The End

Jim Johnstone

for Dr Das

has come and gone. It strong-armed into sleep, slipped beneath the blood-brain barrier, insistent, saying now. Back and back it pushed, a commonplace come-on, knife withdrawing from a forked tongue before touching down where my thoughts ossified: I didn’t want to die, don’t, not now, ringing, self-styled as a bell, incision scrawled like the crackle of a loudspeaker. Is this thing on? Sound gashed, amplified into the beginning of a bodily horizon.