



The 6th Possibility

R 20,000.00

Furry and deep black. The thing is on, red eye glowering, a microphone. Greedy suicide
gathers every sound towards a pit of silence. No mirror, no globe and no cross to
in the system, from the top down. No lord and no papers. Behind the pulpit a
ack box was located on a bench press next to a neatly folded sugar towel. No
son to the rumpiness squeezed out of a very narrow belt. I know, I know it will
fully close up. The shoe is hot, it is hot, it is open - a mass of wires and white
ed milk, couch stuffing, pillow stuffing. Over the plains, all the way towards
horizon, broken computers, vaporized, parasoled. A bed for available, but too pe
L to climb. What is the running time of this movie, Buzz cut. Strip search, I
upster. How many prophets in any given desert? I wonder about you. Angel
I wonder about you. The wondering is a spiral, it goes up and up. The spiral
transmission from hand to mouth. The dirt apart over the dark hollow of the
fang puts. The air leaves our lips. Up and up the spiral goes. A death whistle she
Who descended? Who pointed to the blank wall, to the stained mattress? Who de
from each symbol all of the pleasure and all of the meaning? Who was the win
t ungrateful, the wall made easy to scale, the ladder withdrawn? Pointing to the
apple, it's a great life as long as you don't awaken. Pointing to puzzle, please do
awaken. To stand there pointing, unable to compute, inflamed by the whiteness,
ness like smoke drawn into the lungs deeply, down to the throat is still receptive,
ll vital. The dusk, pointing at some thing in the snow. Blur and blur. It goes
deepening, a pulverized indigo. Deep in that winter, pyg screams in a dome of black
March. Lights, magic candles, doubled over, laughing. How the pines stood in astoni
nt at the lateness of the hour. In a smelly coat walking the dusty road that curved
nd the cemetery. Past the water works, the sewage dams. Past the crushed cans of
tape. Bay. Frantically for a feeling in the darkness. Things you find on the internet
shown screensaver is superficial bloom. For my own amusement. I got you a bathing
and it made us happy to see you so occupied. The heat of a poker, hot shimmer, stea
n your cot, you draw first blood. We wanted, sang unmusic at lullabies, then you
d your sea legs and your first words were not played. We all understood this abou
it that you would never be young and never grow old. In many faces it was void
the lip on and abstract fears, the factories of doubt, how we used to cast rocks at a
never quite understanding that evil came out of the silence of our fathers, out of t
ve that they carried but could not share. Silence mashed out with legs yanked, mixed
with extravagant pigments and painted into sacred corners. Black sermons to fa
is. Smiling falls. The whole time he was talking to himself in a mad, up, languid

Frame	None
Medium	oblique pen and ink on parchment
Location	Cape Town, South Africa
Height	51.00 cm
Width	84.00 cm
Artist	Werner Ungerer
Year	2023

