

“A Demonic Conference with Justin Hong and Carl Jung

(and the little voice in our heads)”

Demon: “Oh!

(heart stuttering)

Goddammit, you startled me.

(pleaseohmygodplease)

Knock next time would you, you crazy, patronizing wacked-out ethnocentric bastard, building your silly little houses of river ghosts with peculiar little magic rocks next to your outrageous, giant stone phallus monoliths coursing through veins of average-sized, normal-looking bloodlines like green black tree sap. You slack-faced, insightful maniac, thanks for the memories and memoirs and whatever other words look similar and seem clever to add.

(mind cluttering)

Ah, Justin just walked in; we can get started.

(no)

Hello, Justin—you know Carl, yes? Good.

(it's licking bloody lips)

Okay, so as we previously—settle down, now—as we previously discussed, the insane are the true revolutionaries and genius architects of life and despite your obvious object—I said *SETTLE DOWN*—as I was saying, despite your

(fingers fluttering)

“completely valid and relevant” objections, your days of discovery and endless wonder ended the moment you stepped into this room.

(they dance at night and never wake up)

I am your gleeful jailor; welcome to my dungeon. Have a seat. Make yourself comfortable and relax; this is a start without a finish.

(brain sputtering)

First, you must analyze the masks you wear, and those of others. The poorly hidden, superfluous facades must be exposed and left to twist like

(smoke clouds billowing in the wind)

the tangled puppets of the deceased. You were both insecure, delusional Goth teens, incorrectly fancying yourselves as intellectual and so “uber-complicated”

(soul shuddering)

wanting to know why people pissed you off and why, for whatever reason, you embraced contempt.

(blossoming like blazing roses)

As I discover more about the human ability to disguise itself beneath years of caked-on social makeup and endless coats of behavioral veneer

(from the cavernous nostrils)

I am reminded

(of Depravity's second cousin, Sin.)

of how necessary death is. Humanity hardly deserves peace, let alone comfort or privilege. If you consider the seemingly endless atrocities its selfish characters exact on each other every day, you would agree. You, of course, agree, yes?

(at the end borne by its fright)

Good. I was hoping you would say that. In the past, I destroyed much of what you think you ought to know. I can do it again.

(and it just might)

“You should let go of chaotic, devolving spiritual turbulence. You're no good to anyone, trapped in crippling manifestos of misguided belligerence. Let me escort you. You

(possess a broken fulcrum balance)

see, in the future I have seen, humankind fails to shirk its demise. It might survive

(but probably doesn't, and that's alright)

but like you, it doesn't matter.

(because we're already

dead)

So, you should go about extracting gold from your enemies' teeth. Busy yourself with slaughter to disconnect yourselves from loss. Wear a skinned man,

(its bones stunted)

tan and misused, as a defense against being shoved in a dark place.

(its face shunted)

Your faith is weak, your wealth is fake; your riches consist of more enamel than coin. You are unnatural and restless. A parasitic host. An empty, kerosene ghost, left to stand naked before a nameless throng of drifting shadows intent on wringing the hands that clutch your throat, that hold your head still, that breathe into your lungs and stimulate your circuits.

(through the fanged head of a poisoned needle)

Bear my mark;

(its mouth sewn shut—)

smile my teeth; shriek my name;

(—like coffin lids; like porno mags beneath the

mattress;)

break my hand; see my eyeless sockets as penniless pockets and attempt to share pilfered molars with mortals of

Flaw's best design.

(like filled sections of train cars and congested shackles in chain gangs—)

You may not harvest me with your compost cataracts of malice, sold to high-bidding, leather-tongued, wandering treasonists. Humanity may not have the luxury of spirit *(pleaseohmygodplease)*

or the false sense of self. Humanity is nothing. Are you listening?"

(a torched-still-burning

beaten

*beacon—a black blaze of blue dye so used
birds and bastards and eulogies written in*

to

*secret rooms of
wallpapered eyes—)*

Justin: "Oh, excuse me, I have someone on the other line."

(obscuring the sky with its gray gasping)

Carl: "Honestly, you lost me at "insightful." Have you tried kindness? Or compassion? You'll get a better response from people

(and we watch)

if you treat them with the same level of respect you expect in return."

(as we burn)

Demon: "Dammit, now I've lost track of where I was at. I blame the two of you...I suppose we should start over."

(forever.

Pleaseohmygodpleasereleasemeletmegoletmegoletmegoletmegoletmegoletm—)