

The Sun Torture

Look at him with both arms outstretched and legs tied apart
All his limbs staked to the ground
Though most Indians are gone-
The sun torture extinct.
Then who is he?
What crime has he committed unable to move
Except for the agonizing wrenching of his neck?

As tourists
Remember to obey the rules posted above
And don't touch the red-hot man.
There is no sign to read nor button to push for there isn't any
speaker
To listen to
No deep perfect voice to explain
For the story is as of yet untold
I cannot tell it

Just listen to the insects buzzing in his ears
Biting and stinging him
Cup your ear to hear the soft but harsh scraping
Of the leather binding each wrist
As you witness his beautiful convulsions.
Now form a tighter circle around him
Ladies and gents
But careful of his stakes.
Don't his parched lips make you thirsty?
Don't fret
I will pass an ocean of cool spring water around in these paper
cups.
I know he looks like death warmed over
But notice his eyes slowly rolling and his nostrils flaring
His mouth gaping
Frequently coughing
From breathing the dry desert air.
His lungs rise and fall
A weak testimony of the ridiculous persistence of existence.

Well may I have your attention?
At this point in time we will take our break
So sit down and relax enjoy the picnic that has been provided
And remember to obey the rules posted above
Remember!
Don't touch the exhibit!

I know he stinks
But he doesn't sweat his skin baked the sweat glands destroyed
He's boiling
Ever see water boil over and left to boil
Until it is completely gone?
Much of his water has boiled away.
The sun of course has done it continues doing it.
And you know I bet each and every one of you who don't have
hats
Sure wish you had one now!
So grab a cloud and together let us try to imagine this man's
agony.

Excuse me?
Did someone remark that he must be dead?
No he is not dead nor ever will be
As the sun lives the life of the lifeless
So shall he
And I suppose when the sun's dead the burning will stop
And the leather ropes binding his limbs will break away
I suppose he will freeze into solid ice
But this man will still flourish
In clean clear ice etched agony
No he is not dead nor ever will be.

But I have begun to notice everyone seems mesmerized
Admire his handsome face, will you?
Why ladies! Don't blush!
In the middle of day you cause the desert sky to redden
Well I'll just remove his loincloth
And you shall see what is not there
See
Here is Prometheus uncocked
Oh the shaking of incredulous heads
The upheaval of nauseated stomachs
Now don't pity the poor bastard
Castrated by the heathens he gave his all
And don't dare ask for the story
I cannot tell it.

Now sit back down, sit down and quieter please
Otherwise it will be impossible to hear his wriggling
For that is the most joyous noise of creation
As you all certainly know (stupid of me to remind you)
A simple demonstration of unadulterated pain

Is his plight as well as his purpose
And the Indians could have told you about purpose
Why they knew the purpose of their stars of their wind
They were the proud parents of infantile purpose
They gave birth all by themselves
To the wild notion of suffering for a purpose
Why from the loins of their brains
The sun torture.
They knew their Apollo
Created to nourish life or to burn it up.

Yes such concepts are impossible for us to straddle worlds with
What are the finite amounts of suns to us?
As common as plankton in the sea
And around them countless exhibits swing.
Stars are our own desperate eyes
Some open-eyed some shut forever
Wearily looking at eternity for eternity is bitter
A thousand mirrors reflecting a thousand mirrors
Eternity is a crowd of god-awful tourists
Gawking like sublime assholes
At these exhibitions of beginnings and endings.

Excuse me if I have truly disturbed anyone
We think we talk of truths making the sounds of words.
Forgive me my rambling on like this
I am no more than a poor curator
A poor curator assigned to nothing
And for want of nothing
I picked this
The sun torture
Boring isn't it
Death.

But this sad soul before us defies this boredom
The last moments of his life having been extended indefinitely
These last precious seconds of life
Are like fireworks suddenly exploding
On a dark quiet night stinging the astonished eyes
Of the open-mouthed crowd
Eventually fading back into the nothingness
From which the rockets seemed to have sprung.

But did someone complain of hunger?
Again?
So soon?

Is it dinnertime already?
By god does time fly waiting for someone to die
That will never die of course
So we will break for dinner immediately.

Dinner was delicious!
What appetites tourists have!
We'll have to order more of that delicious nebula!
Now follow me into the lobby to obtain
Your very own miniature of our exhibit,
And look
We also sell various figures
Sculpted out of their own time
For example here is retarded Jesus pinned to his hand-made cross
Bleeding like a son of a bitch he never met a person he didn't love
But what the hell is love?
Don't ask me I can't explain it
But I think it is part of the story
As of yet untold
I cannot tell it
And don't ask me again
Now here you go
Don't complain now
Here you go take one home our compliments
And by the way did you know everyone
That he was the son of a god?
Don't snicker his father was a good god so he has said
No matter for that god has moved and his son is dead
So why not take one of these figures home to the kids
Why
Their very own son of a god!

And my! It seems our crowd has swelled
So those of you joining our group for the first time
Remember to obey the rules posted above
When you hear the purpose of existence recited
Kindly ignore it
And if I may
I'd like to make one more announcement
We're offering a midnight program
Also cheese with wine
So please if you can stay for the all night show
As an extra bonus you'll receive a ticket on a chance to win
An obedient universe.

Now form a tight circle around the exhibit

And see if you notice the sun tortured fellow's
Pathetic attempt to break his bonds
His eyes bend back into his skull
To look at the carcass of innocence
In other words
His brain in its eternal stupor
He sends pictures to it but the pulp of the head
Stores them ass-backwards
So that when he dreams of his life
The events are scrambled.
There was either a birth and then this
The sun torture
Or a death and then again this
The sun torture
And all this would be fine and proper but for the fact
That he feels that he has never been born
He feels that he has lived at all times
And all this would be fine and proper
Except that he feels he must patiently wait for oblivion
And of course you all know the ins and outs of oblivion
But isn't it strange
I cannot help but be fascinated
By a fool waiting for oblivion
It's like visiting the circus in the middle of night
When most animals fitfully sleep in their cages
And the circus performers whimper in their beds
It's like waiting for a midnight show that will never start
Shivering enough to have to hug you
To keep warm while sitting on the cold plastic benches
But all enter oblivion all enter it screaming
And the screaming cut short
Like the lunatic howling as he is pulled into the padded cell
The door slammed shut when his hands are finally pried
From the sides of the doorframe
Suddenly abruptly the screaming cut short.

Sun is setting
The scene darkens
So let's all sit back and study this poor fool
Gazing at the starry sky twinkling
With the sticky honeyed enlightenment of our after dinner drool.

Our pretty exhibit doesn't sleep
Can't sleep
Could you sleep knowing there's no relief awaiting you in the
morning?

Only another clear sunny day?
The sun-baked body is stiff and unyielding
His teeth chipped and broken
Breath whistling
Long stringy hair infested with the lice
The worms and ticks and the fleas
All burrowing according to individual jaws
Into his scalp seeking the precious fluids of the boiled brain
Burrowing on regardless of their own little deaths
Suffocating in the midst of his brittle skull
The hunger to retain life causing the loss of it
How he wriggles!
The demonstration of eternal pain
The joyous dancing of the suffering spirit!
Give him a hand ladies and gents
I always congratulate him myself
With yet another few moments of life as I have done for since
who knows when?

He itches but can never hope to scratch
His head that lies so close to this hands
He itches
Screaming about the dirty non-existent redskins long gone
He cries for their blood
He mutters to himself the wishes of the dying
Never dying
The wishes of the murderer
Never murdering
He anoints himself with his own hair-curling words
And baptized
Speaks peacefully of hatred
Thoughtfully and politely of others annihilation.
Before the morning light comes the stinging frost
And the poor son of a bitch screams to die
But if he died I would lose my job
He pleads to die not realizing the dire consequences
I am very understanding
But I must interrupt his prayers
To bless him with a little more life
Another day of scorching heat
I don't think he knows
That life's no different from death both revealing nothing.

But hey! You! Yes you! Come back here!
I see you!
Behind that moon you think you can hide

You little brat you ocean less oceanide
Put down that knife!
Why I am surprised at you
You must learn to have better control
Over your god-suckled child
Do you realize he faces eternity uncontrolled?

All must forego the wrath of pity
Bearing in mind this exhibit is my baby
My merchandise my deliverance
Look at my exhibit
At this skull adorned with burnt flesh
Forever lying on the brink of death
Look at the circular screaming mouth
Tongue less thus noiseless
Pried open by the courage of the jaw
And locked in that position
By a single cowardly muscle
This
Ladies and gents
Is the largest hole ever ripped open?
Among all the head wounds of humanity
This
Ladies and gentlemen
Is the ever-spiraling deep dark hole
Every single unspoken word falls into
This
I suppose after all
Is simply the harbor
Of every empty breeze scented with a thought.

Everyone look!
Take off your hats and your coats
And expose yourself to the sun that peaks
Through the creaks of the dark mountains
Behold the morning
The birth of true agony
And how our honored and lively exhibition
Will soon begin to howl!
I rejoice!
I rejoice!
Another day of heat!
Another day of restarting the broiled heart of this warrior never
warring
Another day to salt the sincerity of this brave unslaughtered beast
With the secret of life

And he weeps and I weep
And it is okay for all you tourists to weep
But please not too long
For your water wounds the desert
And he laughs
And I laugh
And again it's all right for all you tourists to laugh
But briefly for when you chuckle
The sand sinks from the weight of merriment and misery,

But of course without much pause he is silent
And this goes on and on and on and on and
And this concludes our all night program
I sincerely hoped one and all have enjoyed it
Please return and visit again
And as you causally stroll toward your nearest exit
Listen
Just listen
To my song
Here are the words
So all can sing along:

His is horrible horrible life
Death avoided
Death evaded
His is the joy of the coming of the end.

His is tortured life
Death avoided
Death evaded
His is the promise of the coming of the end.

—Richard Moss

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