

3/10/01 Saturday's Rock, Aesklepios, the Folly Master  
Closing time: 9:20 p.m. C.S.T.

As our knowledge grows, there must be a million or more genes in our nuclei that we are just not using — we have enormous deposit accounts on which we could presumably draw in times of need.

Lyall Watson

For years now the few darkest moments of night before the first despised glimmer of dawn were the only times in which Herr Doktor Erhardt could find any respite from the constant torturing swarm of his mental agitations. Tormented by two demons, his past and the increasingly aberrant condition of his physical body, he would leave the *Gesundungshaus* early, accompanied by his German Shepherd, Prinz, and follow the zigzagging ley lines of what he had come to discover as the wings of a great geomantic bird imprinted on the Sedona landscape. In the darkness — moonless if he were lucky, the night skies still unfortunately bedecked with stars — Herr Doktor, however briefly, would experience what he most longed for: oblivion. And as his bare horny feet found their creeping way across the uncertain, jagged floor of the chaparral, habit, not the body's obliterated senses, would carry him south and towards the citadels of Bell and Courthouse Rocks, the vortexes of ancient earth forces pulling him into their dangerous, transmogrifying maelstroms. When dawn came, although he knew its light was the only food acceptable to his strangely mutating body, he always cringed at its approach and tried to hug the shadows of the Eastern Cliffs to postpone for as long as he could its healing touch. Prinz, of course, was delighted by the arrival of the new day, but Prinz, Herr Doktor knew, was in league with forces whose mystery and benevolence had been plaguing the former National Socialist for a long time, punishing him with torments of insight, while utterly refusing to destroy him. As a man whose sense of justice was comprised solely of self-interest and the most vicious reprisals, these toying, drawn-out attempts at mercy and rehabilitation were more galling than taws, more dreaded than the gallows. The thought of suicide was no longer even a comfort, since everything about their little game indicated that its mercies extended far beyond the narrow chasm of the material world and the trivial oscillation of birth and death. It was, in fact, as old and far older than these rocks whose cold shadows would soon enough impurple the ground at his feet and lead him forward once again into the detested temple of light. As that light swarmed over him now, his mental and bodily movements became more automatic, determined by the invisible currents that made an intelligence out of the forms of this gorgeous landscape. The hidden pentagram, the hexagram, and finally, the vast body of the Great Bird, netted him in their desert floes and deposited him each day upon the shores of a paradise in which he alone was demonic, he alone the subject, not of respect or fear, but of compassion. Even in the shadows, the eager and intrusive sun's reflected light found the trickles of tears which crisscrossed down his leathery, wrinkled visage, and made his face, at least to Prinz, an object of sympathy. In these moments of first light, often the dog would come back from his ecstatic scent-led frolic after rabbit and wren and lick his master's salt cheeks when the old man finally stopped to crouch on the

stool of a hoodoo and brood. Then Herr Doktor would smile, and rub the top of Prinz's fine, intelligent head and the dog would bound off again in delight, hoping, in spite of so much evidence that he had to the contrary, that on this day, of all days, his master would see the joy in the coming dawn that on this day, of all days, Herr Doktor would be freed from the illusory, but still ghastly, prison of his own body and mind. Then Herr Doktor would stand, hobble a few steps, and Prinz would bound forward gaily, but in the next instant, the earth's tidal pull would reassert itself, and the old man would stop, place two fingers on his neck, look at his watch, and re-establish once again the solidity of his self-made walls, building their barriers brick by brick in the slow, asymmetrical clumping of his ancient pulse. Herr Doktor always carefully recorded his vital signs, although the term "vital" could no longer be applied to the figures that were amassing in his files. The pulse was intermittent, sludge-like, and arrhythmic. His digestion so prolonged and minimal as to be, for all intents and purposes, non-existent. His skin, leathery, chill and dry, each day seemed to expand its loosely-knotted coarseness over his fleshless bones, so that he seemed like a man moving furtively inside the folds of a pallid tarpaulin. He had become blotched, too, and in spite of the preternatural retardation of his metabolism, the tiny sub-surface capillaries were continually disintegrating under the slightest insult, and leaving him splashed with innumerable green and purple bruises. And yet these physiological abnormalities were nothing compared to the deformations of his neural processes. His thoughts, his reflexes, all of his nervous system and its attendant mental apparati had gamboled so far from the pathway of normal human functioning that Herr Doktor might be said to have birthed a separate species, a species which seemed to be comprised of only two members: himself and his wife. Although their differences, too, were widening, as the hardships and sexual deviations, which had always united them, were being riven by the wedge of an ancient history, the story of Theopompus and Eiliethyia, the fiction that had started as a way for Herr Doktor to obliterate the near past by substituting a more distant one, but which now had drawn so many uncomfortable parallels between then and now that the escape had become a new trap. Herr Doktor and his consort had opened the portal of an ancient history, and from that opening a tentacle had emerged to pull them back, not only into the world of the 4th century Greeks, but also into that world which they had imagined themselves escaping at the end of the war. Herr Doktor's daily walk in the desert had become a walk into apocalypse, and the thoughts that drug his vulnerable footsteps over the fractured earth became each day both odder and more implacably painful.

Let us say that Herr Doktor was beset by visions. Let us say that these visions came with a narrative accompaniment, a voice that was not his, nor anyone's that he recognized, but which drew its rasp across his hypersensitive consciousness with strange vocabularies. The voice told of cosmologies disastrously out of kilter from those of scientific materialism, or even from those of the occult splendors of the barbarous Old Teutonic Gods, whose cruelties still ignited the inner fantasies of the pitiful remnants of *Der Führer's* die-hard adherents. The voice said that the No-Name female fetus expanding in Eiliethyia's womb was rapidly and uniquely equipping herself to confront the "fate" that had been set out for her by the patriarchal representatives of Athenian culture. The voice said that the "fathers" had been overly optimistic regarding their control of circumstances, and that No-Name, although blissful now after the failed operations of the

aboritificants, was mutating divergently from the mitochondrial DNA that had been encoded in every mother's son or daughter for the past quarter million years. "If we look at the situation metaphorically," said the voice, "and how else could we look at it? We could say that the nerve cells developing in this zygote were more harmonically attuned to both local and cosmic vibrational conditions than are those of most wayward humans, and that the body, which was now maturing in the wine dark sea of Eileithyia's womb, was akin to the human only in its outer shape rather than in its inner workings."

"But," Herr Doktor would retort, trying always to rationalize these things, to fit them into some previous gridwork of expertise, "that is true for all zygotes. Yet, we know that as the fetus matures the cells begin to specialize, and those tiny windows which were once open to everything, to the cosmos itself, if you will, begin to close. The bricks of hearts and brains and bones and skin and blood begin to form, and that little distorted homunculus which is a large-headed replica of an adult human body, begins to emerge, a prisoner of its own species' development, and no longer an undifferentiated jelly of astrophysical sensitivities."

The voice would answer with a laugh. "You are describing the maturation of a wayward. But No-Name is not a wayward. It might even be said that she is not altogether human."

Herr Doktor Erhardt (indignantly): "These assertions are preposterous, and can have no scientific basis, and you are nothing more than an audio hallucination prompted perhaps by arteriosclerosis. I am old, and so you think you can plague me with this dementia and force me to accept its irrational foundation as science."

The Voice (with clinical irony): Old, certainly. Perhaps insane. Let's call it 'feebleminded.' From a strictly political, or perhaps we should say medical, point of view: *'lebensunwertes Leben,'* But we know how to handle such contingencies."

Herr Doktor Erhardt (alarmed): What do you mean!?

The Voice: Come, come, Herr Doctor, you were no mere *Schreibtischtäter*. Running through the halls of the asylum at Chelm-Lubielski screaming about 'High grade imbeciles!', shooting children and old ones as they cowered in corners. Very hygienic, (sarcastically) very professional.

Herr Doktor Erhardt (defensively); That was early on, with the *Einstazgruppen*. We became more . . . (he pauses to find the right word)

The Voice: Efficient?

Herr Doktor Erhardt: Medically sensitive.

The Voice: The Collective, too, can be medically sensitive. But we are far better at genetic manipulation than your clumsy breeding farms. *Lebensborn* and the City of

Mothers. SS studs and their Nordic brood mares. Of course, there were slip ups there, too.

Herr Doktor Erhardt wails piteously and falls to the ground, his withered mouth continuing to work reflexively in silent grief, viscous strands of old man's spittle seeming to operate his jaws like so many sentient rubberbands.

The Voice (repulsed): Please, Doctor, compose yourself. You are not on trial here. We are merely having a little discussion about eugenics, an inexact science at the time.

Herr Doktor sits up, the shadows of the Eastern Cliffs having withdrawn enough now so that the top of his scrofulous head shines, its few white hairs crinkling brightly in new dawn light. Prinz, ever solicitous, pushes his muzzle into the buzzard neck, attempting to alleviate his master's sorrow.

Herr Doktor Erhardt: *Sicher*, an inexact science.

The Voice laughs, the mellifluous bells of its mirth echoing off the redrock walls.

The Voice: But not for the Collective. Little No-Name female in Eileithyia's womb had rather atypical ductless glands. For her, the pineal, the hypothalamus, the pituitary did not become mere specialized "bricks," as you call them, in the prison Human. On the contrary, they remained open, and did not cease to function as receiver/transmitters for cosmic transmissions. Is this not Biological Socialism, with the bug-a-boos of violent human history extracted? The greed, the jealousy, the rage, the lust, the pride — that is to say the typical human mental excitation patterns caused by The Severence were non-extant in little female No-Name.

Herr Doktor Erdhardt remembered his boyhood in the Youth Movement, the great towers of blue spruce making indigo shadow statements from the slowly shifting lights on the forest floor. *Waldsprach*. Birds streaking silver through sunshafts. His dog barking gaily at his side. Woten, hairy-chested, and still virile in a historyless world, telling of epic conquests, laying the great brand in his hand, whispering: "*Deutschland. Deutschland über alles.*" The glands still seemed to retain their functioning connection then. Could the message have been more beautiful? More clear? More fatally despoiled in its interpretation?

The Voice said: Ah, yes, after a time the connections atrophied. You became a victim of meat-eating, of parental guidance, of culture, of the weather. You were locked in stereotypic character armor, stock types: Athenian father, docile wife, Reich Doktor, tricky slave, *Übermenschen*, *Unterrassen*, victimizer, victim, *Opfer*, *Täter*, each puppet operating under the pretext that his or her hormonally jiggered dance is a form of freedom instigated by a triumph of the will.

The blue towers collapse in flame. The unwanted female infant is exposed. The assembly line of the Great Ford turns *Unterrassen* to ash in Auschwitz. The dogs howl

against the onslaught of moonlit ruins, acid drenched forests, oceans as dead as melted pools of lead. Herr Doktor Erhardt sees Theopompus, the well-healed Athenian Thespian, sobering up deep below decks as he tugs his guts out against the inertia of a merchantman's heavy oar. He sees the self-manumitted Diodotos, inept imposter, breeding contemptuous schemes from his own bogus servant, careening through Attica on a pubcrawl. He sees the manless Eileithyia unwittingly nearing the cliffedge of her own dizzying terrors, staring down in horror at the infamous wine dark sea. And seeing these things, Herr Doktor Erhardt feels the long shadows of the Eastern Cliffs withdrawing, while the longer shadows of history rush on. He falls into the red dust at his callused feet, placing his hands ineffectually over his ears, while the voice, undeterred, says: "What can we say, except that the more you endeavor to play your roles, the more your roles play you. The will of the individual is nothing more than smoke to the flame of the Will of Wills." And Herr Doktor Erhardt, from the heart of these flames, like so many other heretics before him, in anguished defiance, cries out: "Why must you torment me so. I shall never write this down. I shall never preserve your blasphemies!" But the voice laughs and says: "You need not concern your self with that, the Observer has arranged for the words to be preserved. It is not in your power to obliterate your story. The manuscript will proceed with or without the shabby instrument of your volition."

Herr Doktor Erhardt: Ach! What is to become of me!

The Voice: Of you? Perhaps you should be thinking less of yourself, and more of little female No-Name. She is about to be handed the worst possible assignment for a 4<sup>th</sup> century Athenian newborn. The whole weight of tradition, both fore and aft in time, is about to come thudding down on her. As soon as the amniotic sack breaks, the sea of history with all of its cruel fury will crash over her soft, unknitted little skull. No more serene rest, no more floating in divine nourishment, no more comfort suckled from an unborn thumb. And all you can do is grovel here in the future's dust and whimper for your own grief. Der Ubermensch watering the desert with his own fear-engendered incontinence. Pee and drool. Very nice. It would be better for you if you awakened to the gravity of *her* situation, instead of nailing yourself to this stony earth and bewailing your own.

This speech toughens Herr Doktor's resolve. He sits up straight, snuffles up a mieldrop, and asks: "What shall I do?"

The Voice: You know the answer to that question. You must — how did you phrase it just now? — "preserve these blasphemies."

Herr Doctor Erhardt takes a deep breath, and reaches into the hip pocket of his urine-soaked military fatigues to withdraw a pristine little notebook and a *spritz* stub pencil. The sun is fully on him now, white and glorious, and Prinz is sitting calmly at his side — the dogmuse patiently lending support, comfort, inspiration. The voice is silent now, or rather it has been assimilated into Herr Doktor's own psyche, so that it seems like his

own voice, a voice that dictates the words, whose orders the pencil and notebook dutifully execute.

Das Notizbuch: Returning to our metaphor, little No-Name's fetal cellular functions, although continuing to specialize as she developed in her mother's womb, did something, or rather did not do something, that has become typical of wayward human babies. Like the cell nuclei of a salamander, her cellular differentiation did not altogether close. As she neared the dangerous portal of birth, she was not restricted to the merely human Consciousness Body as are most infants. On the contrary, while most become progressively unconscious, she remained continuously awake. To speak frankly, she was a mutant, a marvelous freak, a genetic "throw forward" whose descendents, primarily on the distaff side, would carry a new kind of awareness into the world, an awareness not ground out of the mangled flesh of culture and history, but centered in these very molecular structures of the body. Call it "female-body-harmony" in a world of male mental static, call it sex and health in a world of repression and insanity: the life instinct: *Lebenstrieb*, the matriarchal savior of humankind, who has nothing to do with the patriarchy's religions of blood and denial, not the *ubermensch*, not the dominator, but the servant, the nurturer.

He reread what was written and began to feel a sense of relief, even self-satisfaction. The notebook beckoned him to continue.

Das Notizbuch: Of course, No-Name's first challenge was to avoid the excruciating hormonal shifts and interuterine muscular contractions, which generally crush most wayward Consciousness Bodies at birth. For even in 4<sup>th</sup> century Athens, midwives would administer herbs, intoxicants, soporifics to dull the mother's agony during labor and delivery, and of course, just as it has in later more benighted ages with the administration of pharmaceuticals, the fetal C.B. is terrorized into cosmic closure. If the child's first entry into the prison Human is a gauntlet dash through toxins and forceps, No-name's task was to side-step this initial catastrophe. But how?

"Es ist an ihm, etwas zu tun."

Confused, Herr Doktor Erhardt looked up from his writing. Ist es Deutsch? The accent is so heavily Yiddish, he's not sure, but he sees something surprising: Zwilinger, identical twin girls, dressed in the striped uniforms of the Camps, heads shaved, prepubescent, maybe 10 or 12, but, as he was shortly to discover, tormentingly precocious. Prinz was delighted and was weaving round their legs in a frenzy of joy.

"Do you think he is real?"

“Well, he smells real. Pugh!”

“I think the dog’s real, in any case.”

Herr Doktor Erhardt: Of course, I am real. But who are you, and where did you come from?

Twin One: He says he is real. (They both looked at each other and giggled.)

Twin Two: Maybe we should humor him for the dog’s sake.

Prinz: Woof!

Twin One: We were taking Doctor Grof’s seminar at L;Auberge de Sedona, along Oak Creek.

Herr Doktor Erhardt: The Auberge! That’s quite a walk.

The twins: Who says we walked? (more giggling)

Herr Doktor Erhardt (flustered, but struggling to gain adult control): A seminar. That’s pretty grown up.

Twin One: He’s being patronizing.

Twin Two: Typical. Do you think we should tell him?

Herr Doktor Erhardt: Tell me what?

Twin One: Maybe tease him a bit. Throw in some pseudo-scientific gobbly gook about holotropic breathing. Some real data, some vermicelli. Let him sort it out. (They laugh.)

Herr Doktor Erhardt was beginning to become irritated by their referring to him in the 3<sup>rd</sup> person, as well as by the general impudence of their tone. Besides, twins were Mengele’s specialty, not his.

Twin One (addressing Herr Doktor directly): Ever wonder where all of your paranoid fantasies and Banshee-screaming nightmares come from?

Twin Two: Those ominous presentments that you are being poisoned, or that your cellular coding is being scrambled into cancer by certain electromagnetic radiations . . .

Twin One: . . . impossible to detect or avoid.

Herr Doctor Erhardt was beginning to feel quite uncomfortable as the locus of his internal control begin to slide off into these paranoias.

Twin Two: Or perhaps you are the unfortunate prey of hidden evil forces. . .

Twin One: . . . the patsy of secret, malevolent organizations . . .

Twin Two: . . . the radio-controlled drone of insidious extraterrestrials . . .

Herr Doktor Erhardt began whining and nervously pulling on his fingers, while the twins looked at each other and laughed.

Twin One: Should we tell him now?

Twin Two (addressing Herr Doktor Erhardt): Would you like to know?

Herr Doktor shakes his head yes, like an eager, frightened, high-grade imbecile.

Twin One: This is all the effect of what Doctor Grof calls Basic Perinatal Matrix II.

Herr Doktor Erhardt (confused): Doctor Grof? Basic Perinat . . .

Twin Two: But the drug thing is not the end of it.

Twin One: No. No. Maybe the entrapment you felt in BPM II is translated into the horror of an octopus or hydra squeezing you until your heart pops out of your screaming mouth.

Twin Two: Ha! Ha!

Herr Doktor Erhardt has fallen to the ground and assumed a fetal position. He writhes — a stranded fish in the red dust.

Twin One: Or maybe you're being sucked down into a maelstrom . . .

Twin Two: . . . its water filled with incredibly noxious substances . . .

Twin One: . . . fouling your every pore . . .

Twin Two: . . . and filling the last air sacks of your aveoli with unspeakably nasty . . .

Twin One: . . . sludge! (Both twins bloom with screeching laughter.)

Herr Doktor Erhardt is trying desperately to be born, but he has pushed his head up against a large rock and he can't seem to work his way past it.

Twin Two: Maybe this accounts for your cynicism regarding the world's so-called beauty and innocence.

Twin One: Or why you see flowers shriveling and turning rancid.

Twin Two: Or why, as you watch children playing . . .

Twin One: . . . they morph into decrepit and spiteful codgers and crones . . .

Twin Two: . . . venomously polluting their last years . . .

Twin One: . . . approaching death as they approached life . . .

Twin Two: . . . with a vile obstreperousness . . .

Twin One: . . . that explodes all attempts . . .

Twin Two: . . . at sanity. . .

Twin One: . . . or decorum.

Herr Doctor Erhardt's bald skull has beaten itself bloody against the rock, but now at least the obstruction is beginning to move.

Twin Two: Or maybe this accounts for your obsession with fallen idols and tarnished brass . . .

Twin One: . . . the vindictive pleasure you feel at the death of a hero . . .

Twin Two: . . . the disfigurement of a movie star . . .

Twin One: . . . the evil tricks of fate that annihilate the best of fame and fortune.

Herr Doktor's head has pushed the rock aside. He is still, exhausted, drenched with body fluids.

Twin Two: Always at the edge of your awareness, there were two demons . . .

Twin One: . . . Torpor and Madness,

Twin Two: One sucking you down into hopelessness and loss . . .

Twin One: . . . the other into paralyzing alienation . . .

Twin Two: . . . extreme decrepitude . . .

Twin One: . . . ineptness . . .

Twin Two: . . . separation . . .

These two are really enjoying this litany, and Herr Doctor, lacerated by their words, has recovered a bit from his supreme effort of pushing aside the rock, and is beginning to twitch back to life. Twin One crouches down on one side of him, Twin Two on the other. They resume their dissertation, harassing alternately or in unison both his agéd, pendulous ears.

Twin One: You always knew that your were inferior, damaged beyond repair, worthless, spoiled, bad.

Twin Two: And how these emotions drag you down, and pull you towards the Other.

Twin One: You try to escape in sleep, in drugs, in extreme sex games, in the hope for death.

Twin Two: But maybe the promises held out to you by these escapes. . .

Twin One: . . . are really portals into delirium. . .

Twin Two: . . . timeless, . . .

Twin One: . . . unbearable psychosis.

Twin Two: Maybe you'll never wake up and never come back.

No longer flippant, the twins are serious now, and Herr Doctor Erhardt's twitching has begun to resolve its ungainliness in a more rhythmic movement.

Twins One and Two in unison: All this is common stuff — the BPM II phase of entering the world. The despoiling of the garden before it grows, the pukey, blood-fouled, mucousy fetal sack, which once was bliss, but now vomits you out into earthly existence.

Doctor Erhardt seems to have achieved some resolution to his crises. He sits up, blinking in the ever-brightening light, the mist of his confusion seeming to slowly clear. The notebook and stub pencil, which he has been crushing in either fist, let out a sigh of relief as he releases them. They write.

*Das Notizbuch und Bleistift:* Little No Name female needed a way to avoid this usual debilitating trauma of birth, a way to escape the uterine muscular vise that would squeeze her soft skull into crippled human conformity, that hideous 50 to 100 psi hydrolic press of the treacherous 4 inch birth canal — that process for extruding perverts, murderers, pedophiles, sadomasochists, necrophiliacs, coprophagiacs, onanists, politicians, militarists, capitalists and all their ilk . .

The Twins, still chanting in unison, begin to fade into the distance, withdrawing along the ley lines that form the Great Bird's tail feathers, streaming back across Bear Wallow Canyon, swerving north at the Giant's thumb, flying upstream along Oak Creek to return to the Auberge. Their voices echo through the rocks, shake the acacia, the broom, the manzinita. Birds fly, geckos streak for cover, jumping spiders return to their narrow burrows, jack rabbits stand tall on alert, and twitch their veiny ears. Behind these last parting questions, the silence roils, like a whitewater wake churning behind a great ship: "Will you be thrown into the caldera of a volcano? Will you be drenched with Greek fire? Engulfed by flash floods? Crushed by an avalanche of boulders? Will you meet the Erinyes, the Gorgons, your Nemesis? Will you bend over and accept your awful fate? Before you draw your first breath, will you already have been shouldered into the shitsoup of Hades and Hecate? Will you already be screwed as the Temple Prostitute by some insufferable religion-besotted John? Will your first breath be nothing more than a prelude to your last, your life a Bardo trek through the flashback hell of your birth? Will your dive into incarnation be a swim through corrosive fires, a long gagging drowning through the world's scatological caldron? ? ? ?" Herr Doktor Erhardt, as the waters of silence spread out and resumed their aqua calm, has become little more than an instrument. The Observer issues orders, which the pencil and the notebook and the wizened hand execute. Just like old times, in the service of the Reich.

*Das Notizbuch und Bleistift:* After the hours of labor and the excruciating vise of delivery, the C.B. enters the harsh bright world with a scream. Its former wombbliss is replaced by bitter bread, a first bite of serpent and stone. It prays over this dreadful pittance and is grateful.

Herr Doktor Erhardt stopped writing here. The commands had ceased. And he did not know what to do. Prinz sat near him, nudging him to rise. The old man stood, shaky, but steady enough in these geomantic gales to turn and begin walking back to the *Gesundungshaus*. His bloodcrusted head, which had, a moment before, been so crowded with thoughts, was now a large, pulsing space — a ganzfeld of lambent energies whose cottony mists were occasionally streaked by strings of words — were they written, or were they sounds, or were they merely comet-like after images or echoes imparting vague suggestions? Herr Doktor Erhardt did not know. Somewhere, lost in the deep ocean of time, a Greek child was poised on the abyss of physical birth. Something huge was at stake here, some otherworldly photon was struggling to pierce the earth's opaque husk, to redeem what had been lost by so many wayward parturitions. The child, Herr Doktor Erhardt vaguely realized, would need cunning, she would need allies, she would need the subtle, always hidden needle of tact. Shimmering mirages of desert light smoothed the rocky path ahead of him, raising the giant monuments of the rocks above the chaparral and floating them on an illusory ocean. A thought came into Doktor Erhardt's head which was curiously calming, and he said aloud, to the stones and to his faithful Shepherd: "She will need to be born as whales are born, in the boundless amniotic envelope of the sea."

### **Too Many Mouths to Feed**

The universe, unwilling to collapse,  
Expend its infinite labors on a task  
Destined to be aborted. The carved mask weeps,  
And yet its tears were part of its conception,  
Thus, the fetus comes to show us what's rejected.

The infant, ripe with living, marked for death,  
Breathes multitudes of paradisial breaths,  
And, shut within its coffin of fat flesh,  
Makes its first fist with nothing there to grasp,  
And mouths a thumb when it should suck a breast.