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Meditations (The Last Books) 2024)

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When you think you've got your head around it, it grows a mouth of its own and says welcome to the real world, which it has nailed to the floor. If you don't stop, you'll end up like your brain, who wouldn't say yes truste me wel for the I wil not spare to a ghoos, in and out of consciousness, wallowing in respiratory damage, passed out on the musornyi yashchik with the rest of the foule des morts. But this turns out to be a toothless threat. So that a great or diagonal concretized Hock I didn't back like mad. Whole lifetimes of unwatched *Can't Pay? We'll Take It Away* flow past, under the bridge, where they belong, with the empty needles and disintegrating cardboard. The truth is we can't move without knocking over animals, generating evil, and occasioning private misery, explained Godwin, the male philosopher. And if we are authors, with a broad appeal, the fact is, we're probably going to occasion more private misery than most, more even than we predicted, or could have dreamt of, and, he added, more than any supine, torpid and worthless individual ever could. Godwin liked to think. Like most people who like to think, or have a think, he

was happy if he got to think, and didn't much care whether what he thought was one thing or the other, for now, so long as it was what he truly believed. Meanwhile, society was vibrating under his moral influence. Everyone he ever so much as looked at out of the corner of his eye is dead. Godwin was no Janet. But at least he gave a shit. He wanted us to stay safe. He wanted us to be safe in the first place. He put it to us that there's no use letting anguish and gloom break into the mind, like a debt recovery agency, or else the frame will become disordered, and your phone will never stop ringing. You may think you want the frame to be disordered. But you only think that because you don't know what you're talking about or what you mean. Give it time. The truth is, there are quite enough disordered frames in the world. Loads of them are loads more disordered than this. Being confused doesn't have to mean that you don't get it. But it does. The last thing anyone needs is you. He threw bits of glass everywhere, so that the air was briefly filled with reflections, the kind that flash before your eyes before they hit the floor. You can get on your hands and knees and look for them. He didn't want us to be blindsided by languor, Godwin. Languor has a way of creeping up on you, and once it gets its foot in the door, functions fall into decay. Functions are obviously going to fall into decay anyway, one day. There's no call for that. Because there's no call. For what? I asked. Quod she. And tried to flush the painkillers down the toilet, but the cheap handle came off. So we just stood there, and waited for them to dissolve. Like that

cheek in Bowles, 'in momentary frenzy flush'd',
in proportion as we cultivate fortitude and
equanimity, our circulations will be cheerful.
He didn't specify which circulations he meant,
so we'll assume he meant all of them. He said
that, contrary to what goes on in the shrivelled,
vile, seasick little mind of man, man is not the
mere product of mathematical or syllogistical
deduction. Do not fear to remember too
much, he said. He said, the frame should be
preserved in a healthful tone, and the mind
should be accustomed to meditation and
improvement, but the sad fact is, in reality,
most people are converted into beasts and their
thought is annihilated. It is, he said, absolutely
speaking, wrong to enjoy even the most trivial
accommodation in the world unless everyone
has one. I agree with that. Godwin. That stupid
cow. They're all the same, the Godwins of
this world. They never grow up. Why would
they. Just another wide-eyed subgit y-ficched
negh to the debeaking machine screaming
THE ENDING FAILED FOR ME with its mouth
full glad to be oblivious as the unlicked little
fingers slide off the knuckle bed like salt.