

she is a fingertip blank shell fired tickling my full stomach fullstops a frown. head tilt leveraging clumsy head bumps to shoulders or nose bridges before giant bigbang crash kiss. what next beautiful? flipping mad, you have got my eyes and to be kidding, this radical amount of peanut butter bombardment against a bitter day almost reaching a fullstop, again. head tilt me once again, you begin to open up a smile, wide, wide, wider, reach into the belly map undulating breeze and breathe life into this miraculously boring day. she is a fingertip from joy. and this little cat (not piggy) will make her go there.

I've not seen mist this beautiful. swamping. i feel invisible. and human. nothing supernatural. we were up trudging along crevices and large craters from the manmade apocalypse just weeks ago before our escape. it is decidedly slow i believe. how they've intended to secretly let the whole world know how retarded the system could be. who would eventually fall victim to a political religion anyway? it's mad. it's fucking mad.

INTERVIEWER:

How long will you be on your holiday?

BRAZIL:

Shut up.

half awake. i'm positive this morning. and that never is a good thing somehow.

INTERVIEWER:

What do you think of lingerie?

BRAZIL:

Fuck you.

i can't hold a thought. it's not weightless at all all of a sudden. and i'm wondering what's happening to me. it's worrying just suddenly.

ANNIE:

It's going to rain.

BRAZIL:

Crap.

Let's keep moving.

we must of crossed and climbed about a dozen mountains the past couple of weeks. alright, i'm exaggerating. probably hills, paths, whatever, we've gone through the entire planet and i'm still clueless as to how much further we could run. this is the hypermarathon of the invisible universe we're all sitting in. God i feel so fucking mature saying that. i'm really too positive this morning. i've got to start worrying.

INTERVIEWER: so why did you leave your job? BRAZIL: I'm not quite sure I know why I left my job. And it's not a mistake I'm owning up for. But the world doesn't need probable losers fluttering the outskirts of an ultraprogressive system. I tremble each morning I wake up. Mini earthquakes from morning till a little after teatime. I can't remember if I've kept a beard. I wished mirrors weren't banned from the planet. Don't get me wrong, it's not as if I've lost the ability to think for myself if the beard is still around but my hands aren't exactly cooperating with me very well. I suffered a very horrible fever just a couple days back. The ones that makes you feel like your nipples could turn bloody volcanoes. INTERVIEWER: haha, that doesn't sound good at all.

BRAZIL:

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

It's coming back. i think it's constantly happening each time the morning is about to disappear into the afternoon. i might be wrong. but it very well does feel like it. insane. 7 a.m 7 p.m looks alike. It's funny they put 6 in the middle of clocks. Somewhere, maybemaybe, 10 years ago, the clock movement began* invading the darkest of our futures and revolutionized the 7 middle clock. And somehow because of that, global warming went on a downhill. For some strange reasons, ice caps were forming back again. A lot of government bodies were less angry with each other. And a lot of children started enjoying going to school. Post-sleep blabbers makes most sense shared with someone else who's just as sleepy. Scientists have only recently discovered that couples fond of stretching sleep times after waking up would enjoy a healthier relationship. I fell asleep halfway reading that article. I could of dreamt it up though. INTERVIEWER: so what's in your head right now BRAZIL?: (9/8) | It is frightfully disturbing. I have a scene running in my head. I am in a train and lights from buildings and tree houses are flashing like a near death experience with a hairpin turn by a made shift

plateau high up on a mountain, almost as if it was a planned assassination. Queer word. There are 2 asses in that word. Was it supposed to be symbolic? 17th century latin, assassinat which means killed. Assassinaire, assassinus. Which is arabic for Hashish eater. And Hashish is an extract of the cannabis plant ||

SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU MOTHER FUCKER!
GET THE FUCK AWAY! ||:

ANNIE:
WAKE UP CAT, WAKE UP!

I am rotting as i am becoming more human. I am a fingertip away from contentment, honestly.

ANNIE:
Look at that.

BRAZIL:
Fucking hell.

See, the mist cleared when we were asleep. Makes me think of the possibility that we could of slept for more than a day over.

ANNIE:
That's not possible right?

BRAZIL:
Nothing has been till today. That is art.

ANNIE:
That's not funny.

BRAZIL:
Impossibilities proven equates art.

ANNIE:
Impossibilities proven is just pretentiousness waiting to be mocked by underpaid school teachers.

BRAZIL:
Why do you sound funny? You talk like everyone else.

ANNIE:
Humor is art.

BRAZIL:
You know what, this conversation sounds like a pretentious art students' screenplay who wants to score well in the school of Kaufman.

ANNIE:
Fuck it. That is gorgeous.

BRAZIL:
Yes.

I'm guessing, about 500 years old. this huge tree is left rooted and supported by a branch from a hill, its canopy just inches from slamming into this hut. it looks like a circus act and the climax is not about to happen. it's probably almost similar to the longest lasting orgasm that never ended. i'm afraid to breathe. madness. insane. madness.

BRAZIL:
"ALMANAC MANUFACTURERS."

ANNIE:
Fucking brilliant.

BRAZIL:
Genius.

ANNIE:
"WE ARE NOT HIRING."

when's the last time you ever heard of an almanac manufacturer?

(cut)

where is the deadpan sigh? i am havoc. crushed into mulch bracketed in
between lines blurred. i cannot see. blurred, blurred, blurred. if only
things were a little bit more distorted, i'd be able to surface from this
dump. i don't suppose i felt much of my legs very well the past couple
of weeks. it's been revolting. stench, stench, stench. that's all there ever
has been around. probably it came to a point for me to, eventually, start
wishing that letters would arrange themselves and form pretty images
that i have, for very long, once believed am capable of doing. we are
sitting today, sitting just watching imaginary planets and i discover the
manufacturers sitting with us.

"hello," i say.

"don't look here, towards us here, no. we're only temporary."

BRAZIL:

Alright.

MANUFACTURER #1:

We are not hiring.

ANNIE:

No, we're not here for jobs.

We're wondering if you give tours around here.

MANUFACTURER #1:

Tours?

We do not belong to any tourism industry.

ANNIE:

Oh that's good. That's really good.

MANUFACTURER #2:

Are you mad?

That's suicide if you're in it for the business these days.

ANNIE:

But you see, the thing is, we don't like jobs.

We don't even have jobs.

We ran away from the work force.

MANUFACTURERS:
HOLY CRAP!

BRAZIL:
Yes, we've escaped.

MANUFACTURER #1:
You're welcomed to stay here lady and gent.

ANNIE:
Thank you very much.

(cut)

tongue bright acid plugging the bathtub. it is smokey in this room. slippery little bugger blushing its way through my palm, i stare down and keep staring at the time and render myself helplessly pathetic. but my tongue bites down on the pencil lead and keep these pages overflowing with oblong bitter. sun sweet pus. i keep looking at the time and whilst everything else is disintegrating, the sandcastle of pencillitis punctures wounds and sour smiles filled with stench from last morning's breakfast. the jury members look down. they've all got watches on their left hands and their right hands are only pointing. "your words cover oceans big as ventricles and i am blanketing moments coated in anti-clockwork chemistry." the bathtub is slowly rising. and our lips are brimming. "ministers, we are bathing in our troubled, acid, sweat."

[THE MANUFACTURER'S COURTROOM UPPER DECK]

BRAZIL:

What's going on?

MANUFACTURER #3:

The members of the court are reviewing messiahs.

BRAZIL:

What?

MANUFACTURER #3:

It is stated in the Almanac of the Human Macrocosm (Chapter 1 pages 1 - 15) that a messiah for the physical world will arrive in 2 shades, saving humanity from the tyranny of man itself.

BRAZIL:

What?

MANUFACTURER #4:

We are the scribes for the almanac selected people are meant to see. The Almanac of the Human Macrocosm was the first almanac to have ever been published.

BRAZIL:

So you guys have other almanacs?