see the look in mine? yours said, I am helpless here I am impotent, a shade of my self a shadow of a doubt voiceless and mute and only you, only you can help me now Mine said, I apologize, I apologize but I don't know how surely someone else can help you break out. No, no, you insisted you are the one, you have to save me from my voiceless fate you are the chosen one you are the one I has chosen</p>
<p>You are dead and you are helpless to help undead yourself or so you said. You need me, my voice, to give birth to those thoughts in your head, your heart and other assorted parts. You said you would not remember my</p>	<p>I said you would not remember, surely you will not remember Yes, you assured me, yes, I will No, there is too much noise and you are condemned to carry out your sentence forever the same never a change</p>

<p>visit there and you asked me to— you made me promise I would remind you, that I would write to you and tell you how it is with you. Your voice, you said you wanted your voice back, to sing and speak as you once did and had used to of old, that as a punishment for sins of cowardice, you were rendered dumb and impotent, moot and voiceless. You explained that only a spell, a certain spelling of your name, could reanimate, eliminate, erase your shame and bring you to grace the grace you so sorely needed. You said all that through your eyes and hands.</p>	<p>in tone or inflection a monotonous river of Styx constantly in the limbo of crossing never in the act, not stopping or unstopping surely you would not hear me me from the other side hearing the noise, the constant voice of the river, the dirty water sloshing back and forth, from side to side, how could I ever stem that tide? Singing, you said, singing your name could sometimes break through But I am no singer I protested again Don't worry, you said, don't worry, you will know what to do Go on your way and remember the memory of my miserable silent face again when you are in the sun again remember my utter impotence, my deathly earthly sentence and call my name, call to me, call me— call my name in song.</p>
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Forgive me if I misreads you here, I apologize, I apologize, it is not always so easy to be sure about words spoken through the eyes but I think I got the gist of it right. In deed, we have written them down so there can be no question, there can be no question now.

It is not easy for me to write you like this. It means standing on the edge of a precipice and looking down into the abyss, but for you I will do it, I will do anything for you, for you to be able to wipe, to erase, to clean the miserable look from your face and eyes—it torments me, day and night, I can't sleep at night—I sleep haunted by the look of your face and eyes and your impotence. I sleep, dreaming of your bloody dead face and eyes.

My heart sinks to bring you this news for it means great calamities, the wringing of hands and the gnashing of the dragon's teeth, and more death yet that is preferable to the alternative.

So here I keep my promise
your name I call, I call your name
in vain, I hope not in vain
I call out your name
hear your name
your name
hear
your name
whispered in
through your eyes

Yours,

[Porno, the Vandal](#)

Psst. Listen. Can you hear that? That's the sound of your name, the voice from the grave calls to you, calling your name, saying, Wake up! Wake up! It's time to go to sleep . . .