

The Radiant Midnight Pallor of Obsidian,

A Text Made (Mostly) from the Text of *The Woman Who Lived Amongst the Cannibals* by Robert
Kloss

by Josh Maday

the wall: the dark length the shadow
of timeless memory this wall
will perish, and none will raise the wall ever
the wall devastated open, obsidian bricks
strewn throughout the land dumbfounded at
This new dream
craters mashed into the sands, vast imprints
some immense beast. the world born from darkness
And fire
its voice, the ruination of motion
see here worlds see here the destroyer
of worlds
pass into the land beyond the wall.
cracked and blazoned
swirling a land of circling shadows
the fatal clockwork of their passage.
from the
cracked dusty once mud who will have no name no story
their tales lost in the droning
devilment of the wind.

*And someday all this will be swept aside;
already there are signs*

all the accumulated knowledge
important volumes and studies and treatises
lamenting the fragility
of the precious groaning weight
of the accomplished lives
of famous dead men
composed in archaic jargon
such as to render them
incomprehensible

until you scarcely recall
there could be any other life
all your youthful days buried beneath
vows to civilize you

the lives of men spent in such pursuits

*dedicated to the composition of dense
unreadable texts*

volumes

*consigned to the darkest corner of the furthest outpost of humankind,
unknown to most who would ever live
and forgotten by all others*

and how you narrate over his outbursts

his loud slurred interjections

until he falls again to mute stillness

the ceiling continuous in its collapse



upon the wreckage of some enormous mechanism, broken

in collision with the fractured earth, fractured

over the bones

and about this machine

hangs

leather and leather and leather

the remnants of a person

a treatise

gathered with flies

in the bending of the light

there is a mysterious vastness to this world,

an immortal churning,

deeper and more terrible than man may dream

the noise of flies
from the deep
drumbeats, rhythmic
voices
and in that awful thrum
you hear your name
walls flicker with
the voice of the dream
calling
your true name,
all these years forgotten

black tongues
of flame
whispering some wordless comment
on the colors of the falling sun
wandering into the depths
of unseen light

the failing sun
whispers into the dark

the faint cry of a goat,

and then nothing



out of the silence

the machine murmurs your name

that is the manner of the device

various such devices crowd the square

to observe the hangings

a thousand, thousand of every shape and manner

watching

from wires and buildings and treetops

you purchase a thousand miles to make your home

and you do not name them

and there you lay

waiting

wondering why you returned to this place

you think: if only I could return in a thousand years

emptied of all your flesh

yet heavy with dream

a gust of wind

you come

with great coldness
on the final day
calling out haunted cries

but mostly you speak to yourself

murmurs might be suitable

a figure stands before you in the darkness
and there you sleep
the fury and agony of flagging life
and now the obsidian sun appears
stares into the fireless fireplace
upon apparitions of dust and becoming
the numerous maimed and dying and dead
longing only to sleep and to dream
again
into the deeper unknown
flee into the further depths
liberated

the voice of the dream calls
against the noise of this world

When finally

absolute silence now transpires

I should

burn this house

(

commit

to

flame

the floors

the walls

a

living thing, seething

ravenous

roaring. And all

, and all

and all

and all

borne into smoke, blackened and

curled into flame.

stand

forever burning.

scorch

Perhaps

flame will call me in, and

make me no more. Gone

gone this name that was never my name. And soon the shadow

the

deranged

anonymous bone

blackened

[REDACTED]

see

beyond the wall.

Josh Maday sometimes likes the idea that his last name is a homophone for a universal distress signal, and smiles at those experiencing the joy of it for the first time. His writing has appeared in *New York Tyrant*, *wigleaf*, *Action Yes*, and elsewhere.