

CZAR GUTIERREZ

Bombardier

From the Novel Bombardier/80M84RD13R

IN THE CEMETERY OF Montparnasse, at six in the evening, Rachel gets up on the tomb of Cesar Vallejo and spreads her legs.

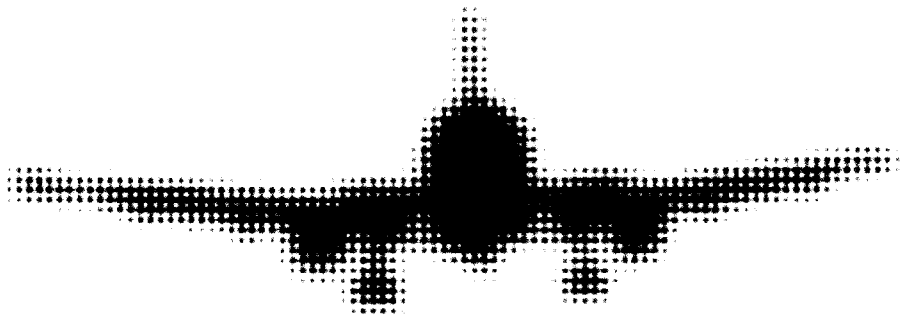
THREE LIRIUM LEAVES fall from the sky and a late drop of semen slides languidly down her groin. I am completely drained and completely drained I try to decipher the traps of love in the sky: from that love of light music nothing saves us, nothing remains. A plane appears in the sky.

I SLIDE MY HAND UNDERNEATH her jeans and feel the cold sweat of her inner thighs. A white line has been formed in the sky, I see. That sweat with the aroma of the crypt will take a long time to dry, I think.

--I want to be a fresh mouth, still water, sometimes only rhythm—I say.

TWO PLANES cross in the sky.

WE ARE in the air.



BOMBARDIER

SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE on the planet, is sending a line of planes against the orange sky, sometimes red, streaked with yellows, stretched in scarlet, almost ruby.

SOMEONE GETS READY TO DISFIGURE the geometry of the globe, someone wants to erase the coordinates, someone wants, someone seeks, someone plans.

SOMEONE GETS READY TO PRESS insistently the delete key and later the reset button and then they will all be fleeing the line of planes and of the four pilots of the Apocalypse: the evolution of dust presides over the events of life, we run towards the dust as if it were our only destiny below the attentive gaze of the stars.

-I think they are bombing New York

