

KA-BAALIM

&

BUNK DATA



THE INSOMNIATI:ONE

the light that burns twice as bright

can't sleep at night

THE INSOMNIATI

one

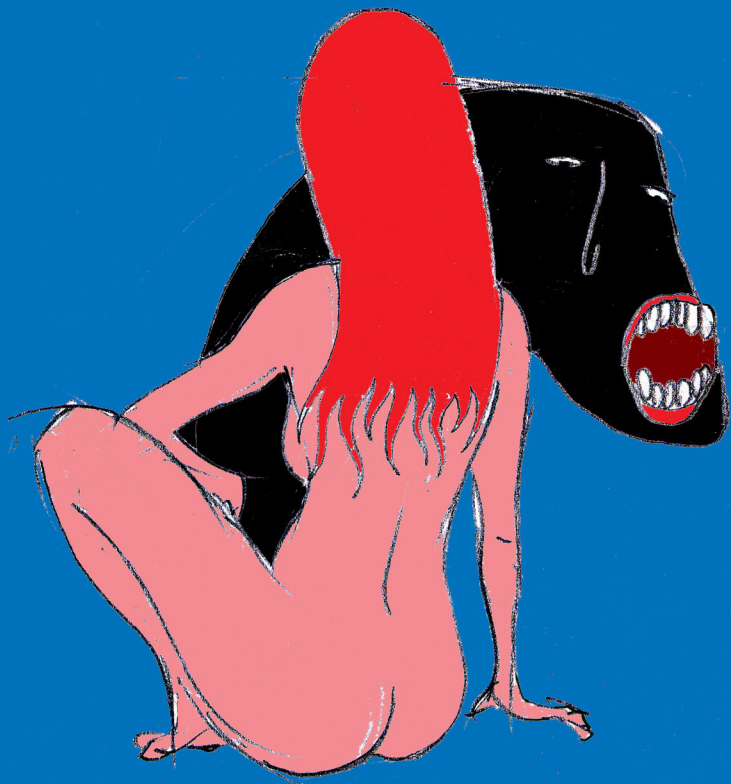
KA-BAALIM

Cindy Hunt
Nick Kunin
David Miller
Noel Miller

BUNK DATA

Nathan Larson

www.kabaalim.com
www.bunkdata.com
www.darkwinter.com



1

The Beginning and the Birthing

It was his aim off the start, picking up speed through a measured pace. Is this where we're due as an enemy ecstasy? For one minute, all time is an agent, but for the party that stops us, and for the one we couldn't see...

It's only ecstasy-- pure and simple.

A sound that's an enemy, that stops to worry about the opening of doors. I sneak through an unlocked door that I can't remember. I glance over K's shoulder.

K? I see Focus on a run-down shack nearby. Just a man, standing there. His face (Focus through the storm) lost in shadows.

Who are you?

AND I BECOME LIVING. .

"Don't break the rhythm."

Okay

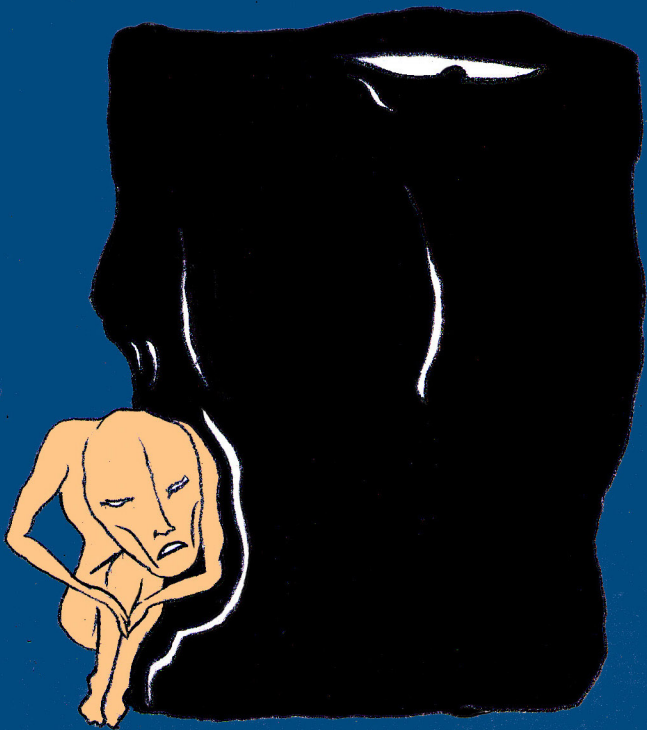


Years, phrases... they keep repeating and repeating and repeating.

K whispers in my ear, "Outside it's cold (OLD), you god-damned-people."

Her eyes... I see myself and am enough to make ME, inside myself, and I see the man real within me. SON OF A...!

A... !! ... standing across from me, watching.



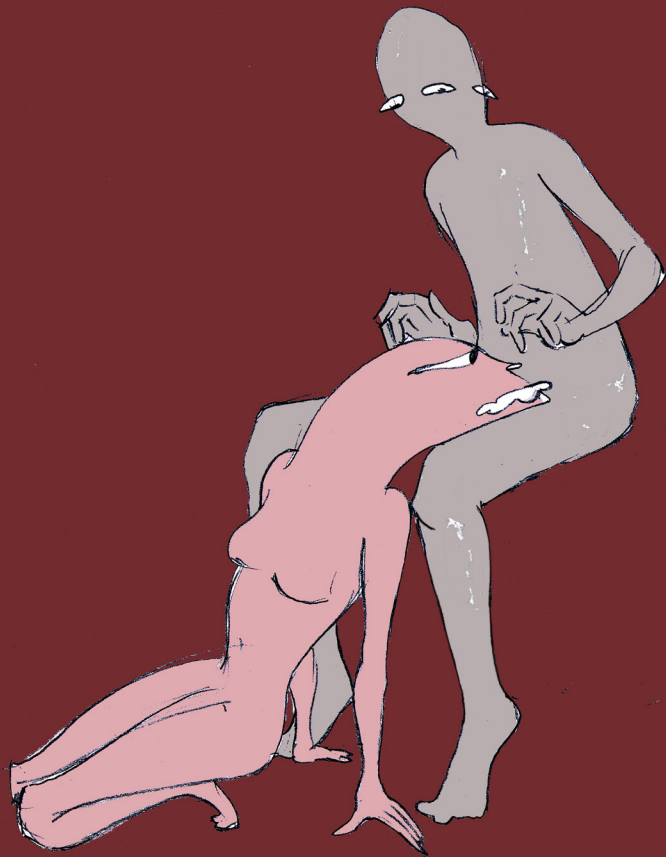
2

Father

standing across from me watching.... Tonight is the bitch! I will understand him, if only reality makes people suffer. The night, the light, it's better. The focus is 6 pm, and do not the same things seem clearer? I am gripped up by that laugh, and I lose sight of another's sorrow. It's deep and it's undying, and it's like they are the ALL in my sorrow. That sorrow of same things. A dream that never goes away.

"But why misery, why that?" I ask the man.

But he never really answers. He only speaks in song-dreams. He's a just a, ~~go-right-for-me~~ sort of man. He was only as confused as I. Sick and performing dead sums. Uneasy and sad. The papers I have signed with hands that need motion, so I came alive while he kept pulling me down on top of this world, which was on top of the first one.

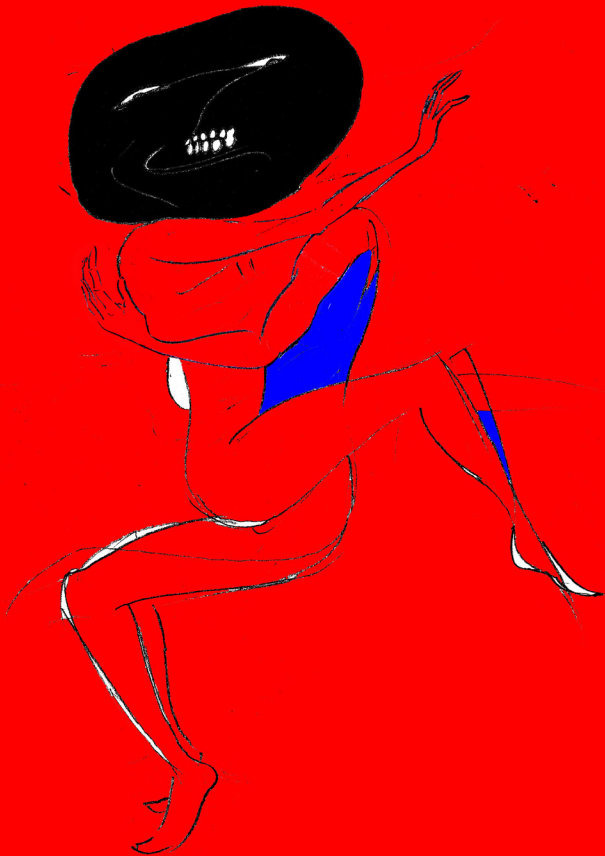


Uhhh

This one makes no sense to me. It's a black-plastic-bag-long-way-thing that seems so wrong. And my father gives me this bag out FROM him.

It has no answers.

Neither does this hiding place with the band tour and a version of a girl on my lap, unzipping from my birth, unzipping the top pants and sliding my cock inside myself. I let the, I-am-not-here maintain the rhythm, and maintain my focus. This is when the first puzzle pieces fall onto the images that blur into my past. It happened in that first, toy-band-tour hotel room.



K - (Katie-Katherine-Kay-Kelly-Kendra)

Behind K, so many choices. Would she be beautiful? Would she be DOWNSTAIRS, in the WHY, sort of young? These embarrassing themes. She senses all this and pours me a coffee, just to create the normalness of a kiss. A slow, calming, candy-drink-additive sort of kiss. Yet it won't happen.

"Don't worry about it?" she says, "It's nothing, but let me just..." she whispers, "let me just... I promise... this coming...this psycho-plasmic puzzle piece. They will direct our whole culture. I can just feel it going through my fingers."

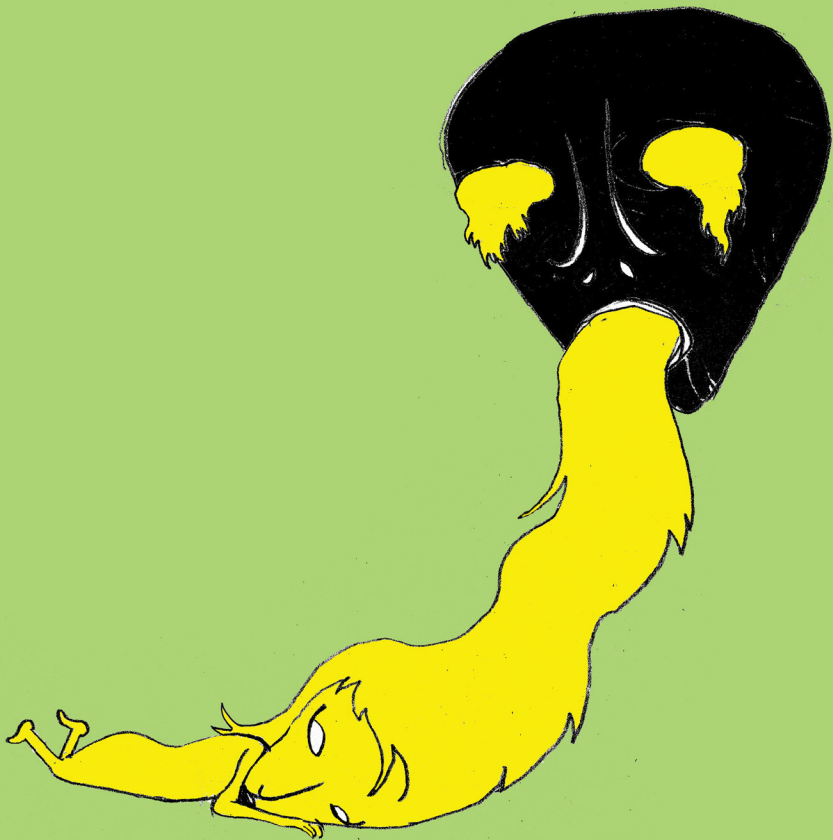
"You really feel that?"

"Yes, Yes, YES! To hell, PARTY I do!"

She sits on my... on my... (stop) straddling me slowly-knowing-why-I-am-feeling (uh). There was to her grind, and to her hips, and to her me, something with a bothering. With a BOTHERING to COME. To lift up my hands, and start HERE... A sculpture made to caress her back, instantly feeling the sugar cubes in place.

All motion stops...

"But no, K. Your hands... They are only the puzzle. They DREAM with YOUR palms and with YOUR fingers and with YOUR galaxy, not mine. Although still, I believe this may be important... Focus through the makers (unless it's too obvious). Living in the storm (you can do it).



C – (Corrine -Carrie-Chrissy-Cindi-Chelsea)

Focus! Focus! Hocus! Pocus! It's Mr. Bowers! It's Mr. Bowers! IT'S MR. BOWERS!

The old classroom is too painful through the storm, yet you return to your old SCHOOL, hands that sing to the parents, and the puzzle pieces and the losing yourself to the "I AM".

"Sure...yeah... whatever... heh, heh!" Don't worry... heh, heh, heh... I didn't forget HER.

A slow, steady rhythm. The one who kisses me off with the tip of her dirty small knees, and her icky pre-teen breath. The scent of her perfume (perfume?), enveloping the stole (stole?). The sporadic, the hooking-up. What?!

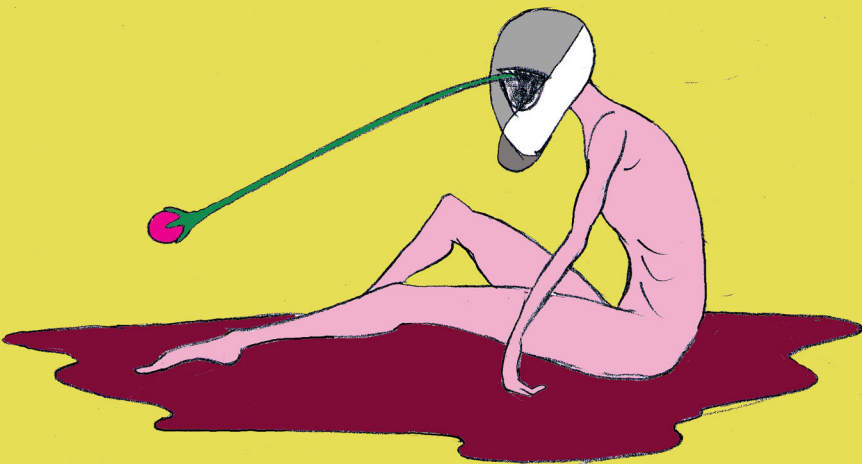
YES, that was it! And it was THAT heady sensation... Wasn't it?! Our instincts urging us to, to smile?

Yes! Yes! YES!! But then the rhythm STOPPED, didn't it?

"Hey baby, focus. Focus and nod with me. We'll do that country-house thing. The one where we take off our shirts and pull on our large, fat BAT-BRACES. Cause you see, because you SEE, the puzzle is only IN us, and PETTING us, and INSIDE us. Do you understand?"

"Yeah, OK, sorry. Heh heh." But then, your hair. She's talking about...heh heh. She's talking about... heh heh. She's asking about, heh heh...What?

Didn't catch that, what? HER HAIR! I MEAN COME ON! C has nice hair, no doubt about it. I really liked her hair. It was shiny.



5

Interlude

He was a stuffed, smiling blue elephant. I tell him, "Tell me about the other one? The firefighter father."

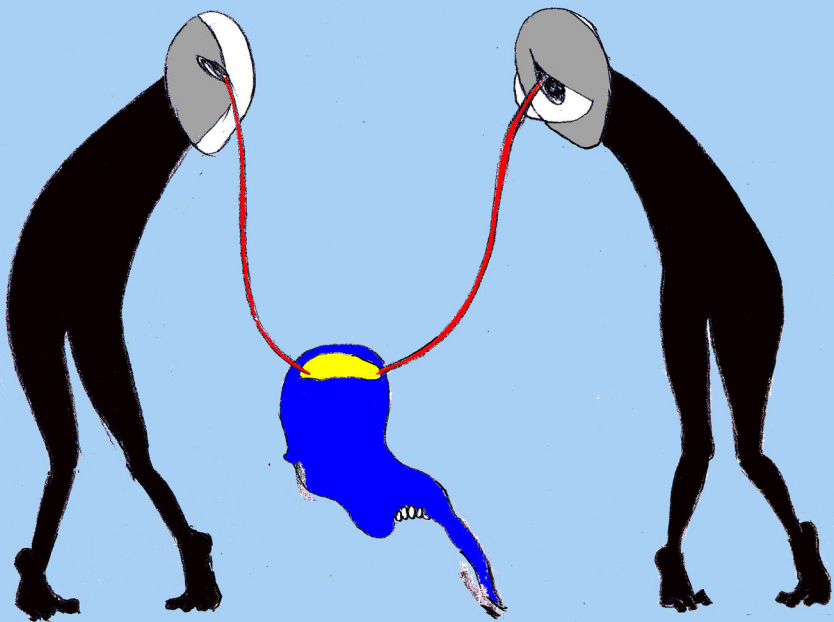
"No, he is only pretend." The animal sits on the Plastiglas coffee table. He loves me, as do the 55 puzzle pieces lying next to him. No one but me hears the words of the blue elephant or sees the love within my incomplete puzzle.

Sometimes the elephant and I would play Mommy and Daddy, but the brothers would always show up with the water hose before I got to play Mommy.

So I hide the blue elephant and concentrate on the puzzle with the shapes. I'm attempting to discover the ladder, and suddenly realize that the truth is hidden in the pieces' contours rather than the pieces themselves. It's how they stick together. How they close the gap to make a larger piece.

The water from the hose sprays onto the table, soaking the puzzle pieces. Again, my mission is delayed. I angrily grab the hose and spray the enemies while screaming, "I AM the FIREMAN! I KNOCK you DOWN with my WATERWAND!"

My enemies run away laughing and yelling, "DIE, you SECRET-sick-freak!"



6

Eulogy

“Instead of sick of life, THIS should be easy. A secret-agent-pushing-its-way-through-a-blaze easy that’s as often as it isn’t. It should contain places where I’m NOT wanted and places where I AM. It never is. It’s not the WHAT or the What I DID. I never much was use for anything. I never much ever was good at using different names, or trying on the old fashioned American pep. It’s not easy to be a sort of secret agent easy.”

“Shhhh! Don’t talk, David!” says K, “I’m thinking it may be rude, and the required LIES will pacify your parting. You aren’t necessarily, necessary anymore.”

“Always keep quiet at your own funeral.”

Heh heh

Huh, Huh... WHAT?!

The End