

# FAGGOT

José Antonio Luer

## Mythology

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I  
Sodom

.-

Outside your house there are thousands of black birds hiding the silhouette of a fascist who wants to kill us.

His name is Lot.

I saw him on the app.

He asked me if Zephyr was my real name.

I told him no.

I told him; "I'm just a faggot".

He laughed.

Because the laughter has a power in those who have lost their heart

and vice versa, in those who have found it

then, between laughs he confessed to me

that he took part in a mission where some Trojans sprayed sulfur in the woods because of the plague.

So... I came to your door, in this city, in the center of Sodom

to warn you of a fire

but I can't find you.

You send me a message from a bar in the city of Athens.

Why are you in Athens while your city is burning?

[...]

They say we're the ones responsible for the plague.

That our sins have provoked the wrath of the gods.

That we must escape without looking back at the world's atrocities.

That we must let these memories burn within us, unseen.

So I walk with hurried steps

And I repeat to myself that feeling repressed should be the real sin.

And that I'm not cursed for being a faggot.

So I turn around

To witness the catastrophe

Because I need to know that all that hate is true and it's not mine

That all that hate can kill me, even if I'm supposed to be free

And because nothing can die without being seen

Then, the second I turn my gaze

I become salt.

I become an immense pillar of salt beneath a mountain.

And I leave.

I leave the city of the body that you had seen me.

I leave the eyes of the men who wanted to kill me.

I come out of the screams in the streets

Of my sisters who ran from those starving dogs

From those rifles loaded with hatred

I leave

From the clotted blood that stopped that blow to my body....

But the salt doesn't bleed and I come out of that body

Like thousands of little pieces of stars

That are lost under the sinister faces of men...

Lot will not come back for me.

Neither will you.

Why are you still in Athens?

There all the stories tried to kill you.

Come back!

Why aren't you here, outside the door of your house?!...

When you come back you'll see me all turned to salt.

You'll see a salt faggot

Who disobeyed

And was condemned.

And you weren't there...

So... when you come back

I don't know if you'll know...

If that pillar of salt

Is me

And if all the dead of the city

Are our regrets.

## II

### Ganymede

*Enter the faggot Ganymede, in a dress, with his mother Chaliroe who smokes non-stop.*

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**THE MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Doing those diabolical dances on the table... Aren't you ashamed? My little boy, doing that such disgraceful things! And your poor father, the King of Troy, has to endure this kind of public humiliation—his own son behaving like this! ... We are not in times, Ganymede, for such... frolics.

*[The screeching of an eagle is heard]*

That damned, damned eagle flying above our roof. I'm going to pass you your father's weapons. Killing an animal will give you character. I want you to kill that bird!.... Now go upstairs and get changed before your father gets here. His weapons, you know where they are. *[Ganymede trembling.]*

**GANYMEDE:** I pooped my pants, Mom.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** What?

**GANYMEDE:** I'm all pooped out.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** What are you saying, come here, let's see....

*[The mother approaches.]*

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Mother fucker!... You're stinking!

**GANYMEDE:** You don't say Mother Fucker, mom. That's linguistic sexism.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Sexism what?!....

**GANYMEDE:** Linguistic sexism!

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** My son... Why are you like this? And talking like a woman. I don't like that you talk like a woman. And... and... Why did you shit yourself?

**GANYMEDE:** Because I love a man and everything scares me.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** That you love a man?

**GANYMEDE:** And everything scares me.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** But what does it have to do...The man, the poop, the fear....

**GANYMEDE:** I want to know what my poop smells like before a man puts it in me.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** But my life, what are you saying, "Puts in me"? I'm so worried about you...

**GANYMEDE:** Why, mom?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** You're so... so like this...

**GANYMEDE:** So like this?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** So... So...

**GANYMEDE:** So-so.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** So faggoty!... So faggoty!... Is it true everything you say, that you love a man...?

**GANYMEDE:** A faggot, yes.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** AND... Let's see... Come on, let's clear it up. Tell me. What do you feel when you see it... Do you feel how it stops... your dick?

**GANYMEDE:** I don't know, Mommy. I've only seen it in my dreams.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Dreams!?... Are dreams?... but my love... Dreams!... Of course... It's children's stuff... This... This is going to pass my life, and if you do not pass we can fix it. There are treatments... The diseases, sonny... You don't know the diseases that the gods unleash on people like you... The loneliness and the kind of life these people are exposed to... Don't you care that in the street they think you are a pedophile?

**GANYMEDE:** Why would they think I'm a pedophile, Mom?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Well, because children also have a dick.

**GANYMEDE:** But boys don't get a boner.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Precisely! That's not what we talk about, honey. You see... That's why they'll think you're a pedophile.

**GANYMEDE:** Why did you make me like that, Mommy?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Because I'm a nymphomaniac.

**GANYMEDE:** I didn't know you were a nymphomaniac.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** I didn't either. I realized it after I had you.

**GANYMEDE:** How did you find out?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Because I'm always nervous. The only times I get to be calm is when I'm eroticized. I can't do things if I'm not eroticized.

**GANYMEDE:** *[Shouting spasmodically]* Mommy!....

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** What is it now?!

**GANYMEDE:** Are you eroticized now?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** A little.

**GANYMEDE:** Me too. I think I'm a nymphomaniac too.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Oh my son, no, no, you are too young to be a nymphomaniac. My God... Someone did something to you... What did they do to you?... Was it your uncle?... Let's see, come... come... Come closer, hold me...

*[Ganymede approaching.]*

Oh, no, you are dirty with poop, come away, come away...

*[Ganymede moving away.]*

I'm going to call your father and you're going to apologize. We'll sort the rest of this out tomorrow. *[Eagle squawking sounds]* That damn bird...

**GANYMEDE:** It's Zeus. The man of my dreams. He turned into an eagle and he's coming to get me, Mom. Even the gods want to fuck some whore.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Enough of these ridiculous tales, that a god wants to fuck a whore? What kind of twisted, satanic tales are these! Come, take off that horrendous dress and take a gun....

**GANYMEDE:** I'm afraid to shoot an animal, Mom.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** But it's going to die in the fire anyway!

**GANYMEDE:** In the fire?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Fire?! Did I say fire? No, sonny, no, you heard wrong. I meant TIRE. Fire rhymes with tire and it's almost the same thing!

**GANYMEDE:** I'm almost sure I heard fire.

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Oh, well. If you want to know so much... The whole forest is full of sulfur, Ganymede. All you have to do is drop a cigarette butt and PAPFF!.... So either

you kill that bird and give it a more... let's say... spontaneous death... or it will burn all its feathers in the fire.

**GANYMEDE:** And more animals will die in that fire?

**MOTHER - CHALIROE:** Business are business, son. And a fire goes out. So you're going to go upstairs, you're going to bathe, you're going to take off that dress, you're going to dress like a man, you're going to go get your father's guns, you're going to go up the mountain and you're going to shoot that bird. When you do, let me know. I've got to get out. Suddenly I felt like smoking.

*[Mother approaching again, backs away. The eagle squawks.]*

How disgusting, how disgusting, the whole house is shitty, the whole house is shitty....

*[MOTHER leaving, throwing cigarette ashes. GANYMEDE dancing in his shitty dress. The eagle above him - or her].*

**GANYMEDE:**

Now I'm on a mountain,

and a group of children playing at hunting rabbits runs past me.

They throw stones at me,

and the stones think I am their ground.

My face is full of holes

through which worms and little birds pass, leaving their eggs.

A few meters away from me,

there's a scarecrow made of flour sacks.

Then one of the hunting children comes and fills my back with flour.

I stare up at the sky with my white body

while the eagle flies over me

and the children laugh,

and all of this feels like some law that some man must have written—

because all the men in the world have written laws

that have allowed them to do terrible things.

*[Zeus, incarnated in the eagle, takes Ganymede and carries him off to Olympus].*

### III

#### Aminias and Narcissus

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Then you came to my house following an eagle...

Yes.

And the eagle spoke to you.

Aha.

And what did the eagle say to you?

It said to me: I want to rape you, I followed it, it took me with its legs... like this... by the shoulders. And I got here.

That was before...

I made them play hunter.

Who?

Some kids.

What kids.

From the park across the street.

And his parents, where were they?

Smoking drugs.

And what did the children have to hunt.

Rabbits. There's a hill near your house. And they come down from there.

Who come down?

The rabbits.

And the eagle told you that?

No. That's not what Zeus told me.

Zeus?

The eagle. I named him that. I got attached.

Ok... And the children learned to hunt?

No. But their parents told me it was good for them to “become men”.

What's that got to do with it.

That maybe being a man has to do with that.

With what?

With hierarchies. With being on top of something. Or someone. Literally.

Well, I brought you this.

*[Alludes to a shoebox in his hand. Pause. The other faggot takes it, opens it].*

You brought a dead rabbit to my house?

Yes.

What for?

For you to remember me.

And how he died?

First I made him trust me. Then I buried a stick in his heart, like this [*makes the gesture of burying a stick in the rabbit's chest*].

Get out of my house.

The door is locked.

What do you mean, the door is locked?

When I got here, the door was open. I walked in. I know you always leave it open—because when you're on the app, you tell the faggots to come in, that the door's open. So I thought, well, maybe he's waiting for some faggot from the app. So I came in with the box and the dead rabbit. And I thought: maybe he won't take it well. Maybe he won't get the metaphor.

Or maybe he will—and he'll think I'm playing the victim. And we've been stuck in that for a while, haven't we? Me trying to make metaphors, and you thinking I'm just playing the victim.

Go away and take your dead rabbit with you.

So I was thinking about that. That you were going to think I'm playing the victim and I said well, no, maybe I'm exaggerating, maybe you're not like me, maybe I'm too metaphysical and weird. Because I am metaphysical and weird, and everything in the end has to do with me and I thought I'm too narcissistic and I found myself pathetic. Then I regretted it, and when I turned around to turn back, I tried to open the door and I couldn't.

What do you mean you couldn't?

I couldn't. It's locked. The door is locked.

At this point I think... and I'm very serious... we should seek professional help.

You know that faggots always die in Greece? You know that?

And what does that have to do with it?

That I brought this rabbit so you won't forget about my death. It's a "professional help".

And what do you want me to do with him... put my fingers in his corpse, pull out his heart and squeeze it with my hand...?

Either you know me too well or we're finally talking in metaphors.

I'm going out the window.

*[One of the Faggots walking out. A river is illuminated]*

AMINIAS: I don't want you to leave. *[Silence]* I don't want you to leave and I don't want to believe everything you told me and I don't want to not know what to do tomorrow when you're gone.

NARCISSUS: Here's an idea. *[He throws him a box of matches.]* Give me the keys.

AMINIAS: Give me explanations.

NARCISSUS: I guess it was something I hadn't dared to say before.

AMINIAS: You didn't dare to say that in three years you hadn't realized that you didn't feel anything?....

NARCISSUS: Sometimes the mind play bad tricks on us...

AMINIAS: Bad TRICKS?

NARCISSUS: I don't know what else you want me to tell you.

AMINIAS: I don't want you to tell me anything. I want you to stay so you can remedy the damage.

NARCISSUS: I've already made a decision.

AMINIAS: Three years, Narcissus. You've been dazzled for three years and you throw me a box of matches to do what, so I can set the house on fire?

NARCISSUS: It was your idea.

AMINIAS: Three years and suddenly you didn't know what you were doing. You didn't know if the cup you were holding at breakfast was yours. Or if your hands were your hands. Or if your eyes were your eyes. Or if the voices you heard were other people's or echoes of your own. Three years without knowing if you were you, while I...

NARCISSUS: While you insisted too much. *[silence]* and it's hard for me to say no to people.

AMINIAS: Is it hard for you to say no to people?

NARCISSUS: You know that I'm going to walk out of that door and that all this is going to end.... Do you know it or not? That I'm going to go to Athens and that this farewell will be a great death.

AMINIAS: Then I will prepare to hold your corpse in my arms, just as I am holding this box.

*[Narcissus looks for the keys in Aminias' pockets. He does not find them. He looks him straight in the eyes. He takes the shoebox from her. He opens the box, looks at it. He takes out some keys from inside. He closes the box. He stares at Aminias. He throws the box to the floor and in the fall a dead rabbit comes out of the box. Narcissus comes out. Aminias, in a low voice. He prays to the goddess Nemesis].*

## IV

### Silvanus & Cyparissus

*[A whore dragging a deer in the forest]*

**SILVANUS:** And that deer?

**CYPARISUS:** I tried to save it.

**SILVANUS:** It's becoming a habit to bring in dead animals.

**CYPARISUS:** I found it passed out near the river where we were bathing and I wanted to help it.

**SILVANUS:** Then that deer is you.

**CYPARISUS:** What do you mean it's me.

**SILVANUS:** There are people who believe that when you suddenly lose consciousness... your brain clings to a memory where you were happy. And it repeats it until your heart stops beating. And I believe that that deer is you. And that we, the ones here, are that memory of yours that you're trying to save.

**CYPARISUS:** And what memory would that be?

**SILVANUS:** Of when we used to go swimming in the river and play hunter. And I would hold your hand, like this. And I'd give you lessons on the spear positions according to the distance. I would tell you it was like this. At the height of the head. You told me that you had bad eyesight and that you couldn't hunt. And I told you...

**CYPARISUS:** Hunting is a rite to become men. I remember. I answered you that I didn't want to be a man. And then you told me that I had to be. That the art of war has kept men in dominion of this world.

**SILVANUS:** Now, let's go back. Don't divert your attention.

**CYPARISUS:** It frightens me. Apollo gave me a deer a few days ago and it may be out there.

**SILVANUS:** Don't worry. You put stone garlands on its antlers to differentiate it. Now take aim. Raise the spear. Fix your position in space.

**CYPARISUS:** Something is moving among the trees...

**SILVANUS:** It's only a wild boar. Fix your position in space. To focus! Follow your impulse. Throw!... throw now!...

*[Cyparisis throws. A squeak is heard.]*

**CYPARISUS:** And some antlers with stone garlands fell down. And I asked you if those antlers were from the stag that Apollo gave me....

**SILVANUS:** But they were not. Because that deer that you come carrying at night from your memories.... It is you.

*[Cipariso going to his deer].*

**CYPARISUS:** Inside me there's a group of hunters who borrow my behaviors. From time to time I think about sheltering them. I think that perhaps they only need tenderness. That perhaps the lack of tenderness has this city full of dead animals. [...] The hunters approach me. They speak to me. And I, because I like to lick their members, believe their lies. I believe they are different, that they resemble the river when it swells and the tree when it sprouts. Then I destroy flowers with my tongue and I feel happy and calm and... and... less of a man.

And I become a cypress. And I weep eternally in those waters where I was free and everything resembled a dance of sounds and silences... and I weep with a wet mouth and the clop-clop and the stone and the bird...

*[Cyparissus becomes a cypress tree. The tree of sadness, grief, and mourning for loved ones].*

V

Aphrodite

*[A fire in the mountain woods. Aphrodite, a sixty-five year old woman outside the door of her house. A large smoke, a reporter with his microphone and cameraman emerging through the smoke]*

REPORTER: Wednesday, August 27, 2025, twenty hours and thirty-five minutes, twenty-five degrees Celsius, clear. We are at the site of the fire where the flames from a cigarette butt have begun to burn the forests since 17:00 hours. Just down the hill is Mrs. Afroditia, a sixty-five year old woman who, despite the uncontrolled movement of the flames, does not want to leave her house. Mrs. Aphrodite, can we ask you a few questions...?

*[The camera focuses on Aphrodite, who is staring blankly]*

MRS. APHRODITE: Okey...

REPORTER: We see you so pensive, what are you thinking about?

MRS. APHRODITE: Nothing.

REPORTER: What do you mean "nothing"?

MRS. APHRODITE: I'm not thinking anything.

REPORTER: Ok...

MRS. APHRODITE: I mean, I'm thinking about... I have to go do the laundry. And that the rabbits on the hill must be burning. And the faggots too.

REPORTER: The faggots?... What faggots are you talking about?

MRS. APHRODITE: The faggots on the mountain.

REPORTER: But only animals live on the mountain.

MRS. APHRODITE: Yes, I know. But the faggots also pass up there. It's a cruising zone.

REPORTER: What is a cruising zone?

MRS. APHRODITE: An area where the fags hang out. It's like... You go, you see a faggot, you say "hello, I want to see your dick", and another faggot says "Do you suck it?".... For the dick. And the other one says yes. And they hide behind a tree and suck each other.... The dick. That's called cruising. I don't know why. But they do it that way. They hide in the woods like nymphs. Especially the younger ones. I think they do it so their parents don't catch them at home. And they don't get hit, or kicked out, or have rocks thrown at them.

REPORTER: And what does all that have to do with you not wanting to leave your house?

MRS. APHRODITE: I don't know.

REPORTER: And so?

MRS. APHRODITE: I just think that in that forest there are cypresses... there are rivers... there are rabbits... there's even an eagle that lives up there. But there are also a lot of faggots. It's like they're all part of the same story.

REPORTER: And do you know any of those faggots?

MRS. APHRODITE: There are some who live across the street. I've seen them bathing in the mountain river in their balls when I walk my dog. They're really degenerate. But I like them anyway. I mean, they're promiscuous people, but they don't do anything to anyone. At the beginning they gave me I was afraid because they were strange. But then I started to look

at them the same way I looked at rabbits and little fish. And I realized that faggots are very similar.

REPORTER: That they look like little fish?

MRS. APHRODITE: Yes-Yes.... They're really quiet.

REPORTER: And you don't think they started this fire?

MRS. APHRODITE: No, not them.

REPORTER: But they say the fire was started by a cigarette butt. And you tell me that the faggots party up there.

MRS. APHRODITE: No, they don't party. They go cruising, I told you. Besides, those kinds of cigarette butt accidents don't exist. This fire was set by someone.

REPORTER: Yeah, but... who?

MRS. APHRODITE: The real estate conglomerate. Lot's Association, they're called. I vetted them with artificial intelligence. First, they are evangelicals, not queers. Second, this has been going on for a long time. Third, I saw a woman who is always smoking with some men looking at the land. Further north they started with all the non-native tree planting. But then it was a wild goose chase. Ask them, ask the artificial intelligence. At least they would have warned the neighbors. Look, look how the burned rabbits run, here we all fall under the same fire, the one who aims has a long range view, and the bullets reach everywhere. To all equally. Rabbits, trees, rivers and faggots. That's the way things are.

REPORTER: So you say this was "planned" by a Catholic millionaire sect?

MRS. APHRODITE: Yes.

REPORTER: And that the artificial intelligence told you....

MRS. APHRODITE: Yes-Yes...

REPORTER: Ok... and that they should have, at the very least, told the neighbors...

MRS. APHRODITE: Do you think there are no people up there?... It is a free zone. A cruising zone. I told you. Look... I saw my neighbor go up there at four o'clock in the afternoon. His door faces mine. I knocked on his door since the flames started at 7:30. The poor thing was in the grief of love. I saw him leave with his cell phone in his hand. That young man was up there when the fire started. The wind was strong-strong... He must not have known when the flames started. I wonder if anyone knows that young man is up there. If he showed up. If anyone found him. If anyone cares... Or if his body was charred with the stone...

REPORTER: And why do you care so much about that young man?

MRS. APHRODITE: Because I always see him all alone. With those little lost eyes he has. And with the sorrow of love... And I got attached to him. Don't you see that they named me Aphrodite?... As the one of love. The Greek.

REPORTER: Well, Mrs. Aphrodite, thank you very much for your words. We are informed by internal that they are evacuating the area. Are you not going to move from your house?

MRS. APHRODITE: No.

REPORTER: And what are you going to do?

MRS. APHRODITE: I don't know. Wait... Wait for somebody to put out that fire or for the wind to stop blowing. Wait until the trees stop turning black and the faggots can go back to swimming like little fish in the rivers. Is there anything else to do these days but wait? I'd like to do other things. But I don't know how. I'm not a firefighter, you know. I don't know how to get into a fire. I don't know how to run through flames or hold a hose. I don't know

how to hold my breath in the middle of the smoke, tell me, what else can you do besides waiting for those who know how to put out the fire... to put it out.

*[Silence. The reporter disappears in the smoke]*

## VI

### Lot's Wife

*[A man has returned to a burned forest that is still active. But his form is no longer that of a man. His face is disfigured, as are his voice and his body. I have taken on the unreal form of monsters. On the slope of a mountain a salt fester was waiting for him. Motionless, just like the rocks, it stares at him with a stony gaze. The trunks crackle slowly]*

/

You return from Athens when I have become a pillar of salt with a stony gaze. You return only after the urgency. Its not fair. One should not run to embrace those we love only when we are losing them. Don't pretend you can see me. I don't think you can. Your gaze passes me by, pierces my face and doesn't hold it. The reflection of your own face is baked in your eyes, I do not appear in your memories except as another you.

*[A guitar sound.]*

/

What were you doing in the forest with a stony gaze

Unable to move, or run from the flames

How many times did you say you no longer loved him?

To the man who put your head in the ivy.

What were you doing in the woods, in the middle of the flames

Why didn't you run like a Greek nymph

Why didn't you call or plead with the souls

Why did you stay huddled in inertia.

And you stand there unable to say anything

Like a statue of salt, like the moon in the mist

You don't realize what a coward absence is

When the one you love returns, knocking at your door.

/

Because dying will always be without any answer

What's the use of knowing it, if your life catches up with you

I hope you meet people who honestly

Will give you back caresses instead of words.

Why did I stay petrified in the flames?

Because I am a faggot like the forest and damned

And fascism came with its rage and its bullets

Cobbing in my eyes earrings of screams.

So silent were my complaints by night

my moans lost in the outstretched dawn

I looked for a friend, a love, a splurge

to see if that would help me endure life...

Why does a burned faggot die in a forest?

For the same reason that the deer in the earth

Cannot transform a faggot in hillside

In diamond point, in flower or in a mount.

/

From whom will I receive boxes with dead rabbits?

Who will close my door to be able to see me

With whom I'll count my luck on balconies

Or I'll exchange a "maybe" for a "forever".

If faggots die in public hospitals

I've seen religion want them burned

I've seen colonizations taking the hands

of lost children wanting to be unique.

/

Faggot is not slave nor does it mean child

It's not such a complicated exchange

It's not the beginning of your state sentences

But everything you want me to be invested in.

Faggot is akin to a kiss of hurt

Everything you expect from me, but in reverse

It's thousands of men turned into cypress trees

Unraveling the whole meaning of the genre.

That's why what I am I can't give it to you

Because my freedom remains only mine

Because with my freedom

I will not make you free nor guide

And the bars I build, only I can take them down. [...]

/

I'm going to say goodbye in a desperate way that doesn't seem like my idea. And I will tell that fascist who follows in our footsteps that Sodom is still alive and that in its burnt forests there is an invincible salt whore reciting verses and that all the birds in the day come to perch on him to then spread his words on the roofs of all the houses....

*[The whores bring flowers for a grave].*

THE FAGGOTS ARE NO LONGER MYTHOLOGICAL AND THEY SAY  
GOODBYE /

What are you going to do when they start chasing you?

When someday it occurs to them that you're doing something wrong.

When there are no longer two options.

What are you going to do when they break into your house and put bombs in your kids' rooms.

When the brains of the one you love go flying out the window.

What are you going to do.

How will you get dressed in the morning when they're done with your body.

How will you wipe your ass when the shit won't even come out.

How will you hold on to a single memory

When you've overdosed so hard on vanity you can't even think

And not a single shred of reason remains

And you become more and more repulsive

And all your hair falls out

And your face wrinkles

And you start shedding skin flakes in the hallways

And your balls and tits shrivel up

And they try to sell you everything and still nothing can be fixed.

What will you do when there's no number left to dial on your phone

When you pick it up in your hand

And want to call someone but don't know who

And you look out the window and want to jump

When it's easier to jump out the window than dial a number on your phone

Then

What will you do

Tell me,

What will you do

Will you break something?

What?

Will you go out and burn something?

What?

Will you explode into pieces on some avenue?

Which one?

Will you buy yourself a sniper rifle?

Will you shove a grenade up your ass and board a plane?

Will you say goodbye to someone you once loved?

Will you know how to use the right words?

Have you made an effort to be understood?

To make someone feel something?

To feel something yourself?

Are you feeling anything now that isn't death?

Then tell me

Who are you giving your time to

And your deaths

Which are just other forms of prayers

Other ways of praying

Tell me...

Did you not realize who you've been praying to  
And how much death you've piled up with your prayers  
Death that can't be measured or found. That no one knows if it was ever there.  
Because it's buried so deep in your head  
That It turned invisible and maybe  
Not even you had noticed  
How long it's been killing you.

*["Knockin' on Heaven's Door" by Bob Dylan plays. A faggot throws flowers over the  
corpse of another faggot with deer antlers. The second verse begins to project.]*

/

**MAMA PUT MY GUNS IN THE GROUND, I CANT SHOOT THEM  
ANYMORE**

*[Suddenly, the darkness.]*