

1974

Dando

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DANDO

Dando, anger throbs in his wrists, he wants to be me but he's bigger, my fever is angrier.

He tries on my pants, and wants them to fit, and he rips them. Spring day, he's trying to climb on top of it—I following naked.

He sweats and groans as he ascends, but that's no imitation, that's him, half of him struggling, the other half surviving.

Ahead of him, his shadow even bigger; and higher up, more shadows and reflections—the other Dando and the other me.

And then he tumbles down. He's down and says "Allow me to pant"—he says that panting.

He's a balloon, half filled with blood, and half with soda water—I am afraid he won't be around for Easter.

While he rests, gypsies gather to play their violins for him. He shuts his eyes and tries to remember something—anything, but there is no way he can remember. Each spring feels like the first spring, and in a little, the first becomes the only, an aura of extinction in the air:

Gypsies, and grasses, and wildflowers—who is safe?

The swollen veins in his wrists and neck break open, and his vast body releases its pink fluid.

There is a faint smile on his face as he descends, but his face empties—transparent tissue drying in the sun, the sun still smiling, ascending.