

Well I hate to
leave you baby...

Gunshot sound as the
streets split and heave, one
after the other. A surge of
stone, breaking over itself
and rolling back...


And where it pulls apart the
warm gush of gore bubbles to
the surface. The Flesh of the
people has merged with the
skin of the city.

Somewhere, the shrilling of
a siren becomes the sound
of a human shriek, and then
changes back again.

Somewhere, an amalgam of
parking meters drags itself
into an alcove, weeping from
one remaining human eye. It
comes to rest, and will never
move again.

A hotel folds in a deep,
final inhalation. The last
chorus is about to begin.

This is it:



Wiping scarlet drops of
my blood from her beaks,
the Lady of Birds lifts
herself into the treetop.

I lift Alison's hands to Alison's face and oh oh who am I now? How can I tell? My name is Jason. My name is Alison.

I'm all alone.

And I keep thinking of what The Kid said to me. Missing Alison so bad but now I can see her every time I look in the mirror...

...but what happened to
me? Where did I go?



intersect



Mmm,
baby...