

*i love you, you say*

you are lying down in the bedraggled here and now. there are large, sunlit leaves jittering in the wind. you are lying on a bed in the squelchy present, and you are not wearing clothes. *the future is anonymous*, wrote a dead French-Lithuanian. you are driving a black sedan. you are being driven in a black sedan. you step out of your glossy black sedan and glance down at your feet. your footwear is aspirational. your feet crunch on soil and grit. large leaves continue to jitter and jive. in front of you, a path cuts between large-leafed trees, there is salt from the sea coming in on the wind. there is a large clearing in the trees. in the clearing stands a slick, glass chalet. the steel frame of the chalet glints and glimmers in dappled light. large, sunlit trees knit themselves around the chalet. below, there is an assortment of asiatic foliage. the foliage has been planted to simulate the natural world. the natural world is ash and tinder. in the slick, glass chalet there is a magazine rack.

its legs are made from anodised black steel. its walnut shelves are adorned with an assortment of tasteful magazines. there is a figure standing by the magazine rack. *this is the clearing in which i had lascivious thoughts, you say. i'm sorry, not sorry, you say. this is the desk at which i've had lascivious thoughts, you say.* there is a dark mahogany bureau in chalet. *this is the desk i've thought of bending you over, you say. and then: i think of pressing two fingers into your mouth, and of hooking my fingers against your sharp little teeth, you say. i think of spitting in your mouth often, you say, and then: i think so often of spitting in your mouth.* the natural world is ash and tinder. the figure by the magazine rack is smiling. *we've been here before and before, you say, and then: i want to pin you against the slick, glass wall... i love you, you say.* the figure by the magazine rack is walking towards you. *i am smiling, you say. are we going to the bedroom, they say. you look down at your footwear, it is aspirational. there is no bedroom, you say. you look down at your bare feet. you are*

lying on a bed and your eyes are closed. you have forgotten to imagine a bedroom. in the slick glass chalet, there is dappled light. the dappled light is bouncing off a marble countertop. the light is sparking off a hand-forged Japanese chef's knife. the kitchen knife is held magnetically against a small silver block. the silver block glints and glimmers in the sunlight. *i'm sorry there's no bedroom, you say. i've spent so long thinking of spitting in your mouth, you say, i've forgotten to imagine a bedroom...* they are looking at your footwear, then looking at you. they are looking you in the eye: *that seems quite limiting, they say. i know, you say.*