

MAILER & HEMINGWAY:
LOW-VOICED CONFESSIONS

DANIELE PANTANO

- A city.
- More streets *hanging in the abyss*.
- Somewhere south.
- And a black donkey buried in its public park.
- (For years of service.)
- (Years as a friend.)
- Yes, but we mustn't blame the children.
- They demanded it.
- Blame the *two greatest painters of the twentieth century*.
- Who weren't even forty when Columbus discovered America.*
- (One classic, eternal.)
- (The other, modern, always, like a pile of shit.)
- The snail climbs the stalk.
- A moment later past the city walls.
- Dirt road to a neighborhood of silos.
- And irrigation ditches, not asylums or prisons.
- Someone has written PARADOX on one of the silos, we think.
- (Or perhaps it is more accurate to say someone has whispered
it into the ground.)
- Not far from another ditch.
- Not far from another tasteful confession.
- (He likes to “bite and pluck their nipples like a bass guitar.”)
- The children are listening.
- Black donkeys are German motorcycles.

- We learn to lower our voices and ignore the almost visible.
- As we grow up.
- As we realize the snail: a sniper climbing a silo.
- The painters are prepared to testify.
- Eating things alive. That's what we do.*
- Blame the detectives.
- Exhibit #1(c):
- (Something mute steps out of a neighborhood.)