

## I. ROSEBLOOM'S DELICATESSEN

.....12:01, SUN PASSED APEX in arid white-still sky, burning through strands of cloudstream, shedding heat upon the aimless uproar. Omega hands erect on clockface hover high above express bus exit marked, and hawkers cabbies scatter cross to streets.

Burdens move, fenced by drywhite flanks that stand shadowless in rising heat, and rise upon glare to shimmer in the emptiness of white-stunned space. Presence of dimension, barren in late summer eyes. Shouts from unfamiliar voice awakens the stench of anima dying, sweat rising, merchants hurrying, then tripping, into shops stuffed with fowl hanging and dripping beneath skeletal metal frames. *Post mortem face* contorts to familiarity of intersection, paranoia sublimated in ritual. A face smirks, another withdraws in apprehension, and another. Terrified bird crying out from the door-ridden warehouse, and plucked feathers stream from wire-fenced cage into sterilizing tank; colour flash into red-blue-orange, confusing eyes. Messages to whom abound and still manequins in store shops beckon...newspapered suicides in small print advertising fashion faith, the mystique of protruding breasts armpits cologne polished finger arched eye crooked stance matted follicular construed and aesthetic form exorcising stubbed knees vericose vein chaffed upon smooth calves shaved wet gummed lip tongue whisper passion; and wiping a forehead...

More footsteps.

Childless parade following footsteps into crowd, bodies brushing rub elbow past; gutters lined with yesterday's news for the morrow: 'Mystery, the Great abominations of the earth, two shows daily!' Dirt orange paper cups soaking remains and oiled residue. Glances. Busy glances occupying early afternoon minutes passing, betrayed by escape craving eyes, and remarks in isolation. Hinged doorways, corners passed.