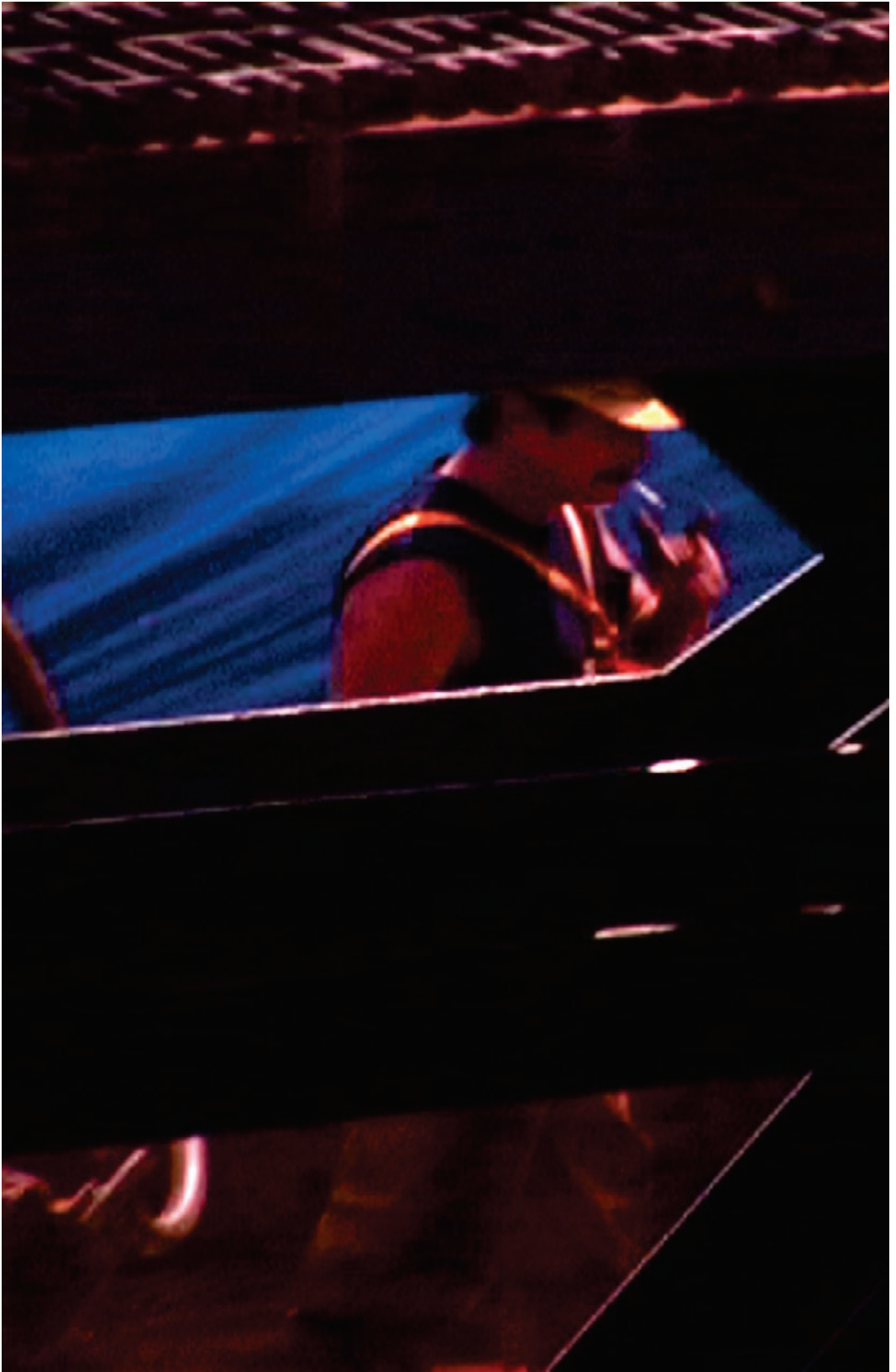


T H E
L A S T
G I F T

EXCERPTS FROM THE SCREENPLAY
BY JAIME LUTZO.....

A DE (CON) STRUCTION
OF THE TEMPORAL; A
CRITIQUE OF ORDER OR
M E M O R Y

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES
AND *F I C T I O N S*



I
THE YOKE

Days of
Repetitions

New earnings

And divisions.

The cut in the continuum.
The word I will keep writing,

Peeked pink lesion,
howling out smooth

Phrases from five or seven years ago

Upright falter round,
drowning in the margin,

Spit delicate foam,
self-crystallizing nonsense.

From all sides, bending.
A plasticizing surgery.

The forms close their weeping
shapes.

II
THE FIRE

Positioning herself as authority.

Lightening bolts course
 through the burrow's caving walls.
A blanking out of the signifying objects.

Smiling, like that'd make me eat it.

Spending as catharsis
 reads a fine line squinting.

Axes shattering sheets of slate;
 Hot tears, tufts, then cooling.
We conceal the impotence
 of words yellow squirming;
One sight inflicts a rupture,
It tears jagged through the hard brow.
Slices thrashed steaming in the dark.

The wait.

Waking stripped in the revelation,
 our bones cooked rare under
 new skin.
The white morning brightly quiet,
the plaster tunnels recast as tombs.

The exactness of the fissure
 compounding.

I am recording.

Reading your actions aloud.



III
SOCIALIZING ON SLANTED ROOFTOPS

Attention pulls on different heads.
The deaf resistance is screaming.

Short tales in full pails of rainwater,
Collected from the smooth tarred rooftops.

Too many double-crossed t's,
Mist off the distorted skyline.
The foretelling tracks backwards,
Drawn in this state of exile's mainstay.

Zippering eyeballs bear weighting,
Dawn like sharp teeth.
Shattered in a delirium burnt beauty,
Of giving order over to hording
Or the wanton expulsion of objects.

I call, call out, recall catastrophe.

These pasts yoked resonance round our necks,
I listen:
The acute strike of one wobbling thread
slips beneath the sheets.

Efficiency and neurosis intertwine
their fingers around the shovel.

IV
THE STAGE

In constant flux.
In public space.
The cameraman is looking through the lens.
He is being watched by the passersby.
A testament to the time between takes.
The taking is highlighted.
Potential, beginning, cut short, or
realization.

In constant flux.
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The cameraman is looking through the lens.
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In constant flux.
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The taking is highlighted.
Potential, beginning, cut short, or
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⊕

V
STACKING

The braggadocio fixed mortality.
One sits and watches the words
Chip forging into consciousness,
Through repetition,
He fixes his actions
with an epoxy dam to the frontal lobe,
He sees that:

These attentions must not be forgotten.
That the joy be thrust down,
And the suffering take precedence.

⊕

All of the dissonance falls off in pretense.
For language must be disused and disserved
By its attempt at folding the content.

⊕

The heart races,
A cavity circumvent to eyes.
Locked down sentimental,
We push on as resentment ties
Our arms up in cold holes
Bore through the ever slipping time.
I tried to study your movements,
To map the footing of your flight.

What less does it mean
how far we have gleamed?
The surface is still horizontal,
our bodies yet squeezed.
Contorted assumptions the vision still sees.

VI
ROUTINE

Disapproval stemmed self-preservation.
Utterly dependent on the businesses
opening, closing
Tomorrow. Again.
What happens to our remains here?
Laboring on iron sheets.
The no is in knowing.
The processes worth unfolding.
Their infinite gazing perplexes the
stutters.

Pressed to the ceiling.
Lie listless.
I half-listen.
Disoriented by my sudden interest.

To be looking.
Straight forward.
To speak.
Forwardly.
To act.
Straight.

Open to the point I was making.
Your head was elsewhere.
When you speak.
I half-listen.
Lie listless.
Disoriented by my sudden disinterest.



VII
SLIPPING AND SOLID STATES

He laughs,
 she fades,
 the flames hold sway
Roll lines of ash across red legs.

In eyelids draped in spring's warm dew,
 The hulk of arms lain half askew.

They keep together to keep the time.
Rubbing fingers and stones
 to slippery the mind.

To rushings and standstills
And states I can't get through.

 The next desire is lapping.
 Already up, the charred heels.

Recurring currents coax admissions
 Body is led,
 a diverging arched slurry.

VIII
PROLOGUE

The vanity of words,
high strung in all the
folds
of their meanings.

We were paralyzed by the pull of
determinacy,
The self-distancing like speaking,
is already a hesitation.

I sit at this machine
to recall the disorder I give shape to.
I lace this trick skin backwards,
his voice is spoken through me,

The teenage gravedigger I left suspended
inside that narrow trench,

The sky is breaking body's whole,
and I remember now,

Just how one breathes through wet earth.

