

## September 10, 2001

Throat aches. Ears resonate a disharmony of buzzing violin staccatos. Brisk slamming on the horsehair of the bow. The noisemaker's frog covered in finger sweat. Ants crawl in and out of my ear, scratching on my eardrum. My mind tickles in the pleasure of symphonic stimulation. Ill harmonics slice across f-holes out of tune and off the page.

I CANT SLEEP!

Oh God. Help me. Help me. Help me. Help me. Help me. Help me. Take away my eyes. I'll scratch them out. I will. I'll scratch them out. Aaaaaagh! Help me. You have to help—please GOD! Why oh why oh why?

Where are you my fat lady? Where are you my operatic singsong of beauty? Lull me to sleep my queen. Lull me to sleep you creature of infinite beauty. Kiss the son, lest God be angry. This great pain. This need to tell all. It's in me.

The word flows out of me with the popping bows bouncing on violin strings fighting to be heard with trickling pizzicato. INSANITY.

Buzzzzz. Buzzzz. Buzzzz. Bizzzz. Buzzz. Bizzzzz. STOP IT. Twitching. Twitching. Twitch. Flick. Snap. INSANITY. INSANITY. INSANITY. INSANITY. INSANITY. INSANITY. Please I must

sleep. Work tomorrow. I have to wake up. I have to  
wake up. Sleep please. Sleep please.

Your name is now Abraham  
For your soul is now worth a damn  
Not just an Abraham  
Remove the knife from your son's gullet and get a lamb

Dig. Dig. Dig. Swivel. Dance. Swivel. Up.  
Down. Up. Down. Up. Staccato.  
Decrescendo.....CRESCENDO. Offbeat offkey  
harmonic. Rent my mind in two like the thick but weak  
tabernacle curtain. This....This is something. This is  
noteworthy. This is noteworthy. NOTE. WORTHY.  
NO. NOTE. WORTH. WORTHY. NO. WORTH.

I am not thirsty  
I am just thirty  
Please father if you wish, pass this cup before me.

I am worth it father. Let me sleep. Let this body  
rest so it can enjoy life all the more so tomorrow. My  
enemies sleep. Why can't I?  
Father?  
Why can't I?