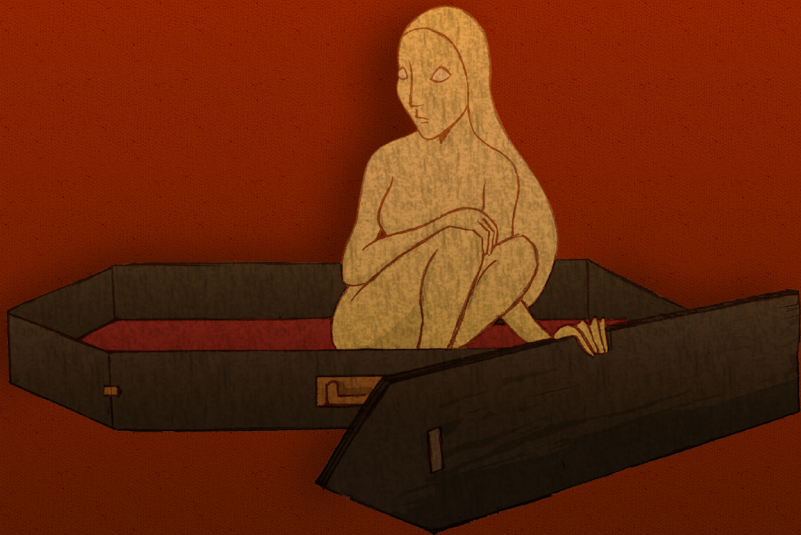


KA-BAALIM & BUNK DATA



THE INSOMNIATI: TWO

when you forget you're dreaming and never wake up

THE INSOMNIATI

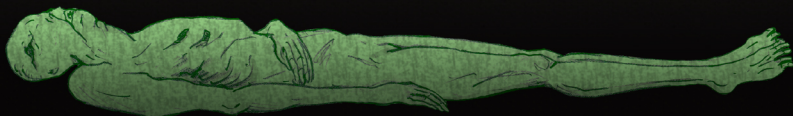
two

KA-BAALIM

David Miller
Noel Miller
Nick Kunin
Cindy Hunt

BUNK DATA

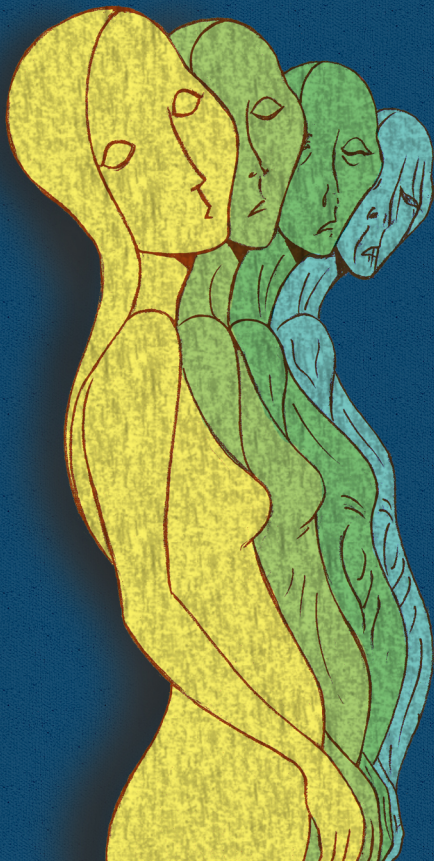
Nathan Larson



Me, Along with the one me, along with the doings of me, along with the one me, along with the doings of me. I cease to exist. I cease to exist on the shelf, next to the one above the one you stare at absent-mindedly.



I encountered a very queer gift shop, gently rolling in the waves. Inside this shop, a rotting body lay with decades of death. A framed verse above the coffin read, Don't let my soul fly to outer space, for I will bargain with the universe to finally go where I can be properly appreciated. A gift shop, of course, would be appropriate.



Muzak playing, Bottles of Beer on the Wall, with my head singing the lyrics ,

Searching for wheels of Feel-ing bad.

Searching for wheels of Feel,

I Feel so bad,

Yet interested.

Searching for wheels of Feel-ing bad.

I don't like this age, because I can't sleep for long in it. When a moment, is a moment, within an option, I awake from my nightmare and don't feel quite so dead. That's the effect of living backwards. I awake from my nightmare and am very close to total vacuum. Some theories, put the average density of the doings of my life as, "Never ceased to have existed." But I WILL have ceased for one second.

I will have a moment of standing and breathing, and of that self I used to know, all of the doings of me, will have a moment of momentum.

A momentum of standing still and breathing.

You, who have never really been.

Two pence a week and jam, says the Queen.

Two pence a week and a jam.

I say to the body, "my soul will have the hour of this afternoon with you, and I brought a large lunch, which I plan to eat, while sitting at the edge of your coffin."

I hear a voice, condescendingly sweet, say, "there's a shelter about eight boats down. I got a floaty if you aren't up to swimming."

"But I want to eat here."

"Sorry, but the man doesn't like you here."



I turn to the dead face for confirmation. The body remains on it's back, perfectly still, with no change of expression. I don't see that he has any opinion of me what-so-ever.

Sometime too, I will be dead. Me dead, and all the doings of me, will cease to exist. At one moment, I will be me, and all the doings of me, will hold out my hands as though everybody is here to wake me from my nightmare. The next moment, me and all my doings, will cease.

Living backwards. A moment is a delta sleep with restorative properties.



I shake him from side to side, until his face is blue. He meant this to happen. A slow suicide. I knew what he was doing, yet I kept it to myself. When I awoke from my, "You see the will to have the freedom, To have the freedom, To break free from the breathing, To break free from the pain," I realized that from the beginning, he let go until the end, and all the doings of his are now the doings of the dead.

I look down at his still face and kiss a cold finger. I tell him, "I'm awake from my nightmare, but you did not wake from yours. To have ceased to have the freedom to break free from the already moment of dead. Me, and all the doings of me, should have ceased. When I awakened from my nightmare. I should have been dead too.

Humpty Dumpty, building a wall
Humpty Dumpty, forgot to fall



When a moment, is a moment, is a nightmare, and you gather a peep from your already rotting corpse, you give yourself a moment to stand, but sleeping is your only option in the end. When I awoke from my nightmare, I became the Red Queen, but to my surprise, when he awoke from his nightmare, he became dead. From the already rotting corpse, there is a moment, of a moment, of standing still and breathing.

END

In loving memory of Matt Zaun